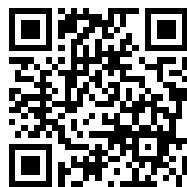

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>



U.C.D. LIBRARY
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS

U.C.D. LIBRARY

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS

Peabody
Vernon



THE GIRL.

By the artist, Mr. J. H. P.



Engraved & Printed by H. Mason Brothers.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS

Digitized by Google



S MAGAZINE.



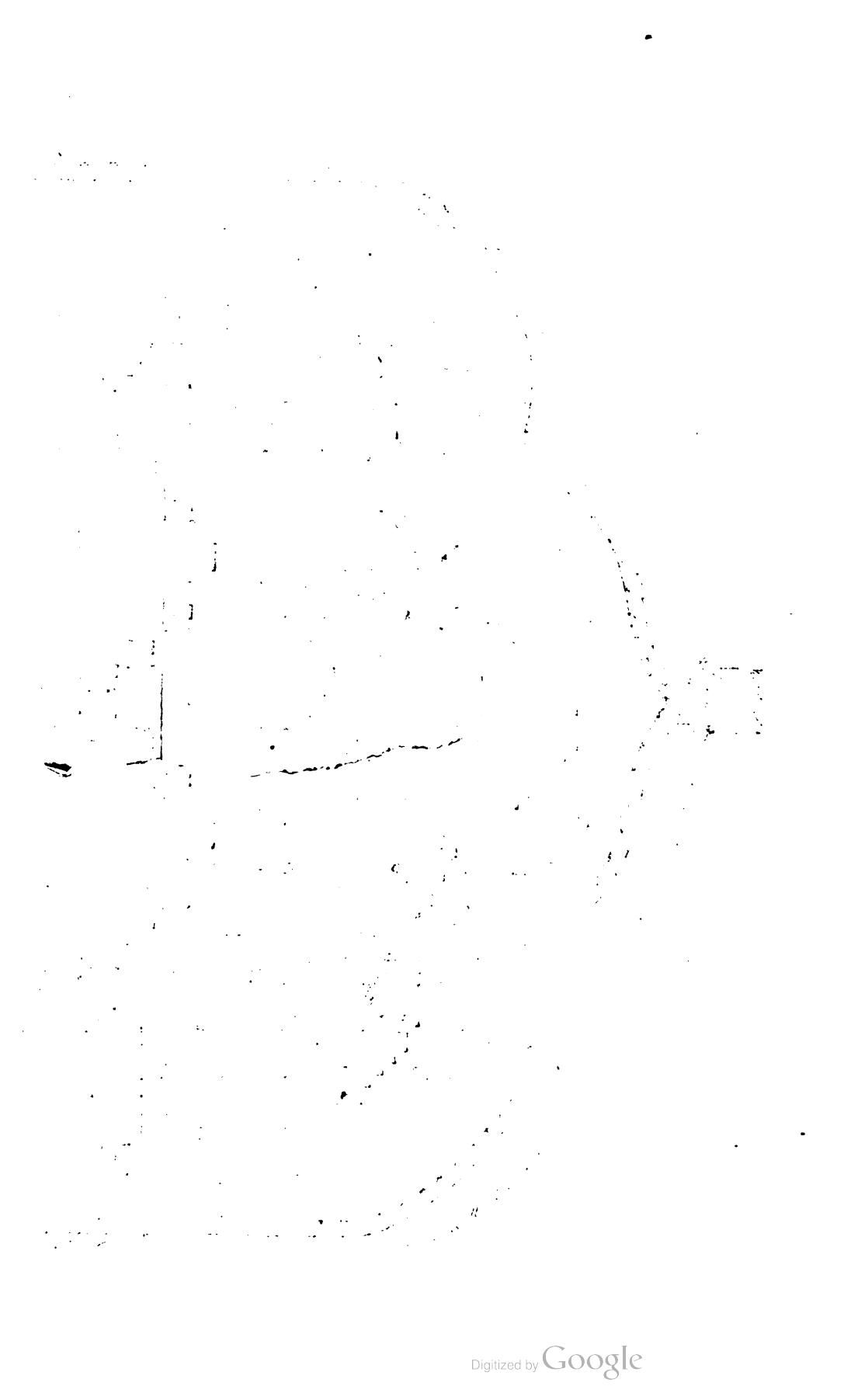
Painted by G. B. S. S. S.

Engraved & Printed by J. B. S. S. S.

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD





CONTENTS

TO THE

FIFTY-FIRST VOLUME.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1867, INCLUSIVE.

A Long Journey—By the author of "Margret Howth," etc., etc., - - - - - 31, 109, 187, 269, 342, 417	Crochet Neck-Tie—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 74
A Week in Venice—By Charles J. Peterson, - - - 43	Children's Fashions, (<i>Illustrated</i>), 80, 158, 236, 314, 392, 466
A Wife's Autobiography—By Emma Garrison Jones, - 99	Crochet Edging—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), 148
A Man's Heart—By E. B. Ripley, - - - - - 121	Corset-Cover—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - 152
A Woman's Heart—By Louise Chandler Moulton, - 182	Crochet Edging—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), 153
A Woman's Work—By Daisy Ventnor, - - - - 333	Cash or Barter—By Gabrielle Lee, - - - - - 201
A Strange Experience—By Rosalie Gray, - - - 425	Crochet Trimming—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 227
Another Man's Experience—By Frank Lee Benedict, 432	Cravat for Gentleman—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 231
A New Border in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 452	Caterpillar Fringe for Trimming Curtains, Covers, etc.—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - 301
Basket in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 147	Crochet Stitches, etc., - - - - - 310
Bagle Fringe—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - 231	Capuchin Hood—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), 381
Dagle Trimming for Dresses—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 231	Crochet Comforter—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 386
"Between the Acts"—By the author of "Mrs. Petroleum's Party," etc., etc., (<i>Illustrated</i>) - - - 255	Crochet Net Night-Cap—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 452
"Better Than a Fairy-Tale"—By the author of "Dora's Cold," etc., etc., - - - - - 361	Diagrams of New Style Peplum—By Emily H. May, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 72
Bead Bell-Pull—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - 387	Design for Book-Marker—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 73
Braiding Border for Pique Skirt—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 458	Design in Berlin Wool and Bead-Work—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 149
Crochet Insertion—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 73	Dish-Washing Glove—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 150
	Diagram of Eugenie Paletot—By Emily H. May, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 152

"Dandy"—By Daisy Ventnor, - - - - -	177	Jet Trimmings of Cord and Beads—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	457
Double Chignon—By Emily H. May, (<i>Illustrated</i>), -	225	Knitted Child's Sock—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	229
Design in Applique for Sofa-Cushions—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	226	Knitted Capote for Children Under Two Years of Age—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - -	384
Diagram of Exposition Opera Cloak—By Emily H. May, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	307	Little Key-Board—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	153
Diagram for Capuchin Hood—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	382	Lady's Toilet Slipper—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	226
Dick Denison's Mistake—By Emma Garrison Jones, -	412	Lamp-Mat in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	228
Design for Segar-Case Worked Upon Leather—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	454	Lady's Toilet Slipper—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	231
Editor's Table, - - - - -	76, 154, 232, 308, 388, 460	Lemuel Drayton's Pocket-Book—By Clara Augusta, -	378
Emery Cushion, with Tatting—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	230	Married by Mistake—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, 57, 133, 206, 290, 368, 443	
Edging, Muslin Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	302	Miscellaneous Receipts, - - - - -	79
Embroidery for Flannel Blanket—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	454	Miss Chillingworth—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - -	103
Five Years of a Life—By Louise Chandler Moulton, -	45	My Little White Apron—By Gabrielle Lee, - - -	264
Fireside Amusements, - - - - -	78	My Wedding Tour—By Ella Rodman, - - - - -	337
Family Pastimes, - - - - -	78	Mademoiselle—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - -	354
Fashions for January, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	80	Mat with Feather Edge—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	385
Fashions for February, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	158	Marion's Stitches—By the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," - - - - -	411
Fashions for March, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	236	Mrs. Prettiman's Skeleton—By Gabrielle Lee, - -	438
Fashions for April, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	314	Netted Opera-Hood—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	60
Fashions for May, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	392	Names for Marking, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	74, 304, 386
Fashions for June, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	466	Needle-Case in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	301
Gothic Alphabet for Marking—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	227	New Stitch in Worsted Work, with Bugles and Beads—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	304
Greek Smoking-Cap—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	458	New Stitches in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	305
Glove-Case—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), -	453	"Only A Private"—By Daisy Ventnor, - - - - -	65
How "Greek Met Greek"—By Miss Judith Hendricks, - - - - -	142	Our New Cook-Book, - - - - -	79, 156, 234, 312, 390, 463
Health Department, - - - - -	156	Our Arm-Chair, - - - - -	310, 390, 462
Horticultural, - - - - -	158, 234, 310	Only An Egg-Shell—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	465
Hoe Out Your Row—By Mrs. N. McConaughy, -	217		
Helen March—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - - -	219		
Initials, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	149		
Infant's Boot—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), -	457		

CONTENTS.

III

Petticoat Trimming—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	70
Plait for Needle-Book Cover—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	228
Parlor Amusements, - - - - -	234, 390, 463

Roy Mason's Wife—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - - -	50
Review of New Books, - - - - -	77, 155, 233, 309, 389, 461

Stripe in Tricot, for Sofa-Pillows, Anti-Macassars, etc.—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	150
---	-----

Violetta Head-Dress—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	302
--	-----

What Came of a Party—By Ella Rodman, - - - - -	127
Watch-Case—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	147
Waistband of Cluny Insertion, with Rosette—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	149

POETRY.

At Last—By Ella Yette, - - - - -	126
After I'm Dead—By Sylvie A. Sperry, - - - - -	146
A Plea—By a New Contributor, - - - - -	289

Blessings—By Marie S. Ladd, - - - - -	257
---------------------------------------	-----

"It Might Have Been"—By Emma Garrison Jones, - - - - -	268
In the Fire-Light—By Ella Ellwood, - - - - -	282

Little Anna—By Elizabeth Bonton, - - - - -	186
Little Floy—By a New Contributor, - - - - -	216

My Ideal—By Emma S. Stillwell, - - - - -	26
Matins—By "A New Contributor," - - - - -	42
My Friend—By Ella Howard, - - - - -	437
Mary—By Emily Sanborn, - - - - -	442

Never Again—By Sylvie A. Sperry, - - - - -	336
--	-----

Out of the Depths—By M. Edessa Wynne, - - - - -	442
---	-----

Pean—By Ella Howard, - - - - -	200
--------------------------------	-----

Repentance—By Harriet E. Benedict, - - - - -	49
Right Wins at Last, - - - - -	263

Saint Sylvester's Eve, 1866—By Juliet Corson, - - - - -	181
Sunset at the Bay—By Miss E. N. Campbell, - - - - -	282

Two New-Year Eves—By Gabrielle Leo, - - - - -	21
True Love and False—By the author of "Sent by the Storm," - - - - -	27
Traveling Dressing-Case—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	69
Toilet Pin-Cushion—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	70
Tricot Stripe for Afghan—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	71
The New Style Peplum—By Emily H. May, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	71
Tape Insertion—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	73
Trimming for Collars, etc.—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	74
Turkish Tobacco-Pouch—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	75
Trimming for a Plain Cashmere Petticoat—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	148
The Eugenie Paletot—By Emily H. May, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	151
The Toilet, - - - - -	234, 318
The Devitt Will Case—By the author of "The Second Life," etc., etc., - - - - -	258
Turkish Slipper—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	303
Three Designs for Bugle Trimming—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	304
The Exposition Opera Cloak—By Emily H. May, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	306
Trimming for Balmoral Skirt—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	382
Tricot Pelerine for Little Girls—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	383
Text Album—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	458
The "Suisse Moi" Necklace—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	459
The Game of Croquet.—No. 1, - - - - -	462

Under the Locust-Tree—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - - -	283
--	-----

Sonnet—By Mrs. M. L. Matheson, - - -	367
Summer Hours—By Mrs. F. M. Chesbro', - - -	424
Sadness—By S. E. Everett, - - -	451

The Soldier's Last Dream—By Frederick Roe, - -	30
The Witches are Walking the Wild-Woods Again— By Elizabeth Richmond, - - -	30
The Holy Child—By Rev. H. Hastings Weld, - -	44
The Dead Leaf—By James Ristine, - - -	56
"Tis All That's Left Me Now"—By Clarence Frederick Buhler, - - -	68
The Snow—By Jennie Temple, - - -	102
The Bubble-Flower—By Elizabeth Bouton, - -	108
The Beacon Light—By Eliza E. Moriarty, - -	120
The Jilt—By Clarence Frederick Buhler, - - -	132
The Dead Babe!—By Julie Leonard, - - -	146
Thoughts of Theo—By Sylvie A. Sperry, - - -	205
The Haunted Castle—By Marietta Hawley, - -	268
The Withered Rose—By Clara B. Heath, - - -	300
The Rector of Starling—By Mrs. Mary A. Denison, -	353
The Goblet of Tears—By Elizabeth Doane, - -	360
The Lark—By E. Benjamin, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - -	416
The Beautiful Guest—By Emily A. W. Vinton, - -	424
To a Friend—By Frank Maurice Fielding, - - -	431

STEEL ENGRAVINGS

The Lullaby.
Fashions for January, colored.
"Au Revoir."
Children at Play.
Fashions for February, colored.
Making Card-Houses.
Fashions for March, colored.
The Opera-Box "Between the Acts."
Fashions for April, colored.
The Children's Harvest Home.
Fashions for May, colored.
"The Flowers in the Wood."
Fashions for June, colored.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Banner or Hand Screen.
The Railway Traveling-Bag.
Lady's Toilet Slipper, Braided on Velvet.
Begar-Case: In Silk Embroidery on Canvas.
Toilet-Table of Swiss over Blue Muslin.
Oriental Tobacco-Pouch, in Chain-Stitch.

FULL PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

The Winter Walk.
The Eagle's Nest.
The Cottage Window.
Going A-Maying.
The Lark.

MUSIC.

Meet Me at the Lane.
Ellie Rhee Schottisch.
Over My Heart.
Bell-Flower Polka.
Nettle Vane.
The Bluffton Polka.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

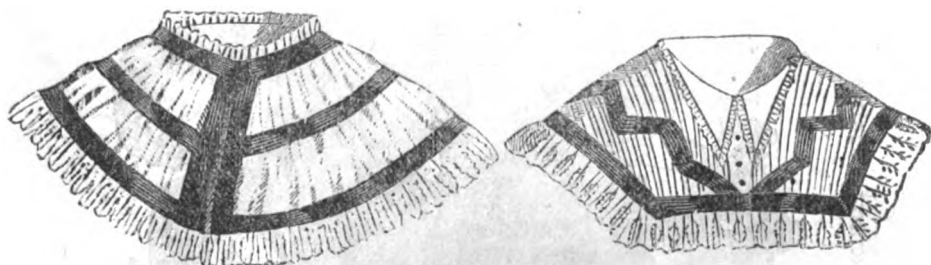
January Number, Fifty-One Engravings.
February Number, Fifty Engravings.
March Number, Forty Engravings.
April Number, Forty-Six Engravings.
May Number, Forty-Five Engravings.
June Number, Forty-Six Engravings.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.



BRACES.



BERTHS.



CLOTH CLOAK.



WAIST OF CLUNY LACE



HAT.



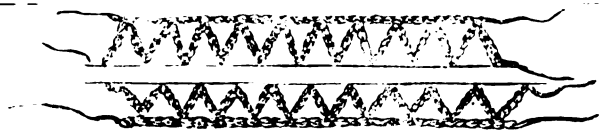
NEW STYLE OF DRESSING HAIR.



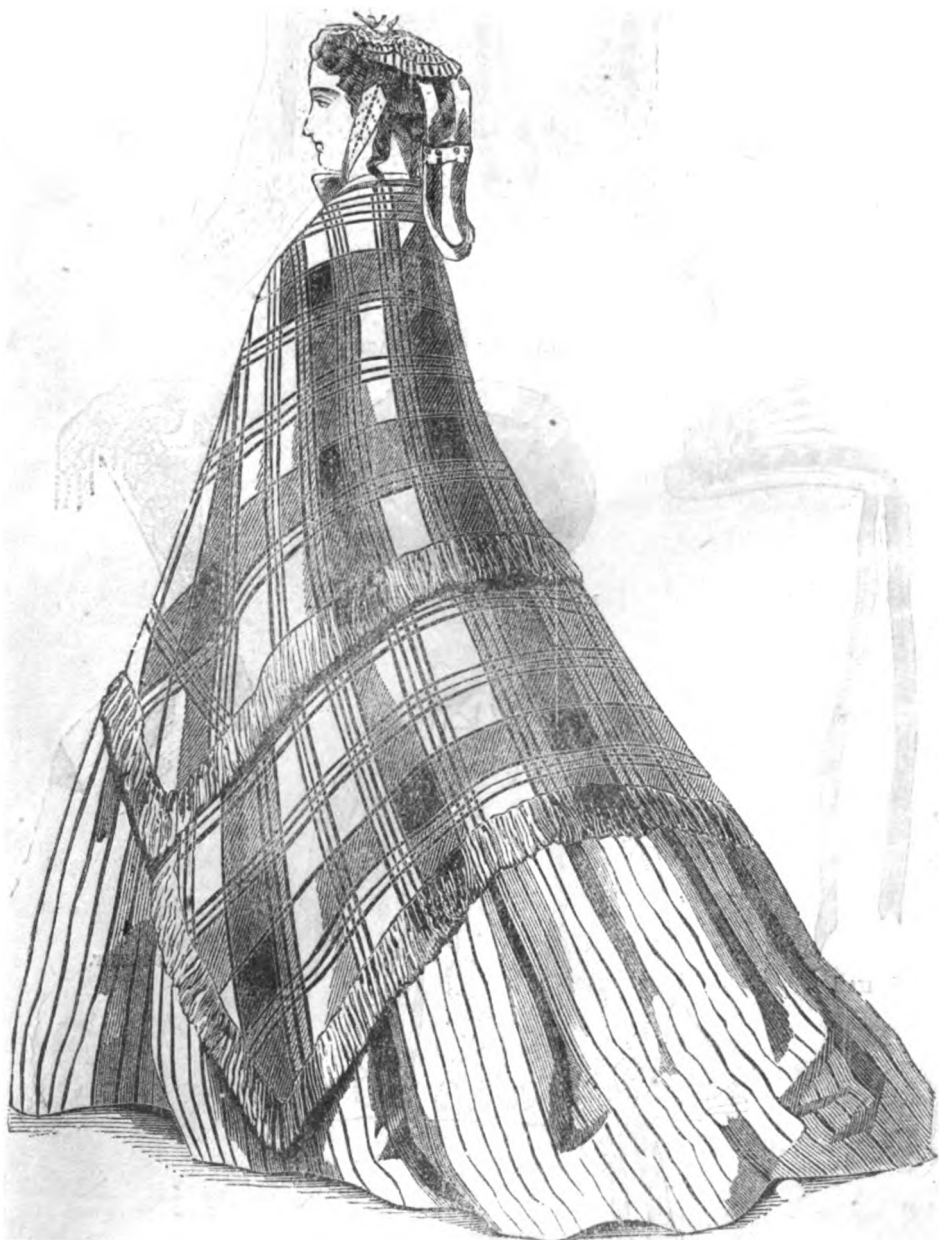
BONNET.



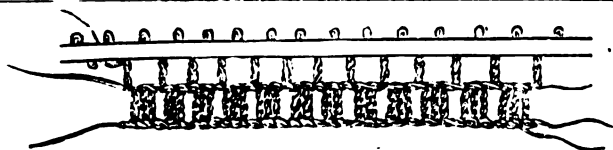
HOUSE SACK.



CROCHETED INSERTION.



WALKING DRESS.



CROCHETED EDGING.



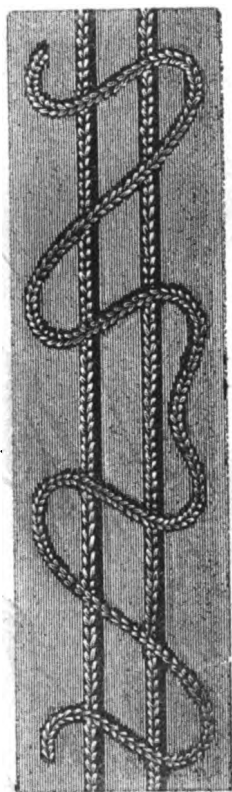
HOUSE DRESS.



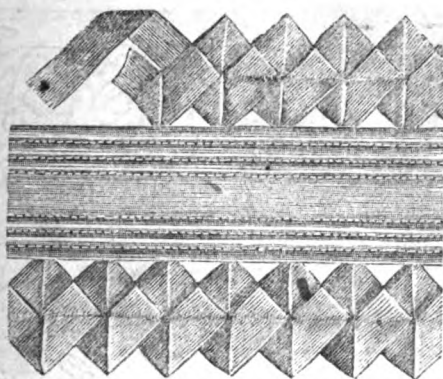
DRESSING-CASE: CLOSED.



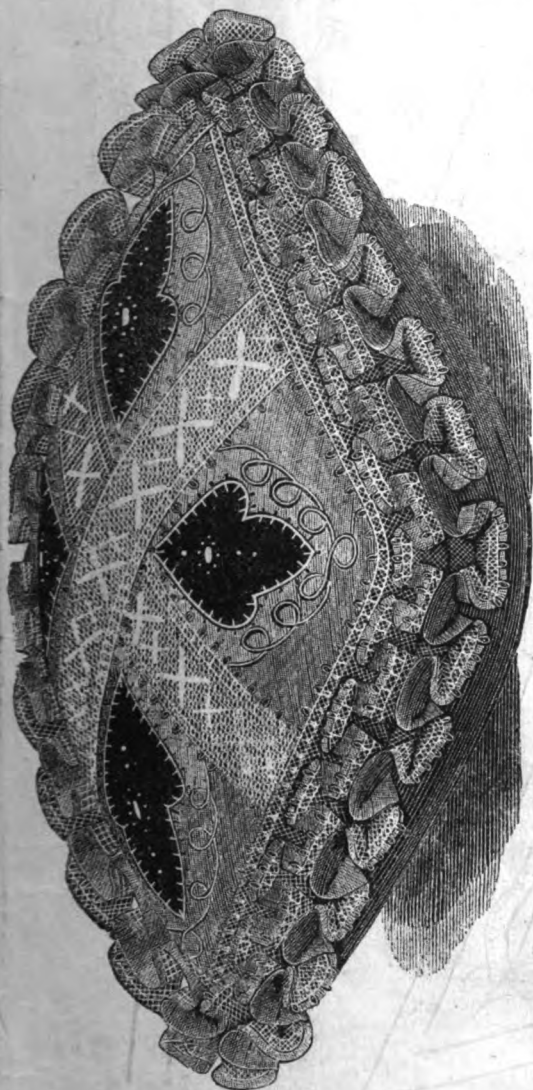
TRAVELING DRESSING-CASE.



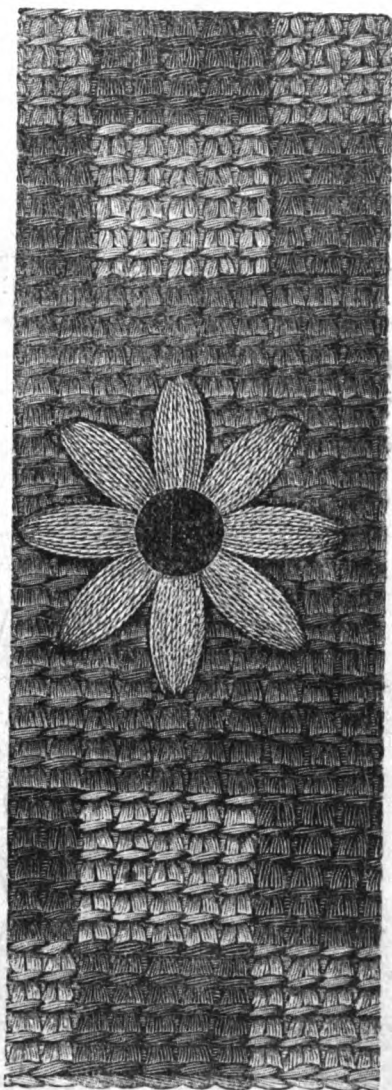
PATTERN FOR WORKING.



TAPE INSERTION.



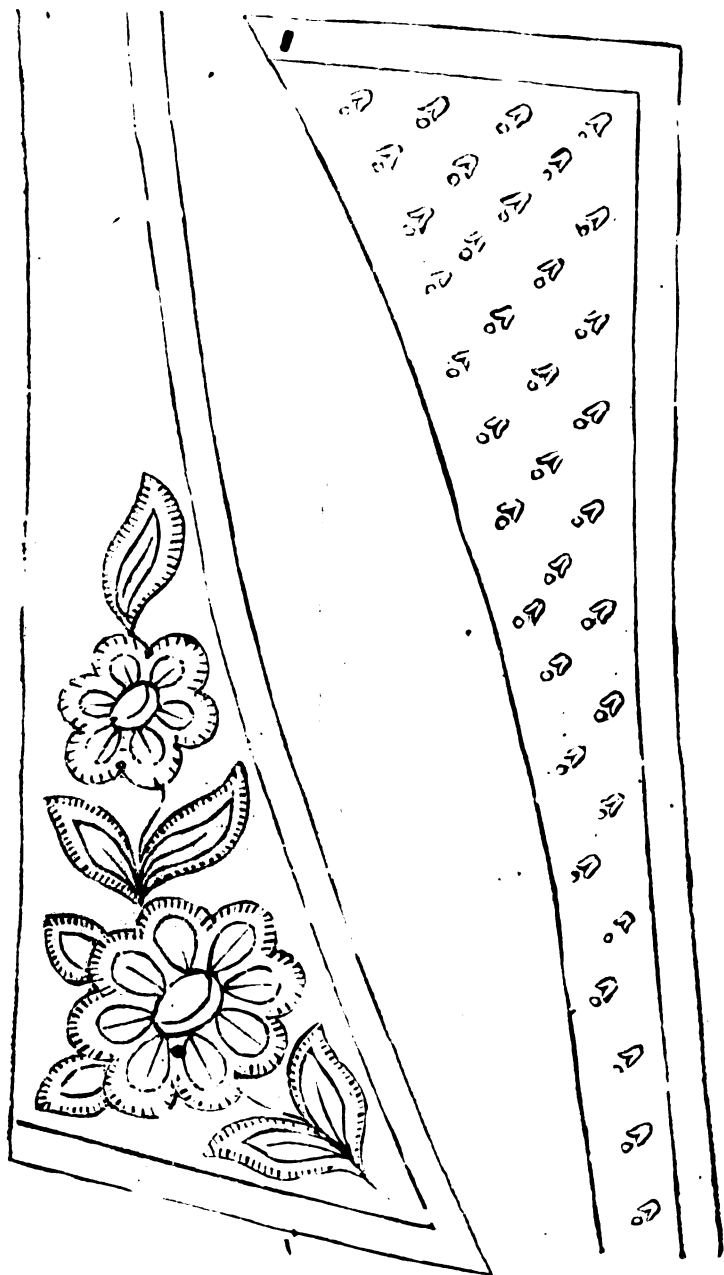
TOILET PIN-CUSHION.



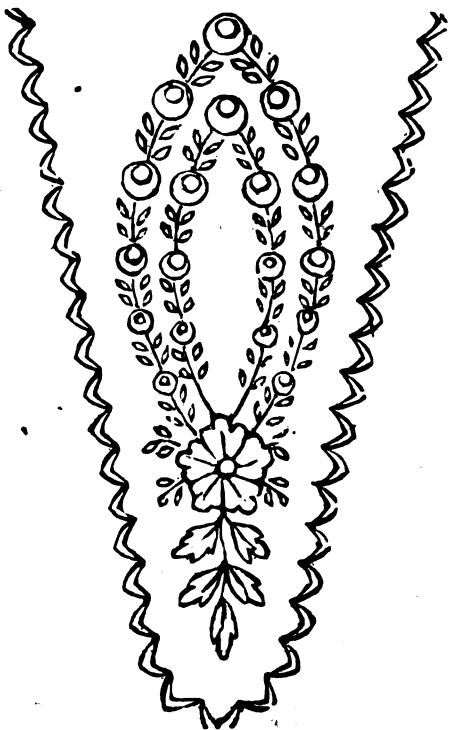
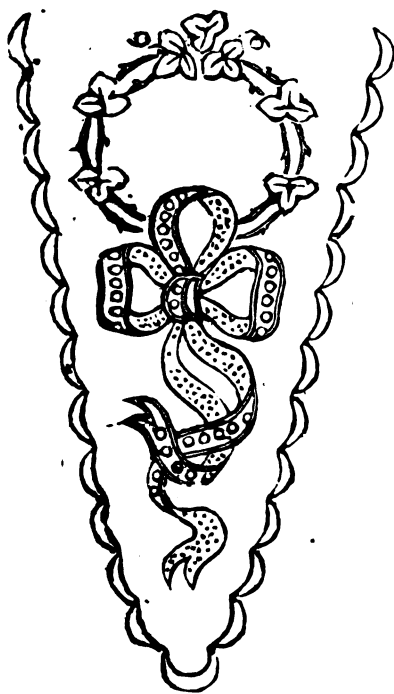
TRICOT STRIPE FOR AFGHAN



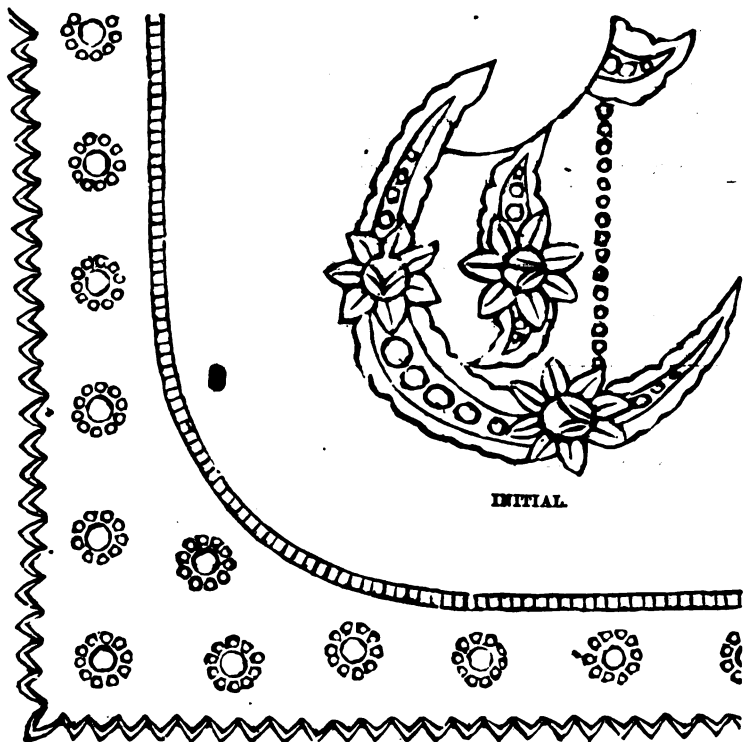
EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERED LINEN COLLARS.



DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERING ENDS OF CRAVATS.



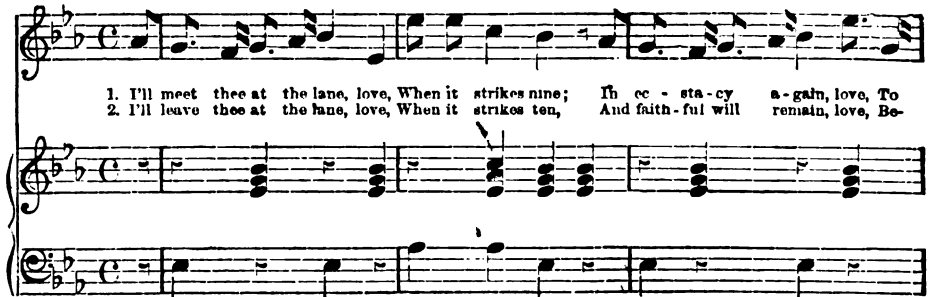
INITIAL.

CHEMISE YOKE

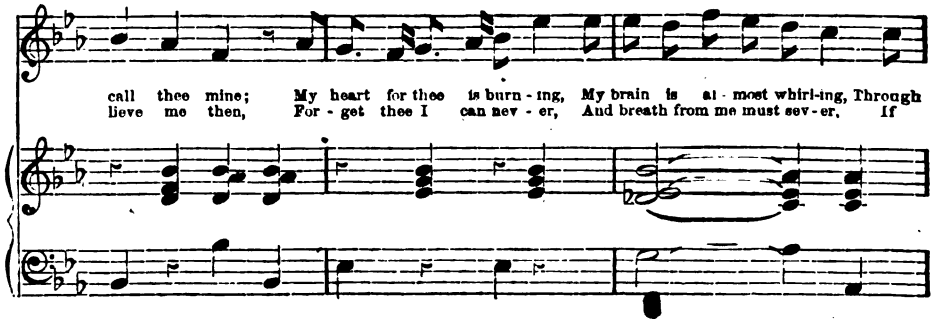
MEET ME AT THE LANE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

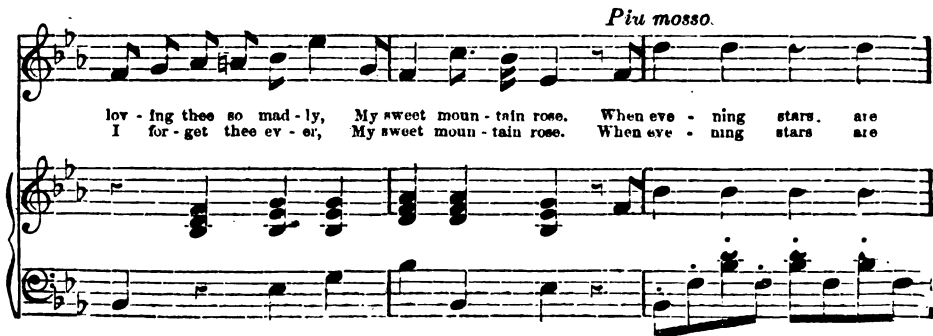
Published by permission of SEP. WINNER & Co., proprietors of Copyright.



1. I'll meet thee at the lane, love, When it strikes nine; In ec - sta - cy a - gain, love, To
2. I'll leave thee at the lane, love, When it strikes ten, And faith - ful will remain, love, Be-



call thee mine; My heart for thee is burn - ing, My brain is at - most whir - ling, Through
lieve me then, For - get thee I can nev - er, And breath from me must sev - er, If



Più mosso.
lov - ing thee so mad - ly, My sweet moun - tain rose. When eve - ning stars are
I for - get thee ev - er, My sweet moun - tain rose. When eve - ning stars are

MEET ME AT THE LANE.

peep - ing, Oh, then, will be our meet - ing, Old
 peep - ing, Oh, then, will be our meet - ing, Old

Rall.

time too swift - ly fleet - ing Our hap - py time a - way. I'll
 time too swift - ly fleet - ing Our hap - py time a - way. I'll

col voce.

A tempo.

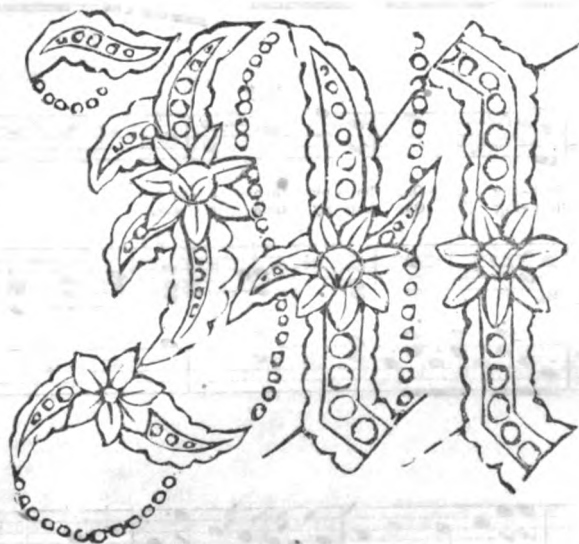
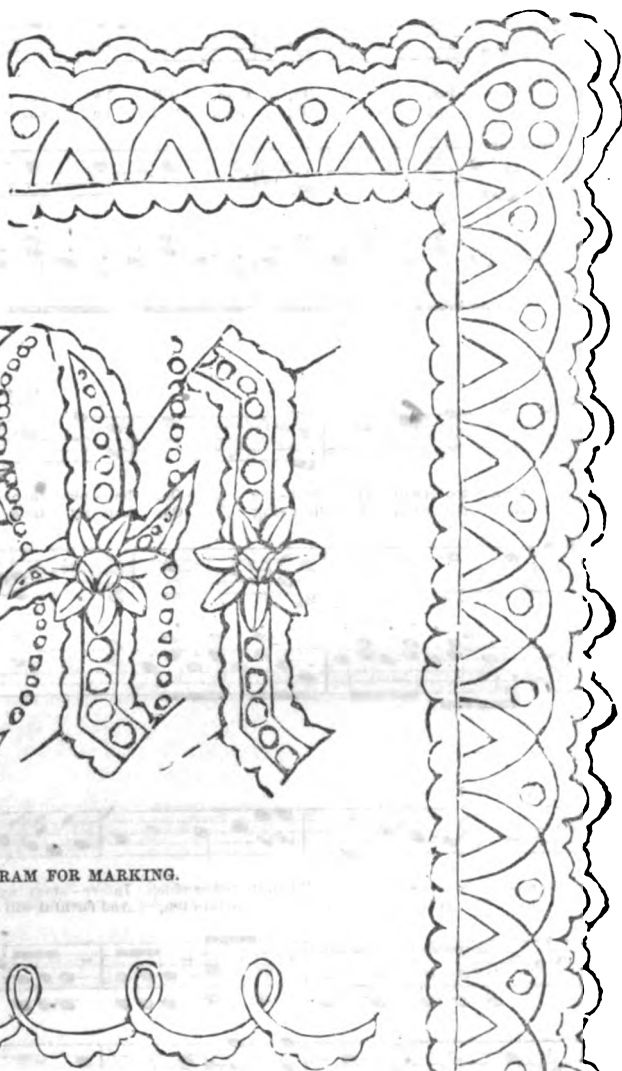
meet thee at the lane, love, When it strikes nine, In ec - stacy again, love, To call thee mine. My
 meet thee at the lane, love, When it strikes ten, And faithful will remain, love, Believe me then. For-

heart for thee is burning, My brain is almost whirling, Thro' loving thee so madly, My sweet mountain rose.
 get thee I can never, And breath from me must sever. If I forget thee ever, My sweet mountain rose.

Rall. Colla voce. *Rall.*



INITIAL IN CHAIN-STITCH.

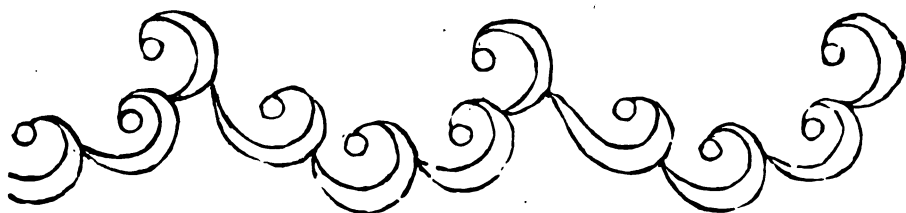


MONOGRAM FOR MARKING.



EDGING IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER: IN CHAIN-STITCH.



EDGING IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1867.

No. 1.

TWO NEW-YEAR EVES.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

MRS. SEYMOUR'S "boarding-school for young ladies" looked quiet enough externally, standing in the white light of the December morn; but it was fairer inside, with its study-room full of bright, happy girls.

Maud Sutherland was the pet of the school, and petite, as pets are apt to be, with eyes of honest hazel, and a mouth whose sweetness won you before it spoke. She had a sofa-cushion nearly completed, and bending over it, was eagerly matching silks. At last, turning in feigned ecstasies of distress to a school-mate on either side, she besought them to tell her whether this last rose should be "cream-color or pale-blush?"

"Oh! pale blush, like little Hildah's cheeks here!" said Brenda Marchwood, a girl of eighteen, with dark, straight eyebrows, and a mouth curved in lines that could command at will.

"There now," laughed Maud, "you've spoiled Hildah's cheeks for the present. They're as red as Spitzenbergs. But never mind the silks. You two come over in the bow-window and we'll have a talk. Just to think, I shall have you both to go home with me to-morrow!"

Maud was to bring her two prime friends, Brenda Marchwood and Hildah Brownway, home, to spend the "holidays;" and wonderful were the excursions she planned, and the sights they were to see.

Now Brenda was used to attention, had inhaled homage from her very cradle; it would be no novelty to her to visit Maud in her luxurious home.

But little Hildah Brownway knew nothing of city life and city manners. She was the daughter of a plain farmer. Her small, childlike hands had done many a churning, turned out many a pot of golden butter, had brushed, and swept, and cleaned through the long summer mornings. But the afternoon always found her fresh and fair in her simple home-dress.

The next day found the three girls "at home," in one of the brown-stone fronts facing the bit of park on Madison Square. At first the splendor bewildered little Hildah. "The lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," were sated almost to the full in this beautiful home of Maud's. But far away, in a simple farm-house, set in the midst of snow-clad hills, devout hearts were praying that "daughter Hildah" might be kept "unspotted from the world." Presently the mist cleared away; Hildah's serious, thoughtful nature regained its balance; she saw that, while all these beautiful things were given by "our Father" richly to enjoy, they were only the "meat" and not "the life;" and that the moment the heart acknowledged itself the slave of externals, then, indeed, these things of beauty were "not of the Father, but of the world."

Mr. Sutherland was what is called a "scientific man;" that is, his house was the resort of men who loved letters, and whose intellect swayed the circles in which they moved.

It was odd to see how this quiet little Hildah, with her blush-rose cheeks, lashes that often fell, yet, whenever they rose, showed clear, sweet eyes, full of repose and undeveloped power. It was odd to see how this Hildah "took" with these men learned in art, possessed of nicest taste and culture. Not that she talked fluently or often, but she possessed that rare gift, the art of earnest and intelligent attention. I think men care for that in women the most of all; the gentle, womanly tact, that will listen patiently and sympathize nobly with them in all noble pursuits. They like well the attentive gaze, the bowed head, the timid question that shows the clear head, and that draws them on to speak out their choicest thoughts, feeling that the woman is listening and sympathizing as well.

At all events, Hildah pleased these men more

of the three—better than Maud or Brenda. Not that these two lacked attention—far from it. In bright attire, sparkling with life, Maud was the pet here as at school. And Brenda, self-controlled, reigned like a queen in her own right, and made her admirers come and go at pleasure.

Hildah, too, wore her best; but it was a very quiet, simple best. The honest farmer, her father, had nothing to spare for “gew-gaws,” as he called them. But I think Hildah, long ago, in her childhood, had found, in her simple, rustic home, the pearl of great price, and that she wore it always. Why cannot we women truly believe that this is the best grace of all?

Of all who came to Mr. Sutherland's hospitable home, he that Hildah liked best was one Marsden Ives, a physician by profession, and an enthusiast as well. Modern science had taught him bravely; he understood the nice laws of temperament, the delicate organization of nerves, which it is better to understand than any material fact of medicine. Already he was beginning to be known as a “rising man.” Keen of eye was Marsden Ives, spoke choicely when at all, but was somewhat chary of utterance; was acutely ambitious, and meant to make his way in the world.

Gazing at Hildah, he saw beneath the look of childlike demureness, the attentive aspect, the repose that life would develop into power. He liked to study character—it would help him in his profession, you see. So he came often, and talked much with Hildah; he fancied he understood Maud, whom he had always known. Brenda, whom he had met before; and so it were well to “study” this gentle, little rustic maid of the blush-rose cheek and long-lashed eyes. Yes, he fancied he understood the other two. How strange that men will persist in thinking they understand women when they know them but by externals!

Oh, world! why will you fancy that a woman's heart is so shallow, when only He who made it knows how deep it is, how noble to suffer, how strong to endure?

Hildah liked this Dr. Ives well. He was so gentle always, playful sometimes; with an exceedingly graceful humor, that became a face that was both bright and keen, but that could be profoundly grave. It looked very grave one night in the drawing-room.

Mr. Sutherland had said, addressing the three young ladies who were his guests—for Maud reckoned herself one at the holidays,

“I don't approve much of theatre-going. I think it a frivolous way of passing the time. But Forrest plays to-night, it were worth while

to go and see him. So we'll all make ready and start.”

“You will go with me?” said Dr. Ives, softly, to Hildah.

“I think not; thank you,” returned Hildah, in the simple, child-fashion she had learned up among the hills.

“Let us see,” thought Dr. Ives, who fancied it the easiest matter in the world to persuade the rustic maid, whom he had been so well able to please thus far.

Maud and Brenda had flown up stairs for cloak and hood, and now came back full of glee, ready to start.

“Well, pet,” said Mr. Sutherland to Hildah, “why are you not ready?”

Hildah faced the tall, gray-bearded gentleman, who had been so kind to her, yet who was stately withal, and whom it were hardly safe to displease, then answered,

“I am not going, sir; thank you.”

A faint expression of something like disdain touched the gentleman's mouth. He said across the room,

“You have conscientious scruples, I suppose?”

Clear as a flute came the reply, just a faint quiver of feeling about the delicate mouth,

“I have.”

Mr. Sutherland's breeding was fine; he said no more to Hildah; but passing her with a slight bow, called out from the vestibule, “Come, girls, the carriage is waiting,” and Hildah was alone with Dr. Ives.

“Let us see,” thought this gentleman. “You will go, dear Miss Hildah, just to please me? Think how much I would do to please you.”

Sweet as summer was the tone, tender the face that bent down to her; that “dear Miss Hildah” was hard to resist.

For a moment a keen thrill shot through Hilda's frame. She felt she would give her life to please the man beside her; but ah! not that which is nobler than life.

“Dr. Ives, I cannot go—do not ask me.”

If Dr. Ives guessed there were tears beneath the downcast lids, he did not show it, but went straightway, for the rest were calling. He said to himself, “Little Puritan,” when he got outside; but, if you will believe it, even as he spoke, something like a tear glittered in the keen eye. In the long ago, the vision of a mother praying above a child who seemed to sleep, but did not, came back to him. Those lips had ceased to pray for him long since—would his name ever find a place in the prayers of another? “Little Puritan,” he said again,

as he joined the waiting party; but a tender smile hovered about his lips even as he spoke.

Hildah found herself alone in the drawing-room, that seemed larger than ever, now that she was alone in it. Its splendors of velvet and gold mattered but little to her; she felt desolate as she looked around her and thought of the hearth-stove on the far-away hill-side, where yule-logs, great logs of the forest, burnt high, beside which mother and father, perchance a neighbor or two, were sitting and talking of her, while the wind whistled outside. She could see, too, as plainly as if she were there, the dear, old China pitcher filled to the brim with choice cider, pressed from the many-hued apples that had made the orchards fair at autumn, and the dish of crimson Spitzens-bergs and little cakes, that always stood on the table in front of the hearth-stone, ready for guests of a winter's evening.

"Oh! this will never do!" said Hildah, springing up—the dear home-vision was becoming too much for her. "What can I do to pass away the time?"

"Make somebody happy," was the thought that came to her.

"Who?"

Then Hildah remembered the lady of the house, Mrs. Sutherland. It was hardly strange not to have thought of her at once, for Maud's mother, through the winter, never left the suite of rooms appropriated to her use—her fragile health keeping her a close prisoner through the northern winter. And yet confinement in such a prison was scarcely a hardship.

Hildah had been once in these rooms since she came; but bewildered at all around her, had brought away only a vague impression of tropical warmth, twilight dimness, lit by the rose of silken curtains, and in the midst of all a pale lady sitting with cushions piled around her, who asked both Brenda and herself to "come and see her again, she had had a very bad day of it so far."

The voice had been soft and sweet enough to have drawn her thither; but in the bustle of gayety Hildah had forgotten the wan invalid imprisoned, in splendor, it may be, but still imprisoned, in spite of all.

Hildah went up the stair-case and knocked timidly upon the gilt paneling of one of the many doors.

A low "Come in!" floated toward her, and Hildah entered.

"How glad I am!" said the pale lady, from amid her cushions. "I have just sent nurse away to get brightened up—invalids are dull

company, you know." And then she held out a wee bit of a hand to Hildah, who caressed the same softly, as if it were a small, white birdling.

Almost before she knew it, Hildah was sitting on a cushion at the pale lady's feet, still holding the one hand and talking cheerily of her school-life and Maud and Brenda. By-and-by Mrs. Sutherland drew her on to speak of her own home and rural fireside; and Hildah's voice grew eager and confidential as she described the quiet farm-house, and even told how the vision of the China-pitcher, filled with amber-red cider, and the dish of red-cheeked apples, had come back to her that night among the dear memories of the hearth-stone.

Then Mrs. Sutherland rang a bell, and presently there came a tray of dainty confections, in obedience to a whispered order given to "nurse."

Hildah had never cared less to eat than now; for, since those few words of Dr. Ives had been spoken, and she had crossed swords with Mr. Sutherland—albeit in the cause of right—she had felt an odd choking at her throat, which it was hard to conquer. Hildah loved to be loved, and craved the sympathy of those about her; yet she was a brave little heart for all, and would fight the battle of life nobly.

At another time, this tray of dainties would have been tempting enough, especially to one used to the plain fare of school life. Two little cups, dainty shells of pink and gilt, out of which floated the aroma of chocolate, a mould of amber-jelly, hot-house grapes, white and purple, and the gold-red of oranges, set in a filigree of silver—an artist would not have disdained the tray of dainties, it was such a pretty bit of coloring in the mellow rose-light that filled the invalid's room.

"I am not hungry, dear Mrs. Sutherland," pleaded Hildah.

"You must keep me company, though," returned her hostess. "If I am an invalid, I find a wee bit of supper does me no harm—good, rather; I sleep the better for it."

So Hildah ate to please the lady, who said the "bit of supper was nicer to-night than it had been for months. I think you have something to do with it, dear child."

Then Hildah laughed, well pleased; and when the repast was done, the pale lady caressed the hair of her guest, who had taken her station at her feet once more, and in a minute asked,

"The rest have gone out, you say?"

"Yes, ma'am—to the theatre."

"And you stayed at home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why, my child?"

Hildah looked down a moment, then turned her gaze up to that of the invalid, saying, simply, "You know, I think."

Mrs. Sutherland smiled softly—they understood one another then.

"May I not read something to you—anything you like—before I go?" asked Hildah.

Mrs. Sutherland, taking a book from beside her, opened it, and handed it to the young girl, who saw it was the Book, and open at the fourteenth chapter of St. John.

Hildah read the beautiful verses that have comforted so many souls,

"Let not your heart be troubled: Ye believe in God, believe also in me."

When she had finished, she looked up to see a faint light, that showed exceeding joy on the hitherto pale cheek of the invalid, and in her soft, sad eyes as well. Hildah kissed the lady, then withdrew to her own room; in striving to please another, she had found choicest comfort for herself. She would not "let her heart be troubled;" and the little maid went to sleep quiet and peaceful; life and the world would not fret her yet awhile, come what would.

The next day the little scene of the night before was as if it had not been. Mr. Sutherland's grave, stately politeness showed itself the same as ever.

Dr. Ives came in the evening, but his manner had changed—something had turned the tables. He talked to Maud and Brenda, but he looked at Hildah, which meant, of course, that while he seemed occupied with the rest, he was thinking of her.

The holidays were almost done; New-Year's Day was close at hand; and Maud and Brenda held divers discussions upon "what to wear." Finally, they brought Hildah, who had a little gem of a room all to herself, into the larger apartment they two shared together, and then and there plunged deep into the mysteries of apparel.

Brenda and Maud brought forth divers dresses, spread them upon the wide bed, and danced around, deliberating which would be the most becoming.

Hildah had no difficulty in making up her mind, for she had but one dress suitable.

Hildah looked at the silks and laces that made the wide bed seem in masquerade, so decked out was it with divers colors and foamy laces, sets of jewels and scented fans. What would make a "nice match," and what a "desirable contrast," being the question most in agitation.

Hildah looked and sighed; presently laughed, and said,

"You have slighted me, girls. You haven't even asked what I am going to wear."

The two looked blank, then flew at Hildah, pecked her cheeks like a couple of doves, and declared in a breath, "You dear little thing! you'd look sweet in anything!"

"Well, that being the case, I think I'll put on my dress to-night," laughed Hildah. "I should like to look 'sweet' before I go away."

"Who for?" said the other two, making eyes at her.

"For your papa, maybe," answered Hildah; with a mischievous look at Maud; then went to her own room to dress.

Brenda turned her back on the bed, bright with silks, and laces, and jewels. Crossing her white chiseled hand on her breast, she turned a firm, decided profile to Maud.

"Maud, are you not sick of this? I am. Hildah is so much nobler than you and I."

"Yes," said Maud, in a maze; "but there is no use in trying to be too good. Let us enjoy ourselves awhile; then we can settle down, you know."

Brenda said no more, put up her dresses, then going down stairs, struck out strange, deep chords of music from the grand-piano in the drawing-room until the bell rang—and Dr. Ives came in.

"You are early, Dr. Ives. You have come to see Maud and myself, of course?"

"Assuredly. Is Miss Brownway at home?"

"Oh!" said Brenda, significantly. "I have a mind not to let her know that you are here."

Brenda went, however, but first stopped in to counsel with Maud.

"Maud, Dr. Ives is down stairs, and I am full of mischief, in honor of New-Year's Eve, perhaps. Don't let Hildah know he's here, and let us go down and tease him awhile. He's said a sharp thing or two to me since I've been here; and I'd not object to paying him back."

A little tap on the door, and Hildah herself came in.

"See," said she, with gentle irony, "I am in my best. Do I not surprise you?"

The speaker had on a merino fleecy fine, and of a clear, bright blue. There was a rim of fine lace about the throat, and the under-sleeves, to match, were also delicately fine. There had been a time, before Hildah left her country-home, when she had thought this attire grand enough for a queen. She had learned better since; knew now that most would consider her dress "plain as a page stem;" yet, for

all, an air of content, that had a quaint sweetness about it, invested Hildah with a grace more beautiful than costliest silk or dazzling jewel.

"Wait a minute!" said Maud; and disappearing, presently returned with a spray of lovely roses.

"I asked mamma, and she said you were to have these, with her love," panted Maud, out of breath.

Brenda took the spray just budding to perfection, and, with skillful fingers, fastened it against the gold-brown hair. Roses and cheeks made a perfect match.

Then the three went down stairs; Maud and Brenda shining in silk; ribbon-knots flying like pennants from hair and shoulder, both riant with mischief. Hildah, lovely as a picture, with her pure child-face, down-dropping lids, and tender gravity, that a word would break up into smiles.

Maud, nestling into the velvet recess of a tall chair, leaned back her head, and chattered nonsense to the group that presently clustered about her—papa, a grave professor or two, and the rest. Brenda, uninvited, took her station at the grand-piano, and swept the chords, until the instrument trembled; anon played soft, low snatches, and dreamy sonatas of flute-like fineness.

The rooms were warm; some one had opened the glass-doors leading into the conservatory.

"Come," said Dr. Ives, "let us go and listen to that music in among the flowers there."

Hildah came. "How beautiful!" said she, under her breath.

"How beautiful!" sighed Dr. Ives. He meant Hildah, you might know; for she stood under an orange-tree, white with its load of blossoms. The snowy sprays dropped low upon the slightly-bowed head; she looked most like a bride, so standing with the light flush of roses on her cheek; fair she was to see—a grace better than beauty crowning her with most womanly sweetness.

I had told you Dr. Ives was ambitious. This was so; he had only meant to "study" Hildah. A little rustic maid was scarcely like to have won him, you and he had thought.

Beauty never would have entranced him; but the soft and flower-like charm of womanly sweetness, the ornament of a "meek and quiet spirit," worn with gentle humility, had found its way where beauty, cap-a-pie with charms, might utterly have failed.

The keen, clear intellect, the pride of a nature ambitious and daring, found itself dis-

armed. Dr. Ives then and there knew what, perhaps, he had only guessed before, that his heart—deep enough, palpitating beneath all pride and ambition with noble impulse—had thrown open its doors to the "rustic maid," had taken her in, had crowned her its queen. Years might come, and years might go, but that heart was constant—none other than the "rustic maid" would ever reign there!

And now Dr. Ives grew afraid of this little Hildah, grew very doubtful of himself.

How softly the music rose and fell like a dream; the sprays of orange-blossom seemed to thrill above Hildah to the strange, sweet chords.

A little pause, then Dr. Ives said, "Hildah, you can only speak the truth. You do not hate me, Hildah?"

She took a rose from her hair, dropped it into the palm of the speaker, then, smitten with that instinct of shyness that will not let a woman be won in a breath, Hildah, with a grace so swift and elusive that she seemed to float out on the music, passed into the room beyond. When Dr. Ives dared to follow, she was nowhere to be found.

If Hildah smiled in her dreams that night, the morning brought a sorrowful dawning. Her father was sick, "perhaps dying;" so read the dispatch that was brought to her pillow. So, filled with dread, yet striving to be calm, Hildah made herself ready, and was prepared to start with the sunrise. She went from Maud's home with kisses and caresses, telling how hard it was to part with her, and how entire the sympathy that went with her. The little rustic maid would leave Maud's splendid home, touched with something that home had not before she came. The simple, earnest faith of a Christian heart, would not be without a meaning, even to Mr. Sutherland, who, grave and stately, disdaining frivolity, yet had believed in science only until now. As for the pale lady of the house, who had hungered for sympathy born of a kindred faith, she would not forget Hildah, whose coming had made a sunny spot on the invalid's memory.

Maud and Brenda, in their bright garniture of dress and jewel, welcomed the many guests who came and went on New-Year's Day—"a fine day," every one called it, with the clear sunlight, cold, transparent air, and sapphire sky overhead.

Hildah, traveling fast, fast, over tracts of snow, yet found the traveling too slow for her yearning, anxious heart. But home was reached at last, and her father, "perhaps he would not die," they said.

But there were long watchings, by day and night, in the sick chamber. Hildah sat among the shadows of the sick man's room, and, with her mother, kept anxious watch and waiting. By-and-by "father" grew better—that was well. But farmer Brownway would never be strong of head and hand, as in times past.

Across the road, just on the edge of the grove of pines, stood the village school-house. Hildah found herself installed here, one day, as mistress. It would "help father a little," she thought; sickness had been expensive; where there had never been too much to spare, there was now less than ever.

If work, close and unremitting, makes the days pass quickly, surely the months must have seemed short to Hildah. And, perhaps, they did. The face was as sweet and child-like as ever, but the blush-roses waxed faint in the clear, pure cheek. The mouth had grown firm, too; self-control taught the slender, upper-lip to crush down the soft-red of the under one. Hildah was a brave woman now, who had learned to "suffer and be strong."

The months passed away, with letters once and awhile from Maud and Brenda, telling of their school-life. Brenda's were earnest and thoughtful, oftentimes asking eager questions of that higher life, of which Hildah's simple faith had caused her to think.

Yes, the months had come and gone, and it was New-Year's Eve again. Hildah had gone about all day with a cheerful air, for she was the light of home. "No tears," she thought to herself; "no sighs. My life is just as God will have it—dare I be less than content?"

The twilight was closing in with plumy flakes of snow falling quietly. Never mind, the little chintz-room was all warmth and comfort. Cheerily burnt the logs in the wide fire-place; full to the brim with amber-red cider, stood the old-time pitcher in its accustomed place, red

Spitzenbergs and a dish of little cakes keeping guard beside it. "Father" and "mother" sat on either side of the hearth-stone, smiling at one another, looking with fond pride at Hildah.

"I think some of our neighbors will be in to-night," says father.

"Yes, sir," answered Hildah; but her thoughts are faraway. She thinks of the music she heard just a year ago; wafts of fragrance from the orange-tree float around her, and enfold her in sweet memories. Sweeter than either vibrates the words she cannot forget, "You do not hate me, Hildah?"

The brave heart flagged a little, just a moment at the window, to make her face bright for "father and mother," just a prayer for the bright New-Year that would dawn to-morrow, a prayer for herself, for that other heart that a year ago had told its story—faithful herself, she yet thought him true.

Oh, heart, that will not doubt! that believes on to the end! there is a blessing for you!

Even as Hildah stood at the window, the soft light of moonbeams struggled with the snow-flakes, conquered, fell upon her lover's face as he swung aside the gate, and came up the pathway in the triumphant moonlight, the joy of expectancy upon his face.

What more? There was room at the simple fireside for Dr. Ives; there was room in the heart of "father and mother" for the man Hildah had chosen; a man who was, and yet was not, the Dr. Ives of a year ago—for his life had broadened and deepened. She who had prayed above him in his childhood, knew high peace in her heavenly home. Hildah might lay her hand on him now and be content. The fair, new world, and the bright New-Year were theirs—lay wide before them; hand-in-hand they might walk therein, their heavenly Father would keep them safe through that year, and all the years to come.

MY IDEAL.

BY EMMA S. STILWELL.

No matter in what form enshrined,
It is thy nobleness of mind,
Above the moat of human kind,

That binds thee to my soul—my own!
I walk the woodland paths alone;
I hear the bright waves surge and moan,

Tossed to white foam 'gainst cruel rocks—
'Tis thus the world my spirit mocks.
Across the lake, like golden locks,

Aslant the sunbeams glint and shine;

'Tis thus my spirit unto thine
Unfolds its glory—prayer at shrine!

I know e'en well—no fears I know;
Thy heart is like the purest snow—
And as the soul the face doth grow.

Therefore, how fair, how beauteous thou—
Thy soulful eyes, thy godlike brow!
To thee I pay my dearest vow;

Faithful forever unto me,
Nor earth, nor air, nor sky, nor sea,
Shall rob my life of love for thee.

TRUE LOVE AND FALSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SENT BY THE STORM."

It was spring-time in New England; every hill was green with tender verdure, every nook and valley redolent with the balm of bursting blossoms; the sky hung overhead blue and cloudless; and the westward-going sun threw back a thousand shimmering rays of light, gleaming on all the cottage-windows, and making the bosom of the bay a sheet of dazzling gold.

Rose Steadman stood beneath the great locust-tree in her father's yard, gazing oceanward with wistful, impatient eyes; her hands clasped hard together, the breeze blowing back her soft, silken tresses from a face as pure and fair as the daintiest May-flower that bloomed upon her native hills. A flock of tame doves, circling in the summer air, came fluttering down about her head, one or two perching on her shoulders, and billing and cooing to attract her attention; but she did not notice them, her blue eyes, wondering and wistful, still swept the low sea-line that lay beyond.

Samson Stone, coming up from the hay-field, paused to look at her standing thus, thinking that never, in all his life before, had he beheld so lovely a picture. A warm flush rose to his bronzed cheek, and a tender glow to his honest eyes; but the moment after they saddened, and he sighed drearily.

"Poor child! she don't know; it is my duty to tell her, I 'spose."

Then he hurried on with a heavy step. Rose turned as he approached her, the wistful, expectant look still in her blue eyes. He took off his broad hat, and pushed back the damp hair from his heated brow.

"Hot work down there," he said, pointing over his shoulder toward the hay-field. "The squire sent me up for a glass o' your currant-wine—he's a'most spent. This spring sunshine tells—'tis worse than mid-summer, I b'lieve. Heigho! how I should enjoy a good, round sea-voyage now—wouldn't you? By-the-by, the 'Bonnie Isabel's' gone—did you know?"

"Gone?" Her face growing white, and her eyes cold and stony.

"Yes; she sailed two hours ago!"

Rose almost fainted; for an instant her breath came in short, quick gasps, and her lips quivered painfully. Sam put out his arm to support her,

but before he had touched her it was all over, and she turned toward the house with an air of calm composure.

"Come on. I'll get you the wine now."

Sam followed her with a look of pitiful tenderness in his brown eyes. He was a great, strongly-built, stout-fisted fellow, this Samson Stone; very much like a chestnut, rough and ungainly in outward aspect, but sweet and sound within. There was not a flaw, or a semblance of falseness about him; he was true metal to his heart's core—solid gold, without a grain of dross. He had lived with Squire Steadman from his boyhood up, working in the fields from one year's end to another; and "getting his learning," as the neighbors expressed it, by snatches, at night-school, or in his own room, when the rest of the hired boys were in bed. Yet he was no indifferent scholar. He could cast up accounts with remarkable accuracy; and there were few books in the village library that he did not read.

But, for all his good traits, Sam was no favorite. People liked and respected him; but in order to love him, one required to know him intimately—and very few did that. He was shy and reticent, sober, and not over-talkative; morose and sullen, superficial folks called him; but a gentler, truer, more tender-souled man never lived.

Rose, the squire's only child, was a wee, toddling little thing when Sam came to live at E'en Cottage; and all through the long summer days she trotted after him, lisping out her childish wants, every one of which he supplied with a woman's tender care. No wonder she won a large place in his great, loving heart. Every day of his life she became dearer and dearer; and when eighteen summers had painted their roses on her maiden cheeks, and she sat in the village choir, the acknowledged belle and beauty of the neighborhood, Sam Stone, her father's hired man, would have laid down his life a thousand times to have saved a single thread of her golden hair from pain.

Rose liked him first-rate; defended him warmly when any one called him rude or unfriendly; treated him with a sister's unaffected kindness—but she did not love him. Of course, she did not. Whoever knew any one do the

thing they ought to do? Another—a man of a very different class and calibre—had won the regard for which poor Sam would willingly have served his seven times seven years.

Ralph Tremaine was the only son of Judge Tremaine, the wealthiest and most aristocratic man in the vicinity. Moreover, Ralph was a young man of very superior accomplishments, college-taught, refined, handsome to a fault, and by profession an artist. Rose Steadman made his acquaintance, one summer afternoon, in a most romantic manner. She was down on the bay-shore gathering water-lilies. Her apron was full to overflowing; they breathed their odors in her bosom, and hung in white splendor from the golden meshes of her hair; yet, woman-like, she was not content. One full-blown beauty, nodding in the sunshine beyond her reach, tempted her. Holding on to an overhanging branch, she leaned far out and strove to pluck it; in the attempt the branch gave way, precipitating her into the waters of the bay. Her terrified shriek had scarcely startled the drowsy, summer air, when a young man started up from behind a projecting rock, plunged after her, and brought her ashore.

This young man was Ralph Tremaine. Of course, Rose could not be otherwise than excessively grateful—and gratitude leads us into dangerous straits sometimes. After this romantic adventure, Ralph became a constant visitor at Elm Cottage. He could not get along without Rose. She must show him all the picturesque points in the neighborhood; and then she must sit while he painted her portrait. With one thing and another they were constantly together; and in the long summer afternoons wandering amid the odorous woods, or drifting on the pulsing bosom of the lake, foolish little Rose believed all the fine things her handsome lover breathed into her ear, and found herself at autumn-time with a betrothal-ring upon her finger.

Samson Stone was extremely lonely through all these summer days. Labor, hitherto a pleasure, hung a dead weight upon his hands. His life had lost its sole aim and object. But he was a hero, after his fashion, this hired man, who reaped the grain, and mowed the hay-fields at Elm Cottage; so, putting his own desires beneath his feet, he pursued the even tenor of his way, hoping, not for himself, but for her, whose happiness he held dearer than his own.

In the meantime, Rose dreamed her golden dream—but at last the end came. Ralph Tremaine was going across the sea to spend a year at Heidelberg, and several seasons in the old

city of the Cæsars. He might not return for years—his art claimed him; but he should never forget Rose. Rose listened with a sharp pain in her heart. After that his visits, once so frequent, became few and far between. He had so many friends to attend to; there were ladies from the city staying at his father's; so many claims upon his time Rose must really excuse him. Rose assured him that she would with a vivid glow in her cheeks, and more anger than grief at her heart. Yet she could not help feeling pained and startled when she found that he had sailed in the "Bonnie Isabel" without coming to say farewell.

She poured out the currant-wine, and starting Sam back to the hay-field, with the bits of ice she had dropped in tinkling against the sides of the pewter mug, she went into her own little sleeping-room, and, after closing the door, sat down by the low window. The spring sunshine rippled in through the shimmering branches of the sweet-brier that shaded it, checkering the sanded floor with bars of yellow gold. The air was thick with glimmering radiance and heavy with perfume; and the voice of the ring-dove floated in from the neighboring forest, tremulous with tender melody. Poor little Rose leaned her head upon her hand and burst into tears. There was a great blank in her young life just then. She had nothing to hope for, so she sobbed on quietly for a moment or two, not with the passionate sorrow a woman feels when her heart's love has failed her, but with a childish regret that the pretty dream she had loved so well was ended forever. But in a short time her tears subsided, and she began to think the matter over; and while she thought, the proud blood of a New England maiden began to glow in her cheeks. She dashed the tears from her eyes with a gesture of indignant scorn.

"I won't shed another tear about him," she murmured. "If he didn't care enough for me to come and bid me good-by, let him go. Who cares?"

That evening, when Samson Stone came up from the hay-field, his step was slow, and his face exceedingly sober. He glanced toward Rose's window, with the humming-birds flitting through the sweet-brier that shaded it, with a pitiful expression in his eyes, sighing to himself.

"Poor child! I wish I could take the trouble from her young shoulders."

Just then a note of song trilled out from the kitchen, and, turning, he beheld Rose up to her dimpled elbows in the bread she was making, with anything else than sorrow in her bright

face. For an instant the poor fellow's heart leaped joyously, then he shook his head with a heavy sigh.

"Poor thing, she's too proud to show it; but she feels it all the same. I wish I could help her."

But Sam was mistaken in his estimate of Rose's disappointment. He was measuring her love by his own, and the two passions were widely different. His was all-enduring, immortal; a something that would go with him through life, and be part and parcel of his existence in the life beyond the grave; but hers was as short-lived and ephemeral as the spring blossoms. Before the bluebird, who was building her bower of love in the old apple-tree when the "Bonnie Isabel" sailed, had warmed her speckled ovals into life, it had died a natural death, and lay buried in a sepulchre, whose darkness would know no resurrection morn. But poor Sam was not aware of this—so he tilled the fields, and reaped the grain, and mowed the hay at Elm Cottage, pitying Rose, and pitying himself.

In the meantime, this silly, little Rose of ours grew in wisdom as well as in years. Her blue eyes looked upon things in a different light, three years after, than they did on the day the "Bonnie Isabel" set sail.

At last a summer afternoon came, which brought Ralph Tremaine to his father's house again. The sky was as blue as in days of yore, the hills as green, the thymy pastures as full of odorous bloom. Rose Steadman sat beneath the great locust-tree, her blue eyes gazing oceanward, the breeze blowing back her golden hair, the flock of white doves wheeling and circling round her head. She saw him coming down the narrow, mossy path he had so often trod. His years of foreign life had improved him vastly; and he had, in part, realized his dream of fame and renown. A long summer, and a winter, perhaps, lay before him. His strength and health needed recruiting, and he had come back for that purpose to his father's house. But how should he ever manage to while away the tedious time? He must have some kind of amusement. Ah, he had struck upon the very thing; he would go back to Rose Steadman, she was still single, his mother had said, waiting for his return, no doubt. Poor little Rose, it was nothing more than right to go and see her!

She saw him coming, and rose up to meet him in the afternoon sunlight, the white doves circling round her head. What a glorious picture she made! He made up his mind to paint

her—the effort would immortalize him. But a single glance at her face, her calm, clear eyes, convinced him that she was not the simple little girl, with whose love he had trifled three years before; but she was something better, a lovely, bewildering woman. He put on his tenderest smile—the smile that few women had been strong enough to resist.

"Are you glad to see me, little Rose?" holding out both his hands.

She received him cordially as an old friend, but with a proud calmness that chilled him like ice.

"You loved me once, little Rose?" his voice and eyes full of tender reproach.

She flashed a glance of dazzling scorn upon him.

"I was a child, then, and children outgrow their fancies in less time than you have been away."

"You have outgrown yours then?"

"Most assuredly."

And that was the end.

Poor Sam, mowing down the fragrant hay in the meadow, saw them standing together with a sharp pain at his heart, which all his unselfish joy at Rose's coming happiness could not keep down. In spite of all his efforts, the passing years had only served to make his hopeless love all the stronger.

"It is just as it should be," he said to himself; "he's a fine-looking fellow, and will make her a good husband, no doubt. I'm glad, for her sake;" but, even while he said it, he sighed heavily—sighed over the death of his last hope.

Coming up from the meadow, at eventide, he found Rose still sitting beneath the locust-tree, a soft flush on her cheeks, a tender, dreamy light in her blue eyes. He could not pass her without even so much as a word of congratulation; they had lived together as brother and sister too long. It would cost him a terrible effort, but he would do it. Throwing himself on the grass, at her feet, he took off his broad hat, and let the cool winds lift the hair from his hot brow.

"Rose," he began, at last, looking up timidly, "I'm glad your friend's come back. I know it was a pleasure to you to see him."

"Well, yes," an arch smile dimpling her pretty mouth, "I was quite glad to see him, Sam."

"Yes, I know, Rose," after a moment's silence, "I mean— Well, you understand. I know how matters stand between you; and I'm glad for your sake, Rose; and I wish you a life as happy as you deserve."

He held out his hand as he ended his little speech, but the effort had been almost too much for him; there was a mist before his eyes, and his lips quivered like a woman's. Rose watched him keenly for a moment, and then laid her hand in his.

"Sam," she said, solemnly, "you're mistaken for once, as wise as you usually are. Ralph Tremaine is nothing to me—moreover, he never will be. When I was a silly child, I thought I loved him; but I found out my mistake that evening when you told me the "Bonnie Isabel" had sailed. And, Sam," she went on, a vivid flush dyeing her cheeks, "I've leaned something else in the three years that have gone by since that evening. Can you guess what it is?"

He looked at her conscious, blushing face, his honest eyes full of puzzled wonder.

"You won't guess, Sam," she continued; "and I must tell you, if it is unmaidenly. You won't speak for yourself, and I'm tired of waiting for you. I've learned that I never loved Ralph Tremaine; never loved any one in the world but—but—you, Sam."

He bounded to his feet as if a thunderbolt had exploded above his head, and stood for a moment stunned and silent. Then, looking down upon her, covered with confusion and blushes, the full truth burst upon him in all its wondrous joy. But he could not utter a single word in response, yet his full heart spoke through his honest brown eyes. He opened his arms, and gathered her to his bosom in unspeakable content; and all the summer-world burst out into a rapturous song of rejoicing.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST DREAM.

BY FREDERICK ROE.

WORN, and weary, and wounded,
A soldier sat by a rill;
A draught of its cooling waters,
A song from its merry trill.

He sat in the evening twilight,
His thoughts far over the land,
To a lone farm-house on the hill-side—
To a cheerful household band.

When twilight makes way for the evening,
And even has fled into night;
By the rill the soldier was dreaming
Of days that were happy and bright.

Of days, when a boy, he had rambled,
Over the hill and the lea,
Gathered the flowers of the meadow,
And list to the birds in their glee.

Again in the hay-fields he sported,
And tumbled amid the new hay;
Again o'er the mill-pond he floated;
Oh! happy, but short, was the day.

The clear, gray light of the morning
Rose slowly over the hill,
And found the soldier still sleeping,
By the cool and crystal rill.

But his cheek was pallid and wan;
His locks were tossed by the breeze;
Yet he slept with his head on his hand,
While the wood-thrush sang from the trees.

While the wood-thrush sang from the trees,
His cheering and mellow thrill,
The soldier lay dead by the brook-side—
The soldier lay dead by the rill.

THE WITCHES ARE WALKING THE WILD-WOODS AGAIN

BY ELIZABETH RICHMOND.

THE witches are walking the wild-woods again,

Down deep in the forest of pines,
Where the great goblin oak-tree stands lord of the glen,
And where the winds sigh to the vines.

Old Winter wrapped round him, his mantle of snow,
And marched with his vanguard at last;
And the jay-bird peeped out through the tamarack-bough,
And screamed a farewell as he passed.

And quick from their coverts—the wild winds knew where—
In highland, or hollow, or hill,
The weird forest witches came wandering there,
Through the old woods, so solemn and still.

They peeped in the stream that had muttered and moaned
As though Summer was never to be;

And the light, laughing waves started off with a bound,
And chased merrily on to the sea.

The brown tassels came to the laurel again.
And the fur to the hickory buds;
And the poplar smiled forth in a garland of green—
For the witches were walking the woods.

The oriole down to the clusters of cane,
Bethought him again of his nest;
And the whippoorwill chimed 'mong the hazels again,
When the sun had gone down in the West.

And dark brows that all the long Winter had kept
Their shadows of sadness and care;
Laughed out to the glad Summer sunshine that swept,
When the witches were wandering there.

A LONG JOURNEY

THE AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH, ETC., ETC

CHAPTER I.

OUT TO SEA.

THE coast here was flat—a mere uneven band of yellow sand-beach, stretched from one point in the horizon to another just opposite, cutting the world in two. Mary Corson could see from one end to the other of it. She had been pacing up and down all of the afternoon. On her left were the marshes, lush and brown in the late October weather; to the right, the sea, a vast, shining, steel-blue plane.

It was intolerably quiet and desolate; overhead, one or two dark, sullen bulges in the gray sky suggested clouds, but they were motionless. A fish-hawk circled through the air, piping a keen, fretful cry; the tide was coming in, but it was only at long intervals that the edge of the oily water lapped the shore with a furtive, uneasy whisper.

Miss Corson went up to her companion, who was lying on her back on a heap of dry kelp, her hands clasped under her head, looking, half-asleep, at a seining-boat that shone white on the far sea-line.

"I thought I knew the sea," she said. "But I never saw it in a cataleptic trance before."

The girl got up with a chagrined look. "You have been used to a rugged coast-line, I suppose. Our beach must be woefully dull and speechless to you. For me, I never saw the sea-rocks; or any hills, for that matter." She twisted up the yellow hair which had fallen down her neck, stuck the comb into it, and stood, looking out to sea, with a forced, uncomfortable smile. Mary glanced at her with her shrewd, half-shut eyes, amused to see how much poor Berenice had dreaded this visit of hers, and had depended on the sea to help her through with it.

The girl's delicate, weakly lined face, with its rose and milky tints, like an infant's, was as transparent, Miss Corson thought, as water. She knew the group of young women to whom Berenice Lamorce undoubtedly belonged. She had been taciturn enough so far; but those soft lips—held always a little apart—would begin presently, she was sure, to dribble out what few ideas there might be in her brain in an unending stream. She meant, however, to make the best of her hostess. It need not be for long,

she was thankful to remember. Her stay was limited to a fortnight.

"I could not find the sea dull or speechless," she said, good-humoredly. "Come, let us look for more of these freckled shells. Don't be afraid, Berenice, I shall get on excellently here. Old Ocean and I have been kin and confidants these many years," with a wave of her hand, the least in the world dramatic.

She strolled on down the sands, not seeing the amused flash in the innocent blue eyes behind her.

She grew graver. In spite of herself the spell of the lonely, desolate coast was upon her. It was a new experience for her to lunch, as she had done this morning, in a white and gilt saloon in Philadelphia, with the interminable red bricks and marble slabs massed about her; and to stand now face to face with nature in her most solitary, melancholy mood. It seemed to her as if in coming there she had dropped behind her, one by one, whatever garments of grace and beauty the year wore. Yonder, in the crowded streets, it was sultry October, yellow tinted; the air, the sidewalk trees, the fluttering dresses of the women glowing with generous color and warmth. Then she came through long slopes of sullen fields, inhospitable, meager farms; drearier stretches afterward of stunted pines and oaks, with long gaps of blanched sand between; and here and there the lonesome fires of the charcoal-burners. Down at last into this vast basin of the lee-coast, which had been once the ocean-bed, from which the sea had crept back inch by inch, at the border of which it lay forever watching, sleepless, cruel, implacable.

When Miss Corson began to understand the spirit of the place she said, suddenly, "Why, the sea possesses one here like a demon! What has it done to you, Miss Lamorce," looking at her again curiously. "What did it make of you?"

"How could I tell? Let us go on to the village," said Berenice. "Made of me?" she muttered to herself; for poor Berry was not a young woman of modern æsthetic tendencies, and consequently did not keep her "inner life" as a private puppet-box, into which she could peer with critical eyes. The "sweet fool!" as

Shakspeare would have called her, went down the beach after that with hot and cold shivers creeping through her; stopping now and then to sift sand through her fingers; feeling her tall, graceful, loping body a weight, heavy, and askew. The sea, or something else, had made of her but a sleazy, mawkish piece of work, she thought, looking at the compact, finely-moulded figure before her in its close-fitting, black silk dress, at the resolutely poised head, the face, every feature of which betrayed a knowledge of whole worlds of life outside of Berry's vision, and a shrewd, racy zest in them.

The village, when they came to it, was but a huddled group of about a dozen low, wooden houses in a clearing of the forest, browned in the salt air, ragged, unthrifty patches of Indian corn growing about them; seines, oars, crab-nets, drying on the roofs and fences.

"Where are the people?" asked Miss Corson.

"Out in the seining-boats—excepting these," as they turned the corner of a garden lot, and came to the tavern—a log house, with a low stoop, where some fishermen, in red-flannel shirts and baggy trousers, were seated, their elbows on their knees, and mouths open, listening to one who balanced himself on the edge of the pump-trough, spitting tobacco-juice about in puddles, and holding forth in this wise:

"So I says. There's nothin' so singlar as the singlar things that happen to people. Me and Jim Noles, when we was down with truck aboard the Jane—me and Jim——"

Miss Corson looked at her companion with fresh interest after they had heard this, and passed; then began a catechism after the manner of one amusing a child.

"Berenice had been born here? Had known no companions but *these*?" nodding back to the tavern. To all of which questions Berry answered patiently enough until the last, when the glitter came to the blue eyes again.

"No others; besides Richard, when he was at home, and Mrs. Kirk." Her voice rose a little. "We have no church but the beach; and no lecturer but Jim on his bench yonder. I'm afraid, Miss Corson, you will find you have come to a hermitage, but one that has neither the savor of solitude nor religion in it."

Miss Corson made a jesting answer, the color rising to her cheeks. She was annoyed as if a bird had pecked at her, at the flash of defiance. They were on the sands again; the breakers were coming in now, furred with white foam, in silent, stealthy, cat-like leaps; but Mary was looking at the light, indolent figure between her and them.

"Her limbs shiver unsteadily if one looks at her," sneered the society-bred Mary Corson. The face puzzled her, however; the cutting and coloring of it was as delicate as a painting on porcelain.

"I wonder what Ralph would think of her? There is no foreseeing the conceited whims of an artist's eye; but for my part——"

Her eye, as she spoke, caught the crispy bits of white foam left by the retreating wave. She picked one up and crushed it in her hand—a little brackish water was left in her palm. "Such women are like—that——" she thought, with a certain acrid temper in her face.

She looked, however, as if she would have been miserably bored had she not known herself to be the most notoriously courteous woman in the world; and poor Berenice stood uneasily by quite conscious of it. In this strait, Miss Corson caught sight of a small skiff rocking on the surf at the mouth of the inlet. It was moored only by a rope knotted to a stake in the sand. She entered it, and then jumped in to bail it out, finding a rusty tin-scoop in the bottom.

"You can row, of course, Miss Lamorce?" not listening to her answer; but wondering to herself, as she tucked up her sleeves and fastened her skirts, so as not to touch the wet floor, how anything so insipid as this girl came to be the child of old Peter Lamorce. She remembered the passionate, white-haired, little lawyer when she was a child, before he quitted the world to bury himself here; and how his jerking ways and fierce nervousness had shocked the Corsons out of all their propriety.

"Now, come on."

Berenice hesitated, with one foot on the gun-wale.

"The tide is on the turn. I doubt if you can keep us near to shore," she said; "though your arms look as strong as Dick's," glancing admiringly at the swelling muscles under the satiny skin. "Besides, the boat is patched."

"I hold a good oar," impatiently, wetting her palms to take a firmer hold. Her face was heated and kindling already. "I have good muscles," she said, when the other was seated. "I'm Western-born and Yankee-bred, so there has a good deal of toughness and endurance gone into my making up."

Berry smiled feebly, and, taking her oar, pulled, as best she could; and they floated out on the surface of the water, rippling blue and broken under their keel, clear purple farther away.

It was then that a curious thing happened to Mary Corson, the like of which she never

remembered before in her life. She had risen, thrust her oar into the mud of the inlet to shove the boat off shore, and then held it up while she sat down, and the skiff swung slowly out. Meanwhile, not rowing for a few minutes, she looked at Berenice. An unaccountable shudder passed over her. The girl was in the bow of the boat trying to manage her oars, her slight figure cut clear as a cameo between Mary and the stretch of clear air behind. Below her, beyond, out as far as eye could see, nothing but the dark, hungry sea, with its lapping breakers. A lance of level light struck out yonder on shore from the heap of wet, gray clouds, where the sun was going down—where it fell, the white caps of foam flashed out into a sudden brilliance. It rested broadly on the girl for a minute, on her dark plaid dress, with lace rippling about her throat and wrists, her yellow hair, the impatient blue eyes turned seaward, the thin lips irritable and tender. She was dainty and pure—that was the first idea she gave you—her very skin had a pearly tinge in it. A faint rose perfume hung about her, as it always did, gathered, one was sure, from real flowers.

There was nothing here surely from which Miss Corson need have turned her eyes with a quick, cold sinking of the heart. Berenice Lamorce was like countless young women belonging to good-blooded, cultured families in America whom one meets, fresh, clear-brained, light-hearted, generous, with all the aroma of home-life yet breathing in all their silly, charming ignorances. With Berry her life of singular solitude had made her yet more innocent and credulous, so Mary Corson's good sense judged her; yet, from the first moment of their meeting, there had sprung up in her mind an odd repugnance to her, and now it suddenly took shape and color.

She was not a nervous nor superstitious woman, nor given to morbid fancies. But in that moment, as the sunlight flashed over the figure opposite to her, a sudden terror came to her, unreasonable, ludicrous, yet which dragged at her like a cold hand at her heart. And Mary's heart was tough-muscled as her body, she herself would have told you.

A shadow of danger coming, swift, sharp, terrible, a vague perception of an element in Berry's nature foreign to her own—a something which she could never touch or combat. The very name of it, in her secret thought, struck confusion into Mary's well-ordered brain; common sense, with its broad, blessed, reasonable daylight vanished, and she shivered

like a child trembling in the dark before this morbid terror.

In after years she used to think how different her own life might have been had she heeded this warning—brought the skiff to land, and turned her back forever on the beach, and on the woman on whom her coming was to bring so sudden and strange a fate.

"The very breakers," she said once, "that I had known all my life, looked, for the moment, unfamiliar and threatening. But I was driven on." She felt as much remorse about it as a reasonable, even-tempered woman ever feels for any mistake or crime. At the time she put out her hand to the rudder uncertainly.

"Going ashore?" Berenice looked up, with a smile of sudden relief; but stopped on meeting Miss Corson's eyes fixed on her with a suspicious terror.

"No. Let us go on—a little way out to sea," with a short, uneasy laugh.

Berry fancied that there was something constrained and unnatural in her voice. Meanwhile Miss Corson's fancy disappeared with her own scoffs at it. It was, doubtless, the memory of some old story she had heard about these people, hanging in her brain like a cobweb.

After that the boat drifted slowly out through the mouth of the inlet into the low shore breakers. The tide was turning. Presently she asked Berenice to lay down the oars, finding that she really knew nothing whatever about rowing. There was no wind; the under-tow now and then undersweeping the breakers, washed them a few furlongs out; but ordinarily the boat merely rocked to and fro with an easy cradling motion.

There was presently a perceptible clearing and lightening in the air, which had been damp and heavy all day; a break in the clouds, which had heaped themselves on the top of the setting sun, trying to smother out the few rays which he had heart to give; pale-orange light began to tinge the sky behind the pine-woods on shore; and then a soft, west wind sprang up, blowing off the land, bringing the astringent smells of the pine-woods, of freshly kindled wood-fires in the village, and more unsavory scents from the fisheries. It rippled the vast purple plane of water beyond; the foamy caps hardly enough defined, however, to catch the glitter of the quickening light.

Far out at sea, one or two mackerel schooners and a yacht drifted idly, mere outlines traced in black against the pale sky-line.

Berenice's eyes were fastened on one boat which came in nearer, making for a headland

above them. Her sight was keener than Mary's, for she got up quickly to wave her hand in answer to some greeting.

"That is Richard's boat, Miss Corson. That is Dick himself in the bow," her eyes shining, and lips apart.

"Yes." Mary put up her eye-glass, and let it fall indifferently. She had caught a glimpse of Berry's brother as she arrived that afternoon at the farm-house, making his way rapidly out to the stables. A boorish-looking fellow, she thought. One of the most annoying considerations about this visit of hers, (her exploring expedition, she termed it, on which she had been sent by the civilized part of the family to discover the renegade branch of it,) had been that one of the barbarians that she was to attempt to reclaim was a man, young, half buccaneer, half bully, it was said; possessing, in short, his father's fierceness and frivolity *rechauffe*, with no trace of his better nature. (Old Lamorce had been no favorite with his wife's family—the Corsons.)

Mary sat leaning over the gunwale, the crisp cold of the salt water sliding through her fingers, her artist's eye losing not a flicker of light on the creamy surf, nor the silvery flash of a bird's wing overhead. It was intensely still, only the slow splash of the retreating tide on the beach broke the silence; and now and then the sullen gurgle from a school of porpoises plunging in and out of the water. She gave herself up to the quiet and glowing, drowsy heat.

She was, of all women, the one to taste keenly the pleasure of the moment passing, whether she owed it to a racy book, or a high-tinted sunset. She was past her first youth, when a girl's thoughts and feelings are apt to go tottering about on as light, fantastic footing as her body. She had never had husband, child, or lover, to chain her fancy to one mooring; it drifted easily—drifted now entirely into mere sensuous pleasure.

The light so slowly faded, as the evening crept on, that she scarcely noted its going. When she looked shoreward, however, the dim, red sparkles from candles in the village windows began to glimmer through twilight; the clear orange flame in the west had dulled into brown, flaky clouds, like scattered ashes; the yacht and schooners had disappeared; and across the sea, no longer purple and glowing, advanced the impenetrable night-mist walling out the horizon. Mary gathered herself up, and dipped the oars with a half sigh. "It is time to land," she said.

"Yes."

The girls put all of their strength into their strokes; the skiff swayed uneasily for a moment, then drifted steadily on its way, obliquely through the easy swell, out to sea.

"I do not understand," said Mary. "It must be that you pull against me, Berenice. Stop rowing," bending to her own work until the hot perspiration oozed out on her forehead and upper lip. But it was to no purpose; the boat only increased its speed, sweeping on rapidly against her rowing, against the rudder, against the tide, which had turned by this time and was coming in.

Miss Corson, at last baffled and perplexed, aching and sore in every joint, threw down her oars and stood up, shading her eyes with her hand while she strained them, first seaward, and then to land. Still the same deadly quiet; the soft air scarcely breathing; the water beneath her dark-blue and glassy. But the change in its color told to even her inexperienced eye the terrible story; they were off of the bar—and out on the fathomless ocean.

The boat shot on silently and swift, as if guided by some invisible hand beneath.

Mary's mouth grew parched—a lump came up in her throat. She got down on her knees, afraid to move for fear of upsetting the boat, and stretching over pulled at the girl's dress. "For God's sake!" she cried, "what is this? Have you turned dumb and blind?"

But Berenice, who was a child, after all, only shivered and hid her head closer in her hands, drawing sharp, terrified sobs; crying out the same half-dozen words over and over again, first on Dick, and then on Dick. Mary saw that, whatever the danger might be, she fully understood it, but had no mind to explain.

"I don't know that it matters much," Mary said, getting up with a laugh, oddly hoarse and loud. "We are on a straight path enough. It would not be a long one."

Mary had often looked forward to these last minutes just preceding death, thought how grand with their real meaning her past days would rise before her, doubtless, ere they faded forever before the slow dawning of that new and higher life; how her soul would, swelling, mount from one lofty thought to another, like the diapason of a song, absorbed at last into the absolute harmony.

She did not find lofty thoughts come at her bidding. She realized first, that if the boat was not checked, they would be engulfed in the whirlpool, or whatever it was, which she now saw was sucking them down. She saw that it

would need but two or three minutes to do it; she shrieked this out to Berenice shrilly, her eyes scorched for a moment with a hot light—patting her hair with both her hands. Then she checked herself and knelt, looking down over the gunwale into, or at, the blue, slippery surface, thinking it must be the devil, whose hands were strong enough to drag them over it at a rate like this; remembering an odd sermon she heard preached by a Redemptorist priest, of how hell lay only twenty-eight miles under ground; thinking “Was this the end? Of all—all—” Remembering her mother, the only human being who had ever tenderly loved her, a little, near-sighted, round-cheeked woman, dressed in a pink-and-green sprigged gown, leaning over the garden-palings, watching for little Mary, hot and dusty, to come from school. She saw her plainly. “I’m going to her! I’m not the same girl I was then! Oh! I don’t want to die—I don’t want to die! I’ve had such a little time to live. Help! help! Richard! Here, Richard!” joining in the other girl’s cry without knowing what she meant. For Mary Corson was only nineteen, and at this sudden facing of death, all the husk of womanish conceit, which her education had put on her, fell off, and left her the creature she was at heart.

Afterward, how long she did not know, it might have been hours or minutes, she felt Berenice’s hand on her, and putting out her arms blindly, she caught her in them passionately, and pulled her down to where she crouched near the bow.

Then came a swift glitter of water, a rushing noise, a rushing darkness, the cold, clammy wash about her feet; and for a moment absolute silence.

Out of this silence and cold came a head—a man’s face. She was weak and lifeless; this face rose on her, at that moment, as if it held all power and vitality. This may have been but the glamor cast on it by her own utter need, and the help he brought; yet certain it is, that the glamor lasted all her life afterward. Whatever other traits she found in this face, it held that meaning for her, apart and different from all other men. She stretched out her arms with a husky cry—the face turned away. Waking sharply and altogether then, she felt the boat slowly rock and turn over, and the chill of the water as she sunk; unmeasurable weights and coldness rose above her.

Through them she dimly saw a man’s figure, with outstretched arms, looking gigantic in the water, and heard a hoarse voice calling; but the man was swimming away from her, and in

an instant the voice was silenced by the roar of the briny surge, as it oozed into her mouth and ears.

CHAPTER II.

A CRY FOR LIFE.

RICHARD LAMORCE had brought his sister safe to shore. He had caught her so quickly, as the boat overturned, that she had scarcely lost consciousness, and had sense enough to let herself float passively as he swam in with her. But he sat down on the sands, and handled her as if she were a child, laying her over his knees, pulling her arms and feet, chafing her with his broad, nervous hand, gnawing at his black mustache, meantime, and looking up at every move she made, to old Mrs. Kirk, who stood by holding a brandy flask, and whose bombazine dress was dragged up to the knees, where she had been paddling in and out the surf like a mad woman; but she almost forgot that, and forgot Berry, seeing the distress in the man’s face.

“She’s not killed! She’s not hurt!” putting her hand for the first time in her life on his shock of black hair, and taking it off as suddenly. “She’s laughing at you, Mr. Dick.”

Dick did not laugh in return. He stopped his rubbing, watched with his lips apart, and breath held, while her wet eyelashes opened, and she looked up, and spoke to him; then he set her down with her back against a log covered with barnacles, and went down to where two or three men were dragging the boat up on shore, and began pacing up and down, swinging his arms about his ponderous body after the manner of a gymnast, and swore half a dozen terrible oaths, at which the men looked up in their lazy, good-humored fashion; whether it was at them or the sea Dick Lamorce was swearing, he certainly could not have told, for the words rattled out as unconsciously as hail-stones from a cloud that has been torn open in a storm.

He stood silent awhile, looking out to sea, then came back to Berry, with a look of relief on his face.

“Here’s your brother, Berenice,” said the old lady, severely, holding out the brandy-flask with an appealing look to him. “I tell her that a thimbleful now, and a hot stew at night of balm-tea, with a dash of Jamaica spirits, and her feet in a mustard-bath, and——”

Richard nodded his head deferentially whenever she stopped to take breath. Women and medicine were as much subjects of awe and mystery to him now as when he was a boy. He stooped to find a white shell, into which he

poured the thimbleful instead of the cup, which Mrs. Kirk had unscrewed from the flask.

"You'll do what we wish, I'm sure, pappoose?" watching her with anxious satisfaction as she choked and grew scarlet.

"And now I'll just run up with you, and come back to help George in with——" stopping suddenly.

"She's safe, you're sure, Dick?" as he took her up.

"Sure."

She nestled down again against his wet flannel-shirt, looking up with as sweet and innocent a smile as a baby might when it settles down into its cradle; and no mother ever met the smile with love more tender and anxious than that which shone out of Dick Lamorce's heavy eyes. She was a light weight for a man of his strength, and he almost ran with her up the beach, while she put her arms about his neck, or pulled at his whiskers; for Berry dearly loved to be petted or made much of; but she won but a feeble smile in return. Dick Lamorce was but a poor dissembler, and his heart had just had a sore tug about the girl.

"She has a motherless, uncared-for look," he thought, cursing himself inwardly—for he had periodical fits of self-torture about Berry. Wherever, from Baltimore to Caraccas, in his headlong journeys through the world, he saw a woman whose face wore a more assured look of happiness, or whose gown was of richer stuff than hers, he grew moody and remorseful.

"Who has the child but me? I ought to be like God to her," he thought now, as he went up to the house, gnawing at his mustache, and straining her closer.

After he had put her on her bed, he turned down the stairs again, meeting Mrs. Kirk, who had trotted after him. "You'd better have flannels and a hot bath ready for Miss Corson," he said, "though they are likely to be of little use. Whatever happens, keep it from my sister. I told her the woman was safe."

He lit a segar as he went, trying to bluff down a sharp thought that was beginning to worry him. If "the woman" should be dead? Had he done "the clean thing" by her in leaving her to the boors of fishermen to rescue and bring to shore?

The truth was, that when Richard Lamorce first saw the skiff drawn in by the "sea-pouse," as it is called by the wreckers along that coast, he fell into one of his customary frenzies of rage when any misfortune overtook him, and, after a moment's hesitation, found an object for it in Mary, who had led Berenice into the scrape.

She was a Corson; what better had he to look for from one of her race? Long ago he had determined to keep faith with none of the name. They were a cold-blooded, bigoted herd of fanatics, who had tortured his father's life, and were sending this girl now as a spy on him. By the time he had swam to the sinking boat, it was clear to his brain, at its white heat, that the girl was the murderer of his sister. When she threw up her arms for help, he only motioned out to the men in the boat, the gurgling wave in which she sank, and left her.

It was an hour later now. What if she were dead? He might have saved her. She was a woman. Saying that word over to himself again and again, she began to recede out of the world which Dick Lamorce knew; the world which none knew better than he, in which his mates swore he had always been "the upper dog in the fight." How he had drank, and diced, and fought his way through it, there were some lines on his face which would hint to men like himself. They were never heavier than now, as he went down through the gathering evening to find this woman whom he might have saved, and did not. She was a woman, his guest, and of his mother's blood.

He saw George Dill's little boat swung round just then up on the beach, and the few scattered fishermen gather eagerly about it. It was there, then, living or dead. However, when he went up to them, he was cool and careless, as usual.

"You've brought the lady in, George?" flinging away his segar.

"Yes; here she be, Mr. Lamorce," slowly, pointing to a dark heap at his feet. "I thought, if you were agreeable, she being you friend, and not mine, and, consequently, you having the first claim to dispose of her remains, if remains they be, and not I, though I had the bringing of her in, I thought it would be best to convey her to the bathing-house, yonder, and get her under shelter before trying to bring her to life."

"Very right," gravely replied Mr. Lamorce, and walked quietly along beside the two men, who had put the body on a couple of boards, and carried it with great care up to the little shed, that served as a bathing-house. The other men, loafers about the fishing-station, crowded after, and stood jamming up the door, when they had taken her in. Lamorce ordered them off with a look. They fell back suddenly; there was a glitter in his eye, and a scarlet heat on his high-cheek bones, which they all knew.

"Dick's been drinking to-night," said Ted Adams, with an easy swagger, recovering his dignity as they went off.

"Not out of the ordinary. But when the devil squints out of his face that a-way, he could bring down a bull with his fist."

"It be likely he'll want some arrants run."

They squatted down, therefore, near the shed to be in readiness, knowing that Lamorce threw money about like an Irishman or a fool, however little of it he used to pay his lawful debts. And Dick, comrade or not, was their master; not because he was a burly giant, that could "bring down a bull with his fist," nor for the difference of blood between them; there was a something else in Lamorce, though, when at home, he seined and threw quids for mackerel with them, bare-legged and bare-headed, like themselves; though he told harder stories than any which they could match, and sang songs, which they thanked God their wives and daughters up in the village could not hear; something in him, we say, kept it before them constantly that it was but a shell they saw, and not the real man. It was the lion in the ass's skin—they never forgot that, nor did he.

If the devil was in him to-night, it never had possession of a quieter, simpler-mannered gentleman. He helped Dill lift the girl, wrapped as she was in the fisherman's coat and an old sail, and lay her gently on the floor. Then he knelt to shove up the sand, which had drifted through the cracks, into a pillow.

"I'd better get a barl to roll her outside," said Dill, his hands in his pockets, and head on one side, contemptively regarding the outstretched body; "or, a bellows, now, she'll need blowin'!" Being a Jerseyman, he was duly deliberate in his suggestions.

"No; the men are bringing a litter and blankets from the house."

Dill went outside to hurry them, rolling across the beach, quietly, giving expression to his excitement by neither shout or halloo.

Lamorce was left alone with his victim, for so he had brought himself to think of her.

The moon had risen in the meantime; the ocean lay darker and vaster beneath it, going on with the old, old story of its wrongs; the long, sinuous line of coast whitened, as though covered with snow; the few headlands to the north, and the forests facing the sea, drew back into vague shadows of themselves; across the lonely waste Dill's retreating figure lengthened and grew spectral as a ghost, while his footsteps sounded clear and echoing in the silence.

Lamorce watched him through the open door until he was out of sight, then he turned to the heap of clothes at his feet. "Something must be done, or her chance isn't worth three-pence," he

thought, pulling off Dill's old sail, which covered her. She was a Corson, and his thoughts of her were not of the gentlest. If she had been a man, he would not have cared three-pence what her chances were; for Dick had seen too much of death, in his knocking about through life, and cared as little when a man "went under," as a fish. Pulling the sail-cloth off, her hand fell out from the wrappings, and lay on the floor—a white, nervous, delicate hand. He looked at it, putting his hands on his knees, and stooping close, but not touching it. There was a small gold ring on one finger.

"They did not tell me she was married," said Dick. He was puerile as a woman in some things; he hesitated a moment, and then proceeded to gratify his curiosity before saving her "chance" for her. He pulled the ring off easily, for the cold, wet finger was shrunken in it—held it up to the moonlight to read a word carved inside. Then Lamorce thrust it on again hastily, gnawing at his mustache. "I believe I killed her; and she's—a woman," he muttered, inwardly.

A woman, pure, gently-bred, Christ-loving, was a something which Dick Lamorce looked at with an exaggerated, far-off awe and reverence, that only those men feel who have dragged themselves through the rank, riotous depths in which he had lived. The word upon the ring was "mother." "She's like Berry," he said, rubbing his hand over his mouth, and looking down on her with a genuine alarm and distress in his face.

Now, as he had only seen the heap of wet cloth, and the delicate dead hand, shining white, in the moonlight, his conclusion was premature; but Dick was a poor logician. He went to work now in earnest, untying the coat which Dill had fastened with a bit of rope, the hot red dyeing his yellow face when he by accident touched her hand. Will it be believed that it was the first pure woman's hand Dick Lamorce had ever touched, except his sister's? He felt that to his heart's core to-night, or he would not have trembled as he did.

Kneeling on one knee, he lifted her head and threw the covering off of her face, pressing heavily at regular intervals on her chest. The head fell back on his arm.

Whether her soul had passed into the land of death, or stopped at its verge, its awful shadow fell upon her face, cleansing it of all conceit or arrogance. Richard Lamorce, looking down on it, saw only a countenance, pure, fastidious, womanly, yet with a shade of melancholy on the large blue-veined lids and firm

mouth. He peered closer, reading it with an eager zest that he had never yet felt in a face before. He noted, in that moment of time, the square jaw, full lips, passionate, dilated nostril, pink-lined and delicate, and was shrewd enough to know what these meant. He forgot, as he read, that she was a Corson—it was many a long year before he remembered it again. A curious atmosphere of womanliness and peace diffused itself about the low-roofed shed, in which the moonlight slept whitely upon the still body. Lamorce became suddenly conscious of the mass of flesh upon his brawny frame; of the air he had chosen to breathe all his life—vile air, drunken and vulgar. He felt as he did once in Madrid, coming upon a white marble figure in a garden, he, in his clothes muddied and soaked, out of a midnight brawl. There, he had slunk away.

The woman's chest heaved at last, the heavy eyelashes quivered. He withdrew his arm quickly and laid her down, rising and standing before her in the door, his arms folded over his chest.

She sighed, thrust out her arms vaguely, closed her eyes again, the man following every motion with breathless eagerness. She muttered something about the cold; but as consciousness returned, she grew silent, for Mary Corson, whether she went out of life or came into it, would say but little about it. But she sobbed under her breath from sheer weakness; back and head ached, for both were badly bruised, as the waves had dashed her against the sides of the skiff before Dill took her into it. This was all merely physical, however. As her soul struggled into the body again from that mysterious journey, of which it dared keep no record even for itself, there was something very pitiful and childish in the terrified, pleading look on her face. If she were dead or not, at first she scarcely knew. Out of the great beyond, where she had gone, she woke to blind darkness and cold; and after that the roar of the incoming tide, the stretch of barren beach, blanched white in the ghostly moonlight, the drifted sand about her, were unfamiliar and uncanny. The first warm, live greeting, which made her hold secure on real life, was the sight of the man standing in the door-way. She struggled up, raising herself on one hand. An undersized man, but with a frame of almost gigantic build in breadth. He did not move. She lay still resting on her hand, looking up in his face, her lips moving without her will, like a child's who does not know whether to sleep or cry. All that she was conscious of

was her own tremulous weakness, and that this man was the embodiment of tremendous physical power—power repressed in absolute repose. Her own life hung by a tenuous thread; a breath would break it, waft it back forever into that eternal sleep; his soul looked broadly out of the clear hazel eyes, instinct with a conquering strength.

"You brought me back?" she said at last, her breath hardly rising above a whisper. He gave a sharp, hissing sound of intense relief, leaning forward, but did not speak.

"I was dead, and you brought me back?"

He shook himself, as if to get rid of some spell. "No. We will talk of that to-morrow."

The sound of these matter-of-fact words dragged her, as nothing else would have done, into life again. She raised herself slowly, sat up, her hands clasped about her knees, looking about her with furtive glances. But, at the motion, every joint and fibre of her body swelled with a dull, excessive pain; her soul swung at low ebb, with hardly a cord left to hold it, to the shore.

"I don't want to die! Must I die?" she cried. She held out her arms to him. He stood stolid, his heavy eyes busy with some misery or problem which he had found in her face. The bleached sands and moonlight melted into one before her; the roar of the tide dulled out like retreating thunder. Richard's square, black figure, framed in the door-way, wavered, and was lost in the twilight. She threw up her arms high above her head, calling on God with all the voice she had left.

Dill shoved himself in between Lamorce and the door-jamb, with a roll of blankets under his arm. He knelt down and wrapped her in it, saying, "She's coming round, Mr. Lamorce."

"I know."

Dill looked at him out of the corner of his eye. "The women'll bring her about," in a soothing tone.

"Yes."

"In a day or two."

"Where is Tredenick, Dill?"

"Tredenick! D'ye want the seines to-night?" with a glance at the girl.

"Yes. I must be at the banks by daylight."

"As for Tredenick— Give me a lift, Mr. Richard. The boys have gone down to the point yonner."

Dick gave him a lift with the insensible girl on to the settee, which Mrs. Kirk and two of the farm-hands had brought down. Miss Corson was not heavy, but as he raised her the color went out of his face, leaving it looking

haggard and aged. He watched them almost out of sight: then made a curve over his mouth with his hand, trumpeted to Tredenick, and went down to wait for him nearer the water.

Dill looked at the fair face, with the hair in wet, curly rings about it. "The man has the blood of a fish," he said to Mrs. Kirk.

Lamorce squatted down in the curdling surf, apparently only to wash off the mud and kelp from his legs and feet; but he looked seaward. His eyes had grown heavier and more lack-luster in the last half-hour.

I can no more tell you the secret processes going on in Dick Lamorce's brain as he sat there, calculating, half aloud, how long it would take him to reach New York, if he determined to make for his vessel to-morrow, than he could have told you what amount of thinking power lay in those ponderous shadows chasing each other under the shadow of the water, or how much of them was matter, and how much the spirit of God had breathed into their nostrils. People said Dick Lamorce was older than his years; and, in fact, it is likely, that after his last twenty years' career as smuggler, Californian pike, filibustier, and Italian patriot, the ideas that daily went to cover under that mat of coarse hair of his, were stale, and vapid, and rank enough.

He knew the world—as much to repletion as did Solomon; only its juices had been pressed to his lips, more resembling bitter beer than golden goblets of royal wine.

But through all, Lamorce had been a solitary man. He knew that; he never had known it as to-night. Besides, he believed in something better outside of this dirty race-track, which he called the world, and around which he jogged daily, of fighting, trading, amusements that touched his blood like fire on alcohol. This was not the whole of life. There was Berry; there was the sea in some of its humors; there were the Dakota plains, which he had crossed with a wagon-train going to Nevada; the interminable solitudes below, the eternal stars at night overhead. There was the little, sensitive, fiery man, who had been his chum when he was a boy, and who was in a grave, yonder, in the sand under that black walnut. He wondered, sometimes, if he actually slept there. To his mind his father never had slept; he had been awake and alive, touching him in whatever of good or chivalric had stirred his blood in any part of the world. If this burly ruffian had never been a mean one—had been a ruffian only, and not a bully, he owed it to the fancy, he had that the fierce eyes of the little man

were on him constantly, watching that he kept the blood he had given him pure. These things stood apart from his daily life; they had a place of their own. Usually he thought little about it, only to be glad, in a vague way, that there was a purer air than this which he breathed; a place, white and dry, and set apart, like Gideon's fleece, in the midst of the mud-soaked, cloudy world; a place in which he believed as a child does in heaven, but with which he himself had as little to do.

Sometimes it came home to him. When it did, every nerve of the flesh with which he had sinned owned its reality with a pain and fervor, of which religious, lymphatic people know nothing.

It had come home to him to-night.

Tredenick waited to bring the seines with him, and to bail out the boat. Lamorce sat motionless on the sands, the moonlight vivid and white about his unwieldy, square figure, his head dropped on his chest. By a glance he could see the farm-house—a dark, irregular block against the sparsely-planted trees; in front of it a long, wide stoop, into which open the warm-lighted windows of the parlor. Berry would be there, and the girl who had been taken from him a few minutes ago. They seemed to his heated fancy to belong to that world from which he was shut out—a some place pure, heartsome, warm, near to God; he, without, in the darkness and cold.

"That's all right," he muttered, half aloud. He had brought down his shoes from the bathing-house, and began to shake the pebbles out of them, and to put them on. He stopped once, touching the flannel-sleeve of his shirt.

Her head had rested there. In all the world he did not believe there was anything so pure as that face; and yet there were lines in it that had brought them near akin. "*She would understand me,*" he thought; and then he felt, as all grave men and women do, how utterly alone he had been.

"It seemed natural for her to call on God, as Berry would call to me. I was glad to hear that," he went on muttering, with a simple-hearted smile breaking up the heavy outline of his features. They clouded again quickly. They had opened a door of that room yonder, so that the light could stream out; he could distinguish their figures passing about. "They opened it for me," he said; "but it's too late." He filled his pipe and lighted it; then with his hands thrust in his pockets, and his head down on his chest, sat thinking. The pipe went out, but he did not heed it; the moon stood still in the west, cloudy armies passing her by,

mounting the sky, and disappearing slowly beyond the sea. They came and went in long procession far overhead, silent and swift. If there were any meaning in their beauty; if, in their grand, dumb language, they had a message to give this man of the world, from which he was shut out, of the God who made them, he knew nothing of it. He was reading the significance of other scenes than these.

He got up at last. Lamorce's eyes were remarkable in so rugged a face; they were hazel in color, powerful and kindly, but with a melancholy in them like the memory of a great hope lost long ago out of life.

He looked steadily to the far-off lighted door again; then pulled his fur cap over his forehead. "It's too late," he said, and went slowly over the sands to meet Tredenick with the seines.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD STORY OF HERCULES AND OMPHALE.

MARY CORSON could have given you a dozen hygienic reasons for despising old-fashioned feather-beds; yet she lay in one to-day, finding it soft, and white, and lulling as the very bosom of sleep. She lay with her hands clasped over her head, the lawny folds of her night-gown sleeve framing the pale, cleanly-cut face, watching Berenice. Now, when Berry looked at her guest to-day, she fancied that the intolerant, critical sharpness was somehow lost out of the big, brown eyes, and so found her own awkward fever cooling down and leaving her herself again.

The chamber was large, low-ceiled, hung after old Peter Lamorce's French taste, with gray paper dotted with bunches of moss-roses; the bright afternoon sunlight crept slowly over the matting on the floor; the salt sea air waved the muslin window-curtain drowsily to and fro. Mrs. Kirk, little shawl and all, was seated erect in the dining-room below, darning table-cloths. There was a savory whiff yet in the air, and a relishing taste in Mary's mouth of the little meal of roast oysters, and cup of rare coffee, which she had just finished.

"I knew you detested slops," Berry had said, as she carried away the tray; and then sat down, just in sight, to sew, ready to talk when spoken to.

"You are a born nurse," was Mary's verdict, after a little silence; but after that the girls talked but little.

Miss Corson was beginning uneasily to perceive that she was in a new atmosphere, and one to which all her Boston training had not

acclimated her. The queer lives that these Lamorces had led of utter solitude, with books and nature, was the cause, she supposed, of the mixture in this girl of crudeness and refinement. It was distasteful to her. As for the unknown brother— She picked at the tufted coverlid nervously. She could breathe better back among her own kind. She was no Descartes, to go about unmaking herself to test new identities. What were these people to her, after all? A hot flush crept over her face and neck. Before it had died out, she pulled herself up in the bed, and drew her blotting-book toward her.

"I will write to Ralph to come for me," she said, and after writing awhile, added, absently, without looking up, "I have had but a glimpse of your brother, Berenice. Mr. Lamorce is here?"

"No. He went down to the Banks."

"But the fishing boats remain out only a day or two?" quickly.

"Richard wrote to me that he would take the schooner for New York. If he does, he will sail from there to Laguayra. He had but a week to stay with me."

She stopped to change her pen-point. "Then I never shall see him again?" slowly.

"I suppose not;" and after a long pause, "he did not say good-by to me," brushing her hand, now and then, quietly over her cheeks.

Miss Corson's pen moved vehemently over the page. She wrote thus:

"I would advise you, Ralph, at once to decline Mr. Rigdon's offer, no matter how tempting the sum. How often must I urge on you the fact, that your aim now should be not money-making, but the elimination of your own peculiar creative power from the influence of your studies, and to gain the free handling of it? No matter into how many errors it leads you—a child must learn to stand alone before he can walk. You are in danger of becoming a mere copyist; you drift now into this school, now into that, of art, through your quick and liberal perception of the true and good in each. But you remain in none. You have individual power—find it out, make your own style, and reform it afterward. If you were to accept Mr. Rigdon's proposal, by the time you had faithfully copied so powerful and unique a picture, you would find yourself a poor plagiarist from it ever afterward; you would have eaten Haschish, and part of your brain would never waken again. I am talking in the roughest English, dear old fellow; but you need it, and I know you will love me none the less for it."

She stopped to give the pillow an impatient pull, setting her teeth together. How could she tell him that he needed more than this? Stamina, back-bone, the sort of grit that made a man? Oh! that God had made *her* the man! She knew just how the "poor old fellow" would pore over her letter; the anxious look that would gather in his handsome face; the furious haste with which he would go to work to obey her hint; eager, hot, and grave, over his easel for days, until some new whim would send him off ~~steaming~~ on another tack.

She had taken up her pen again.

"I wish, Ralph, you would reconsider your determination not to come down. I want to go home; and besides that, I have found a study for you. A Miranda, Yarico, any Gentle savage that you please. Seriously, I fancy that there are some rare traits and tints in the beauty of this Berenice Lamorce, worth taking note of, to use in your art. For the rest, the girl is gentle and taciturn, but oddly repulsive to me. She has lived absolutely without companions, except these Jersey fishers and wreckers, and a case of old books, Spectators, Bunyan's books, old plays of Anne's time. The effect is quaint and ludicrous enough. Fancy a chit of seventeen, with the grave, reticent courtesy which Cœlebs would have wanted in his wife. What could have induced old Peter Lamorce to bury his children in this place? I was but a child when he came here, giving up a wide practice in New Orleans; but I have a dim remembrance of a rumor in the family of some disgrace or shame to be hid. There is an old Scotch house-keeper here who might serve as a strong box to hold the secrets and skeletons of a dozen families. One other curious point about this girl—— But no matter. Come, and judge for yourself."

She intended to speak of her strange foreboding connected with Berenice, but stopped, laughing at her own weakness. Yet it was that broken sentence which determined Ralph Corson to join his sister. There must, he reasoned, be attractive metal in the girl to win so many critical words from Mary, who usually ignored women altogether. Corson had great curiosity about Dick Lamorce, having heard some stories about the man; but Mary had, he noticed, forgotten him entirely.

When Miss Corson had folded her letter, gummed the square envelope, and addressed it in a bold, clear hand, she looked at it for a minute or two, and then idly began sketching faces on a blank sheet of paper. Always the same face in different positions, but in all

eager, irresolute, with large, sensitive eyes; the fingers of the right-hand on the chin, as if playing on it uneasily. She had a clever use of her pencil; the scrawl had an oddly lifelike look. Mary heaved a great sigh, as she pushed papers and books across the bed.

Berenice saw her jaded look. "Let me show you my treasures," said she. "Maybe that will pass the afternoon away. Your letter has been too hard work for you."

There were two black walnut chests of drawers in the room, with spindle legs and little oval mirrors over them. Berry began to pull out one drawer after another, piling the contents on bed and chairs, until Miss Corson, who was not so very far out of her childhood, after all, sat up with red cheeks and laughing eyes. There were Japanese silks, feather-flowers from the Brazils; marvelous ivory and pearl carvings from Canton; ferny sea-weeds on rice-paper, brilliant in color as a humming-bird's wing; porcelain cups set on basket-work, thin and opaline as bubbles—whole drawers full of the like.

Mary Corson drew a long breath of pleasure after she had turned them over for half an hour. In all the scents, and colors, and shapes, there was a something that touched her like a rare perfume; the purest, delicatest woman, going over the world, would have brought back just such fanciful hints of beauty as these. She seemed to weary of the eternal refrain of "Dick," coming in, with each, and contracted her black brows as Berenice ended with,

"He has a chest under his berth in every voyage, and, wherever he goes, buys some remembrancer for me. It is the only journal that he keeps. When he unpacks his chest, it is like reading back over a long diary."

Now the fancy of this coarse ruffian, (as she had heard Ralph call him,) going about the world, linking the idea of his sister to every beautiful, delicate thing that came in his way, made Mary Corson's eyes wet, as if it rubbed against some old sore in her heart. She remembered Dick Lamorce's face. Ralph would say, no doubt, that he could cut such an one of ore with a hatchet. Maybe so! Yet this was genuine ore; the man might be a gambler, or a murderer; but the affection that looked out of such eyes would be stern and enduring as a rock. Now, Ralph—— Miss Corson's body was weak and bruised just now; so the starved heart had a chance to assert itself, crying desperately, as it had done for years, for a something which had never come to her; it made her eyes jealous to notice trifles which showed

that all other women were loved—she, alone, passed by.

But she said, laughing, to Berry, "You ought to sing Luther's hymn, 'A Mountain Fortress is my God.' Of all people, I think, you have a solid foundation to build on."

Berenice understood her. She turned from the drawer, in which she was smoothing away some stuffs, with a scared look on her face. "I love Dick," she stammered. "But there is something beyond Dick, Miss Corson."

"Yes? Now for me," (closing her eyes indifferently, for she had her creed at her tongue's end,) "I am no mystic. The god I've given my life to is in this world." She took up the paper on which she had been scrawling, looking at it with a bitter irony. "He's not entirely what old Luther would have called a 'mountain fortress, or a strong bulwark and weapon.' When you have stored away all your treasures, Berenice, I think I will try to go down stairs. I am burning up with fever here."

"As you will," with an anxious look at her hot face and dry lips. While Berenice went from the bed to the drawers, putting away the last trifles, Mary lay humming to herself the end of the old hymn-verse,

*"Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen."*

She had neither a strong nor a sweet voice, and Berry did not understand the words; yet,

as she listened, a heavy depression began to creep over her. The sound of them, broken by Mary's pleasant, common-sense remarks, gave her a sense of more real pain, smothered, kept down, than all of Mrs. Kirk's long, lamentable ditties, or homilies, on the discipline of life. She could have cried for pity of this woman, who kept her off, awkward, and scared.

Mary, as she talked, or hummed her tune unconsciously, looked over Berenice's shoulder into the glass; she could see the girl in it. "It is the face of the morning!" she almost cried aloud, its loveliness struck her with such sudden meaning. "Her eyes are blue and tender as the dawn; there are clear rose-tints under her milk-white flesh; her hair is about her face like a golden cloud!" Then she got up in the bed that she could better see her own face behind Berry's, pale, sallow, square, with black brows.

Like all women, whose strength lies in their brain, she overrated the power of beauty. "What wonder that she had lived as—she had lived?" she thought, her eyes fixed on the two faces as if she were charmed by a snake.

She got up presently and dressed, loathing to touch herself; making miserable jokes at her own ugliness, secretly, while she questioned Berry about the crops of that country; while she watched her simple, brilliant beauty, with keen jealousy, laughable, but very pitiful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MATINS.

BY "A NEW CONTRIBUTOR."

• IMPERIAL Day her gorgeous reign resigned,
And to Midsummer's royal Night gave room;
Voluptuous odors, dew distilled, combined,
And Zephyr reeled, half drunken with perfume.

So lavishly soft floods of moonlight fell,
'Twas like a veil of gilding o'er the scene;
Crowned was the mountain, and the lonely dell,
With silver cording slashed her robe of green.

A deepening hush o'er fair creation stole,
Subduing all things to serene repose;
And, like entrancement, swelling o'er the soul,
Soft sounds, sweet airs, and gentle thoughts arose.

In love with Summer, of her fervors shorn,
I gave to Nature all the starry hours,
And drank of beauty till approaching morn,
With fainter shadows touched the silent bowers.

My wandering spirit, lost in happy dreams,
Half consciously beheld the waning moon;
The lattice creepers caught its palling gleams,
And through their sprays I heard the soft winds croon.

Deep lethargy bound hill, and vale, and glade,
And fragrant opiates breathed everywhere;
When from the stately fir-tree's somber shade,
A single bird-note thrilled the drowsy air.

And o'er my heart had ceased its startled beat,
The pearl-hung hedgerow caught the cadence clear;
Each lush and brake I heard the call repeat—
A simple key-note sounding far and near.

Then piped my warbler such a solo free:
So gushingly he poured the liquid notes,
The grove responded to his minstrelsy,
And swelled the chorus with a thousand throats.

From solemn trance the grand old woods awoke,
With waves of harmony swept through and through;
From each retreat full bursts of music broke,
And echoed from each leafy avenue.

And chant, and trill, and long-drawn fugue arose,
Like praise aspiring to diviner spheres;
Till' as the welling fountain overflows,
My swelling spirit found relief in tears.

A WEEK IN VENICE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

I RECALL my visit to Venice as one recalls a dream. Everything, in that "city of the dead," is so unlike what you are familiar with in other cities, that you can hardly realize it. After the first few hours, you seem to have left your former life behind you, and to have entered on a new stage of existence, in some realm of "faery or old romance." You lose, too, all count of time. Years appear to have gone by since the railroad train stopped at Maestra, since you first saw a gondola and were rowed to your hotel; and countless miles seem to separate you from the bustling, material world, of which not even the faintest echo now reaches your slumberous ears. In this mood you go to bed. The morning, which usually banishes illusions, only confirms this one. You rise, and go to your window, expecting the fancies of the night before to be dissipated at the first glance; but looking off toward the hazy South, your eye lights on a magic sea, on ships that seem to have come out of Eld, on mirage-like islands, and on white churches, far away, with strange, Byzantine domes looming supernatural through the mist. You go down to the water-side, and entering your gondola, glide noiselessly away; for though the oars dip in, they make no sound; and though other gondolas come and go, black and hearse-like, they and their gondoliers seem but phantoms, after all. You enter the Grand Canal. On either side rise stately palaces, with strangely beautiful windows, half Moorish, half Gothic, but now dilapidated and desolate, for the newest of them is five hundred years old, and the families that built them are long ago extinct. As you slide silently by them, the water laps against their slimy door-steps, and washes, in drowsy undulations, along their still more slimy sides. Up, over the gray old walls, green lichens grow, as over the tombstones of the dead. You pass into some of the smaller canals. All here is quiet, too. The day is one long dream. Toward nightfall you go out on the lagoon. A wide waste of water, of a lustrous green you never saw before, ripples away, for miles and miles, toward the north and west, where it is bounded by a range of purple hills, behind which the sun is just setting in a burst of glowing gold. These hills are the only thing, in this weird place, that appear real; and you make toward them with a feeling of relief. But, as you advance, they seem to recede. Soon thick clouds gather and hide them, from which the thunder mutters, and the lightnings flash, as if warning you away. You turn back toward the south and east, with a strange feeling of being in a land of magic. You look for nothing, but that the city, which was there before, has vanished, like the mirage that it was, and that you will see only the long, low islands, against which the lonely surf beats outside, and through the salt grass of which the night wind whistles desolately. But the wondrous town is still there, with its vast line of white buildings, its strange, Saracenic domes, and its tall campaniles like ancient cypresses turned to stone. As you approach it, the lights begin to glimmer along the water, and the city floats in air; you swim suspended, too; and the enchanted islands, all around, float in air also. You glide on and on, the darkness deepening, the lights reflected farther and wider. At last, you enter one of the canals again, and pass under the shadows of the tall houses into almost utter night. And on and on you go, between spectral palaces, and under black bridges, threading labyrinth after labyrinth of gloom, till you stop at your hotel: yet not hotel either, but some wizard edifice, that rises, as by the spell of an Aladdin, out of the darkness as you approach it. And when you go to bed, it is with that strange feeling back again, that all this is unreal, and that you will wake, not in glorious Bagdad, nor on the Sultan's divan, but, like the cobbler in the Arabian story, in your old dingy office, in the matter-of-fact city, far away, where you live. If this is reality, it is Venice. If it is a dream, what a dream!

The next morning all is bustle and activity; yet the bustle and life is as unreal as the other. The sky is of a blue deeper than you ever saw before; the sea translucent and glittering, as if half phosphorescent. The haze of the preceding day has vanished, and the sun shines with a brilliancy beyond description. Gondolas shoot by you like swallows on the wing. The Piazza of St. Mark, at which you land, swarms with people. Franks, Hungarians, Italians, Styrians, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Can-

diotes, throng around, in picturesque costumes, the air buzzing with their Babel tongues. Before you are the two famous pillars, on one of which the winged lion lifts his paw, and looks over the Venice of which he is the warder—a wild, uncouth figure in bronze, brought from the far East centuries ago, some mighty talisman, perhaps, of a race, or people long since forgotten! A few steps further, and you see, towering four hundred feet above you, the vast Campanile of St. Mark; massive, and grand, and awful, like some Titanic relic of a world before the flood. The clock strikes twelve, and, with a whirr, the air is alive with pigeons, who come, flying from every direction, for their daily dole in the Piazza. The last stroke of the hammer is yet reverberating; the flutter of the thousand wings is hardly still, when the bells of the churches begin to chime; such bells as are heard only in Venice; silvery and sweet, filling the whole atmosphere, as if rung by angels up in heaven. And now, turning to the right, you first behold St. Mark's. It comes so suddenly upon you, that it seems to rise out of the ground like an exhalation; and its strange, mosque-like outlines, as if part of some Hasheesh dream, add to the illusion. You rub your eyes, and look again, not sure that you are awake. But there they are: the five great portals; the immortal mosaic, from which Christ blesses "the poor in heart" forever; the world-renowned bronze horses; and that wonderful cluster of white domes, of which you have read and dreamed a thousand times! You enter the vestibule. Overhead, in a blaze of gold, prophets, saints, and martyrs look down upon you, as they have looked, for centuries, on the generations that have gone in and out. You pause, struck dumb by the costly marbles all around you; porphyry, and jasper, and serpentine, and

verd antique, and rarest alabaster; spoils from heathen temples of antique gods, from Constantinople, from Antioch, from Acre, from Jerusalem itself, it is said; for when Venice was in her prime, no ship ever returned from a venture, without bringing an offering of precious marbles; no victory was ever won in the Orient, without the conquered being laid under contribution.

You pass the threshold: and still the magic treasures grow. What wealth of costliest stone! What splendors in mosaic! What magnificence of color everywhere! As you walk toward the high altar, over the uneven pavement, you realize how all this is slowly settling into the sea, and that the time will come when St. Mark's, with its monuments, and mosaics, and memories of a thousand years, will be engulfed; and as this conviction forces itself upon you, the mighty temple seems as unsubstantial as all things else in Venice, and you go out into the open air, wondering more than ever if it is not a dream. And so, seeking your gondola, you return to your hotel. You step out at the low door-way, on a side canal, and enter the court-yard, rich with rarest flowers, and surrounded by carved galleries in stone, with half Moorish arches and windows, as if the whole building had walked out of the Arabian Nights. You go up the marble staircase, and through the great presence chamber, where the doge, that built it, once gave audience; you dine in the room where he dined, with his portrait, and that of his wife, gazing down on you from the walls; and you sleep in the apartment where he slept, and where he died, five hundred years ago. Everywhere the glamour of the past is upon you. It is a dream, or it seems a dream; and as a dream only will it live in your memory.

THE HOLY CHILD.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

In Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven.—St. Matthew xviii., 10

THE midnight beamed in brightness,
The darkness fled away,
When angel choirs in Heaven sang
The Saviour's natal day.
And when men saw the vision,
And heard the holy song;
They knew the joy was theirs, for which
The world had waited long.
For seers of old had spoken,
"To us a child is born;"

As, in the spirit, they beheld,
The light of Christmas morn.
Near to the Father standeth
The angel of the child,
Because the Christ a babe was born,
Holy and undefiled.
And, to all children greeting,
With morning's earliest ray,
The light of love from Heaven comes,
On happy Christmas-Day.

FIVE YEARS OF A LIFE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

It was all spring together—the scene, with the fresh, young grass creeping everywhere; the light, delicate green on the tree-boughs; the early blossoms starting up in clefts and hollows; the young girl—the young lover—all like a tender idyl. She had no thought of care or trouble. She heard people talk about “the good fight,” “the battle of life,” but they were vague, vain words to her. It was easy enough to be good, she thought, and she wondered why people said so much about it. Who wanted to tell lies, or steal, or murder? It was very nice, too, to go to church. She liked to wear her fresh, pretty garments, to sit reverently in the solemn, stately edifice, with its light falling softly through stained-glass windows, its slow, solemn music, its tender, persuasive preacher. How easy it all was!

She had never known the fierce storms of passion—the stern conflict of right with wrong—she, in her gentle spring-time of life. She thought about it all, that last night of April, as she sat watching the roseate spring sunset, and wondered again why any one should call it hard to be good; felt a vague, sentimental delight, which she thought was thankfulness, as she remembered how happy she had always been.

She was a pretty picture, her face framed in the western window—her bonny face, with its bright, yet thoughtful eyes, its softly-falling hair, its sweet, strong mouth. She had sat there watching the sun go down, and she sat there still when her betrothed lover came up the path. He was a young man of the ordinary type—not the exceptional mould in which great souls are cast. He had gentle, winning manners, a handsome face, with its laughing eyes, straight features, and the silky, blonde mustache curling above his well-cut lips. Yet you might have wondered that Lucia Cromyn could find depth enough in Charley Frye to satisfy her, if you had happened to know them both well. He saw her at the window, her face kindled by the tender radiance of her welcoming smile. If he should live to be an old man, I doubt whether he will ever forget that picture—the graceful, bent head; the gray, earnest eyes; the parted, scarlet lips; the welcome shining on the young, happy face—for he never saw her just so again.

He went in, and she told him what her thoughts had been, and he agreed with her in a surface, superficial sort of way, for such speculations were little to his taste. Indeed, it was almost strange that he loved Lucia at all; for, though they were young and gay together, her ways were not his ways, or her thoughts his thoughts. He was commonplace, naturally; and the effort to keep up to her standard, though that was not so very high, not infrequently bored him. To-night she chanced to be in an enthusiastic mood. She said over to him snatches of her favorite poems, which he scarcely heard; but then he liked to watch the color coming into her cheeks, and the light kindling in her dark-gray eyes till they looked luminous.

When he went away she said a little prayer, thanking God in it for making her so happy. Then she slept all night, dreaming of only pleasant sights and sounds, and awakened, the first day of May, to a tragedy. Shame and sorrow had knocked at her door at last, and had come in.

She found on her plate, at breakfast, a note in her father's writing, which she opened carelessly enough, thinking he had written it to tell her that he was called away from home on some unexpected business. She was used to such attentions from him, for her mother was dead, and he and she were alone in the world. But an awful change came over her face as she read. It seemed to her as if she were turning to stone. For this was no ordinary absence. Her father was gone, not for a day, or a week; gone into hiding, never to come back. He was the president of the little country bank there in Ryefield; and hitherto no name in town or country had stood higher than that of Jared Cromyn. Every one had thought him so good and so sure that, to his private care, widows and orphans had intrusted their all, never dreaming of asking other security than his name. And now, it seemed, all that had been intrusted to him was swallowed up in some awful vortex. He wrote to Lucia, in a sort of passionate despair, that he was ruined. He had used these private funds in some speculations of his own—bubbles which had burst, and left him no resource but a flight, which he would not, could not, ask her to share. The kindest thing he could do for her would

be, he felt, just to take himself out of her way.

She read the words over and over again; stunned by them at first, their meaning growing upon her by degrees, till she came face to face with awful certainty. All her world lay in ruins about her; her sun had set; her star fallen from heaven. What should she do? In this crisis the real strength of her nature came out. She did not sit down to mourn. She put on her things and went straight to a lawyer, in whom she knew it would be safe to confide—a somewhat younger man than her father, but his firmest friend. She handed him the letter, and waited till he had read it through. Then she asked, with a calmness of voice and manner which surprised Squire Estabrook into admiration of her,

"Did you know about it before?"

"Not a word."

"Is there anything that can be done?"

"It is possible there may be an effort to pursue and find him. I should think not, however. They could do him no harm. He had only given his private note to these people; and the simple end of the matter is, that he has failed, and can't pay them. He needn't have run away—ought not to, for that matter; it *looks* bad."

"But, of course, if he had staid he must have given up all his property: and they can take it now, can't they?" she asked, speaking still with that strange calmness which deceived Squire Estabrook utterly as to the depth of her emotion.

"I think he *has* no property," he answered. "He used his own funds, without doubt, before those of other people."

"But there is the place—the handsomest place in town. It is worth ten thousand dollars, at least."

"But it is *not* Mr. Cromyn's."

He waited a moment, watching the startled look of surprise on her face; her dilating eyes; her hands nervously clutched together. Then he went on,

"More than a year ago your father deeded the place to you, and the deed was put on record. I don't know why, unless to make everything sure for you before he ran any risks. It was before he began any of these speculations. The property is yours, snug and fast, and no one can take it from you."

"Thank God!" she cried, drawing a long breath of relief. "Thank God that it is in my hands! How can it be sold to the best advantage?"

Squire Estabrook looked at her with secret curiosity. Did she have some shrewd guess as to where her father had gone, and mean to turn the property into money and follow him? Or was Cromyn's daughter a heroine?

"I think I could find a customer in a week," he said, slowly. "I know of one or two men who would be glad to purchase it."

"Sell it, then, as speedily as possible, to the best advantage you can. I trust it all to your management."

"And how will you have the money invested?" he asked her, with curious interest. "Are you sure you can do better with it than just to keep the place as it is, and let it?"

"How?" she cried, with flashing eyes. "Is it possible you could judge of me so meanly as to think I would appropriate it in any way but one? Every dollar of it must go toward paying my father's debts—reducing the number of those who suffered by him."

"If I understand you rightly, young lady, you propose to beggar yourself for the benefit of your father's creditors?"

"I propose to use my father's money in redeeming, as far as possible, my father's name from disgrace. If you will not assist me, I will go to some other lawyer. As for begging myself, I will agree never to ask bread at *your* door."

She spoke hotly, and the lawyer watched her; liking, in his cool, analytical fashion, to see her face sparkle so with indignation. He began to admire and respect her both; though usually he was very indifferent to women. He smiled at last, and spoke soothingly, as one would to an excited child.

"I will manage it for you, if you are determined. I only wanted you to think twice."

"I had no need to think at all," she answered, proudly.

Then she went away from him—went home, beginning to realize, now the immediate need for action was over, how rayless a night had settled down upon her life. She knew that to give up this property was simply and clearly right—the only way; but how hard it was. She had lived in ease and luxury all her life; now she must earn her first dollar, every dollar she was to have hereafter. She had loved her father, too, with the tender love of an only child for an only parent—and now he was gone. And she could bear even that, bear never to see him again on earth; better than she could endure that he should have fallen from his high place in her esteem. She could love him, weep for him—but what if she could never honor him any more?

And then there was her lover! It was strange that she had not once thought of him as help or strength in this hour of her trouble. I think that instinctively and unconsciously she understood him, and knew that his love was something that would flourish only in the sunshine. With the remembrance of him came, also, the recollection of another duty to be done. She must write to him, and let him know the truth. She wrote a few sentences, telling him the story briefly; and then adding that they must no longer be anything to each other. She was too just to allow him to share her misfortunes—their ways must be apart from henceforth.

A nobler man would have loved her more than ever; but Charley Frye had little real grandeur of soul. He was used to Lucia, he admired her; yet, in his inmost heart, he felt a secret gladness that she had released him. He should miss her, he knew; but then it would not be so pleasant to marry the daughter of a ruined man; and a penniless wife was a luxury he was hardly able to afford.

Still he went to see her, and said a great many tender and graceful things; even went so far as to ask her to reconsider her determination. But her great sorrow had cleared her vision; she could see now straight through all shams—Charley Frye among them. She sent him away resolutely; and if she wept any tears afterward, it was for the loss of an idol cut down and broken, of which this man was but the fragments.

Four weeks after that she sat down alone in her room—a little room, which she had hired in the house of a kindly, good-tempered neighbor, whom she could trust to be neither intrusive or unfeeling, and set herself to look her new life in the face. Father, lover, home, bright dreams, happy spring-time of youth—all were gone. At eighteen she was utterly alone in the world—alone, and with her own way to make. She reviewed her resources, and found only her needle, that one bright, tiny shaft, with which to fight her world's battle. She had given up all—now she had only to go on! Was it so easy to do right, to be good, to live a true life, as she used to think? How far back in the past that "used to" seemed. A feeling of utter desolation, against which she had struggled successfully before, overcame her now, and she burst into a passion of bitter tears.

The next morning found her feverish and almost ill, but she would not give up. To her brave, resilient nature, work, she felt, would be the best medicine. And she was not long

in finding it. She developed as genuine a talent for needle-work as some other women have shown for art; and before six months had passed no wardrobe in Ryefield was considered fashionably complete that was not of her designing. She took up her burden so bravely and cheerfully that no one thought of pity, or guessed that she needed it. Nor, after that first night in her new home, did she ever stop to pity herself.

She met Charley Frye now and then, and always frankly and cordially; but he rather avoided such meetings when it was possible. I think there was a look in her clear eyes which made him ashamed of his own worldliness. Whatever his emotions were, Lucia, at any rate, had ceased to concern herself with them. Her trouble was a stepping-stone upon which she mounted from girlhood into womanhood; and it would have taken something more than a silky muscade, and a gallant air to have troubled her strong, true heart now. She went on her own way with steady, unswerving dignity; respecting her own self so much that every one else was constrained to follow her example.

Still the five years, which took her from eighteen to twenty-three, passed slowly, and left her at their close feeling as if youth lay a long way behind her. In these years she had made one friend, if sincere regard, yet slight intimacy, can be held to constitute friendship. Squire Estabrook had never forgotten her. She always stood in his mind as his ideal of what a woman might be, the strongest, bravest one he had ever known. They seldom met; but he sent her books and papers often, and manifested in many ways a kindly interest in her. Still she was altogether surprised when, one evening, he called to see her; it was such a departure from his usual stay-at-home habits. He talked a little on indifferent subjects; and at last he asked her whether she had heard from her father in all these years.

The quick tears sprang to her eyes; she had carried this "hope deferred" in her own heart so long. It was so hard to answer, "Never." She looked up at him, and shook her head—she was not strong enough to speak.

"Forgive me," he said, penitently, "I am too blunt and blundering even to speak to a woman. I wanted to bring it round in some way, to tell you that I had a letter from him for you. He sent it under cover to me, because he was not sure that you were still here; and he fancied, if you had gone away, that I would know where to send it to you."

As he spoke, he drew the letter from his pocket and gave it to her. Her hand closed over it convulsively. Her lips moved, but no words came from them. He understood that she wanted to be alone, and got up, and went away silently.

She hurried with the letter to her own room before she broke the seal. Her heart swelled almost to suffocation as she opened it, and glanced at the weak, irregular characters, which she would never have known for her father's hand.

It told her, in a few brief words, written apparently with much effort, that he was very ill. His physicians had given up all hope of his recovery; and having, according to their judgment, not long to live, the longing to see his only child once more had become insupportable. Could she forgive him? Would she come to him? He gave his address—an obscure street in a western city. He directed her to apply for funds, if she did not happen to have them by her, to his old friend, Lewis Estabrook, to whom he would forward the money, by safe conveyance, as soon as she reached him.

She was glad that she had no need to make this application. Thanks to her careful economy, she had money enough. Her plans were arranged before she had finished the letter. She would start early the next morning. She put her father's note into an envelope for Squire Estabrook, with a line from herself telling him her intentions; for she thought his kindness gave him a claim to a certain amount of her confidence. Then she packed her little trunk, and tried to sleep till morning.

Two days afterward her voice broke the silence in the shaded room where Jared Cromyn lay waiting for death.

"Father, dear father!" and the sick man heard the tender voice, the tender words, and put out his tremulous, wasted hands.

"Oh, my child!" he cried, "I have starved for the sight of your face, the sound of your voice. I never *could* have left you, if it had not seemed to me that I could only hope for your forgiveness by taking my disgrace out of your way. And I left you provided for. I'm afraid it was wrong to do that, but I could not resist the temptation. Yet, sometimes, since I've been lying here, alone with my own soul and with God, I have thought of other men's orphans, who had lost their all through me; and wished that, dearly as I loved you, I had given up everything, and let you share my poverty, as I know you would have, cheerfully.

"As I did, father;" and Lucia kissed his brow

softly. "I gave up all in your name, every dollar; and I have supported myself ever since you went away."

"Thank God!" she heard him whisper, with closed eyes, holding her hand tightly, as if he feared to lose her again. After awhile, drawing her closer, he said, "Lucia, my child, have you forgotten me, the disgrace I brought upon you—the ruin of all your prospects? You were engaged to be married when I left you, and now you tell me you are alone in the world. You lost all, through me, yet you have come here at my summons. Do you love your father, child?"

"Now, and always."

Her answer seemed to satisfy him. After that he never asked her the question again; but "after that" was not long for him in this world.

In the few days during which he lingered, Lucia learned, as she had never known before, how he loved her—learned, also, to do him justice. He had never meant to wrong any one. When he used the money he had borrowed, in his speculations, he had believed that his success was certain—that he ran no risk of loss. When the end came, it had humbled him to the dust, and well nigh broken his heart. Since he left Rye-field, he had supported himself as clerk in a broker's office, where his knowledge of finances had made him useful; but his salary had never been large, and he had been too broken to rise.

Lucia soothed him, as only such a tender woman's heart could, and helped him, in his strivings, to draw near to the Love which is infinite and eternal.

The last afternoon before his death he looked up suddenly, and said to her, with a gleam of hope in his fading eyes,

"Lucia, I have one wish. Since I have been here, I have saved something—not much; but enough to realize my longing. I can never tell you how my heart has pined for a sight of the old New England hills. I think, even in my grave, that I should rest better there. I want to sleep beside your mother."

Lucia kissed him through fast-falling tears.

"You shall—*you* shall!" she cried; but her heart was too full for many words.

Just at the last, when he was dying, he whispered once more,

"Lucia, child, remember that you have promised to take me home;" and then, as the words died on his lips, his soul went forth—*home*; to that good home, where sin and sorrow never comes.

And Lucia journeyed eastward with her precious dead, and laid it, at last, in the old church-

yard, by her mother's side. The poor, remorseful, broken heart, lay under the New England sod; and for the rest and peace which had come to it, at last, Lucia Cromyn knelt beside these graves, and thanked God.

It was spring, then; and as the summer went on, it seemed to her that a good angel watched over that spot, so dear to her heart. Some one did for those graves all that she was not strong enough to do. A hedge of evergreen shut them in; flowers starred the earth above them; and a drooping-willow bent at their feet. She never found any one at work there. Whenever she went to them, all was quiet, and the work seemed to have been done by invisible hands. A curious feeling restrained her from asking any questions about it. She only waited silently, sure that a time would come when she should understand it all.

She had been in the habit of going there at sunset; but one August morning she rose early, and went while the sun was just rising. As she drew near she heard the clip of gardening-shears. Some one was trimming the hedge. A step farther on revealed Squire Estabrook busy at his work. She went on quietly and stood beside him, watching him a little while at his task. When he was done, she said, in the low, gentle voice, which was one of her greatest charms,

"It was you who did my work for me? If I could only thank you."

He looked down into her eyes. I cannot tell what he saw there, but I think he saw his

future lying dimly before him, placid and bright as a summer sea; and that they two went sailing out upon it, hand-in-hand, heart-to-heart, never to be separated, love or unloved, again, till they reached the far-off shore of eternity.

"Perhaps you do not know," he said, bending toward her, "that I was only pleasing myself. I began to care for you five years ago, and the feeling has grown on me ever since. If I had not been so much older than you that I thought you could not love me, I should have told you of it long ago. As it is, I have kept my own counsel, and it has been my dearest pleasure to do, in secret, something that would please you."

He saw the gray eyes he loved grow luminous with feeling, the startled look of wonder rising in her face; but he waited for her to speak.

"I should never have thought you too old," she said, softly.

"And *could* you, *do* you, care for me?"

"Yes—a little!" and she held out both her hands to him.

He gathered her into his arms, there, by the graves of those who had loved her so well, and his voice was touched with a tender solemnity that thrilled her heart, as he whispered,

"It shall be much, please God, before I die, my darling. I will be to you all that they were, and more."

And, after many years, she recalls that earlier time, and, in her happiness, knows how truly he has kept his word.

REPENTANCE.

BY HARRIET N. BENEDICT.

Memory sweepeth from the past,
All its shadows dark and strange;
All the years that lie between us—
Years of coldness and of change.
O'er the lips I kissed so often,
Green the Summer grasses grow;
And I think but how I loved her—
In the days of long ago.
I remember, sadly, fondly,
In the fleeting hours of youth,
How like sunshine seemed her presence;
How I trusted in her truth.
How she shared my sweetest pleasures;
How she soothed my keenest pain,
Ere the links were disunited,
Of affection's golden chain.
Ah! the rosy visions vanished
Into mist-wreaths, cold and gray!
Ah! the hasty words once spoken,
Which we never can unsay!

For I cannot tell my sorrow,
To the ear so deaf below;
So I think, with vain regretting,
Of the days of long ago.
O'er the starry walls of Heaven,
Can she look this earth upon?
Does she know my love and sorrow,
In the world where she has gone?
Can her heart, once true and tender,
Answer unto mine again?
And the links be reunited,
Of affection's broken chain?
From the lips beneath the grasses,
Nevermore may answer come;
Ah! the dead are very silent,
And eternity is dumb!
All too late my tearful sorrow
O'er the silent form below;
For the links so rudely severed,
In the days of long ago.

ROY MASON'S WIFE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

AND people began to talk! If there is a phrase overflowing with the very essence of all that is diabolical and malignant, that is the one; and people began to talk!

It is of no use to tell me that, nine times out of ten, the victim deserves all that can be said—that is no excuse. It is a melancholy fact that, as we grow older, we are obliged to acknowledge that, only too often is there a basis for the malicious gossip, but that only necessitates a little variation in your form of faith.

I began the world by believing nothing that I heard about people; now I believe a portion, but I think no worse of the people. You will be a little shocked at that at first, but just think the matter over and you will see what I mean, and be forced to admit that I am right. I suppose you would die before you would own yourself mistaken, and I don't blame you for that; but you will be convinced nevertheless.

But I can express my private sentiments at some other time; they are so good they can afford to keep; and when I began I had it in my mind to tell you about Bella Mason.

Poor Bella thought that getting married at all had been a mistake; and I cannot blame her much, for she was only twenty now, and had been a wife more than two years. I suppose you will think it heretical; but that marrying so often is a mistake, and not marrying is an equal one, I can tell you on the veracity of a bachelor; therefore, I am inclined to believe that either way it is meant as a matter of discipline; and we are given the particular trial that our dispositions most needed.

And certainly Bella needed a great deal of discipline in a variety of ways; and as she was one of those heedless creatures who do not learn easily, even from experience, it was natural enough to suppose that she would feel called upon to consider herself the most unhappy woman that ever lived, many times before she reached the midway stage of her pilgrimage.

She did love excitement, and with her peculiar temperament, it was as dangerous as tampering with opium to a man who had inherited a weakness for its perilous delights.

It was during one of the intolerable seasons of quiet, ensuing after months of ceaseless dis-

sipation, during which she had waltzed far enough to have won a wager against any thousand-mile walker in a thousand hours; and swallowed indigestible things enough to have eaten up the inside of a wooden cupboard, that poor Bella fell into the difficulty which causes me to take the trouble of giving a brief episode from her memoirs.

Mr. Mason took it into his head that it was his duty to do something for his century, so he yielded to his own secret wishes, and the persuasions of his friends, and went up to his place in the country to spend the summer, preparatory to being chosen the nominee of a grateful and enthusiastic party.

He had lived there as a boy, the son of one of the first men in the county; and after the old gentleman's death, and his own accession to the troublesome dignity of manhood, he had kept up the family place and reputation, as was his duty, according to the world's opinion.

Roy Mason was—now let me see what he was.

He was not a genius. I dare say he would never have made a great statesman; but he was clear-headed, carefully educated, full of generous impulses, given to a great deal of unnecessary energy, in the way of hatred, when people thwarted his plans; but, on the whole, I think the great want in his character was a lack of imagination.

Now Bella had too much for every-day comfort, and it had run wild till it was the ruling passion of her mind; and let me tell you, a person in that condition is the most pitiable that ever came under my observation.

Roy married her for the old reason that applies oftener, strange as it may seem, to unimaginative men than any others, he fell in love with her pretty face and her dainty ways.

At first Bella thought herself deeply in love; then you see the trouble caused by her imagination. She began to torture herself by dissecting her feelings, and doubting whether the inmost fountains of her being, and all that sort of thing, were really touched.

Indeed, at one time, she was working herself up to the point of telling Roy that the whole was an error, and they had better part; but just then Roy was seized with a desire to be married at once, and home was very uncom-

fortable, owing to the death of his father, and the persecutions of a stupid brother-in-law; and so she had no time to think at all, owing to the necessity of centering her energies upon her bridal array, and the general flutter which she could not all understand, but which completely deprived her of the possibility of thinking upon any abstruse subject.

So they were married, and the new life began. Roy considered the matter entirely settled, and never dreamed of worrying himself with fancies; but Bella gave free rein to hers, and it was not long before she had essayed every species of self-torment, and had become a proficient in the art.

Now it was that Roy had married her from pity; now that they had no sympathies in common; and the life she led only made her more morbidly sensitive, until she really was wretched. If Roy had a vague suspicion that something was wrong, he ascribed it to the fact of her poor health, that grand excuse and word of all-work with American women.

So the two years had passed; and when the season closed, and Bella walked out of her opera-box, and dizzied herself with her last German, she found that instead of continuing the fever, as usual, amid the purgatorial pleasures of watering-places, she was to be entombed alive in the country.

She could not well refuse the request, which certainly was reasonable enough; but she made a martyr of herself, and held up her cross for Roy and all the world to see.

Of course, she managed to keep the house filled with company the greater portion of the time. There were several country-seats within visiting distance, so that there was no lack of society: and besides all, some cantankerous old relatives of Roy's lived near, so that she could have the excitement of an occasional quarrel.

She was in a peculiar state of mind, one that required as careful treatment as any physical disease; but, unfortunately, physicians for the mind are rare, and there was no one near Bella wise enough even to find out what was the matter.

She was thoroughly tired and bored; nothing pleased or satisfied her. She was heartily sick of the frivolity of the past season, weary of faces, tired of music and books; and on the other hand, quiet and solitude were even more horrible to contemplate.

I suppose of all the people she could have met just then, Henry Seldon was about the worst. I don't mean that he was so much

wickeder than other folks; perhaps his besetting sins may not have been the same as yours, but it does not follow that they were any blacker sins on that account, whatever you may think.

The truth was, I dare say, she scarcely knew how a long life had left him without any guiding principle; how difficult it would have been for him to resist temptation, since he had thought nothing of yielding to every one that came in his way.

He was not mentally as strong as Roy Mason, but he had numberless graces, and really was a charming fellow, who might pass through life respectably, and who might, under the pressure of circumstances, astonish himself more than anybody of being guilty of some downright atrocity.

You needn't look virtuous and shocked; half of us are in the same condition—so let me go on.

He was up spending some weeks with his mother—for his was an old county family, too; and there had been just rivalry enough between the tribes to keep them good friends, and keenly alive to each other's faults.

Naturally Bella had heard a great deal about Henry Seldon, for he was a man to be talked about and wondered over; and she had a vague remembrance of having met him at some ball, the first winter of her marriage, before he started on one of his Continental trips.

But, after all, she thought very little about him. All the young ladies visiting her were delighted at the news of his arrival in the neighborhood, and Bella wondered if she had ever been such a fool; and when Roy must needs add his tribute of praise, and take the trouble to ride over to Seldon Grove, as the beautiful old place was very absurdly called, Bella naturally fully decided that Henry Seldon was a bore, and his name even productive of yawns.

Cousin Sybil Grant, the widow, mighty in wealth and position, who persecuted the young clergymen with good intentions, and drove the poor frantic after the fashion of Dickens' Mrs. Pardizzle, did make a slight reversion in his favor, by expatiating upon his doubtful qualities during a morning call.

"An agreeable man," said cousin Sybil, an old dragon, at whom no masculine in his senses ever would have looked, except old Grant, and he never had any; "a charming man, but a dangerous one—yes, indeed! French as to his principles—so I fear. Oh, yes! I am attached to the family—friends of a life; but I knew

his father, and I know him, and I only say, French—French!"

"Hadh't you better say devil at once?" asked Bella, coolly, for she hated cousin Sybil, and wanted to make her angry, so she wouldn't stay for luncheon.

"My dear, such language!"

"Oh, yes! I suppose so; but, really, you said French as if it meant the same as the other thing; after all, it's only the sound of the word that alarms you."

"Sound!" cried cousin Sybil. "You must be mad! The—the—D——, monarch of evil, only a sound! Going about like a roaring lion. I hope you know your catechism."

"No, I don't," said Bella. "But never mind; things bore me this morning."

Cousin Sybil was in a flutter of rage; but Bella's elegance and impudence always did awe her a little; and Bella's tongue could sting so bitterly and so sweetly.

"As for Henry Seldon," she began; "I know——"

"*Il bel demonio*," interrupted Bella; "you won't mind the sound in Italian, cousin Sybil?" and everybody in the room laughed, and called him that for some time after.

"I wish you would talk reasonably, Bella," quavered cousin Sybil.

"Thank you. I hate reason—I hate sense—I hate propriety; and I like *demonios*. Dear me, cousin! even your bonnet-strings look shocked."

And Bella gained her point, for cousin Sybil would not stay to luncheon on any terms; and by way of a parting aggravation, Bella called to her after she got into the carriage,

"Sorry you wouldn't stay; we are going to have a dish of mountain trout."

And to eat trout cousin Sybil would almost have shared a meal with the chief of demons; but it was too late, and she drove off gnashing her teeth, while all the party abused her, and pitied Bella for being forced to be civil to her—and Bella was triumphant.

It so happened that for several days Bella did not meet Henry Seldon. When he called at the house she chanced to be out; and the young ladies extolled him, and her husband regretted her absence to such an extent, that perverse Bella thanked her lucky stars for keeping her out of the way. If there was any sort of animal she did hate, it was a man who received the universal commendation of her own sex. When her husband's approval was added to that, there certainly was good reason why she should begin positively to hate *il bel demonio*.

So it was not extraordinary that on the very day when something had been said about his speaking of driving over, that she forgot all about it, and went off on one of the solitary rambles; she, with her determination of never allowing her guests to bother her, had elected to take whenever she saw fit.

She probably had not walked a half mile in a year; but in her willful desire to get beyond the possibility of being discovered, she went out of the grounds, and up the hill, following the trout-brook that dashed down with so much unnecessary energy.

Whom should she come full upon but *demonio*, coolly adjusting a new fly on his line, with a basket of the speckled beauties by his side.

She remembered his face, and he knew perfectly who she was, as though they had never been introduced, it would have been an absurd affectation not to speak.

Now Henry Seldon never did absurd things, so he said just what ought to have been said; and though Bella, at the first moment, could have boxed his ears, she was pleased in spite of herself, and had to acknowledge that he was the most singular-looking man she had ever met. When a woman does that about any male, I don't care if she consider him singularly handsome or ugly, she has made a long step toward giving him a place all by himself in her mind.

They stood and talked a few moments, and Bella said,

"Now, I think of it, I believe the young ladies were expecting you to call to-day."

"Was that the reason you came out?" he asked, so childishly that it covered the slight impertinence of the question.

"I rather think it was," returned she, coolly.

"I always dislike people I hear raved over."

"You have never even called on my mother," he said, reproachfully.

"I believe I am the last comer."

"Oh, yes! but my mother is an old lady."

"But I don't like old ladies."

"You would like my mother, though," he answered.

"And I suppose your mother could say no less for her son. It is quite poetical."

She had been saying disagreeable things, but then she said them charmingly, and they are much better than the platitudes of ordinary people.

Henry Seldon looked at her elegant figure, and pale, high-bred face, that showed such capabilities of passion in spite of its habitual expression of fatigue and indifference; and he

took the trouble to exert himself and chose the right way, and thereby showed himself a general in the art of opening an acquaintance.

They stood there and talked; and Bella quite forgot that it was an odd sort of thing to do; and they rattled on about all sorts of things which strangers might as well let alone—Owen Meredith, whose volume was in her hand—modern creeds—odd sympathies—George Sand and Robert Browning—magnetism and the devil—and, finally, Bella remembered that she ought to go home.

Henry Seldon could talk admirably, and Bella had not lived long enough, or got enough beyond the unhealthy cravings of early youth to know that such talk, after all, is shallow; that, to a healthy mind, one that has really suffered and lived, there is an ever increasing reverence for truth and goodness, and that all those pretty sentimentalities which seemed poetry and truth, are only wretched parasites, that must at last wither and fall away if heart and soul really struggle on toward the light.

When they were near the house, she asked him to go in. Not he, too wise to injure the impression he had made by an after chat with fluttering girls, he went resolutely home, never asking if he might call.

Into the house walked Bella, and there were the whole party increased by cousin Sybil eating luncheon.

"We thought you were lost," said all the young ladies.

"Where have you been?" asked Roy.

Cousin Sybil muttered something about the necessity of a housekeeper having rules and regular hours.

"My housekeeper does," said Bella, answering the ill-natured speech first; "so I hope you do, cousin Sybil. Where have I been, Roy? Up by the trout-brook, talking with Mr. Seldon."

"Cousin Sybil glared in horror. The young ladies cooed like agitated doves, and Roy Mason appreciated the thing, and laughed heartily.

"Bravo, puss!" he cried. "The women that get the start of you must——"

"You don't mean to insinuate that Bella went there because she knew she would meet Henry Seldon?" shrieked cousin Sybil.

"My husband is a gentleman, cousin," replied Bella, in her softest voice.

Roy saw Sybil wanted to be ill-natured, and he thought Bella's feelings were hurt, so it was not long before he found an opportunity of saying ugly things apropos to her farming and her charities.

"How did you like him?" cried Dora Payne. "Isn't he a darling?" said somebody else; "a perfect Apollo?"

"With a fish-basket on his arm," returned Bella. "He seemed a good deal like other men—rather spoiled by his mother, I should think."

She was telling a deliberate lie; but then she could not have forced herself to do anything else.

"Oh, you are wrong!" said Roy; "he is a fine fellow."

Roy wanted to be congressman, and Seldon had a great deal of family influence. Then they had been school-mates—it was natural he should praise him.

The young ladies added their meed, and Bella retired from the subject with a parting scratch at cousin Sybil; and then it was that Roy teased the old lady about her farming, and her parsons, and all the rest.

This was the beginning that brought about the state of affairs which had set people's tongues in motion, and caused them to wag with such vicious volubility.

Henry Seldon was a great deal at the house, and as, before long, he did not even essay the pretence of making himself agreeable to anybody but Bella, the young lady guests were among the first to keep a sharp look-out on the affair; and all the visitors among the neighboring houses were ready and willing to aid them.

So the weeks went on; and when the young women returned to the delights of their respective homes, uttering such affectionate farewells to Bella, all the while stigmatizing her, in their minds, as "a nasty, artful little cat;" not a girl among them, who was not perfectly certain that, but for Bella's machinations, she might easily have carried off Mr. Seldon as her special property.

Then Roy Mason was called away for several weeks, and cousin Sybil did hint that, perhaps, Bella had better spend that season of loneliness with her, and got prettily snubbed for her pains, as so often happens with restlessly good people, who have a mission for settling other folks' concerns.

Roy told Henry Seldon he hoped he would be good-natured enough to see that Bella did not mope, and took her rides regularly, and all that sort of thing; and Seldon promised with great amiability.

The stupidity of husbands is something perfectly delicious! If there is a man who never ought to be allowed near the wife, he is sure to be the sposo's intimate friend; and if he does

put any one under the ban of his disapproval, it is certain to be some innocent, with whom a flirtation would have been as innocuous, as new cream-cheese, and just as insipid.

And Mason and Seldon had grown better friends than ever. In spite of his carelessness, no man had more influence upon those about him than Seldon. He could manage the stubborn old farmers just as he pleased—and he was good-naturedly interested in Roy's success.

The meeting of the delegates for the choice of a nominee had not yet taken place; but there was scarcely a doubt but that Mason would be the man; and once chosen, no doubt at all about his election, for the party always carried everything before them, and were properly arrogant and determined in consequence.

There were still two or three people staying at the house, and so Roy Mason started, troubling his head less about his wife than his business, as was natural.

I told you that Bella had been in a very wrong and unhealthy state of mind when she sat down, utterly worn out, after the dissipation of the winter, and there had been no change for the better—far from it, indeed. The disease had taken deeper root, and was eating so rapidly that, in spite of her real purity and noble heart, it threatened to be a deadly cancer, which would taint her very soul.

One of the most unfortunate things of all was, that she had insensibly fallen into the habit of talking freely with Seldon concerning all her weary feelings and vague unhappiness, and letting him offer his sympathy.

She could never have told how their acquaintance had grown into that dangerous intimacy; she did not allow herself to think. Many a time, in her light flirtations, she had seen that men cared for her, and delighted in torturing them, never giving them the slightest opportunity to go beyond a sort of general devotion; but it was different now.

Seldon never said a word that could have roused any fear in her mind—that would have ended it. Indeed, their conversation was as unlike what young ladies call flirtation as possible. But Bella was idle and bored, and she had mental dyspepsia, and could not relish healthy food. She had decided that she and her husband were entirely unsuited, and cousin Sybil urged her on by her impertinent remonstrance; and so it was that she was more and more with Seldon, until the whole neighborhood had come to couple their names in a way that spoke no better for the purity of the gos-

sips' characters, than it did for Bella's carelessness and imprudence.

I say Bella never thought at all during that season; and as for Henry Seldon—well, really, although I began by telling you he was not a good man, I doubt if there was a shadow of a plan in his head.

He was a man who acted solely from impulse, and such an one often does worse things, and is the cause of more harm than a deliberately wicked person.

The man Bella was meant to love, and the man she would love in time, was Roy Mason; but that did not hinder the fact, that at present she was dazed with an impossible ideal, and unconsciously she endowed Henry Seldon with all the graces which, in reality, belonged solely to her dream.

Many a woman in such a state of mind has gone too far to render a return possible; but, in spite of our harsh judgments here, we cannot tell but that our heavenly Father in his mercy pities the diseases of the soul, and treats them as tenderly as we do suffering from some physical ill.

Old Mrs. Seldon gave a picnic in her grounds, and they danced on the lawn in the evening, with colored lanterns hung in the trees, and the moonlight paling their poor glare; and Bella was there in the most bewitching of toilets; and there, for the first time, several old people showed their disapproval of her conduct, by treating her with a formality which was worse than downright snubbing.

She heard several things said, too, that were not meant for her ears, and while they made her head whirl with indignation, a sudden fear, and dread, and shame of herself sprang up in her heart.

She got away to be able to think. But while she stood quite alone in a shadowy part of the grounds, Henry Seldon was beside her, and talking in the old way, which caused such different feelings now.

She saw her error and her imprudence. She wished to go back to the company, but her very agitation was misinterpreted; and before she could realize it, she, a wife, was listening to an avowal of love from that man.

A week before she would have listened, not with any belief that she could be led into wrong, but with a sentimental sympathy, and a feeling that fate had been cruel—had been very cruel to them both; but it was all changed now.

"I hate these people," he had said. "I long for another life; and you, oh, Bella! you are

weary of it, too! It would be only a vain scruple that binds you here, when we might have freedom and bliss in Sicilian groves."

There was a great deal more—but that is enough; and Bella's heart swelled with rage and disgust at him, herself, and most of all, her foolish dream which had placed her in such a plight.

A poetic dream, like one of Owen's poems, was one thing; the reality, the bare possibility of disgrace—an elopement, was a shock that dashed her ideal to the dust.

Under such circumstances no two human beings would act alike. If she reproached him, she would inevitably begin to cry. If she ran away, he would consider that a favorable symptom. She felt as if the earth were giving way under her feet; but the bitterness in her mind made her words just what they should have been to a man like him.

"I am very comfortable at Eastwood," said she. "If you contemplate a Sicilian trip, I dare say your mother would go with you."

He jumped as if she had struck him, and came down from the height where he, too, had wandered. She had been playing with him—fooling him. She had artfully led him on; and now, when he ventured to speak, she was prepared to do the dignified wife, and he had been idiot enough to be in earnest.

He just stood and looked at her by a stray gleam of moonlight which shot through the branches; the light made her pale, certainly—but that was all.

"I think we will go back," said she, and walked away. He was so furious that he gave her the advantage.

"You are a false, heartless coquette!" he exclaimed.

Half mad as she was, and terribly frightened, she saw the impression she had produced, and knew that it was better he should believe himself duped, than know how near danger her heart had crept.

"I thought you understood *persiflage*," said she. "I liked you because you seemed to comprehend that one may play with foils."

"Do you call this *persiflage*?" he began.

"I hope you won't make me call your part in it impertinence," said she.

She had walked rapidly, and he had kept up with her. They were near the house now, and before he could speak again cousin Sybil confronted them like a Nemesis.

"A nice cold you'll catch," said she; but Bella had borne as much as she could, and swept on into the house.

The party was breaking up, and Bella's carriage was ordered at once at her request. She kept up to the last; but I don't think anybody need have envied her the drive home, if they had known the truth.

She was shivering all over with a terrible chill. She was dreadfully frightened and sick with horror—and in two days her husband would be at home. She realized now all that had been said about her. If he heard and believed—what might not lie before her? Poor, foolish Bella!

A night's reflection made Seldon a more furious man than when he had first made a fool of himself, as he phrased it; and in his rage he was guilty of an unpardonable meanness.

He rode into the town where the convention was to meet; and when Roy Mason reached home, he found everything over, and not he! but Henry Seldon, was the candidate.

He could condescend to ask no questions then; but he stopped at cousin Sybil's before driving to his house, and she poured forth the current of her wrath, and mixed affairs up in a way that really was in Bella's favor; since, certainly, if half the stories had been true, she would have prevented her lover from thwarting her husband's plans.

Roy Mason rose up in great rage against the neighborhood, and Bella, and Seldon, and cousin Sybil; and he called her a name that was neither pretty nor gentlemanly.

"And you're a venomous old turkey!" he added, after he had called her by that unpleasant name. "Seldon is a rascal, and you are no better, talking about my wife in that way. Can't you see your story contradicts itself?"

He banged out of the house; but before he got home he was very angry with Bella, though so thoroughly mystified that he could make neither head nor tail of anything.

In such a mood he came upon her, just after she had learned what Seldon had done, and was trembling anew at the thought of this disappointment being added to Roy's other feelings.

She got up and came toward him.

"What's all this?" he exclaimed. "Seldon has played the scamp; and yet that old cat of a Sybil says he's in love with you. Now I can't shoot him, for people will say I'm jealous. Have you been playing the fool?"

Should she let him think Seldon only treacherous where politics were concerned? Should she say she had not liked a public life for him? It was the turning point in her career, and something helped her to do right.

"I've been a fool!" said she, and down she sat on the floor, and began to cry.

Roy Mason turned white with a vague fear, which he could not have named; but he could see the look of purity and truth still left in her face, and he had manhood enough and goodness enough to kneel down by her, and say,

"Tell me all about it. I don't suppose it's half as bad as you think; your imagination always runs away with you."

"That's it," she sobbed; "and I thought our marrying was a mistake; and I had a foolish dream in my mind that was like nobody at all; and I didn't mean to flirt with Seldon. I won't any more, if you'll forgive me."

"One thing, Bella. Did he—did Seldon think you cared?"

"No," she answered, truthfully, "he thinks I was fooling him. And, oh, Roy! I expect he has had himself nominated just to be revenged; and you are so disappointed."

"No, I'm not," said Roy. "I've gained my wife, at least—and that's better than any other office."

It was not a pleasant lesson for either of them, but it did them good.

"Nobody shall think I am disappointed," said Roy. "I will support the fellow—he's more fool than knave." And Seldon, on his part, thought that Bella was a sharp little thing, who had outwitted him.

There was no more flirting by Bella. And, somehow, Roy loved her better than ever, since she told him frankly there had been danger of losing her.

So they put smiling faces on for the world's benefit; and people were dreadfully puzzled when Roy announced his intention of supporting Seldon. But Seldon saw fit to refuse the nomination, after all, and went away to Sicily.

As for Roy, he has held any quantity of offices since; but he has sense enough to feel that the one of husband must be kept chief of all. And as for Bella, she has got rid of her moods and mental spasms, and is as happy as a queen; and there is a baby and—— I think that is as far as a bachelor can go with anything like decorum.

THE DEAD LEAF.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

THE same blue Heavens beyond the hill—
The range of hills irregular;
And similar streakings, near and far,
Of clouds and cloudy masses, fill
The concave halls.
And on the river rippling by,
As azure as the pure, deep sky;
And round the ledge I muse upon,
Where golden butter-cups are strewn,
The sunlight falls;
The closing Summer's ambient flame,
A sweet, still lustre void of name;
A semblance of that dreamy light,
Which brings the cherished past to sight;
Yet intervenes, on either hand,
The bleakness of a Wint'ry land.

Lithe on its stem the golden rod
Whispers a perfume on the breeze;
And modest, in the fanes of God,
The aster lifts its colored keys;
While warbling from the tuneful throats
Of myriad sparrows in the glade,
An organ requiem swells and floats
Through all the solemn aisles of shade.

For they but mourn the tints and tones,
The blendings of the light with gloom,
So tender and so joyous once,
That hushed and dark are in the tomb;
The wild-flower, and the violet,
The blithe wren carolling sadly yet,
And the glazed green of sward and grove—
The forms of splendor shaped above.

Yet I am glad, when, weeks ago,
I saw them in their ripest glow,
And sighed, while with a loving eye,
I scanned the towering trees on high
To find, scrolled in the freshest green,
A yellow leaflet, crisp and dead,
That all were looked for, loved, and seen,
That since have withered, or have fled.

And yet the groves are green as ever,
As gladly sings the rolling river;
The cricket chirping in the grass;
The winds that murmur as they pass;
The later flowers come to lure,
With forms so fresh, and lips so pure;
And showering light, and leaping note,
From out the wild-bird's gushing throat,
Are thrilled with that internal joy
Which blends not with a base alloy.

And when the frost has changed the scene,
Stippling with brilliant dyes the green,
How gleesome rings the forest aisles
With boyish cheer, and grandly smiles
Their regal vesture in decay;
And how the subtle feelings wind
'Mid present sadness, well-defined,
Of former joy in every phase
Of Nature, whether glazing rays,
Or glinting snow-drifts fill the way.

Not all the blight that grieves is here—
Nor will it all with frost depart;
The eye is blinded by a tear—
For the dead leaf, too, is in the heart!

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

ON the Long Island shore, where the tranquil sound seems to have broken away from the ocean and gone to sleep in a host of little coves and inlets, there is one spot of singular beauty, to which we intend to take the reader, more than once, before we have done with him, in this story. It lies opposite the Connecticut shore, which can be seen distinctly from any high point of land in the neighborhood, with its village steeple and houses outlined either against the green earth, or the blue sky. The exact spot before us is a little bay, shaped like a horseshoe, around which the shore slopes softly into a beach of white sand, and lifts itself up in pretty forests and rolling meadows to the upland country, which averages, perhaps, a hundred and fifty feet above its level. On one of the curving promontories that form this bay is a light-house, built upon the sandy beach; on the other, which is lifted into a high ridge, stands a spacious mansion-house, built after some gothic model, and screened in by masses of fine old forest trees. This beautiful place surrounds a splendid view of the water, and the shore conservatories roll their seas of glass down the southern slope, and a broad, rich lawn lies around it, broken up by masses of flowers and groups of shrubbery. The windows of this house look down upon a little island which lies in the heel of this vast watery horseshoe—a perfect little gem of fairy land at high water, but accessible at low tide from the shore with a little wetting of the feet. At this point, sweeping around the island, the tide sets in from the head sound beyond, filling the cove to its brim with what sometimes seem like liquid sunshine. There is another dwelling to be seen from the bay, and still another, which can be best seen from the land. The most prominent is a low, long farm-house, surrounded by a veranda, and lifted by a gentle slope of grass and an abrupt terrace, some forty feet, perhaps, above the water, just at the graceful curve which forms the toe of a horseshoe. This building, which was built before the Revolution, has a broad, old-fashioned flower-garden at one end, and a belt of roses

and white lilies along the top of the terrace, with a hedge of currant-bushes below. Some forest trees, in groups and singly, are scattered along the shore in front, and a marsh meadow of rich, deep-tinted grass lies between the farm and the wooded promontory which lifts the gothic house into full view. On the left of this house, as you stand with your face to the bay, is a magnificent orchard, where a hundred pear-trees lift their branches to the sky, and four times that number of grand old apple-trees file rows upon rows up the sloping hill-side of the farm. A private road, half a mile long, leads from the highway down to this old farm-house. On both sides of this road is shaded with cherry and pear-trees, that hedge in the orchard on one side, and some beautiful rolling meadows on the other. As you descend this sequestered road, a small brown house may be seen to the right, built just in the verge of a young locust grove, and with a broad wheat field in front. This humble dwelling is not always to be seen from the bay, but it is plainly visible from the entrance to the farm-house, and is the only habitation to be discovered in that direction; but, as you look seaward, about half way between the old farm and the light-house, standing back with some trees about it, is a large, square house, with gable windows that look gaunt and solitary, as if life had died out of it years ago. It stands low down, and beyond it is a long, sheltered inlet, cutting right through the greenest hollow of the land, so distinct from the bay that you would not dream of its existence but for a forest of masts that startle you, they look so like dead trees, which appear and disappear with storms and pleasant weather; for that strip of water is a famous harbor for such small craft as carry freight up and down from one point to another along the main shore and the island.

One lovely June morning, when the apple-trees of that vast orchard were just bursting into bloom, a young girl came out upon the veranda of this farm-house, and took a sweeping view of the bay and the pretty island that seemed floating upon its opaline waters, like

some picture in a dream. Far away to the left, some six or eight miles along shore, a steamboat from New York put in twice a week; and it sometimes happened that passengers acquainted with the country would come round to the bay, in sailing-boats sent out to meet them at the wharf.

No boat of this kind was in sight, though the girl seemed to be searching for one, for she took a telescope at last and swept it around every curve and angle of the coast, as if she fancied that some boat might be hid away in one of its green hollows.

"He will not come that way," she said, at last, laying down the telescope with a sigh of disappointment; "but it is possible, quite possible, that he will attempt the walk, it is such a lovely afternoon, too; and I haven't ridden out this week."

Zua Wheaton ran up to her pretty chamber, which looked like a union of spring and winter, with its bed all snow, and its toilet laden with flowers, and, hurrying on a riding-habit, took her hat and whip in one hand, while she leaned out of the window: "Billy Clark! Billy Clark! Come here, I want you!" she called out.

A short, slender young man, with hair so pale that the color seemed all washed out, and eyes so weak that the lids always drooped over them, came close under the window, and looking up, said, in a thready, girlish voice,

"What is it, Miss Zua? I'm waiting."

"Have you anything very particular to do, Clark?"

"Not if you want me, Miss. I was only watering the cabbage-plants, they looked a little wilted."

"And have you done with them?"

"Yes, just got through!"

"Well, Clark, if it won't be too much trouble, please saddle Flash, and bring him round."

"Yes, I'll saddle him," said the man, in a slow, disappointed voice.

"And—and Clark——"

The man came back eagerly.

"If you can be spared, Clark, I should like you to go with me. Father thinks it is not quite safe for me to ride alone."

"Yes, yes; I will go. Why not?"

"Well, then, saddle the horses at once. I am ready now."

Zua left the window, put on her hat before the glass, smiled on the image she saw there, and ran down to the garden for some old-fashioned single roses that kindled up the grass all along the terrace with their intense redness. She

gathered some of the finest, and fastened them in the bosom of her habit; then stood whipping the rich grass at her feet while waiting, not patiently, for Flash to be brought forth.

He came out from his stable at last, champing his bit and curving his neck with playful grace. He pranced under the cherry-trees, and made a splendid show of himself coming along the green-sward toward the gate, which Zua had eagerly opened.

Clark bent down, and she placed her foot in his hand. The fellow trembled under her instantaneous weight, and the drooping lids were lifted from his eyes with sudden animation.

"You can follow me, Clark," she said, touching Flash with her whip. "The creature is full of fire, and I will run him as far as the gate. Come up in time to open it."

"Don't, don't try him too far, Miss Zua; his eyes are hot with fire this morning!"

Zua did not hear this caution, but had set off on Flash at a swift run, which the horse seemed in no way disposed to check.

A moment after, Clark came out of the stable well mounted, and dashed after her, calling out,

"Stop, Flash! Stop, Miss Zua! He'll throw you! He'll throw you!"

The wind was in Zua's face, rich with the fragrance of ten millions of apple-blossoms. Her horse was making speed at a famous rate, and rushed on it swift as an arrow. It was like taking a dash into paradise. She would have held him in at the gate, for Clark was not far behind, but the creature had his mettle up, and would not be checked; so, with quick presence of mind, she settled herself firmly in the saddle, leaned slightly forward, and, lifting her horse at the right moment, cleared the gate like a bird. It was a dangerous exploit; still both the horse and his rider gloried in it, and took the road with renewed spirit.

Billy Clark rode after them, making the best time his inferior horse was capable of, and entering a breathless protest, now and then, when Flash started off on a new race, just as he came within speaking distance. The truth was, Zua had no great inclination for even that humble companionship which Clark offered while riding behind her. She had brought him as an excuse for the protection her father thought indispensable, and cared no more about the matter, enjoying the freedom and liberation of her ride with more zest because of its hardihood. But the remarkable spirit of her horse could not last forever. She broke up his speed at last, and was clearing the road with a regular

canter, when something ahead made him point his ears and struggle backward. Zua looked around to search out the cause of this revolt, when she saw a light wagon overturned by the side of the road, and two black horses leaping and rioting away in the distance, with a portion of the wagon dangling after them.

Close by the shattered buggy lay a man, prostrate, motionless, and with his face on the grass. There was a limp, dead appearance about this figure which frightened Zua. She drew up her horse, and called out for Billy Clark, in a voice sharpened by anxiety.

Billy rode up, stumbled off his horse, while it was still going, and kneeling down by the prostrate man, turned him over with his face to the sun. It was a beautiful face, white as marble, and all the features exquisitely cut, as if some great artist had chiseled it from the pure stone.

"Does he breath? Is he dead?" cried Zua, turning pale from the quick sympathy of a fine nature. "What can be done, Billy Clark?"

"I don't think he's quite dead, Miss Zua," answered Billy; "but he's limp as wet paper, and blue about the mouth, awful!"

Zua sprang from her horse, and gathering up her riding-skirt, came close to the stranger. There he lay, still as the grave, with a deathly blue, not only around his lips, but under the eyes. His face was uninjured, but through the light hair of that rich chestnut-brown, which seems to have sunshine imprisoned in it, drops of warm blood trickled to the grass, hanging thick and red, where the morning dew had sparkled that morning.

"He has been hurt, dreadfully hurt," said Zua, trembling with fresh terror. "Lift his head to my lap so. Now run down to the brook yonder, wet my handkerchief, and my scarf too."

Billy Clark picked up the two articles which she flung to him, and went off, dragging the camel's-hair scarf she had unwound from her neck in a wave of burning scarlet across the grass. Directly he returned, with a mass of wet cloth in each hand, and found the pale head lying on Zua's lap, lifeless as he had left it.

"Is he dead? Oh! is he dead?" she cried, lifting her frightened eyes to the poor fellow's face. "He lies so still. He does not breathe. I have listened. Oh, Clark! he does not breathe!"

Clark laid the wet handkerchief on the white forehead, and taking a little traveling-bottle from his pocket, with a half-frightened look at

the girl, was about to apply it to those cold lips.

Zua snatched at the bottle, with a little cry, and attempted to force some of the liquor it contained upon the insensible man; but her hands trembled so violently that she only spilled it, and not a drop penetrated through those white teeth, which were still firmly clenched, as some spasm of pain had left them.

"Oh, help me! Try and help me, Billy Clark!" she said, piteously. "It seems to me that he is growing heavier and heavier."

Billy applied the flask with a more firm and steady hand. A very slight contortion of the throat followed, and then the white teeth fell apart from their vice-like pressure.

"He is alive! Oh, Clark, I saw him swallow! More! more!" cried Zua.

"Steady and sure! Steady and sure!" replied Clark, in his thin voice. "He's coming to, sure enough."

"Yes, yes; his eyelids begin to quiver. He clenches his hand. Lift his head a little more on my arm. That is right. Now another swallow. Ha!"

The man opened a pair of large, gray eyes, and looked wonderingly into hers.

"Are—are you better?" she inquired, lowering her arm a little, and turning away her face that those eyes might not discover the tears that brimmed and swelled in hers. "I—I fear that you have been badly hurt."

"Yes," answered the man, very faintly, "I am hurt here."

He lifted one hand in a wandering way to his temple, and let it fall away again, as if the motion had made him faint.

"Give me that scarf, and wet the handkerchief again," said Zua, seized with fresh terror. "He is going off again."

"No," whispered the man; "only—only—" His eyes closed. The still look came over his face again.

"Quick, Billy Clark! Oh, be quick!"

Clark came running up from the brook, with the wet handkerchief in one hand, and a leaf-cup in the other.

A little of the pure water was given, and the man came slowly to his life again.

"Try and get up. It'll do you good," said Billy Clark, made restless by the sight of that handsome head lying so near Zua Wheaton's heart. "It—it tires her, I say."

The stranger attempted to sit up, but fell back with a spasm of sharp pain. Zua caught him in both her arms, and held him close, almost weeping, and trembling under his

weight. He felt her tremble, and opening his eyes, tried to smile.

"My leg is broken, that is all," he said, faintly.

Zua looked at Clark in despair.

"His leg broken, and we have nothing but our horses here! How far is it from home?" she inquired.

"Three miles, I reckon."

"Mount your horse—no, change saddles and take Flash. Ride for your life, and bring the carriage back. Put in a mattress and furs, and all sorts of cushions and pillows, and—— Why don't you go, Billy Clark?"

"'Cause I seem to hear a wagon on the road," answered Billy, who was more than reluctant to leave his young lady. "Perhaps it will be somebody that can help us."

Sure enough the rattle of wagon-wheels and the tramp of horses came louder and louder down the road. Directly a country wagon came in sight, drawn by a pair of black horses, in which two men were seated.

"It is papa! It is papa!" cried Zua. "Oh, how thankful I am!"

The two men drove faster and faster, as they saw the strange group by the wayside, and lost no time in coming to the rescue. One was a tall, middle-aged man, very erect and gentlemanly; the other a little, bustling fellow, who would have rubbed his hands, after a cheerful fashion, probably, at his mother's funeral, so inveterate had become the not unpleasant habit.

"What have we here? What have we here? Nothing serious, surely! Only a break down! Buggy upset, and your daughter in it! Goodness gracious!"

"Oh, papa, I'm so glad you have come! This poor gentleman is badly hurt," said Zua, lifting her pale face to that of her father. "Could you carry him to the house?"

"Give him to me. Just hand him over to me," bustled in Mr. Turner, reaching out his plump, short arms. "Tired with holding him. Enough to make you cry. Who is he? Where on earth was he going? Know anything about it?"

"My name is Moreton. I belong in the city—was going over to Mr. Van Lorn's," said the wounded man, with an effort. "Can I be carried there?"

Mr. Van Lorn lived in the gothic house, with that noble view of the sound which occupied the right curve of that horseshoe bay; but the house was isolated, and the road rough, while the distance was double that which lay between the scene of this disaster and Mr. Wheaton's house.

"Couldn't be done," answered Turner, pushing himself forward, as usual. "Six miles, and some of it roughish enough for a well man."

"What can I do, then?" inquired the stranger, anxiously. "Is there any doctor hereabout? He might take me in."

"There is no need," answered Mr. Wheaton, silencing little Turner by a gesture. "My own house is much nearer than Van Lorn's, and the ladies will not think it a burden to nurse you awhile. Ask Zua here?"

The man struggled upward to his elbow, and, for the first time, looked Zua Wheaton in the face with a clear vision. It was a beautiful face, all in commotion—for a warm, sympathetic nature broke over it, with a face of loveliness which no living man could have looked upon unmoved. This was a beauty which slept sometimes; but now it was so vivid and brilliant that his own eyes lost their expression of pain while gazing into hers.

"You have already been more than kind to me; but—but I must not be a burden."

"It is no burden—we will not let you think it one!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "Ask papa if I am not a good nurse; and if any one on earth can beat aunty Test? Just try us and see."

"I fancy the gentleman will not be able to help himself," said Mr. Wheaton, with one of his grave, pleasant smiles. "Come, Turner, let us see about arranging the wagon; fortunately you have some blankets under the seat."

"Yes; and there is plenty of straw in the barn we just passed. Billy Clark, jump in and fill the wagon half full. Take out the seat, and let us have a clear field. Oat straw, remember, and lay it in even."

Billy Clark seemed especially eager to get the hurt gentleman into the wagon. He lifted the seat, and drove back to the barn; and in fifteen minutes returned with a comfortable bed arranged in the bottom of Turner's wagon. The three men lifted Moreton into the wagon; Mr. Wheaton sat down at his head and supported him. Turner knelt on the straw in front and prepared himself to drive carefully, rustling the reins between both his hands in high relish of the post assigned him. Zua mounted Flash in saddened and subdued spirits, which threw Billy Clark into a state of dejection, which made itself manifest in his very seat on the saddle, for he rode in a slow, drooping fashion, utterly unlike the dash with which he had followed Miss Zua, only a brief time before, along that same highway.

Old Mrs. Test, the housekeeper at Shady-Bend—for that was the name of Mr. Wheaton's farm—stood in the broad hall which cut the low-roofed house in twain, leaving a low, old-fashioned parlor and bed-room on the right, and a large dining-room and sitting-room, with kitchen beyond, on the left; through the open doors, back and front, the blue sparkle of the bay, and the still bluer curve of the sky could be seen, broken only by a huge apple-tree in full blossom, and a little island, which floated like a dream, where the waters of the sound flowed into the bay. Directly in this water-view, half cutting it off, stood Mrs. Test, a neat, and not uncomely old gentlewoman, with a white sunbonnet on, and a muslin kerchief folded over her bosom. She was a little astonished as she saw the wagon coming down the lane, with Mr. Wheaton's head just visible, and Turner on his knees in front, softly jerking the reins, and looking pleasantly important, like a man to whom a post of high honor has been assigned.

While the old lady was wondering at all this, Zua gave Flash his head, and came swiftly toward the door, riding through the open gate, among the flowers and the rose thickets, in quick haste.

"Mrs. Test! Mrs. Test!" she cried, bending forward, "there is a sick man coming; thrown from his wagon—a limb broken. I have sent Billy Clark for the doctor. Is the parlor bed-room ready?"

"The parlor bed-room always is ready, Miss Zua," answered the old lady, all undisturbed by this sudden excitement; "linen sheets, ruffled pillows, the room well aired, and smelling of apple-blossoms. But here he comes. This way, Mr. Wheaton. Hold up his head, Turner—through the parlor. Oh! here comes the doctor!"

That moment the doctor rode up with a case of instruments on the seat beside him, and looking a good deal excited—for a fractured limb did not come within the range of his every-day practice. He followed Mr. Wheaton and his guest into the parlor bed-room, put his head out once or twice, asking for bandages, brandy, and various other things, which might have disturbed a less thrifty housekeeper; but which Mrs. Test supplied with prompt zeal, and at last came out smiling.

"How is he, Mrs. Test? Why, nothing could be more satisfactory. A compound fracture of—of—well, of the left limb; the neatest thing which has come within the line of my practice. Don't know as I ever saw one exactly to be

compared with it. A case for Dr. Mott, that great and good man, who is now lost to the profession. Danger? Not the least; fever may set in, some pain, no doubt; but as for danger, a piece of work like that don't leave danger behind. Tea—did you mention tea, Mrs. Test? I am busy, very busy, but a cup of your tea, with such accompaniments, is not to be resisted. Besides, I had, perhaps, better wait a little and see how our patient gets along. Splendid young fellow, built after the best models, as they say in Italy. Handsome, too, or will be, when he gets a little color back. Have you the least idea who he is, Mrs. Test?"

"Some gentleman from the city, I believe, doctor. Miss Zua told me so much; but I don't think she knew anything more herself."

"His name is Moreton, and he was on his way to Mrs. Van Lorn's," said Zua, who entered just then. "Now tell us, doctor, is his hurt a very bad one?"

"I should rather think so, Miss," answered the doctor, laughing one of his long, mellow laughs. "A compound fracture, that will chain him down for six weeks, or two months, spite of fate, or Mrs. Test's splendid nursing; but you said that he was a friend of Van Lorn's."

"No. I only said that he was going there."

"Another dashing fellow after the young widow, I dare say. Upon my soul, that fair woman is turning every masculine head in the neighborhood, and out of it, too—that beautiful creature. Don't you think so?"

Now any girl but Zua Wheaton, who was honest as the sun, and fearless as innocence, would have answered yes, fearing some unjust interpretation of her motives; but Zua did not think Ruby Gray beautiful—and she said so frankly; but added that she had never seen the lady, save at a distance.

"Not think her handsome? Well, now, I come to reflect, there may be something in that; but it is the first time I ever heard her beauty questioned. Well, then, we will call her fascinating—will that do?"

"Perhaps. I can only say she never was near enough to fascinate me."

"You do not like her, then?"

"Yes; and no."

"Yes, and no! What does that mean?"

"Oh, doctor! let us find something else to talk about! Mrs. Gray, or Ruby Gray, as she prefers to be called, is a pleasant, agreeable woman enough. Very young to be a widow; very rich, and altogether a desirable person to know. But I am not among her intimate acquaintances, simply because there is a stretch

of three miles between us, and she lives on no road that one usually travels."

"Still so near that you can see her on the beach, yonder, at this moment, if you care to look, Miss Wheaton. Let me regulate the glass; there, just where you see that spot of red against the green of the trees."

Zua lifted the telescope, and saw a woman standing on the beach, with a background of green trees, and the waters of the bay flashing brightly before her, just as they were taking the first opaline gleams of the evening sunset. By the air and gesture of the woman she recognized Ruby Gray, who wore a scarlet cloak or mantle, which usually distinguished her in her out-door walks, and thus became a prominent object in the distance. This woman, who had, indeed, made a sensation in the neighborhood, from her fair, blonde beauty and singular attractiveness, was walking up and down the beach, shading her eyes with one hand, and looking out upon the water with visible impatience. As she looked, a sail-boat came in sight, sweeping around the little island, and apparently making toward the point of upland on which Van Lorn's house stood. The woman in the scarlet shawl walked hastily up the beach to where the boat seemed about to land; but the little craft veered suddenly and headed up the bay. Certainly the young widow was waiting for some one, for she clasped her hands with a passionate gesture of disappointment when the boat veered another way, and sitting down on a fragment of rock, which lay on the beach, appeared to be crying bitterly.

Zua watched all this through the glass with unusual interest. There was a sort of fascination in the woman which thrilled her with vague sensations, which she could neither define nor suppress. What was Ruby Gray to her, that her movements upon that beach should bring the heart into her mouth, though seen in that vague distance?

The doctor disturbed her.

"Come, Miss Zua, Mrs. Test is ready for us, and your arm must be tired. A cup of tea will do us good after this heavy run on our sympathies. If you have not yet attained a fair view of Mrs. Gray, she will soon give you one, if the chap in yonder happens to be one of her crowd of admirers."

"What do you mean, doctor?"

"Why, what should I mean? When the fair widow—she is very fair, remember—hears that one of her admirers is in this house, tied up with a broken leg, she will, of course, try that bit of rough road, either on horseback, or in

Van Lorn's pony carriage, and swoop down upon you either to offer services, in a neighborly way, or bravely claim admittance as a friend of the suffering party. Depend upon it, you are bound to make Mrs. Ruby Gray's acquaintance within the week."

"Well, doctor," answered Zua, laughing pleasantly, "if she is so fascinating, as you seem to think, all this will be a great delight. Let her come; both papa and I are ready to be enchanted."

"Your papa will be enchanted. She is particularly dangerous to men of his years; professes to doat on gray hair; and hangs on an elderly gentleman's arm with such trusting tenderness. Oh! make sure that Wheaton will be her first victim under this roof!"

"I hope you do not speak seriously," said Zua, flushing crimson. "It seems strange to hear my father's name used in a connection like that."

"Why, silly child," answered the doctor, laughing, "isn't your father rich, handsome—very for his age; every inch a gentleman, calculated for society? In short, a capital match."

"Ah! doctor, remember poor mamma has not been dead quite two years," said Zua, with a look and tone of mournful reproof. "She was your friend, too."

"Indeed, she was as true and lovely a friend as ever a man had; for her sake and for yours, dear child, I hope that no person whom you do not dearly love will ever fill her place. There, now, take my arm, and let us go in to tea."

No wonder that the doctor was easily persuaded to accept Mrs. Test's hospitality, for a more delightful tea-table was never spread than that which stood like a square of crusted snow in the middle of that dining-room. The windows, which looked out upon the orchard, were open, and every gust of the soft, south wind brought a shower of blossom-leaves into the room, and with them came rich wafts of fragrance that made the air delicious to breathe. The soft murmurs of a rising tide could be faintly heard; and up from the garden came the delicate scent of roses, mingling richly with the heavier perfumes of the orchard. There was no need of pulling down the blinds, for all the windows were curtained with honeysuckles and climbing roses, which cast their soft shadows into the room, giving whiteness to the table-cloth, and a cool, golden hue to the butter, which was, in fact, fragrant as the atmosphere that floated over it.

In this sweet atmosphere Zua took her place at the table, looking as lovely a picture of

youth as could be found in a day's journey. The doctor thought so, as her white hands poured the cream into his tea; and her father thought so, when he came in from the sick man's room, to join his family and entertain his old friend. But the doctor's words, carelessly as they had been spoken, preyed upon the young girl. She tried to cast off the impression they had made, but could not. All her anxiety for the wounded man was merged in a vague feeling of dread regarding the woman, Ruby Gray, whose distant figure she had seen wending along the beach, illuminated, as it were, by that cloud of scarlet, which seemed a part of her own being.

Turner had already driven away in his wagon; the doctor left that tea-table with a sigh of reluctance, and his friendly old horse trotted off with him, as only a doctor's horse can trot, solemnly, and with a full sense of the great responsibility of his position. Billy Clark was in the stable, looking more washed out than ever, muttering fragments of discontent to his horses, and wiping them down with vicious emphasis, now and then, as some unwelcome thought forced itself upon him. Once he broke into the nearest approach to an oath that ever passed those thin lips, and called Flash a ranting Ishmaelite, which so startled his conscience that he looked around in dismay, and was infinitely thankful that nothing but the horses had witnessed this proof of total depravity.

Zua Wheaton's glass had not deceived her. Ruby Gray had been watching with keen anxiety for the young man who was moaning and tossing on the pillows of that snow-white bed in Mr. Wheaton's spare room. He was not exactly her lover, though many expressions of half hinted tenderness had been uttered by his lips, and answered by such glances from those blue eyes, as would have driven an ordinary man point-blank into a proposal, whether he wished it or not. As for Ruby Gray, she did wish it earnestly, ardently; first, because Moreton was a splendid young fellow, manly, handsome, and difficult to secure. Besides all this, he was rich, and held a higher place in society than the young widow had ever been able to attain, with all her own wealth and rare blonde beauty.

During the preceding winter, Ruby Gray had been in young Moreton's society more than should have happened to a lady who, as yet, had received no positive proposal from the gentleman, and who, in fact, based all her expectations of one on such tender looks and soft whispers, as enter more largely into a fashion-

able flirtation than are usually found in a direct and honest passion. Ruby Gray had her experiences, and felt this much to her discomfort; but she reflected that a fashionable hotel, in which they had both lived, was not exactly the atmosphere in which genuine feeling was apt to take root. With all her efforts at fascination she found herself, at the end of a most brilliant season, about where she had commenced. Moreton had given her compliments without stint, had told her that she was the object of his idolatry a hundred times with his eyes, and even with his lips; but never once, when she was alone with him, or in that tremulous, earnest voice, which trembles with the love it can neither express or subdue.

Ruby Gray, with all her elaborate softness of manner, was a resolute person, keen upon the scent, when her own interest was at stake, and full of resources. She was potent, too, and would bide her time without much feeling of revolt, when the object was worth 'the trouble.

The season was over; spring came, and Ruby was seized with a strong desire to spend the blossom-season among the orchards and meadows on Long Island. She longed to see those great apple-trees, sheeted with pink blossoms, like those remembered with so much tender regret under which she had played when a little child. She would go early, when the cherry and pear-trees were white. Two or three months in the country would make a child of her. That splendid city life was getting to be oppressive. Would Moreton come down to her solitude, and see how she got along? There was pleasant boating, and such lovely walks around the point; a little island, too, which Tom Moore must have been thinking of, when he wrote those exquisite lines:

"Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wished that little Isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown;
Where not a pulse could beat but ours,
And we could live, love, die alone."

Ruby Gray repeated more than these lines with downcast eyes, and lips that almost trembled with natural emotion, but lifted her glance, all at once, to his, with a practiced glance that disenchanting the man it was expected to enthral. After all, in love, as in morals, "honesty is the best policy." The feeling which strikes home to a noble heart must be genuine.

Will Moreton, if not in love, was what men call enchanted. So he promised Ruby Gray to run down and visit the friends she was staying with, who happened to be persons whom he knew. A little note or two had passed be-

tween them, and Ruby was well aware of his coming, or she would not have been upon the beach in that scarlet cloak, you may be certain.

But she went away grievously disappointed, and the friends she was visiting found her dull and sad during the rest of the evening, which she spent in drawing forth broken snatches of music from the piano, or making sudden escapades into the moonlight, where she wandered back and forth among the rose-thickets, wondering what excuse she could make for returning to the city at once. The apple-blossoms were in full flower, and the loveliest moonlight that ever trembled over water shone upon the bay. But what had she seen of all this certainly must have satisfied all her childish reminiscences; for she dashed a rose-bush aside, with passionate violence, when quite by herself, and turned with distaste from the wind, which swept over her, laden with the breath of many an apple-orchard, exclaiming,

"Two weeks of this childishness, and all for nothing! What is this crying, crying fool? Do I love the man? Is this ache here really from the heart?"

Yes, the pain was from that proud, passionate, but most calculating heart. You could not have doubted this had you seen the hot red in that cheek, or the proud tears which the woman dashed from her eyes, as they swelled there, angry with the first genuine feeling that had stirred her heart for months.

When Ruby Gray went into the house that night, she found a working man near the side-door leading into the grounds, in conversation with one of the servants. The words he was speaking arrested her, and she stopped to listen, holding her breath.

"Yes," said the man, "the buggy was all smashed to pieces. Them black horses of ours make clean work, when they once get right scared. Come racing up the street, full blazes, with the thills bouncing about their heels, a-snorting, and plunging, and rearing, like wild tigers. It was a New York chap as hired the team, and I agreed to come over after it in the morning."

"But what became of the man?" inquired the servant, who seemed deeply interested in the relation.

"Don't know. I followed up the road to the spot where the horses took fright, but no one was there. The road was all torn up with hoofs, and swooped about with the wheels

when they twisted off; but no living creature was in sight."

"And you saw no sign of the gentleman?"

"Nary sign, except a lady's scarf, all wet, and spotted with something besides water, which lay all in a heap trampled down in the grass."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I do; and, between ourselves, I reckon I know whose scarf it was. Seen it fifty times flying out from Miss Zua Wheaton's neck, shining like a streak of fire in the sunshine."

"But how came it there?"

"Don't know no more than you do. Didn't get there without help, I suppose. Thought it was a pool of blood when I first saw it in the grass. Scared me half to death."

Still Ruby Gray listened. She had heard no name, and did not venture to speak. A post, wreathed with climbing-honeysuckles stood between her and the speakers. They had not heard her light step on the grass. Filled with vague apprehensions, she leaned against this post, and waited for something to be said which would confirm or dissipate her fears.

"But did not you inquire of some one about the gentleman?"

"Who was there to inquire of, I should like to know?"

"If he was moved, some of the neighbors must have seen him going along."

"None of 'em had, though, and I came over here to see if he hadn't got along so far."

"Why, was he coming here?"

"Yes, that was what he hired the team for."

"Now, did you ever? I shouldn't wonder if it was that York chap that was coming down to shoot partridges; and, between us, I reckon he was after other game."

"What?"

"That young widow, rich as a Jew, and handsome as a picture. Almost in love with her myself."

"Just as likely as not it is the same fellow; but how did you know that he was coming?"

"Took a peep into his letter, and hers, too."

"Well, after all, what was his name?"

"Moreton. P. Moreton."

"That's it. That is the name he told me to inquire after."

A rustling of the honeysuckle-vine, a faint cry, and the quick closing of a door, disturbed the two men; and they left that portion of the grounds, wondering what the sounds meant.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

‘ONLY A PRIVATE.’

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"This way, Miss Nettie, and take care I don't lose you in the crowd," said handsome Ned Grayson, laughingly, as he elbowed his way through the confusion of hackmen, police, and travelers, that prevented his reaching the northern cars. Nettie "obeyed orders," and elung tightly to his arm, laughing slyly, as she thought, "What a figure my new gray poplin will be by the time I get to a seat!" But just as they neared the cars, she noticed, in front of them, a soldier upon crutches, in an old and faded uniform, who was vainly endeavoring to push his way along. "Now," quoth kind little Nettie to herself, "I'll make Ned help that poor fellow a little." So she says, in a half whisper, "Mr. Grayson, don't you think that soldier just in front of us needs a helping hand? Let me take your left arm, and you can assist him up the platform."

"Nonsense, Miss Nettie," said Ned, rather crossly, passing the soldier as he spoke. "He's only some poor devil of a private, and used to getting along by himself, I'll warrant. A jump now," as they came to the car, "and then you're all right."

An indignant flush mounted into Nettie's cheeks, as she sprang lightly up the steps, and, regardless of her escort's haste, she stopped a moment before going into the car, and looked back to see what had become of the soldier. Just as she turned, a large, fat female, laden with the usual "great box, little box, bandbox, and bundle," pushed past him so rudely that his right crutch fell to the ground. He staggered a moment, then stood still, unable to bend his wounded limb and recover his crutch. With a quick spring, and an audible exclamation of, "What a shame!" Nettie was off the platform; and in another instant the surprised soldier saw a lovely, blushing face beside him, while her dainty hand extended him the missing crutch.

"I hope you are not hurt," she said, in her grave, simple way. "Come right up on the platform," and she offered her hand to assist him.

"Miss Nettie!" exclaimed the astonished Ned Grayson, "what are you about?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" was her very indignant response, as she coolly pro-

ceeded to help the soldier up the steps, holding his crutch carefully until he reached the top. Then entering the car in a small tempest of wrath, she swept her shawl and basket from the window where Ned had placed it, into one opposite, and turned about on Mr. Grayson and the soldier, both of whom were watching her proceedings with the utmost amazement.

"There!" said Nettie, addressing the soldier, "you can have that seat by the window; it's the most comfortable. Mr. Grayson, I suppose you won't object to taking part of the same seat? I shall ride here," and down she sat.

"Pardon me," said the soldier, leaning against the window, and raising his hand respectfully to his cap; "I cannot think of disturbing the young lady. Will she accept my grateful thanks for her timely assistance?"

Nettie looked up at him for the first time. The tone was that of a gentleman, and the dark-gray eyes were fixed on hers with a grave smile.

"Don't make me uncomfortable by refusing my seat," said Nettie, in her positive way; and without another glance she began to read, settling herself into her corner.

There was nothing left for Ned Grayson but to take the vacant seat, though he bit his lips with vexation, and half turned his back upon the soldier as he did so. The fact was, Ned was terribly smitten with the united charms of Nettie Howard's beauty and fortune—for Nettie was an orphan and an heiress; and had a splendid establishment of her own, matronized by her aunt, Mrs. Seymour, a gay widow of five-and-forty. Ned's suit had gone on smoothly enough, and he had fully determined that this leafy month of July was to decide it all. So his heart beat high when he was asked to join Mrs. Seymour's select party at West Point, by escorting Miss Nettie there, on her return from a sojourn in the Eastern States.

"Well!" soliloquized Ned, as the train moved out of the depot, and Nettie sat wrathfully reading, never once casting him a stray glance, "what an oddity she is! The idea of making all that fuss for a 'high private' like this one;" and his eye turned half contemptuously upon the faded, old uniform beside him. As he ran a glance over it, curling his lips scornfully, he accidentally met the eyes of its owner, and

haughtily, indeed, was the look flashed back upon him, as he looked quickly away again, muttering angrily, "The deuce! Who is the fellow?"

Meantime, as the train sped rapidly on, Nettie sat with her eyes upon her book, and her thoughts in a tumult. "Indeed!" quoth Miss Nettie to her wrathful self, "Ned Grayson has no more soul than a mosquito, and not half as much feeling as my dog, Fidele. I'll teach him to speak a little more respectfully of a wounded soldier. I don't care if he is 'only a private.' I'd like to know if, as such, he's not far more deserving of a woman's respect and sympathy, than those lazy fellows who stay at home, and dance attendance on us girls, as Ned Grayson does? Just as if we didn't see through it all! I wish I was a man," (here Nettie became beautifully rosy,) "I'd give that Ned Grayson a bit of my mind. Any way, I do believe I'll tell him some home-truths. Nonsense! Nettie Howard, what do *you* care about Ned Grayson? You can spare yourself the trouble of trying to find any depth in those shallow waters. I wonder where that poor fellow was wounded? He looks pale and ill enough, now. And with what an air he thanked me. '*Noblesse oblige.*' I don't believe he's 'only a private;' or, if he is, he's a gentleman, too;" and thereupon Nettie steals a glance over opposite, and becomes aware that those peculiar, soft eyes are regarding her very intently; so she straightway dived deep into her novel, and made no more attempts.

But Nettie was not far from wrong in thinking those eyes opposite "peculiar." They were peculiar, and handsome, too, of dark gray, changing at times to deepest violet; they were the crowning glory of a face that, in health, must be remarkably handsome. There was intellect in the high, white forehead, (he had removed his cap, and was leaning his head on his hand,) and lurking mischief in the corners of the well-shaped mouth. He looked thoroughbred, and Ned Grayson was obliged to acknowledge as much to himself, as he pursued his scrutiny. Moreover, the hand that supported his head was finely and delicately-shaped, though brown and hard from exposure; and he wore an elegantly set onyx ring, though Ned couldn't make out the initials on it. Taking all things in consideration, after they had gone some thirty miles farther, Ned thought he might as well make the peace between himself and Nettie, and own that he'd been behaving badly. So, when they stopped at a station, he rose and stood penitently beside her.

"Miss Nettie," said he, holding out his hand,

"where have I so grievously offended? We are nearly at West Point, and it won't be pleasant to drive up those romantic mountains with an aggrieved young lady." His tone was mirthful, but he seemed a little ashamed of himself. So Nettie very coolly accepted the hand and the apology, and answered as if nothing had happened.

"Are we so near? How quickly time has passed; to be sure, there is Cozzens', and the cars are stopping. No consequence about my shawl; thank you, I can carry it very well myself." Then, looking up, she saw, to her surprise, that the soldier was, also, preparing to leave the cars. "But I will be obliged to you, Mr. Grayson, if you will assist that gentleman out." The train was stopping, and Nettie did not know that her indignant emphasis was perfectly audible to the party concerned. A half smile stole over the soldier's face, as Ned, with the best grace he could muster, stepped up and asked him if he could do anything for him. But the soldier refused any assistance, and gave Nettie a bow and smile, his whole face lighting up as he said, with extended hand,

"I shall not forget your kindness."

Nettie took the hand, and flushed a little under the smile; then passed out. And when she got on board the ferry-boat, turned round and saw the soldier coming slowly down the hill, talking very eagerly with a gentleman, who seemed to have been waiting for him. "Well!" thought Nettie, "I wonder if I shall ever see him again?" When, "Nettie, my dearest, I am so happy to see you!" exclaimed in chorus the inmates of a carriage that had just driven on the boat. It was Mrs. Seymour and party; so Nettie was overwhelmed with greetings, Mr. Grayson coming in for his share. "And, Nettie, *ma chere*," cried her cousin, Emily Rivers, "do you think, child, I've such a piece of news for you—two, in fact. Rosalie Phillips is here, with her aunt; and so, I suppose, we shall see nothing of you in your devotion to her? Item No. 2, any quantity of officers, especially Col. Sydney, of the — Massachusetts, who is staying at Cozzens' on sick leave, with his arm in a sling. You know who he is? A Boston Sydney, and they say so rich!" By this time Nettie was safely ensconced in the carriage, and listening to all the West Point gossip. Mrs. Seymour carried on a lively war of words with Ned until the boat stopped at the landing, when he bade them all a hasty "good-by," and sprang into one of the omnibuses. As he did so, Nettie shot a hasty glance behind her, and discovered her wounded soldier leaning over

the side of the boat, still conversing with his friend. But the carriage drove rapidly off, and she did not see whether he took the road to Cozzens' or not.

"Nettie Howard here?" exclaimed beautiful Miss Phillips, as our friend Nettie rushed lovingly into her arms in the hall at Cozzens'.

"Oh, Rosie! my dear girl, I'm ever so glad to see you," cried Nettie. "You must come straight up to my room and have a good talk, while I'm dressing for tea."

So Nettie, endeavoring to seize her friend round the waist, (vain attempt, for *la petite!*) hurried her off up stairs, and having bolted the door, sat down for a chat, during which, of course, she did not fail to relate the episode of the soldier. And Miss Nettie rehearsed all her wrath at Ned Grayson, much to Rosalie's amusement. Then the two girls proceeded to pull out the contents of one of the great trunks, and the "toilet" began. By-the-way, we haven't yet described our favorite Nettie. We will leave details to the reader's imagination, and only say that she was neither blonde or brune, but a dangerous mixture of both, and able to wear pink or blue with impunity, and look bewitching in either. Whereas Rosalie Phillips was a pure blonde beauty, regal and magnificent. I am not going to describe toilets—where's the use? Enough to say that Nettie was her own charming little self, as she and Rosalie entered the long dining-room. As they took their seats, a handsome officer approached Rosalie with an exquisite bouquet, which he smilingly laid on her plate.

"Miss Howard, let me present my friend, Col. Sydney," said Rosalie, with a slight blush. Nettie knew instantly who he must be from her cousin's description; a splendid, soldierly-looking fellow, with his right arm in a sling.

"So you are here at last, Miss Howard," said the colonel, as he seated himself, and began to stir his cup of tea rather awkwardly with his left hand. "I have heard Miss Rivers counting the days for a week past, and got at last to speculating upon your arrival myself. Thank you!" as Nettie put out her hand just in time to save his cup from landing on the floor. "I am so exceedingly awkward that I have to make a series of apologies all the time; and yet one would think I might be about used to it now," glancing at his sling as he spoke.

"Yes," said Miss Phillips, with a merry laugh, "Col. Sydney has ruined two silks and one muslin for me already; and yet, do you know, I believe you are sometimes half glad of that wound, for it gives you an opportunity of

bestowing such generous praise upon a friend." The colonel's eyes lit up.

"Such a friend!" he cried, enthusiastically; then checking himself. "But Miss Rosalie is quizzing me now. You have heard the story once too often!"

"But I have not," said Nettie, rather eagerly, (she was always eager where a tale of heroism was concerned;) and if there is a story connected with that wound of yours, you must tell it, Col. Sydney."

"Ah! you should see him to appreciate my story," said the soldier, warmly—"this friend of mine, Ray Laurence. His family is one of the very first in the old Bay State, and we were boys and school-mates 'lang syne.' But about two years ago, Ray and I quarreled. I don't hesitate to say it was all my fault, (I am hot-headed, you know, Miss Rosalie;) but I never knew how much my fault till of late. How I loved the dear old fellow through it all! The war broke out; I volunteered, and they gave me a captain's commission in the — Massachusetts. It was a consolidated company, and my surprise was great when, among the privates, I saw Ray Laurence. If I had not been so proud I'd have made it up at first; but I didn't, and the ice between us grew harder day by day. After awhile I was promoted to be major, and our regiment went through some severe fighting at Ball's Bluff and Leesburg. I used to wonder why Ray did not get promoted; but I know since then that he twice refused a commission, preferring to serve as private. So it went on till we were before Yorktown with McClellan. About that time, I began to fairly long for my dear old friend; but still I was too stubborn to make the first advances. Then came the battle of Williamsburg; but our regiment was in the reserve, and not engaged. Then that day of Fair Oaks—oh! what a charge that was under the gallant Howard!" and the soldier's eyes flashed at the bare remembrance. "Our regiment was ordered to take a battery; the colonel was down, our lieutenant-colonel killed—so I led it. In the thickest of the fight I noticed that somebody was fighting hard at my side—and looking up saw Ray. The tenth Georgia was coming down on us at a run, and I knew it was an even chance if he ever came out alive. I wrung his hand hard; he threw his arm round me with the old boyish love. 'God bless you! dear fellow,' said I—and then we were at it! I got along well enough till one huge fellow set at me, and gave me a pretty severe cut in the head; the regiment, with thinned ranks, was slowly falling back, and I heard

Ray say, 'Are you mad, Fred?' My sword arm fell disabled at my side, and three Georgians were upon me. I expected nothing but death, and I don't know now how it happened; but they say that Ray shot one with his pistol, and sabered the other, then carried me off the field himself. The grand, noble fellow! Can I say anything too strong in praise of such a friend? But the worst of it was, in carrying me off, (I was insensible, you know,) he received a dangerous wound in the thigh; and when I came to myself, I was lying on the ground, grasped tightly in Ray's arms, with his blood streaming all over me."

"Did he live?" and Nettie's lips were white, and her great, brown eyes full of tears.

"Live? Yes, thank God! He has been slowly recovering, and was on sick leave last week, the adjutant wrote me. I wish he were here. I should like to show you a real hero."

Often as Rosalie had heard the history of the colonel's wound, she could not help being affected by his manner; but not caring to have him know the fact, she said, "Write for him, then. I always told Nettie that her willful little heart would be carried by storm."

"In the meantime the tea grows cold," said Col. Sydney, changing the subject.

But our friend Nettie sat still and pondered; and thought, "I could love such a man as that!" At last her reverie was closed by Rosalie's rising; and the trio proceeded to the parlor.

Now Nettie had a surpassingly lovely voice, and, after much coaxing, the colonel finally escorted her to the piano. Somehow gay songs wouldn't come; her fingers played restlessly over the ivory keys, till at last they struck the chords of that sweetest, most plaintive cry of a broken heart—"Auld Robin Gray." Nettie did not see that the large room filled rapidly with charmed listeners; nor did she know that the "peculiar eyes" were gazing at her through the lace curtain by her side. She finished her song; then took Col. Sydney's arm in her quiet, graceful way, for a promenade on the piazza.

Nettie's adventures and surprises were not over for the day, for as they walked slowly along, she beheld the old, faded uniform, and met the gaze of her soldier of the cars. Just as she passed him, to her utter amazement, Col. Sydney darted from her side, exclaiming,

"Good heaven! Ray, my dear fellow, what cloud did you drop from?"

Nettie didn't wait any longer. With a little, low cry of astonishment she fled away. Up, up to her own room, and having reached that sanctum, plunged her head in the pillows, and began to cry! So Rosalie found her.

I wonder if there is any need to go much farther? However, my readers won't forgive me unless I tell them how and where Nettie "struck her colors." It was about six weeks later, when Ned Grayson, furious at his rejection, had left the field open by going back to the city. It happened this way: One bright moonlight evening, on the upper piazza, as Ray Laurence sat alone with Nettie, he plucked up heart of grace, and told her then and there how much he loved her, and asked her to be his own little wife. And Nettie threw away all the pretty coquettish ways that had tried his patience sorely, and answered, "Yes, Ray," as soberly as ever wee maiden could; but amazed him by bursting into a storm of tears a moment after. When he kissed them off, and asked the reason, Nettie's answer was a characteristic one. "Nonsense!" she said, with an energetic stamp of her pretty foot, "how I *hated* Ned Grayson that day when he behaved so like a brute to you!" Ray laughed—who could have helped it? But made answer that he considered himself rather under obligations to Ned.

So, in the bright October days, Nettie was a bride; for the doctors said Ray could never go back into the army again, although he had regained the use of his limb. And put away carefully in little Mrs. Laurence's cedar closet, is an old, faded uniform—what Nettie calls "a souvenir of the days when Ray was 'ONLY A PRIVATE.'"

"TIS ALL THAT'S LEFT ME NOW."

BY CLARENCE FREDERICK BUHLER.

A GOLDEN ringlet, once that shed
A halo round the brow
Of one who walked an angel here,
Is all that's left me now

The head that tossed those silken curls
We ne'er shall stroke again;
The music of those little feet
We listen for in vain.

Ah, me! how many buried hopes
The smallest tomb effolds;
Ah, me! what volumes of regret
One page of memory holds.

And none have learned what sorrow is,
Till they, with aching brow,
Have sung that sad, regretful strain—
"Tis all that's left me now!"

NETTED OPERA-HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE materials for this useful and pretty hood are two ounces of white, half an ounce of colored, Berlin wool; a netting-needle; meshes of two sizes.

Begin in the middle with white wool. Put on sixty-four stitches, and net forward and backward. At the end of each row or line, leave the last stitch of the preceding row without netting, until the number is reduced to one stitch, which finishes half of the hood. Then tie the thread on to the other side of the stitches put on at the commencement, and work as before, until the number of stitches on that side is also reduced to one, which completes the foundation. The border is worked all round the outer edge with white wool. For the

1st row: Net one stitch in each stitch round the hood.

2nd row: Net 5 stitches in one stitch, and pass over the next stitch.



TRAVELING DRESSING-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

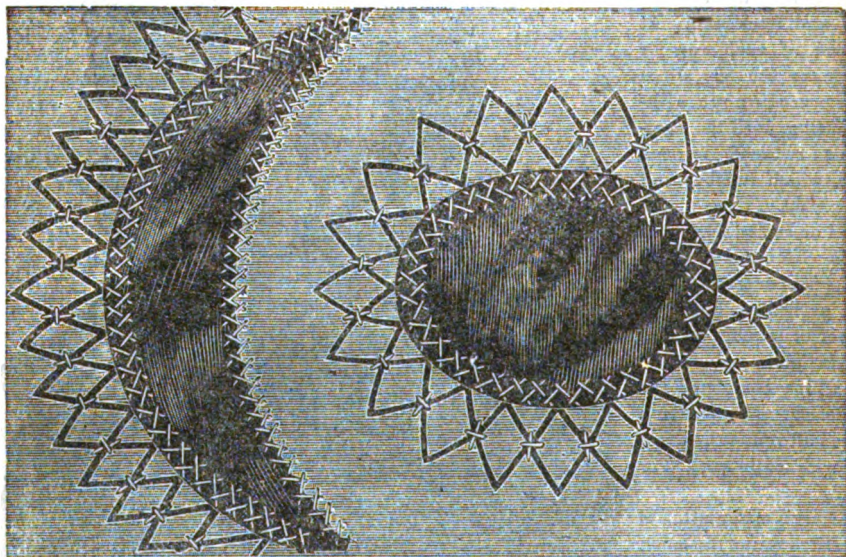
IN the front of the number, we give three engravings of a new and elegant Dressing-Case for travelers: one is the Dressing-Case open; another is the Dressing-Case closed; and the third is the pattern to be worked.

The materials are American toile creese; six each large and small pearl buttons; two yards of narrow black elastic; two yards of black sarrat ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide; one skein of lilac, and one skein of green crochet silk; six yards of binding. The outside of this Dressing-Case is made of American cloth; it is 21 inches long and 11 inches broad; the lining, of toile creese, of which the green side is shown, is exactly the same size; the pockets, of American cloth, at the ends, are of the entire width of the case, and 5 inches in depth; at the outer sides of these

pockets, strips of toile crepe, or American cloth, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width, are inserted. The band in the middle is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length. Two flaps are stitched on at the outer edge of the same width as the length of the strap, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep. The whole must be neatly bound, and the binding stitched with silk. The elastic and buttons should be placed according to those shown in the largest engraving. The ornamental part of the Dressing-Case is worked in chain-stitch; the straight lines are green, and the curved pattern is lilac; we give this in its full size. The whole is finished with the black ribbon sewn on in the middle of one side, to tie the case together.

PETTICOAT TRIMMING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very new, and pretty style of petticoat trimming: the pattern being one of those Oriental ones now so fashionable. It consists of medallions and escallops of velvet applique to a plain ground with herring-bone stitch in white silk; the diamond-pattern edging the applique is of coarse, black purse silk, fastened with crosses of white silk.

TOILET PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a very pretty Pin-Cushion, which is to be made in applique and Cluny lace. Make the cushion any size you like. Cover it with bright-blue silk on both sides. Place the Cluny insertion across the cushion, as seen in the design; then out of black velvet cut the four trefoil pieces; place them as designed, sewing them on with white embroidery silk in button-hole stitch; the little braiding pattern is done in white silk embroidery braid. For the border, use blue taffeta ribbon one inch in width, edged on both sides with a very narrow Cluny edging; quill in box-quills, and put round the cushion. Imitation Cluny is quite good enough for this kind of work.

TRICOT STRIPE FOR AFGHAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

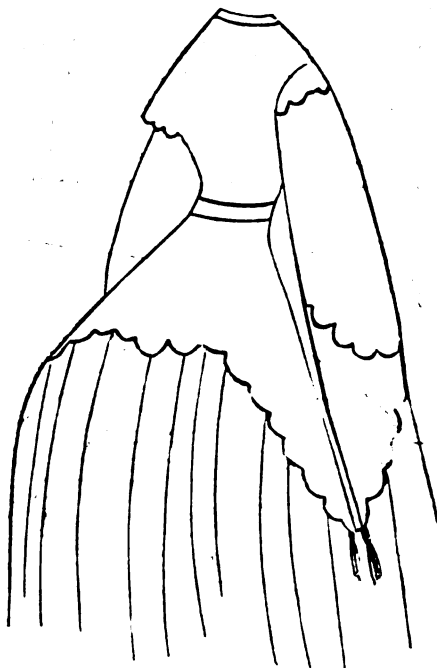
In the front of the number, we engrave a new pattern for an afghan. The materials are German wool of three colors; bright gold, colored filoselle, and black velvet buttons. White and green for the border, and bright violet for the center, are a pretty contrast.

Make a chain of thirty-seven stitches.

1st row: Five stitches white, five green, seventeen violet, five green, five white; work five finished side rows with the same colors, then alternate the color of the border according to pattern. The separate colors must not be cut off, but left until the work is complete. The broad stripe in the middle is continued throughout without change. When the tricot is finished, the marigolds are worked in long stitches, according to the design, with filoselle, and a black velvet button is put into the middle of each flower. The finished stripes may be varied with a stripe of velvet or plush.

THE NEW STYLE PEPLUM.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THE most fashionable article of the season is the Peplum, engravings of which we have given in former numbers, and a pattern and diagrams of which we give here.

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. SIDE-PIECE.

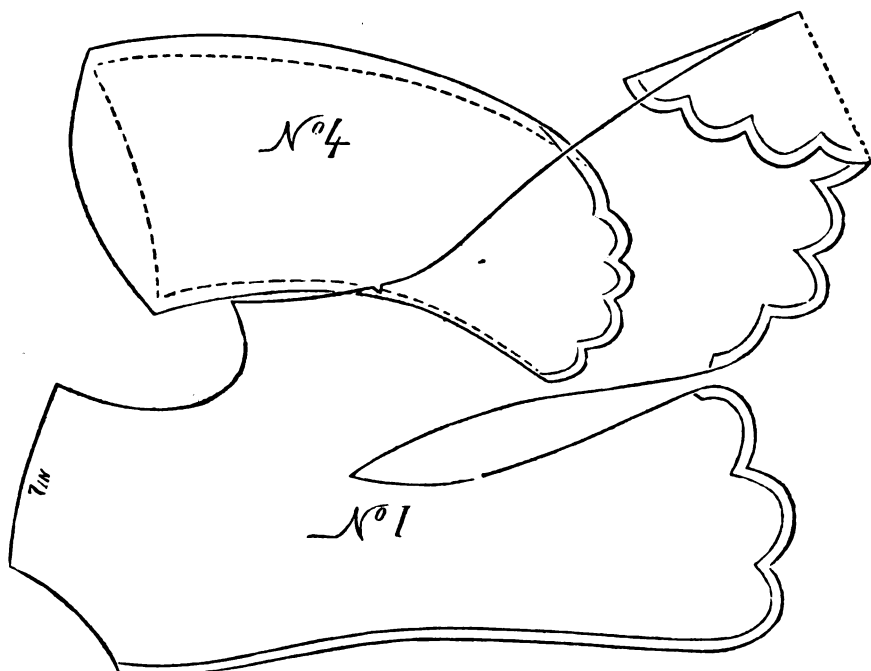
No. 3. BACK.

No. 4. SLEEVE.

No. 5. JOCKEY.

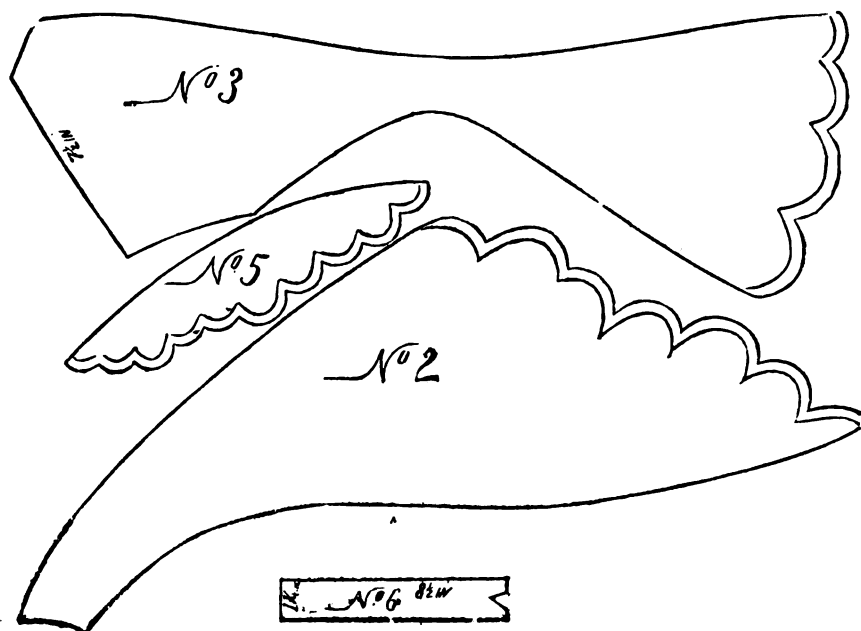
No. 6. COLLAR.

For winter wear, the Peplum should be made of cloth, or velvet. While this garment is



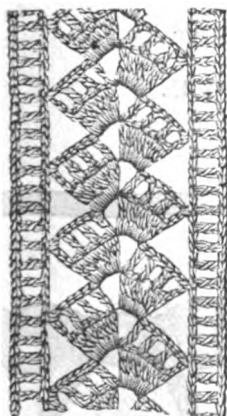
always substantially of the same pattern, it often differs in details. The design we engrave is, however, the very latest. The diagrams give the shape of the several pieces, with the sizes marked; and from them a paper pattern may easily be cut. In former numbers we

have given directions how to do this, and do not think it necessary to repeat the directions here. A good deal depends on the size of the lady for whom the pattern is to be made: and it would be well to fit the paper pattern to the person before cutting into the silk or velvet.



CROCHET INSERTION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



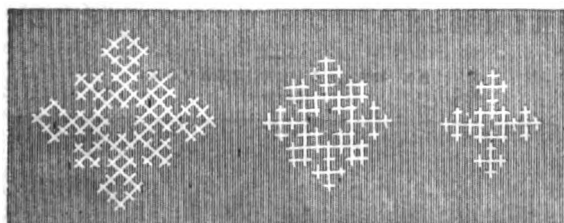
THE materials are a steel crochet-hook and white cotton; and the pattern is a very pretty one for trimming petticoats, drawers, bodices, etc.

Begin with the middle pattern, and crochet rows forward and backward crosswise. Make a chain of 10 stitches, and work upon this for the 1st row: 8 chain for the first treble, then 3 times alternately 1 chain and 1 treble, and with each chain pass over 1 stitch of the first chain, then 3 chain; with these pass over 1 stitch. The last 3 stitches of the first chain are to divide 7 treble.

2nd row: 8 chain for the first treble, then 3 times alternately 1 chain and 1 treble in the 2 upper threads of the second, fourth, and sixth treble of the preceding row; 8 chain and 7 treble in the hole of the scallop formed of 3 chain, which finish this row. Repeat the second row until the work is long enough; then work the straight border on each side, 7 chain, 1 single into the corner stitch of each leaf; then a row of 1 chain and 1 treble, passing over 1 stitch of previous row.

DESIGN FOR BOOK-MARKER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE materials are a small piece of perforated card; a sharp penknife; and some ribbon. The card should be laid upon a piece of wood, and cut according to our design with a penknife.

Then the little perforated patterns are sewn on to the ribbon with a few cross stitches, or are gummed on to it.

TAPE INSERTION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a new design represents a trimming of folded tape, in pattern for Tape Insertion, to be used for ladies' the proper size, for which take two pieces of drawers, petticoats, night-dresses, etc. The tape a quarter of an inch broad, and fold them,

as shown in the design, always upon the same side, first in a slanting, then in a perpendicular direction, so as to form a triangle in double tape; then carry the two ends slanting over each other, and make another triangle back to meet the first, which last will be single—so that

half the square will be single, the other half double, and the square must be of the same size as the space where the two tapes cross. Fasten with strong thread where the double triangles meet, and join the points to the material to be trimmed.

CROCHET NECK-TYE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

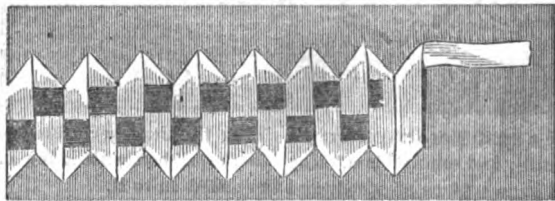
THE materials are a skein of crochet silk of any color; bone crochet-hook, No. 18, bell gauge.

Make a chain of six stitches, close in the form of a ring, and crochet always in double stitch every row the same until the tye is sufficiently long. The tassels, at both ends, are of silk, the separate ends of which are untwisted, so as to appear fine, smooth, and bushy. The tassels are made in the usual manner; the loose threads are bound together, and the second binding is made about a quarter of an inch below the first to form the head of the tassel. Then draw a thread up firmly from the second binding to the head of the tassel, so that a kind of puff is formed under it. This, of course, must be very neatly done.



TRIMMING FOR COLLARS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



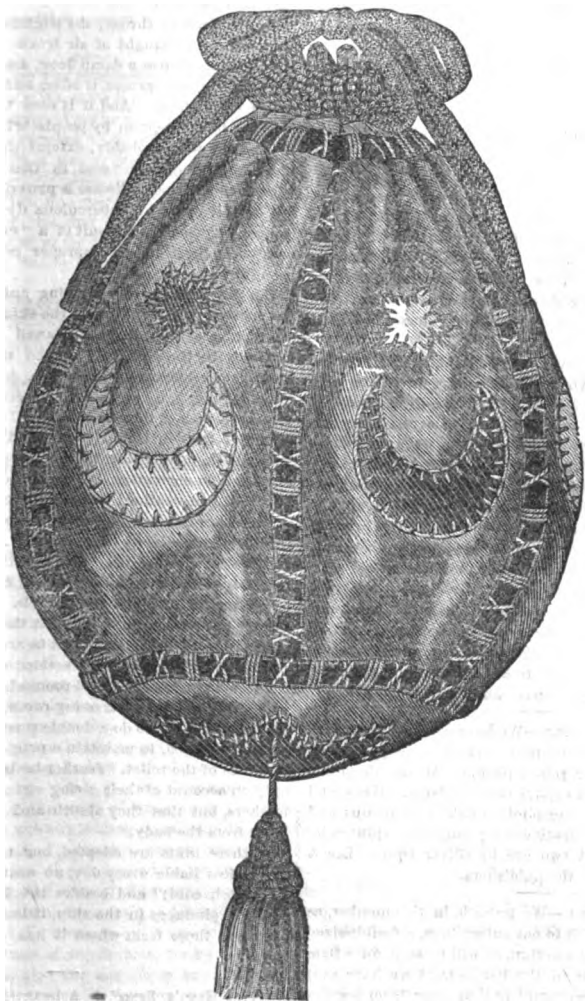
Fold linen, muslin, or cambric three times according to the design; then pass the ribbon double. Arrange it in shape, pointed corners, velvet, alternately, under and over through it

NAME FOR MARKING.

, Lora

TURKISH TOBACCO-POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



ORIENTAL designs are now all the rage in Paris and London. One sees them in carpets, rugs, shawls, everything. Some are called Persian, and some Turkish; and they are noted for the exquisite harmony of their colors. Of the two, the former are the more brilliant, and often, indeed, seem almost too glaring. We give above an engraving of a Turkish Tobacco-Pouch. It is made of colored cashmere, ornamented with stars and crescents of a contrasting color, appliqued and worked at the edges with silk of a bright color. After the four separate parts are joined together, a narrow black velvet is placed over the seams, worked over with bright-colored silk, according to our design. White kid, or chamois leather, is generally used for lining these bags. Ribbon-strings, and a tassel are needed to finish this bag.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1867. THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES.—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1867 to be found on our cover. We claim, there, that "Peterson" is cheaper than any other magazine of its kind, and, therefore, *the Magazine, above all others, for the times.* The proof of this may be established, not only by a comparison with other magazines—which we challenge—but also by the fact that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation* of any ladies' periodical in the United States, or even in the world.

The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. The arrangements for "Peterson" are such that all patterns are received in advance. *The principal editor was in Europe, all last year, making arrangements to this end.* Other magazines continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. The latest Paris, London, Philadelphia, and New York fashions are faithfully reported: "*Peterson*" never descends to a merely advertising medium for this or that dealer in millinery, cloaks, etc., etc., as some other magazines do.

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1867, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found in other ladies' magazines. While retaining the best of our contributors, all new writers of acknowledged ability are added, thus keeping "Peterson" always fresh.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish particularly to direct attention. Everything that is to be had in a three dollar magazine can be had here for two dollars, and much of it, as the newspaper press universally declares, of a higher quality than elsewhere.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fully presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.—We have received from J. S. Claxton & Co., No. 1226 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, several very nice books for young people. Among them are "The Prairie Crusoe," a capital story for boys; "Haste and Waste," a tale of a young pilot on Lake Champlain; and "Hope and Have," a narrative of a young girl captured by the Indians. The last two are by Oliver Optic. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, are the publishers.

OUR COLORED PATTERN.—We publish, in this number, as a sort of Christmas gift to our subscribers, a double-sized colored pattern. It is a design, as will be seen, for a Banner-Screen; and is one of the handsomest we have ever had. The pattern is so complete that it needs no description. Any cabinet-maker, if not carpenter, can make the frame and stand for this screen.

A WELL DRESSED WOMAN need not be necessarily expensively dressed. It is the style and fashion, not the mere material, that makes elegance of attire.

THE POSTAGE ON THIS MAGAZINE is twelve cents yearly, payable, every three months, in advance, at the place where the subscriber lives.

"THE FASHION-PLATES of Peterson's Magazine are unrivalled," says the Cony (Pa.) Democrat.

"CATCHING COLD."—There is at this season an almost universal tendency to "catch cold." This conventional expression signifies nothing less than inflammation of the mucous membrane which lines the nostrils, and extends throughout the respiratory organs to the most minute bronchial passages. The least current of cold air striking upon the neck or throat; the slightest exposure to a cold atmosphere; a draught of air from an open door or window; standing upon a damp floor, any one of these, to say nothing of graver causes, is often sufficient to provoke the dreaded complaint. And if it now be treated with stimulants, as is the custom by people who doctor themselves, the disease will, probably, extend down the windpipe to the lungs, producing "cold in the chest," accompanied with a cough, and a disease is provoked which frequently has a fatal ending. Tuberculous deposit upon the lungs is most frequently the result of a "cold;" and this is commonly caught from an improper condition of the body, brought on by carelessness.

The direct cause of "catching cold," very often lies in the want of proper bathing of the skin. The want of bodily ablution, generally, gives a relaxed fibre, and produces a tendency in the skin to be acted upon by the slightest atmospheric changes. There are, perhaps, a few exceptions to this, but not many. Excessive clothing may be dispensed with, if there is a daily ablution of the body, and plenty of friction thereafter applied to the skin. After a warm bath, upon rising in the morning, the skin is in a condition to encounter atmospheric changes, and even the effects of bad weather, without any cold being taken.

There are two convenient methods of applying water to the body immediately on rising: by means of the sponge, and by the shower-bath. The first is effected by sponging the body with water, either cold or tepid, according to the temperament and state of health. The process by the shower-bath is known to all—but the sponge is best. After leaving the bath, the skin must be well rubbed with coarse, warm towels to produce a reaction.

The temperature of a bed-room should never be allowed to become damp. A dressing-room, even when the sleeping-room is made to do a double purpose, should always be partially heated, to maintain a proper temperature for the purposes of the toilet. Feather-beds are objectionable, not only on account of their giving out animal matter from the feathers, but that they absorb and retain that which ex-hales from the body.

If these hints are adopted, our readers will find themselves less liable every day, no matter what the weather, to "catch cold;" and besides the beauty and suppleness bathing produces in the skin, it brings back the bloom of youth to those from whom it has departed, or is fast departing.

"THE KING'S RING" is a beautiful little quarto, with illuminated pages, published by Hurd & Houghton, and suitable for a Christmas or New-Year's Gift. The letter-press, a poem, is from the pen of Theodore Tilton; and the illustrations are by Frank Jones. D. Ashmead, No. 724 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has the book for sale.

"THE FAVORITE WITH US," says the West Meriden (Ct.) Recorder, "is Peterson's Magazine. And it is the cheapest, as well as the best."

ALWAYS HAVE A CHEERFUL LOOK OR SMILE, and you will be the happier for it, as well as make others happier.

THE BEST WAY TO REMIT is by a post-office order; the next best by a draft; and the next, by greenbacks, or the notes of any solvent banks. Only, in remitting, let nobody, if you can help it, into the secret; the fewer that know it, the more certainly there is of your money coming to hand.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOME" is the title of a new Magazine for juveniles, which is to be published by T. S. Arthur, of this city. Mr. Arthur is particularly qualified for such an enterprise. The price of the periodical will be \$1.25 a year, or five copies for \$5.00. Office, No. 323 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE BEST.—Says the Sandwich (Ill) Gazette:—"Peterson's Magazine is acknowledged to be the best for ladies. We cannot see how any lady, who has ever looked over it, can consent to do without it." And we could quote hundreds of similar notices.

"AT REVOIR."—This fine engraving is from a picture by Carl Becker, one of the first living artists of Germany. We are indebted for it, as for "The Lullaby," to the famous gallery imported by Bailey & Brothers, of Philadelphia.

"A MUCH BETTER MAGAZINE is Peterson's," says the Lancaster (Mo.) Excelsior, "than others, and at one-third less price, which is quite an item of itself."

"THE LULLABY" is engraved from a picture painted by one of the most eminent of modern artists. How the little thing hugs the poor puppy as she sings!

ENORMOUS CRIVOLINES ARE DOOMED.—Nobody wears them in Paris now.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Authorship of Shakspeare. By Nathaniel Holmes. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—This is an attempt to substantiate the theory of the late Delia Bacon, that the plays, attributed to Shakspeare, were not written by him, but by some other person. The argument, put in few words, is this. From what we know of Shakspeare, he had but little education, and was, therefore, incompetent to produce the plays in question. He seems to have cared only to make money, so that he might set up for a gentleman in his native town; he had none of the "noble scorn of self" which belongs to true genius. It is more probable that the plays were the work of some other person who had reasons for not acknowledging them; and that Shakspeare, as part owner of a theatre, was persuaded to copy them, to put them on the stage, and to let them be considered his. Of all the men of that day, young Francis Bacon, afterward known erroneously as Lord Bacon, for his real title was Lord Verulam, was the one most likely to have been the author of the dramas; for he not only was a poet, but he had, also, the multifarious knowledge which the dramas display, and which no mere wool-stapler's son could, in that age, have acquired. Moreover, for twenty-five years after coming to the bar, Bacon had very little practice, and consequently a great deal of leisure. Lord Southampton, the friend of Shakspeare, was also Bacon's friend, and it is suggested, was the go-between in this transaction. The argument, it will be seen, is a chain of mere probabilities. Destroy one of these links, and the whole is worthless. Now there is hardly one of the probabilities adduced in favor of Bacon, that is not stronger in behalf of Shakspeare. We have not the space to notice them all; we must content ourselves with only one. It is said that a man of the greatest genius, such as the world has held Shakspeare to be, could not have the vulgar love

of money which Shakspeare confessedly had. Yet Bacon himself loved it quite as much, and owed his fall to that weakness. Scott, also, the next greatest name, perhaps, in English literature, loved money and position, and wrote, mainly to make money, and not simply for fame. We fancy, too, that Dickens, as well as other less famous writers of our own time, would do very little work, if they won reputation only. The truth is, people, who talk like Delia Bacon did on this subject, hardly understand human nature. Quite as absurd is the attempt to impeach the fidelity of the bust at Stratford. Hawthorne considered it to be a genuine, though rude, likeness. So did Chantrey, the sculptor, who believed it to have been taken from a mask. We have seen the bust ourselves and coincide in these opinions. It is the head and face of a man with great intellectual powers, ideality being especially noticeable, but with animal propensities equally decided. Now nobody could have written the Shaksperian dramas who was not "of the earth, earthy," as well as, in other moods, pure almost to heavenliness. Ordinary thinkers will not understand that it is this union in the same person of such opposite qualities which makes the great genius; and hence the cant that the bust cannot be reliable, because it makes the "divine Shakspeare" look as if he was fond of good ale, which he undoubtedly was. It is inconceivable that a man of mature years, as Mr. Holmes appears to be, should be led away by such a fallacy. And his arguments, in other respects, are no better.

Beethoven's Letters. Translated by Lady Wallace. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—We cannot praise too highly the manner in which this house brings out its books. Type, paper, and binding, are all in the best taste. It is a real pleasure to have such volumes in one's library. Nor are the works, which Hurd & Houghton print, ever deficient in literary qualities. The present publication, as an example, is one of very great interest; it lets the reader into the heart of Beethoven, so to speak, as no mere biography ever can. A portrait and fac-simile of the great composer embellish the volumes.

Poems of Jean Ingelow. Illustrated. 1 vol., small 4 to. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is really one of the most elegant volumes ever issued from the press. It contains one hundred illustrations, from designs by Pinwell, Poynter, North, Houghton, Wolf, Dalziel, and others; is printed on the finest paper; and is bound in cloth, new style, full gilt, beveled, and paneled. Of all the books, published this season, it is the most suitable for a Christmas, or New-Year's gift. The volume contains, we believe, all the poems of Miss Ingelow, as yet given to the public.

The National Cook-Book. By a Lady of Philadelphia. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philad.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is really one of the best cook-books we have ever examined. It contains five hundred and seventy-eight new receipts, never before published, all comparatively economical, and every one of which the compiler, a practical housewife, tested. Most cook-books are too extravagant for ordinary families. This is just the one for every-day use. The volume is printed in large type on clear white paper.

A First Latin Reading Book. By William Smith, LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This contains an epitome of Cæsar's "Gallic Wars," and Lhomond's "Lives of Distinguished Romans;" with a short introduction to Roman Antiquities; Notes, and a Dictionary. The work has been edited, in this country, by Henry Driessler, LL. D., of Columbia College, New York.

An American Family in Germany. By J. Ros Browne. Illustrated by the author. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very entertaining book, both pictorially and otherwise. The descriptions of life in Germany are not only graphic, but accurate also; and much valuable information underlies the sparkling surface of humor.

The Great Rebellion. By John Minor Botts. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work, a prominent politician of Virginia, took the side of the Union, during the late war, and now narrates what he calls the secret history, rise, progress, and failure of secession. He also vindicates his own political career. The book will be perused, with great interest, by numerous readers.

Jennie June's American Cookery-Book. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: American News Company.—Nearly all the recipes in this book have been tested by the author, Mrs. J. C. Croly, popularly known to the literary world, and to thousands of readers, as Jennie June. It is really an excellent work of its kind.

Our Artist in Peru. By G. W. Carleton. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—This is an elegant little volume, with fifty humorous engravings, from drawings by Mr. Carleton himself. It is not often that a man is both artist and publisher; and it is even rarer to find him excel, as Mr. Carleton does, in both capacities.

Martyria; or, Andersonville Prison. By A. C. Hamlin. Illustrated by the author. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is a sad, sad story, yet one which, for the truth of history, required to be told. Let us hope that no such tale will ever have to be rehearsed again. The volume is very handsomely printed.

Saratoga. An Indian Tale of Frontier Life. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The scene of this novel lies principally at Saratoga, in the eventful year of 1787. The story is full of incident, and the interest is well maintained.

The Sanctuary. By G. W. Nichols. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a spirited tale of the late civil war, written by the author of "The Story of the Great March." The volume is handsomely printed and illustrated.

That Good Old Time; or, Our Fresh and Salt Tutors. By Vieux Moustache. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—A capital story for boys; the scene laid at Cape Cod. The book is printed and illustrated with taste.

Utterly Wrecked. By Henry Morford. 1 vol., 8 ro. New York: American News Company.—A new novel, by a popular American author; a cheap edition, in double-column octavo.

Kissing the Rod. By Edmund Yates. 1 vol., 8 ro. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A reprint of a late English novel. Mr. Yates always makes his stories interesting.

The Race for Wealth. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. 1 vol., 8 ro. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel, by that popular writer, the author of "George Geith."

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS.

THE NERVE FEAT.—Force a card, and when the person who has taken it puts it in the pack, let him shuffle the cards; then look at them again yourself, find the card, and place it at the bottom; cut them in half; give the party that half which contains his card at the bottom, and desire him to hold it between his finger and thumb just at the corner; bid him pinch them as tight as he can; then strike them sharply, and they will all fall to the ground, except the bottom one, which is the card he has chosen. This is a very curious feat, and, if well done, is really astonishing. It is a great improvement of this feat to put the chosen card at the top of the pack, and turn the cards face upward, so that, when you strike, the choosing party's card will remain in his hand, staring him in the face.

THE TURN-OVER FEAT.—When you have found a card chosen, which you have previously forced, or any card that has been drawn, and which you have discovered by

the means before described, in order to finish your feat cleverly, convey the card, privately, to the top of the pack; get all the other cards even with each other, but let the edge of your top card project a little over the rest; hold them between your finger and thumb, about two feet from the table, let them drop, and the top card (which must be, as we have said, the one drawn) will fall with its face uppermost, and all the rest with their faces toward the table.

TO TELL THE NAME OF A CARD THOUGHT OF.—Desire any person to draw seven or eight cards from the pack, and think of any one of them. When he returns them to you, place them at the bottom of the pack; but to prevent this from being noticed, attract the company's attention, by saying that as you intend throwing the cards on the table, it may be suspected that you will watch the eye of the party, to see which card he fixes upon, but to prove that this is not the case, you say you will turn your head aside; during this time you have continued shuffling the cards, but in such a manner that you do not remove the cards, which are at bottom, from their places; you then take five or six cards off the top of the pack, and throw them on the table, face upward, asking if the card thought of is among them.

Whilst the person is looking over these, you, secretly, take one card from the bottom of the pack, and place it on the top: when he says that his card is not in the first parcel, take off five or six more, (including the card which you have taken from the bottom,) and throw them on the table in the same manner as you did the former, taking care, as you turn your head away, to ascertain the card drawn from the bottom, as should he say that his card is in the second parcel, you immediately know that the card brought from the bottom was his; but, while he is looking at the second parcel, remember to bring another card from the bottom to the top of the pack, as, when all eyes are fixed upon those on the table, a favorable opportunity is afforded of doing so unperceived. You proceed in this manner, bringing one up, and throwing out five or six for examination, until the card has been seen; when, knowing which it is, you may make use of the *Turn-over*, the *Nerve Feat*, or any other you please, to make it known.

FAMILY PASTIMES.

UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHY.—This game may be played by any number of persons. One, by arrangement, is to leave the room. Meanwhile, the rest, with the knowledge of one another, are each to fix on some celebrated character. The absent person is then admitted, and is to address the following questions to each, beginning at the right:

1. What countryman was he?
2. What was his calling?
3. For what is he chiefly memorable?

Suppose Robert Fulton be fixed upon, the answers may be:—1. An American. 2. An inventor and navigator. 3. For bringing steam to perfection in propelling boats. Or suppose Edmund Burke, the replies may be:—1. An Englishman. 2. A statesman. 3. For his essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. It must be borne in mind that the last question will require some decided and not general answer, which must refer to some particular act, event, or thing.

If, from the answers to the queries, the questioner is enabled to guess the character referred to, he or she must pronounce it, and should it be correct, takes the seat of the one questioned, who must then leave the room, the others each furnishing themselves with a fresh character. The new questioner is then admitted, and puts the same three queries, always commencing with the person sitting on the right-hand of the previous questioner (so that all may thus be questioned in turn.)

Should the first party questioned baffle the inquiries, the questioner must address them to the next on the right-hand, and so on through the company, until a correct name is guessed, when the one who had fixed upon it must leave the room, and become the questioner. If the queries have been put to all without success, the same questioner leaves the room, and a new name is chosen as before. It may be made a game of forfeits, where parties are guilty of anachronism, or false answers, (which should be at once exposed by the rest of the company,) and also where the questioner addresses the queries to all unsuccessfully.

Among juveniles it may be made a game of reward, some older person being present to decide who among those questioned evinces the most correct biographical knowledge, and who, among the questioners, is the cleverest at discovering the names chosen.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEAT AND POULTRY.

Boiled Turkey.—For boiled turkey a hen-bird is to be preferred, because of its superior whiteness and tenderness, and one of moderate size is better adapted than a very large one for this mode of cooking. The turkey should hang four or five days before cooking. Truss it as for roasting, and stuff it with a forcemeat made of bread, herbs, salt, pepper, nutmeg, lemon-peel, a bit of butter, some suet, and a few oysters. Put the turkey into sufficient hot water to cover it; it is certainly whiter boiled in a floured cloth; remove all the scum as it rises, and keep the fowl well covered with water; let it simmer very gently for about an hour and a half, or for a quarter of an hour longer, according to its size. It may be served with either white celery, mushroom, or oyster-sauce, or simple parsley-butter, in which case a little should be poured over the breast of the turkey before sending up. Boiled ham, bacon, or chine, usually accompanies this dish.

Breast of Veal Stewed.—Brown the veal first by half roasting it; remove as many of the bones as possible, and then put it into a stewpan with some stock, a glass of wine, a piece of lemon-peel, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a carrot; let it simmer slowly on a hot hearth, with hot cinders on the lid of the stewpan; about half an hour before it is served, strain off the sauce and remove the herbs, etc.; put it then back with the veal, first thickening it with some flour browned with butter; let it boil up, to take off the raw taste of the flour; then add some pickled mushrooms, with their juice; and, when you serve, add some forcemeat-balls, which have been first fried, and are hot. To vary the appearance, the tendons may be cut off, and the remainder rolled into a nice round, and finished as before; season with salt and pepper. A ham-bone, or a bit of lean ham, will improve the flavor.

Beef Croquettes.—Mince some dressed beef very fine, melt a piece of butter in a stewpan, add three or four onions, chopped fine, and fried a pale brown; add a spoonful of flour, and moisten with a little good stock, seasoned with pepper, salt, nutmeg, and a little parsley, chopped fine. When the sauce is done enough, put in the minced beef, let it stew a short time till the sauce is dry, then form the meat into either balls or rolls, dip each into the beaten white of eggs; have some butter or lard hot, but not quite so hot as for other fries, or the balls will break; you must put each ball very gently into the frying-pan, shaking a little flour over them; roll them about gently in the pan to brown them alike, and when a good color, drain them in a cloth, and serve on dressed parsley.

Fried Sweetbreads.—Sweetbreads should be laid in warm water, with a pinch of salt in it, for an hour, to make them

white. Put them into cold water, and let them remain over the fire until they have boiled ten minutes. Cut them into slices, brush them with egg, and sprinkle over with bread-crumbs. Fry them in butter; each sweetbread will require one and a half ounces of butter. Serve with some good gravy, such as you would prepare for a fowl.

DESSERTS.

Pumpkin-Pie.—Procure a pumpkin of about sixteen pounds in weight, and cut from it about five pounds, taking care to pare off all the outside rind, which must be discarded. Then divide the fruit into slices as you would an apple. Have at hand three or four good-sized fruit of the latter character. Dispose of the pumpkins and apples together in a deep dish, adding to the slices one pound and a half of moist sugar, half an ounce of allspice, a sprinkling of cloves, the rind of a fresh lemon, throwing in a teaspoonful of sweet cider. Cover the dish over with a thick, plain paste, and let it bake in a steady oven for one hour; be careful to draw it before it becomes hard.

Citrus Frutters.—Cut up some sponge-cake, or the remains of any other kind of cake, into slices a quarter of an inch thick, stamp them out with a tin cutter into round or oblong shapes, soak them for a few minutes in a mixture of wine and cream sweetened, and flavored with a few drops of ratafia; dredge them with flour on both sides, and fry them in lard, of a light brown color; arrange them nicely in the dish, pour some melted raspberry-jelly round them, and serve very hot.

Canary Pudding.—Take three eggs, and their weight in sugar and butter; melt the latter without oiling it, add to it the sugar and the rind of one small lemon, very finely minced, and then gradually dredge in as much flour as is equal to two of the eggs. Stir the mixture thoroughly; whisk and beat well the eggs, and add them lastly. Again mix well together all the ingredients, and boil for two hours, in a buttered mould or basin. Serve with sweet or wine-sauce.

Ground-Rice Pudding.—One pint and a half of milk, three ounces and a half of ground rice, three ounces of moist sugar, one ounce and a half of butter, four eggs, and some grated lemon-peel. Bake slowly for half an hour, or longer, if not quite firm.

Cheese Soufflee.—Half a pound of grated cheese, two ounces of butter, two eggs, one gill of milk or cream; place in a dish, and bake a quarter of an hour.

SANITARY.

Wholesome Beverage.—From half a pint to a pint of sweet milk, boiled, to which is added a teaspoonful of curry-powder, and sugar to taste; drunk warm it will be found a grateful beverage for those of weak bowels, and who may require to go abroad on very cold, raw mornings before breakfast, and will be much better, nay, entirely supersede, the use of ardent spirits.

Purgative Biscuits.—Take one ounce of flour, one ounce of powdered sugar, two eggs, and one drachm of powdered jalap; let three biscuits be made, a quarter of one will contain five grains of jalap. This medicine may be taken once or twice a day, according to the effect.

Lotion for Chilblains.—Two ounces of spirits of wine; three pennyworth of camphor; three pennyworth of sugar of lead; one tablespoonful of water.

Cough Medicine.—Three pennyworth of laudanum; three pennyworth of essence of peppermint; three pennyworth of essence of anise seed.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Fatten Fowls or Chickens in Four or Five Days.—Set rice over the fire with skim-milk, only as much as will serve one day. Let it boil till the rice is quite swelled out,

and add a teaspoonful or two of sugar, but it will do well without. Feed the fowls three times a day in common pans, giving them only as much as will fill them at once. When you put fresh, let the pans be set in water, that no sourness may be conveyed to the fowls, as that prevents them from fattening. Give them clean water, or the milk of the rice to drink, but the less wet the rice is, when perfectly soaked, the better. By this method, the flesh will have a clear whiteness, which no other food gives; and when it is to be considered how far a pound of rice will go, and how much time is saved by this mode, it will be found cheaper than barley-meal. The pen should be daily cleansed, and no food given for sixteen hours before the poultry be killed.

To Make Toffee.—Boil three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of the best syrup or molasses in a saucepan upon the fire, stirring it the whole time to prevent it from burning. It should be boiled for at least half an hour, or until it hardens immediately on being dropped into a cup of cold water, and it is greatly improved by having a tablespoonful of vinegar put into it about ten minutes before it is taken off the fire, as the vinegar makes it crisp. Sometimes a little orange-peel, cut into slices, is also added. When sufficiently boiled it should be poured, while quite hot, into large, flat dishes, which have been previously buttered to prevent the toffee adhering too firmly to them when dry; and it is also a good plan to cut it across with a knife while it is hot, as it is very difficult to break when cold.

Toasted Cheese.—This is one of those dishes rarely well prepared, but when rightly done is very nice. Cut a slice of stale bread about an inch thick, (a day old,) pare off the crust and toast it a light brown—without making it hard; then cut a slice of good, fat, mellow cheese, (English, Gloucester, or Cheshire, is the best,) a quarter of an inch in thickness, but not as large as the bread by half an inch on each side, cut off the rind and lay it on the toast in a cheese-toaster, carefully watch it that it does not burn, and stir it with a spoon to prevent a pellicle or thin skin forming; have ready some good mustard, Cayenne, and salt. This is a “rare bit.” It must be eaten as it is prepared.

Cement for Broken China.—White of egg and alum mixed into a soft paste.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—BALL DRESS OF WHITE SATIN.—The velvet trimming is cut on the skirt, wide at the bottom, and narrower as it ascends to the waist. The front width is trimmed with ruffles of lace; and a narrow lace edges the velvet on the skirt. A small gold braid is sewed on in a graceful design. The waist is made low, and trimmed with velvet.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF ORANGE-COLORED SILK, made quite low in the neck, and finished with a narrow edge. The hair is arranged in puffs, very high on the head.

FIG. III.—GRENADINE DRESS OF GREEN AND WHITE, STRIPED.—The skirt is without trimming; the waist is very low, and is worn under a lace waist, which has long sleeves.

FIG. IV.—POLONAISE DRESS OF GREEN SILK, trimmed with blue velvet, cut bias, and laid on as in the design; trimmed around with black thread lace. A white lace bonnet, trimmed with pearls and green leaves.

GENERAL REMARKS.—No very decided change has taken place, in the style of making dresses, since our remarks of last month. Short dresses, in all varieties, are worn out-of-doors. Nothing can be more sensible than this fashion—for what is more untidy than the long trailing skirt in the street, or more annoying than to be obliged to hold up yards of silk or muslin whilst walking? These short skirts have another advantage, for partially worn out dresses can be cut and gored to look like new. The petticoat, or under-

skirt, may be either of the same material and color as the upper one; or, if preferred, of a contrasting color. For morning dresses, the gray cashmere, imitating Indian shawls, which were so much worn some years ago, are again in fashion. These dresses come woven in patterns; the body and upper half of the skirt being plain, and the lower half as gay and fantastic as can be imagined. The weavers of Lyons have suffered a great deal in consequence of the fashion of the past few years of wearing plain silks. Many more hands are employed in the manufacturing of brocades; so the French empress, in order to give employment to these men, is endeavoring to introduce figured silks again. This must, of course, in time make another revolution in the style of dress; for full flowing skirts will be indispensable to show off large brocaded patterns. Black silk dresses, trimmed with straw braid, and embroidered with straw, are fashionable.

BRETTELES OR BRACIS, on evening dresses, are very much worn; they have usually long flowing ends at the back, like wide sashes.

PEPLUMS are much worn for party dresses, (but not when bretelles are worn, of course,) made either of light-colored silk over white, or of white trimmed with ribbon and straw.

LONG TRAINS, for the house, are still worn; in fact, they are larger than ever. Nothing can be more graceful than this style of dress; but in small crowded rooms they are difficult to manage. Eugenie, who is the arbiter of fashion in Paris, is endeavoring to introduce short dresses for dancing; leaving the long, graceful skirt for matrons, and those who do not dance. It will take some time to reconcile our ladies to this fashion; but it is so obviously comfortable that we have no doubt it will be adopted.

PALETOTS, SACSQUES, etc., of all shapes and materials, are worn. Everything is the fashion which fancy may dictate. Many circulars have made their appearance. Very wide Venetian sleeves are worn, and others are cut so small that the hand will just pass through.

BONNETS are seen in as many different styles as mantles and sacsques. It is impossible to say what is the fashion. One of the newest and prettiest is the *chapeau mantille*. It is somewhat like the *Catalane*, (the square head-dress of Spain,) and has a long veil attached to it, which falls over the shoulders, and may be fastened in front, if desired.

THE HAIR is dressed very high at the back with a few small, loose curls falling at the side, or from under the chignon. Bands of velvet ribbon, in the old Greek style, pass around the head once or twice.

ORNAMENTS, of dead-colored gold, are very fashionable. Square ear-rings and brooches, in the style of the First Empire, are beginning to make their appearance.

HIGH BOOTS, tastefully made, will be indispensable with the short skirts. For the house, slippers with huge bows, rosettes, and buckles, are in favor.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is made of striped poplin. The basque is cut with deep scallops, and has bows and ends sewed on at each one, with a little hood, which is trimmed to match. Quilted bonnet.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL, made of merino, and braided to imitate *Marguerites* and wheat-ears.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A SMALL BOY, made of dark cloth. The jacket is trimmed with velvet and braid. Black velvet hat, and high leather boots.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL, made of light delaine, which is very plain, excepting the bretelles and apron, which are braided.

FIG. V.—DRESS FOR A BOY OF SEVEN, made of dark per⁴ trimmed with velvet and white buttons. The bl⁴ tightened by a belt.



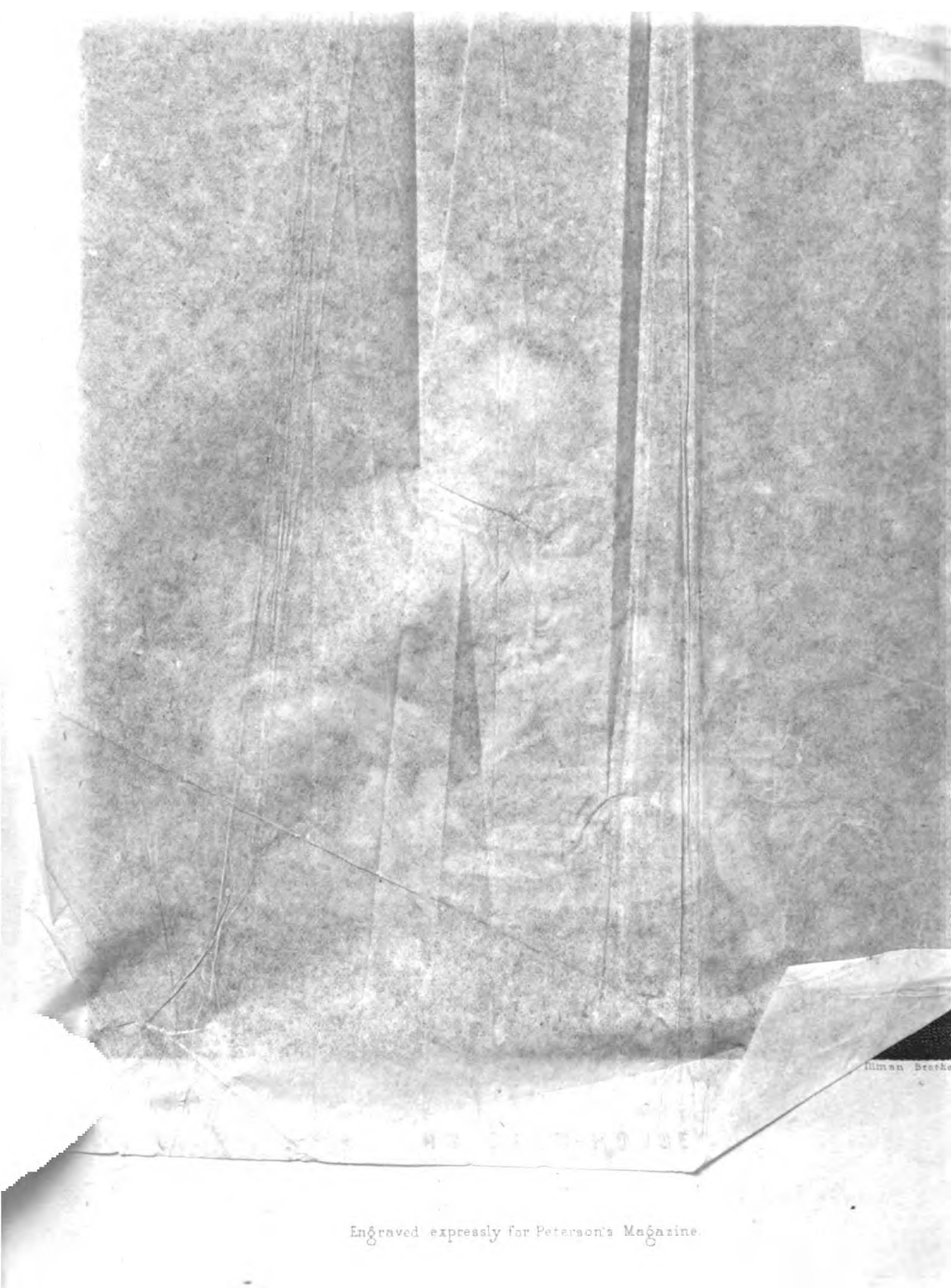
Painted by H. Kreitzschmar.

Engraved & Printed by Almon, Boston.

MAKING CARD-HOUSES.

Engraved expressly for *Fortenberry's Magazine*.

S MAGAZINE



Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

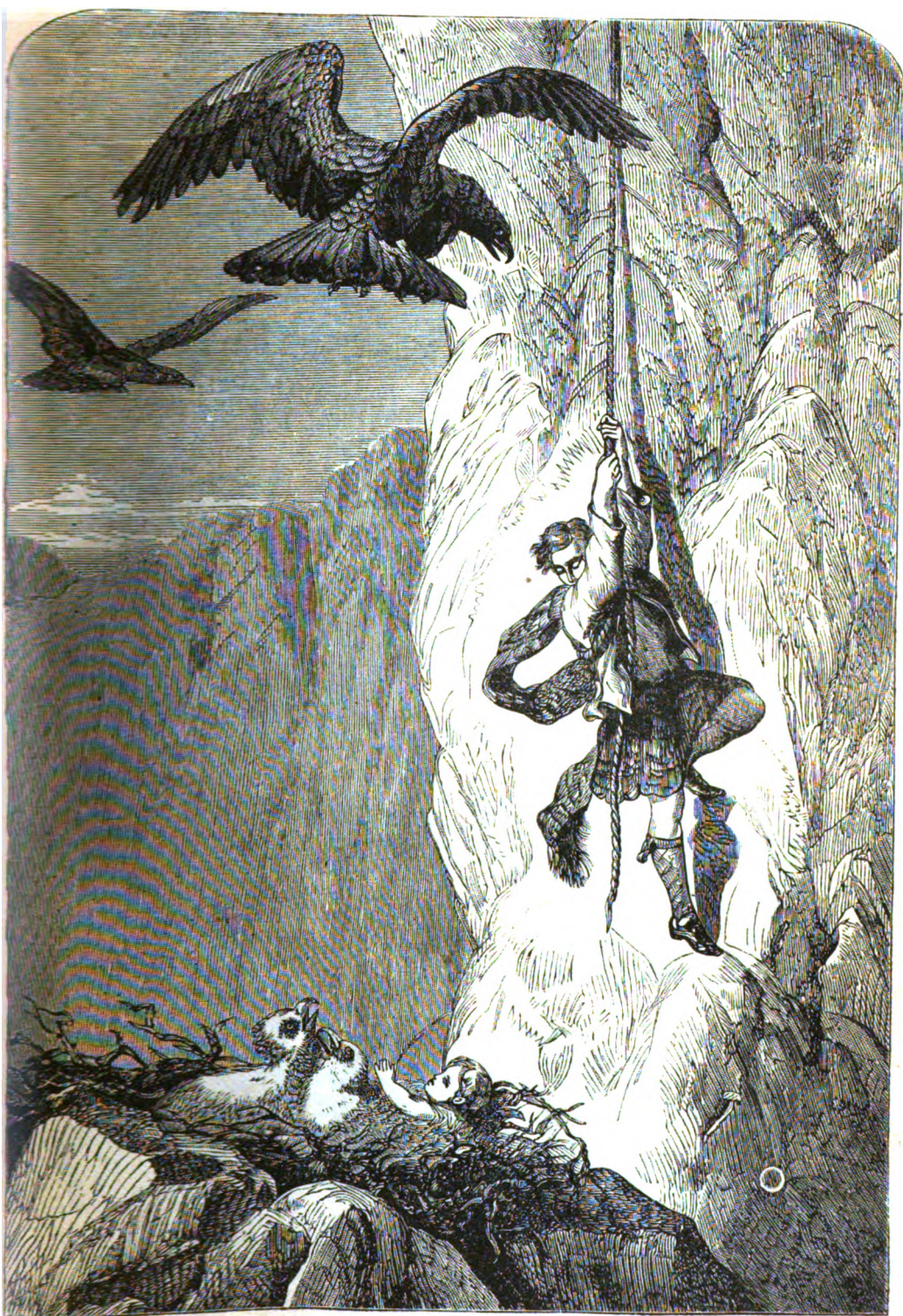


S MAGAZINE.

Peterson's Magazine, March, 1867.

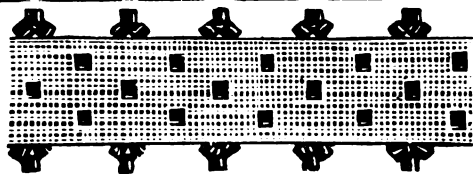


Lady's Toilet Slipper—braided on Velvet.



THE EAGLE'S NEST.

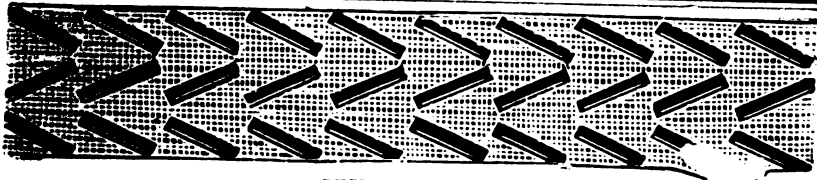




BUGLE TRIMMING.



NEW STYLE DRESS.



BUGLE TRIMMING.



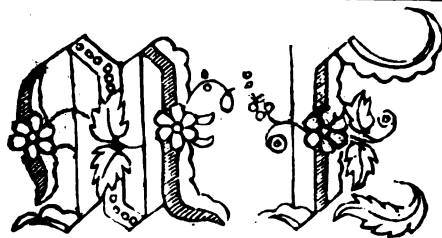
WALKING DRESS.



NAME FOR MARKING



NEW STYLE DRESS.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



NEW STYLE DRESS.



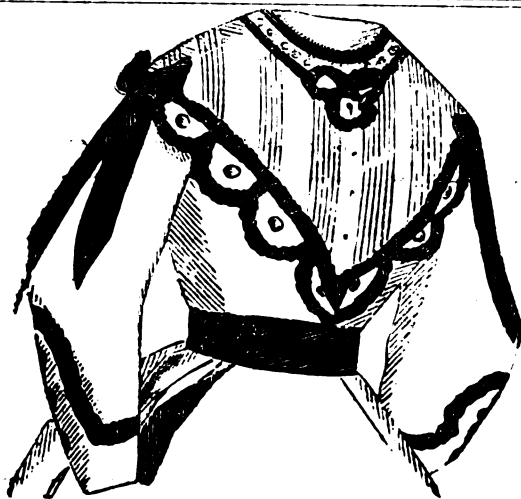
BONNET.



BONNET.



INFANT'S NIGHT-DRESS OF NANBOOK.



BODICE.



PEPLUM



VELVET BODY.

OVER MY HEART.

A BALLAD.

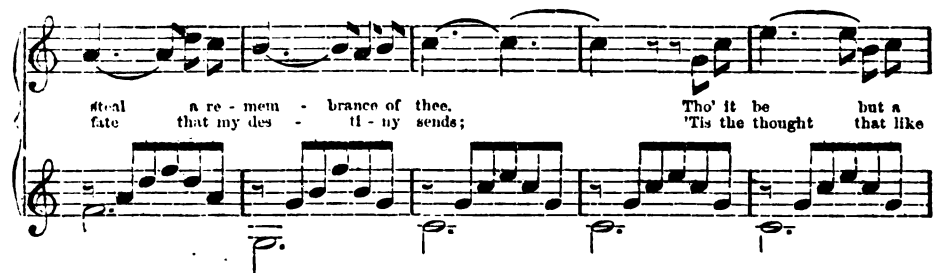
ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Published by permission of SEP. WINNER & Co., proprietors of Copyright.

GUITAR.



If o - - - - ver my heart In the dreams of the past, There will
If o - - - - ver I sigh from the depths of my heart, At the



at - a re - men - brance of thee. Tho' it be but a
fate that my des - ti - ny sends; 'Tis the thought that like



dream for a mo - - - - ment to last, 'Tis a sweet re - col -
oth - - - - ers we some day may part, And for - get that we



lec - tion to me. For I know that the years as they
ev - er were friends Yet I would that we nev - - - er, ah!

OVER MY HEART.

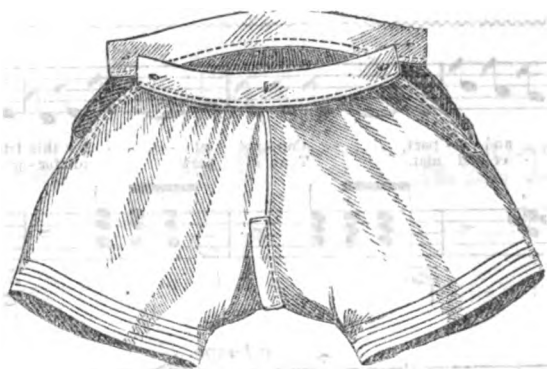
come and de - part, Can - not al - - - ter this friend-ship of
nev - - - er had met, Than to part all for - got - ten by

a tempo.
mine; And the wish that for - ev - - - er steals
thee; Yet I ask that the gift o'er thy

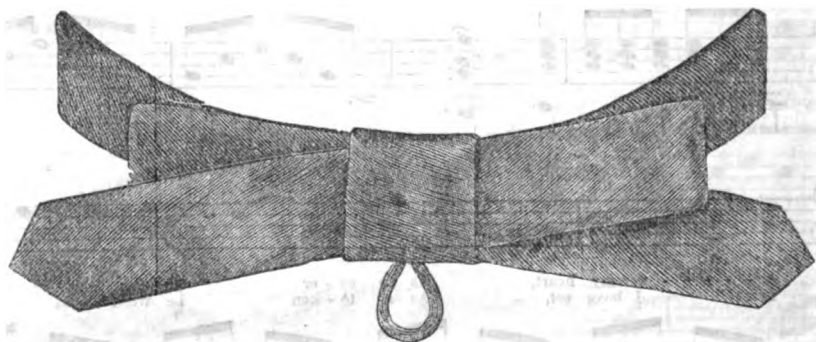
o - - - ver my heart, Is to ev - er be cher - ish'd by
heart I have set, As a to - ken be worn should it

thine And the wish that for - ev - er steals o - - - ver my
be. Yet I ask that the gift o'er thy heart I have

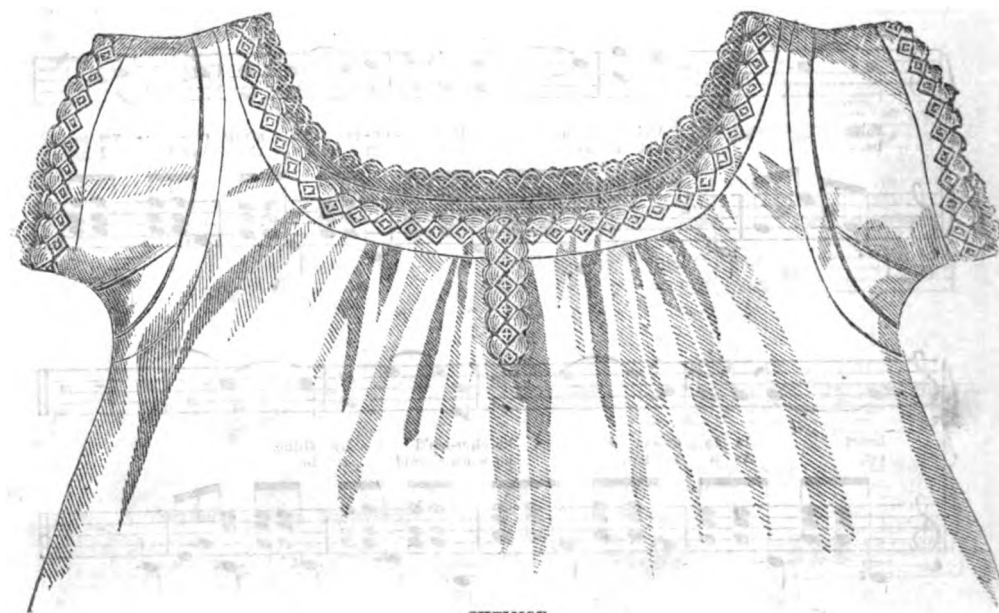
heart Is to ev - er be cher-ish'd by thine.
set, As a to - ken be worn should it be.



DRAWERS FOR LITTLE BOY.



GENTLEMAN'S CRAVAT.



CHEMISE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1867.

No. 3.

"DANDY."

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"ONLY a little black-and-tan terrier! By Jove! sir, he's a regular imp; and I'm half inclined to believe in something satantic reposing under his glossy black coat." And, with that vehement conclusion, Courtland Rochester brought his hand down on the table with a bang that made everything jingle; and, pitching his segar into the fire, stared blankly into Harry Lowry's face.

"How intensely good!" shouted the youngster appealed to, as Rochester waited for an answer. "Such a cool hand as you are, Court! Beats Livingston's go, 'pon honor, and promises more fun in the end. Tell me all about it, old fellow, and let off a little of the superfluous steam. If you don't, I won't answer for Mrs. Carleton's Sevres china the next time you happen to be in the vicinity of her drawing-room table."

"Well!" ejaculated Court, resignedly, but with an irrepressible gleam of fun in his eyes. "It sounds absurd, I'm aware; but if you'd been in my situation, I believe you'd have sworn a mild oath *sotto voce*. There's no use talking, Harry, I'm regularly 'spooney' for the first time in my life, and shall be awfully cut up if she— Well, she don't, you know, eh?" and the honest, handsome face grew scarlet as he fidgeted with the paper-folder.

"She's such a darling," he went on, enthusiastically, after a brief pause; "and I've been dancing attendance, off and on, this whole year past. My sole annoyance has been that confounded dog! Luckily he can't come to balls in her train, or she'd be walking in with him racing behind her! She's such an odd sort of a girl, too. I know she has plenty of heart, and *real* ballast at the bottom, or I shouldn't care half so much about her. But she's as full of mischief as—well, as 'Dandy' himself; and, heaven knows, the pair united are enough to drive a poor fellow out of his senses."

"But you haven't told me yet——"

VOL. LI.—12

"No," interrupted Court, "I know I haven't; I was coming to it gradually. Last evening, at Mrs. Clifton's, I got what I thought pretty fair encouragement; so this morning I determined to call, and if I found everything all right, ask her, out plain, in so many words. I walked into the library, and found Miss Puss curled up in her favorite lounging-chair, with Mr. Dandy, as usual, in her lap. Though I must do him the justice to say, that the very instant he beheld *me* he assumed a belligerent attitude, and saluted me with a series of barks and bites, both equally affectionate. Now, as I have always tried to make friends with the brute, it's, to say the least, ungrateful in that small quadruped to invariably seize me at the ankle, or gnaw at my hat, if I happen to have it in my hand. This morning his antics were even more playful than usual; and in a few minutes I saw that Puss was getting mischievous herself. Imagine a man trying to talk sentiment under such circumstances! However, I took it coolly, and she had blushed charmingly when she spoke of my flowers the night before. Ahem! never mind about that, Harry. We were sitting on the sofa, and I had been gradually drawing up a little closer, you know; had, in fact, taken her pretty little white hand, and was upon the point of raising it to my lips, when a little, cold nose was thrust in between us, and that infernal dog proceeded to 'sit up' on the sofa in the most wickedly pleading manner! Confound him! He even had a look in his eyes as if he was enjoying my utter discomfiture, (for it was no less;) and, just as Miss Puss burst into a ringing peal of laughter, Mrs. Carleton opened the door and walked in. Of course, I put as good a face on it as possible, and laughed also; but I never felt so like a fool in all my life! As mamma seated herself, I knew my opportunity was over; and so I very soon made my parting bow. And to-morrow

177

Miss Puss goes to Philadelphia for a six weeks' visit. Now I can't put it off, and yet I'm mortally afraid I shan't have another good chance. What shall I do, Harry? Hang the dog!"

"By all means!" said Harry, when he had recovered from his paroxysm of laughter. "Don't look so rueful over it, Court. But I'm a poor hand to come to for advice in so delicate a matter. Can't you write her a letter, my boy?"

"Never thought of it!" ejaculated Court, as if struck by sudden inspiration; "to be sure I can. I've got an idea, Harry, and I'll put it into execution this very night."

"All right, then," said his friend. "I must be off now to dine at the club. I suppose I shall see both you and Miss Carleton at the Harrington's to-night?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Court, "that I *did* find out this morning. Good-by, Hall; I hope it may all turn out right," and with a brightened face the handsome fellow turned to his writing-desk.

What a piece of work he made of it! I wouldn't venture to guess how many sheets of that pretty French paper, with its elaborate monogram, he spoiled before his letter was quite right. And then he rested his curly head on his hands, and as he read it over he dashed away a few bright tears. Nay, never be ashamed of them, Court, they do credit to your honest, loving heart, into whose depths Puss Carleton has crept so deeply. Just as he was sealing it another idea struck Court, and it was immediately followed. He tore off the envelope and added a postscript, asking the girl he loved so well to wear the flowers he sent with it, and let the shining camelias in her bright hair be a proof that she loved him. Certainly his evil sprite made him add:

"And if I do not see them, dear, I will conclude that you do not care for me, except as a friend, (which I hope I shall always be,) and shall try and take your dismissal calmly." As if he ever took anything calmly, foolish fellow! But then if he had not added that little "P. S." my story would never have been written.

No. —, Fifth Avenue, was just being lit up that evening, and the portly butler was somewhat out of humor. The fact was, he had found no alcohol in his taper, and was forced to resort to matches, which were not such an easy matter to that short and stout personage. So, when the door-bell had rung for the second time, he marched out and called over the kitchen stairs, but in subdued tones, lest they should reach his mistress' ears,

"Cook, send up the new girl to attend door, I'm too busy. Quick, I say."

The consequence of which was, that when Mr. James appeared in the hall again, he found the "new girl" standing with an open box in her hand, and she greeted him with a frightened,

"If you please, sir, the boy says would I give him the box again."

"Oh!" quoth James, crossly, "what is it? Flowers for my young lady's hair, I suppose. Here! you just take them into the library and lay them down, and I'll see to them when I go in to light up." The girl did as directed, and when she timidly entered the library, she looked about for some place to put the flowers. Finally she decided upon a small ottoman, which stood in the bay-window; an odd choice, but probably from a vague idea that they would keep fresher there. As she took them out, she discovered the letter accompanying them, and so put that also on the ottoman. Then, thinking her first commission was completed successfully, she drew a long sigh of relief, and went out to give the box to the boy. But she did not see the sole occupant of the apartment; nor was she aware that two bright black eyes were peering curiously at her movements over the edge of Miss Carleton's favorite chair. What evil spirit entered into Dandy nobody can conjecture; but the first thing he did after Margaret had closed the door behind her, was to jump down from his post of observation and march up to the flowers. Now Dandy's little mistress spoiled him dreadfully; and, moreover, she had never been able to cure him of a frightful propensity to tear up every tearable thing that came within his reach. Sundry of her little slippers, not to mention gloves and pieces of music, had come to grief between Dandy's small, sharp teeth; and no amount of whipping had been able to break him of his naughtiness. So his proceedings in the present instance were quite in keeping with past experience. What fun he had, to be sure! Every petal of poor Court's camelias was torn to shreds; and when they were totally demolished, he turned his attention to the letter. That he eyed very daintily; sniffed at it, marched round it, and evidently retained some slight recollection of his various whippings. Perhaps his conscience was a little smitten. At any rate, he did not offer to tear it up, but took it up carefully in his teeth, and ran off under the *etagere*. Mr. Dandy evidently knew that locality well, for, after playing with the epistle for a few moments, he commenced shoving it carefully with his paws and nose under a portion of the carpet which was not tightly tacked down. Finally he succeeded in getting it entirely in; and then, with an air of immense satisfaction,

he ensconced himself in the easy-chair and went to sleep.

In about ten minutes James made his appearance, and, after lighting the gas, looked round for the flowers to carry them up stairs. What was his dismay upon discovering the havoc that Dandy had made!

"Oh, you nasty black baste!" was his angry exclamation, as he discovered the culprit, now fully awake again and ready for more mischief. "It's not a whole bone I'd lave in your body, if I dared! And what *am* I to say! Faith! I'll just hold me tongue, and give that fool of a girl a good jawing besides." So, having arrived at that conclusion, Mr. James swept up the remains of poor Court's flowers, and consigned them to the grate-fire. Then he went into the pantry, and calling up Margaret, terrified the poor girl out of her senses, by a threat of her immediate dismissal if she "told on him." So frightened was she that she forgot to ask the fate of the letter; and when she thought about it afterward, concluded that Dandy had demolished that also.

While all this commotion, which so nearly concerned her, was going on down stairs, Miss Carleton was getting ready for the ball. And a dainty darling was Puss, as she put the finishing touches to her toilet about ten o'clock that night. Her name suited her admirably. Everything about her face and form bore the same look of exquisite finish; something perfectly inbred. The taper waist and snowy neck; the curling, dancing, yellow hair; and the soft, sunny blue eyes, were all so thoroughly girlish. Her arch, merry mischief was what convinced every one of her "kittenish" qualities. It was perfectly irrepressible; and even now, as she looked at herself in the long glass, first one mirthful dimple, and then another came, like ripples of sunshine, as she gleefully remembered Court Rochester's call, and Dandy's performances on that occasion. She was very sure Court would "do it" to-night; and, in spite of her mischief, Puss felt her cheeks grow carmine at the bare idea. So she took a farewell look at her lovely face, gave Dandy a parting caress, and ran rapidly down into the drawing-room.

It was as late as eleven, when Courtland Rochester made his way into Mrs. Harrington's crowded parlors. He was feeling rather nervous, this easy, *debonnaire* gentleman; and he half wished he had not "put it to the touch" in a letter. But it was done now, so he must make the best of it, and look round for the golden curls with his white camellias nestling

in them. It took him a moment or so to single out Puss among the dancers; and even when he did see her, he gazed for a minute or two as if half stunned. She was looking radiantly lovely in clouds of dazzling tulle, but the soft curls fell over pink moss-roses; there was no mistaking *that*! For an instant everything whirled around Court, and he had to lean against the wall to study himself; then, when the mist cleared away, he saw that she was dancing with Capt. Thornton, an Englishman of the Coldstreams, who had been devoted to her all the season. Perhaps the circumstance would not have struck him so forcibly, had not his quick ears caught a murmur of two dowagers behind him.

"They say Capt. Thornton is really in earnest. Have you heard that he goes on to Philadelphia with her?"

"You don't mean it? Well, I never would have thought Puss Carleton would be taken with that cold, distant Englishman."

He had heard enough, and a keen, bitter jealousy woke in the young man's breast. Should he stay, or leave before she saw him? Nonsense! there was lovely little Mrs. Forsyth standing without a partner; he'd go and ask her for this *deux-temps*; and if Puss didn't care—why, *he* didn't! How could he ever have been such a fool as to suppose any woman could be sincere!

With which cynical and comfortable conclusion, he made his way to the side of the married belle, and flirted outrageously all the evening. He did not pointedly avoid Puss; but he could easily be absent from the little belle's side without attracting attention, for Miss Carleton's card was always first filled at a ball, and this evening was no exception to the usual rule. But poor little Puss went home with a genuine heartache; and after she was safely in bed, with the gas out, she sobbed as if her heart was breaking, and wondered what she had done to make Court look at her in that grave, mournful way, as he did when he met her at supper? "Any way," she sobbed, indignantly, "he seemed to be having a very good time with Mrs. Forsyth. How that woman does flirt! I don't see how the gentleman can call her even good-looking! Red hair, too!" with which piteous reflection Puss turned on her pillow, and made valiant pretence of going to sleep.

The next six weeks were pretty sober ones for Court Rochester. In fact, as he had told Harry, he was "awfully cut up;" and the warm-hearted fellow could not get over it. Do what he would, the soft eyes would rise up before

him, and nothing seemed bright or gay to him any more. Puss did not come back; the six weeks lengthened into two months; and as yet Court had heard nothing of her movements. But one afternoon, late in February, as Court sat disconsolately in his office, down town, he was roused from his reverie by the entrance of Harry Lowry.

"I say, Court," said Harry, saluting him with a friendly knock on the shoulder, "come up and dine with me at the club, and then I've got a plan for this evening."

"What is it?" asked Court, lazily, pushing a chair toward Harry as he spoke; "you look sheepish, Hal. What have you been up to?"

"I'm in for it, my boy; actually 'been, gone, and done it'—that is, popped the question to the jolliest girl in Boston, Clara Townsend."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Court, in such profound amazement that he forgot to be congratulatory, "you have done it, Hal!" and then, at a sudden remembrance, Court flushed violently.

"Well, you see it's a clear case of destiny—and my last visit to the 'Hut' settled it. So last evening I escorted Clara down to stay for a day or two at the—the—Carletons; and I want you to go up there this evening with me, and call on my fair *fiancee*."

Court stared, took his feet down off the table, and gave a whistle of actual dismay.

"Now don't be foolish," Harry went on. "To be sure, I'm aware that Miss Puss got home two days ago; but you're a plucky fellow, Court, and I don't see why you should mind facing the music. Besides, you can't cut the Carletons, and set everybody talking by such an extraordinary proceeding; and, as Lent comes in next week, if you make a call now you needn't call again for an age."

How the blood rushed in a warm tide through Court's veins. What! going to see her again, his little, winning Puss? Some of his friends thought he ought to be angry and dignified. How could he, when he loved her just the same, even though she did refuse him so coldly? Hadn't he told her he would always be her good friend; and wasn't this a first-rate opportunity of proving that he knew how to be generous? And with a light in his bright eyes that had been a stranger to them for two months past, Court quietly announced his intention of complying with his friend's request. Puss Carleton was sitting in the library that evening with her cousin, Miss Townsend, but they were not talking much. Puss was stroking Dandy's glossy head with abstracted fingers, and jumped nervously whenever the door-bell

rang, and then was vexed at herself for doing so. And with every caress that she lavished on her dog, she was thinking of Court Rochester's face that night at Mrs. Harrington's, and pondering for the fiftieth time upon what iniquity she had unwarily been guilty of. So, when she did really hear footsteps in the hall, she never moved; but looked rather saucily up as Miss Townsend dropped her work in utter confusion, and Harry Lowry's face appeared in the opening door. But in one minute more Puss became angelically rosy, for Courtland Rochester was standing, hat in hand, before her. Luckily for Miss Carleton's composure, Dandy, true to his ancient propensities, sprang at the intruder, tooth and nail; and her half uttered "good-evening" was drowned in a hurricane of barks. But after a moment or so, the cheeks returned to their natural hue, and they seated themselves, and began talking like rational, well-bred people.

"What an age since you went away," said Court, without looking at her. "You don't know what a season this has been; the gayest since before the war. And to think you missed the Howells' grand *bal-masque*."

"I had a brilliant description of it, however; but I was just in the midst of the Philadelphia season, and could not have left possibly. Don't make such a noise!" this to Dandy, who was making an exploring tour round Mr. Rochester's feet, somewhat to the amusement of that gentleman, who retained a serio-comic remembrance of his description of that animal to Harry some time before. So these two foolish people sat there and talked commonplace for half an hour; at the end of which time Miss Townsend and her lover saw fit to take themselves off to the drawing-room. Court turned hot and cold when he saw them depart, and felt half inclined to dash desperately at the matter, and ask her if she would not reconsider her decision. Very possibly he might have done so, but Puss spoke first.

"What have you done to make yourself look so differently, Mr. Rochester?" asked she. "I have been puzzling ever since you came in. Oh! now I see; you have been cutting your whiskers smaller."

"Have I?" said Court, smiling. "You must be mistaken, for I have worn them so for a long time."

"But I'm positive the last time I saw you they were much larger; that was at Mrs. Harrington's party;" and the instant the words left her lips, she was dreadfully provoked at herself for saying them.

"So you remember that party?" said Court, and his voice shook a little. "I think that was the most miserable evening of my life."

The bright blood rushed up into Miss Carleton's face until it fairly tingled, and there was an instant's embarrassed pause while she cast about what manner of answer to make. Just at that moment, as she dropped her eyes in confusion, they fell upon Dandy, standing in wistful, patient attention before Mr. Rochester, holding daintily between his teeth a note, or a letter.

"Why, Dandy!" exclaimed his mistress, "what have you got there? You naughty dog; lay it down, sir!"

But the mischievous imp, as if he knew quite well who was its lawful owner, only wagged his tail, performed a little *pirouette* on his hind legs, and shook the paper at her; sure sign that Mr. Dandy desired a frolic. Court glanced down at him; surely that scarlet "C. R." in monogram was very familiar? In another second he had captured his small enemy, and there lay his last letter with unbroken seal at his feet!

And Puss, who had watched this rapid proceeding with the utmost amazement, found her little hand caught in Mr. Rochester's, as he began incoherently enough,

"The letter—mine, you know; and you never wore the flowers; and oh! my darling Puss, I've loved you so fondly all this weary while!"

The last sentence being the only intelligible one to her, Puss looked almost as if she thought he had taken leave of his senses.

"Say you care, my darling," he pleaded, rapidly. "Promise to give me the right to love and take care of you always."

But Puss was mistress of the situation, for she looked archly up at him, and said, with a wicked little smile,

"My letter, if you please, sir! My letter that I've wanted for some time!"

When Harry and his fair *fiance* returned to the library, they found a very different looking pair from the dignified one they left.

"Why, halloo!" said Harry, staring in sheer amazement. "You don't mean to say——"

"Indeed, I do," quoth Court, radiant with his new-found happiness. "I'm only the happiest man in the United States; that's all!"

"And how did you ever——"

"Thanks to Dandy," broke in Court. "Where's the little wretch vanished?" And when they turned to look, they found him comfortably seated in Mr. Rochester's hat, with a totally demoiished glove in his paws.

"My angel in black-and-tan!" cried Court; and then Puss fell into peals of laughter, as Harry related, with sundry embellishments, the description Court had once given him of a call made under trying circumstances. And, of course, Mr. Dandy was immediately fallen upon by both the ladies, and kissed and hugged until his bites and barks became perfectly unbearable.

"All's well that ends well." Puss Carleton made an angelic little bride that spring; but Court has always declared that the greatest feature at his wedding reception, gayly attired in a new silver collar, bestowed especially for the occasion, his black eyes dancing with impish mischief, was the redoubtable and irrepressible "DANDY."

SAINT SYLVESTER'S-EVE, 1866.

BY JULIET CORSON.

Oh, wind! that risest from the sea,
And blowest broad across the land
The dead year's dirge so bitterly,
One long, low wail from Wintry strand.
How mournest thou, while unchecked tears
Fall fast at thought of this year's birth,
Its wealth of hope, its coward fears,
Its glories passed from all the earth?

Ye fill my soul with sharpest pain,
This sudest of the Winter eve.
Oh, wafting wind! Oh, beating rain!
How sob ye over thick-strewn graves
To-morrow's sun will shine upon,
Quick'ning to warmth and greenery,
That on the young year's new-wave crown
No dismal blight of death may be.

Come quickly from thy dreamy rest,
Dear maiden Spring, in Southern bowers!
Cast down thy violet-broidered vest,
And all thy robes of scented flowers,
To hide those ugly furrows cut
So deeply in the breast of earth,
Wherein most precious seed was put
To wait, through dreamless years, new birth

And shall it live again? Ah! well,
Such knowledge would be bought with life!
One dies, but never comes to tell
What follows; if we rest from strife,
Or if, through scenes more and than these,
Our weary way still leads us on—
Still points us to some land of ease,
Some rest, some quiet, to be won.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

To use what is best in a woman to influence her toward what is worst—this, surely, were sacrilege. And this was what Solomon Welch was trying to do; for, certainly, gratitude and filial devotion are among the best fruits of the soul; and, as certainly, to make, for whatever reason, a mercenary marriage is one of a woman's deepest crimes against womanhood.

He knew perfectly well that Agnes Deering did not love him; yet he coveted the brightness of her beauty, and meant to bribe her into being his wife. Not through any fair proffers for herself—even he knew what she was better than that—but he tempted her continually with the vision of those two old people, whom she called father and mother, made comfortable for life. If they had been of her own blood, she would, perhaps, have felt that she owed them less; but her father had died before she was born, stricken down, away from home, by a sudden and swift illness; and her mother had lived long enough to kiss just once her baby's lips, and call her "Agnes," and then had gone home to that baby's father. She died, the physicians said, of an incurable disease of the heart, hereditary in her family, but developed and hurried to its issue by her great grief.

It was then, when Agnes was but a few hours old, a wailing, sorrow-stricken baby, that father and mother Deering took her into their hearts, as into their home, to be as their own child, from henceforth. It was not from any tie of kindred, or even from any special friendship for the dead; but just from the Christ-like sympathy of those two souls.

And this was why, because they had cared for her from no obligation of paternity, or even kinship, Agnes felt her obligations to them more keenly than if she had been flesh of their flesh; and suffered more when she saw, through one misfortune after another, their worldly possessions wasting away. She tried her best to help them; but she was only a girl, frail as beautiful; and her needle, her only weapon, was a lance too slender to do stout battle in the tournament of life. So she saw, and was tortured to see them do without one accustomed comfort after another, just at the age when they began to need comforts as they had never

done before. And then, at this juncture, came Solomon Welch, and tempted her.

Very cunning he was, one of "the children of this world," wise in his generation. For a long time he only sympathized with her in neighborly fashion, albeit with a little of the grand seignior air, about the evident decline in the health and strength of her parents. They needed building up: might he send a few bottles of such port as he knew they could get nowhere else in Bloomfield? They ought to drive every day: might he not send his carriage for them, now and then, when the day was particularly fine?

Then, when he had earned, by being kind, the right to some of her society, and a certain measure of complaisance, he insinuated, rather than directly told her, what he would do for them, if she were his. He made her understand that he dared not hurt her pride, or theirs, by offering too much, as things now stood; but that their old age should be luxuriously ministered to, if he had but the right. He was crafty enough to "hasten slowly." He made the idea of being his wife familiar to her mind, by gentle hints, long before he put it plainly, in so many words, before her. She had got used to thinking of it, as a last resort, when ill-fortune pressed upon them too heavily.

At last, as if the Prince of the Powers of the Air had suggested to him that his time had come at last; when the long, cold winter was at its depth, and want and care pressed the Deering household more severely than ever before, Mr. Welch overtook her one day, as she plodded home from the village through a moist, comfortless, steady-falling snow, and making her get into his elegant sleigh, wrapped her in soft robes, put a warm stone at her stiffened feet, and so lifted her, as it seemed, out of the slough of despond into the charmed air of another sphere, a sphere of comfort and luxury.

Then, sitting beside her, while his colored servant drove them on through the storm, he asked her to be his wife. To her, half stupefied by the sudden change from cold discomfort to warmth and shelter, the question seemed to present itself in but one aspect—would she rather walk, as she had been walking, through

told and storm, or sit here by his side? Her mind seemed in a state too dreamy and confused to answer him; but when he pressed her, she woke up a little to one other aspect of the case.

"But I do not love you," she said, still dreamily, "I do not love you at all."

He smiled, looking with calm assurance into her great, sad, passionate brown eyes.

"I think love comes, after marriage, with most women. You will love me when you see how kind and patient I shall be, how happy I shall make you. I am content to risk it."

A single gleam of mischievous fire flashed in the sad, brown eyes, as she turned them upon him, with curious wonder at this man who had lived more than fifty years, and yet knew so little of womanhood.

"Well," she said, going back to her dreamy tone, her dreamy attitude, "so be it. If you care to try the experiment, have it as you will."

The old people were puzzled that night when she told them that she was engaged to Mr. Welch. She spoke of him with becoming respect. She would not call him old Solomon any more. They had never thought of his wanting to marry their Agnes, and the idea, entertained for the first time, disturbed them.

"Do you love him?" mother Deering asked, simply.

A singular smile crossed Agnes Deering's face, and left a trace of bitterness about her mouth; but she answered, tranquilly,

"I have discovered him to be kind and generous, and fond of me. That seems a good foundation for the love which Mr. Welch says comes after marriage to most people."

"It came before marriage to me," and the old wife looked across to the husband, who had shared almost forty years of her guileless life, with blue eyes not so dim yet that the light of the dear old love could not brighten them. "My heart misgives me, Aggie—I believe love ought to come first, just as preparation of heart comes before the Supper of the Lord."

"I have made up my mind," the girl said, slowly, pausing to kiss the placid face which love and truth made so beautiful under its silver hair; "and you must not frighten me at the outset."

"No, child," it was the voice of father Deering which answered, "we will not say anything to give you pain. We must not be selfish; though when you go you will carry our sunshine with you."

"When I go, you will go. Did you think I was going to leave you in your old age; you

who have sheltered and cared for me all my life? Mr. Welch understands that I will never go into any man's house without you go with me. Tell me, are you unwilling to leave this home? for if you are, I shall stay with you in it."

"Nay, child, nay, we can't keep you here against your will, and we'll e'en shut up the old house and go with you for awhile; though we'll keep it to come back to when Mr. Welch gets tired of seeing such old faces round. Only, darling, think of it well, and make pretty sure that the love will come before you try it."

"Mr. Welch may as well get tired of seeing my face when he gets tired of yours," Agnes answered, proudly, taking no notice of the last part of father Deering's sentence. Then she kissed them both, and went away to her own room.

She had never loved any man in her twenty-two years of girlhood; but she had come dangerously near it five years before. If Giles Hampton had asked for her heart he would have won it; but she was too proud to give it quite unsought. He went off to China, where some friend of the family was ready to put him in the way of making his fortune, and he had remained ever since among the queer people at the antipodes. She thought then he had left her heart-whole. But she knew, in the silence of her own soul to-night, that she cared more for one curl of his chestnut hair than she ever should care for this man, who was going to buy her with such royal bounty.

She took out the slight relics of that five-years-ago summer—a few flowers, a book, a scrap or two of tender poetry, cut out of newspapers; only such trifles, and yet she felt as if she were burning something more precious than all Solomon Welch's gold could ever buy, as she held them, one by one, in the flame of her candle, and watched them shrivel away into white ashes. Then she thought she was free of Giles Hampton. She was going to be her own mistress, and never think of him again—why not?

I cannot stop to chronicle the details of Mr. Welch's days of betrothal. The purchase-money was disbursed liberally. The three months, between the engagement and the marriage, began with a diamond ring of matchless splendor; and ended with a bridal-veil, which was at once the envy and the despair of every female eye in Bloomfield.

And so, at last, Agnes Deering married. I write the word reluctantly of such nuptials. To my mind she fell from her high estate of

purity, almost as much as though no marriage ceremony had been performed; for marriage, where no love is, ceases to be sacramental.

It was the proudest day of Solomon Welch's life—the day he led her to the altar; the proudest day he ever had seen, or would see. She looked wonderfully beautiful, with her white silk and orange flowers, the misty splendor of her bridal-veil falling about her, and the diamonds he hung that morning in her ears, and fastened at her throat, glittering through it. If she looked as cold and proud as she was fair, that did not suit him ill, either; you know it was his theory that love should come after marriage.

He took her home, when their bridal-tour was over, to his splendid house, the princeliest mansion in all Bloomfield; and then, when they settled down there, it appeared on his programme that she was to love him. He had begun by this time to be tormented with devouring thirst for such a return for the "wordly goods" with which he had endowed her. Father and mother Deering had been established, during the absence of the married pair, in the Welch mansion; and when the master of that abode saw his wife greet them; saw the swift color on her cheeks, the sudden light in her eyes, the eager smile, he knew what the language of lips and eyes might be, and never had been for him; and a root of hate was planted in his heart, which would bear bitter fruit by-and-by.

For, as time went on, he found out that she had given him, indeed, her youth, and grace, and beauty, but not her heart—never her heart; and he had but revealed how little he knew of womanhood when he expected to buy that wild, free thing with his gold, or bind it to him with priestly rite. A nobler man, indeed, if he had shown her large and grand forbearance, might have won her, in time, by his very patience. Gratitude was strong in her, as the two old people knew well. If Solomon Welch had been able to control all manifestation of displeasure, to emulate Agnes in care for their comfort, to surround her and them with a love that was unselfish, that gave all, and asked nothing, he might at last have been rewarded in full measure; but if he had possessed this grand patience of nature, he would not have been Solomon Welch.

He was disappointed, and he did not scruple to show it. All that was base, and insolent, and mean, and grudging in him came to the surface. Toward the two old people, especially, he displayed it; made them uncomfortable, in-

sulted them, humiliated them, until at last, even for Agnes' sake, they could bear it no longer, and they came to her one morning, with tears in their eyes, and told her they were going away. She knew what they had suffered, and had no heart to entreat them. She went instead to Solomon Welch. He was startled when he saw her eyes glitter, and beheld how tense the lines were about her mouth. He hastened to set a chair for her.

"Are you ill?" he managed to ask.

She glanced at him with lofty scorn.

"No, I am well—too well. Mr. Welch, I did not deceive you when I married you. I told you I did not love you, and that I married you simply for the sake of those two who had cared for me all their lives. Whether you could have won my love, after our marriage, by any course, I know not. At any rate, the one you have pursued has *not* won it. But I have some rights, for which, God knows, I paid a heavy enough price. I mean to have them. The first is the right to make those two comfortable. You have outraged and insulted them, and they cannot stay here; they are going back to their own home. Shall I go with them; or, if I remain here, will you give me a thousand dollars a year, with which to provide for them?"

"A thousand dollars a year! They are not used to having half that to live on!"

"I married you that they might have more than they were used to. You would scarcely miss a thousand a year from your income; I will not offer them less than that in lieu of my presence in their home."

"Mrs. Welch, you are unreasonable."

The proud, beautiful face never changed from its expression of cold scorn.

"I am waiting for your decision," she answered, coolly.

He went to a drawer and took from it a blank check-book, and drew a check for a thousand dollars.

"That will be honored," he said, as he handed it to her. "If I bought you, as you say, I will pay the price; and, perhaps, you will care a little more for me when they are gone."

She made no reply.

"This is what you are to have each year," she said, when she put the check into father Deering's hands. "If you will use it, I will stay here and try to learn patience. If not——"

She did not finish her sentence. She began to cry passionately.

"Go away," she said. "I cannot bear this scene. Use this money to buy some comforts for yourselves. Let me think *you* are better off

for my being in the world, or my heart will break."

For her sake, rather than their own, they humbled themselves to use the money. It comforted her strangely to see unaccustomed luxuries in their simple home; to feel that they lacked nothing which gold could buy. But it was the last payment Solomon Welch was forced to make. Before they had been back in their own home a year, they died—died within two days of each other, and were buried in one grave.

Then Agnes Welch felt herself alone in the world; for, if the man she had married counted for anything, it certainly was not as comfort or consolation that she reckoned him. There was a silent enmity between them, which gathered force every day, and flourished the more rankly because it was a secret growth, which no spectators were invited to witness. He felt himself defrauded, in that she had not given him her love; forgetting that she never promised it to him, and that to marry her without it was an experiment he had voluntarily chosen to try. She, on her part, remembering how short a time her father and mother had lived; how cruelly he had contrived in that brief space to humiliate them, felt that the price for which she had sold herself had not been paid.

But she never complained, or sought any sympathy—of whom, indeed, could she have sought it, utterly alone as she was? She went into society whenever Mr. Welch wished it; wore such dresses and such ornaments as he chose for her; appeared in his livery, she phrased it bitterly to herself; contented that since he had no other joy of his bargain, he should claim the right, when he chose to display it.

Father and mother Deering had been dead two years. She was twenty-six years old, and had been married four years; when one night she went to a festival, listlessly as usual, and came back from it a new woman; with more than the old light in her eyes, something deeper than the old crimson on cheek and lip, a subtle fire that ran through her veins and made her heart beat fast. She had seen a face that she had not looked upon for nine years; and she had read in it, with her quick woman's intuition, an interest as keen as that of the old time, though sadder. Giles Hampton had come back.

After this they met frequently. Neither of them understood what danger was in these meetings. Hampton had loved her once; and once with him meant always. He had not told her, in the old days, because he wanted to be

a rich man before he married; and he was too generous to bind her by a long engagement. So he went away and made his fortune, and came back to find it worthless as husks. But still he hovered round Agnes. He meant to be a true man, and true friend; but he was tempted subtly when he saw the one he loved stung every day by petty tortures. Agnes felt and understood somehow the pity he never uttered; and, unconsciously, it soothed her with a sweetness in which she dreamed of no danger.

One only understood the whole thing thoroughly; and knew just where these two were drifting. Solomon Welch had read from the first every heart-beat; and, reading, Satan had suggested to him a plan by which he might get rid of this woman who had never loved him. So he looked on coolly as Mephistopheles; treated his wife with a little more transparent contempt, a little more exasperating insolence than usual; and, finally, when he thought matters were ripe, went away, with some parade of preparation, to be gone a week.

During his absence, Hampton came to the house daily, as, indeed, he had done before. After all he had seen, not to offer his sympathy was impossible. And with that, and despite all prudence, came the confession of his love: such a love as Agnes Welch had hungered and waited for all the years of her life. They talked about it always, however, as something that might have been; a dream whose hour was past, until the very last day of Solomon Welch's absence, the afternoon on the morrow of which he was to return. Then, Hampton scarcely knew how himself, bolder words came to his lips; a hurried whisper about going away, a passionate prayer that she would go with him, vows of a constancy which should never fail, a love which would last unto death, and after it.

And Agnes listened till he ceased; too sad, too humble, too heart-broken to resent it immediately. Then she rose and said, "God help us both. We must part now, never to meet again."

In vain he implored. She rose, white as death, but resolute, and tore herself away.

"Think better of it," implored Hampton, following her to the door. "You can't be so cruel. I will come to-morrow for my answer."

In the morning he came, came to a silent house, at whose crape-hung door he dared not ring. But Agnes' maid saw him, and came down to him with her story of woe. She had gone into Mrs. Welch's room that morning, and found her sitting motionless before the table at which she had been writing. A moment more,

and she had discovered that her mistress was dead. She had seen that the note, on which the cold hand rested, was addressed to him; and had taken it away before she called any one. She put it into his hand as she spoke. His fingers closed on it mechanically, and he asked, with a sort of petrified composure, if they were sure she was dead, if there was no hope.

"None at all," the girl answered. "We have had two doctors here, and they say it was disease of the heart; and one of them, old Dr. Stone, remembers that her mother died just so. It ran in the mother's family, he said, this sort of disease. None of them could stand trouble long, and heaven knows she has had trouble enough, poor lady!"

"Can I see her just once?"

The girl let him in, she said afterward, out of pity. She was afraid he would go crazy, his face was so white and still. So she opened the door and beckoned him up stairs. He went in alone where she lay—the woman for whom he had been prepared to sacrifice all the rest of his life; she, with the long lashes resting on her marble cheeks, the dark hair sweeping back over the pillows, the still, noble features, the stirless hands. Cold, dumb despair changed to living agony as he looked.

He bent down over her. In life he had never once kissed those lips, and now they would not thrill or quiver at his pressure. But he kissed them, long and wildly. Alive, she had been beyond his reach; dead, if not his, she was no others. He kissed the cold, still face with lips that would never again touch any woman's, after this last farewell of his dead darling.

Then he went out, and took the letter she had left for him into the summer-house, where he had sat with her the day before. It was dated early in the morning; and in it she told him that she had been awake all night, praying for him and for herself. She said she could not

see him—would not trust herself to see him. In these few half frenzied sentences he read how dear he was. But she implored him, she commanded him, as he cared for what was more than her life, her soul, to put land and sea between them; for, so help her God, she repeated, she would never see him again.

And God *had* helped her—he had called her home. Giles Hampton knelt down in the still summer day, and gave thanks to heaven that she was dead; dead ere she had done one act for which she need to blush before angelic eyes; gone back, unstained, to the mother's bosom, the heavenly love. What if she had taken with her the light of his life? What *was* life, this short life, that for it one should put in peril a whole eternity? The wrench, which parted her from him, had parted her from earth as well. No matter! It was but the Father's way of taking his tired child home.

In this mood of strange and grateful exaltation hours passed over him, before he realized that there might be those who would consider his presence in that place unfitting or intrusive. He got up to go. As he passed out of the grounds, he met Solomon Welch coming in. The man who had loved Agnes, and the man who had hated her, stood face to face. Then Welch said, with a devilish sneer,

"Alone, are you? You haven't made good use of the time I gave you."

"Hush!" Hampton answered, sternly. "She is dead! You have broken her heart: be pitiful to her dust. Leave her her good name. You know, and God knows, that the earth held no purer woman."

He went on without stopping to see how ghastly Solomon Welch's face grew. He had lost his wife in a way very different from what he had planned. Neither man nor woman ever knew whether he was glad or sorry. Let heaven judge him.

LITTLE ANNA.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Lonely is the home thou hast left, little Anna!

Lonely are the hearts that have loved thee and lost;
Sadly the hours wear away, little Anna,

While they think of the dark rolling river thou hast crossed.

Mournfully your father thinks his own precious Anna

Will never more climb to her place on his knee;
And your mother's heart pines for the voice of her darling,
And the little frail form she no longer may see.

Every hour brings new pain to their hearts, little Anna,

As they move 'mid the scenes where your footsteps have
wooded;

Every hour something tells of their lost treasure, Anna,

The clothes that she wore, things she played with and
loved.

But never in their grief's darkest hour, little Anna,

Have they wished to recall thee, the child of their love;
Too well they have loved thee, their angel child, Anna,
To bid thee return from the haven above.

Not for blest be His name who has said, little Anna,

"Suffer the children to come unto Me;"

They know in the home He has given, their Anna
From pain, sin, and sorrow, forever is free.

A LONG JOURNEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH, ETC., ETC."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120.

CHAPTER VII.

PROPHETIC SHADOWS.

A rogg, damp November evening. Miss Corson's visit had lengthened to a month. She was leaning against a tree, her hat tied, her gloves buttoned, tapping her foot impatiently, as she looked at a man who was stretched out in the sandy grass, his lazy, handsome face upturned to the sky.

"I'm chilly, Ralph. Let us go in," she said, for the twentieth time.

"Chilly? Now to me this air is balmy." He took out his segar, and made two or three "riags" in the air before he went on.

"You always see your happiness just one step ahead, Mary. Why can't you pick it up about you? Now, this warm bed of sand, the mysterious shadows of mist yonder, and the chanting of the tide, are enough for me."

"Something has actually chained you to the place, I believe," her black brows lowering. "Seriously, Ralph, you must take me home. You know your engagements with the Lloyds. They have been too firm friends for you to shake off so lightly."

He got up, his fine face flushing. "By George, that's true, Sis. The Lloyds are true grit. I'll not disappoint them."

"Then you'll go to town at once? And there is the picture for Mr. Rigdon: as you did undertake it, it had better be done."

"Hang it! The picture! I forgot the picture. We'll go to-morrow, Mary. Nothing would induce me to play fast and loose with Rigdon. We'll take the eight o'clock train. I'll pack to-night," throwing his segar away in his haste to reach the house.

"I hardly thought," said she, complacently, as he helped her over the dead cedar-brush, "that this girl's good looks would be potent enough to banish all business from your mind."

He stopped, leaving her poised on the top of the heap.

"You underrate Berenice, Mary," eagerly. "She has not the gaudy beauty that draws the eyes of opera or street loungers; but true artists would tell you, that form and color such as hers are found united about once in a century. You underrate her very much, I tell you."

"Very likely. Am I to stay here all day?"

"And, by-the-way," in the same anxious, uncertain tone, as he gave her his hand, "I hardly think it right in you to leave her unprotected. That old gorgon, ill in bed——"

"Is still gorgon enough to defend her. What harm can come to her in this sleepy, Jersey village? Let me go back to the city, Ralph, I am not well," putting her hand to her head. "The beat of this eternal tide upon the sand is setting my thoughts to a funeral march. I should go mad if I stayed here."

He looked uneasily into her eyes, felt her pulse. "I'll nurse you, sweet-heart. We'll be at home to-morrow."

They stepped up on the porch. As he spoke, he caught the flutter of a looped dress and Balmoral petticoat down among the marshes.

"Go in, dear, go in. I'll smoke first."

"But you will come and pack, Ralph?"

"Certainly. Of course, I'll come and pack."

Ralph Corson's nurse, when he was a baby in short-clothes, always gave him his way; "his eyes," she said, "would win the birds off of the tree." He had his own way now for not much better reason. Whether his eyes were black, blue, or gray, you would hardly have remembered after an hour's talk with him; the vague idea would remain that the face was generous and handsome; but face and eyes would have told you plainly that you alone, of all men and women, were the one that Ralph Corson delighted to honor; which would have been true, while he talked to you.

He brought Berenice up from the marshes, his tongue going fast enough between the puffs of his segar as they came along, but only looking at her shyly at intervals—for he was a timid fellow with women. Something about her, her extreme youth, perhaps, or her singular, delicate beauty, and her incessant, ignorant, wistful looks and questions, acted like soft friction on his nerves; they trembled with the purest delight. Then, as the evening deepened, land, and sky, and sea, opened in vaguer, more shadowy glimpses about him; the taste of his segar mingled with the salt, night air; even the sob and whisper of the complaining tide gave contrast and meaning to his content. His spirits roes

to the highest pitch; he told stories, and made jokes with little wit in them, but at which they both laughed like two children. He gossiped to her, as he did every day, about the world from which she was shut out, and his own way of "killing the enemy" in it; the bit of a house he and Mary had taken in Brooklyn, "being so heart-sick of cheap boarding-houses, you see." How he went "cruising about in search of subjects, and hints of color, shade, and the like. That takes up most of a fellow's time—but I work about one day of the week. Mary's a queen of a woman for every-day wear at home. Out-of-doors she's apt to be crabbed, and close in judging of new acquaintances; but she's as generous as a lion at home, or with servants, and a guest is sacred to her;" and so on, and on, from his yachting voyages in June, to the theatre in winter—"for we've free tickets everywhere; and after the play, Mary gets up suppers for our set, where we discuss Piccolomini and steamed oysters till morning. Of course, that is, when Sis and I are in funds; for sometimes we live on cheese and crackers for a month."

Of which photographs of life you may judge as you may choose. To Berry they glowed; they were hints of the life, the privations, and rests of an artist and a hero—the first she had known. There was the word—the *first*. Like the mermaid in the fairy story, she had risen, full-grown, for her first glimpse of the world—and her eyes rested on this knight, gay, gallant, heroic, and poor. Poor! and she was burdened with money she could not use. This was not the first of this artist's "evenings' entertainments," of which he was the hero, while the hoarse cry of the sea shut out the world from them, making their solitude utter. This sort of thing had been going on for a month, until to-night, when he reverted again and again, with peculiar zest, to the seasons of cracker and cheese; poor little Berry's heart swelled till it was like to burst her jacket, and she turned her head away that he might not see the tears, and shut her lips tight lest she should offer him half of the Lamorce bank-stock on the spot. Of course, it was all for the sake of art. She saw a great modern genius in want of the necessities of life, as geniuses always have been; but when did one rise above his griefs with such buoyancy as this?

Meanwhile, Ralph watched her with more and more kindly enjoyment. What a queer, intense, lovely little face she had! How the golden hair (the real marvelous red gold of Titian) quivered and shone about her head and

neck! How shy she was; far off, an invisible cloud perpetually between them! And yet, from the light touch of her fingers on his arm to the listening face, there was a look in her, when she approached him, that made him think of a bird coming home, hovering, sinking at last into its nest. Ralph Corson was a man always keenly awake to any sort of pleasure; but the enjoyment this new little friend gave him was curiously fresh and vivid. It took him back, somehow, to the days when a game at ball, or a day's nutting, would kindle his blood with just such heat and relish he felt now.

Then Berry tried to return his stories with her own history. But when she had told of the one voyage to New York in Dick's schooner, and the day the shark came into the bathing-grounds, her stock of incident ran out, and she was grounded on Mrs. Kirk's daily doings and her own, until she was ashamed, and, for the moment, felt quite degraded in her own eyes.

Yet, strangely enough, she talked on, and on, going slowly up and down the long porch, her hand resting on his arm, her dark-blue eyes centered on his, which looked down into her soul deeper and deeper each moment; and then she grew unconscious of what her voice said, and slowly the neglected words died on her lips; and through them both passed a mysterious thrill, and flush, and fear, as the meaning of the unspoken language of their looks dawned on them.

On, and on, and on, slower and slower, while the world drew farther away, and only the sea came near with its passionate throbs. So the youth and maiden were drawn, hand-in-hand, into the castle of the great Enchanter, in that old story which we all have read.

Now this little girl, with the liquid, dark-blue eyes and shining hair, had walked and talked to her brother many a night on that very stoop, her heart heavy with just this longing, restless loneliness—of nameless pity for him in his driving, homeless life, and a little unconscious pity for herself. She had told him these very stories of the shark, etc., etc. Ralph and he had listened with the same tender, amused look into her eyes. If there were any difference, as yet she did not know it. Any young girl as innocent as Berry would have made a brother of Ralph Corson. The air he carried with him was clear and genial.

So it came to pass that when Ralph, feeling how cold the night was growing, and how wide and lonely the world about them was, and how near the lovely little girl, with the golden hair, and he were together, drew the white hand into

his own, so that they could feel the pulse of one heart send its message to the other, she only smiled as if it had been Dick that had done it.

She shivered at last with the cold. "It is late," she said.

He stopped, as it happened, in the shadow.

"I am going to-morrow, you know? My sister needs me, and——"

"Yes; that is right," she whispered. But being nervous, and a silly child at the best, and never having lost a friend before, she began to tremble, and drew away from him that he might not know she trembled.

Then he was suddenly overcome with a great pity for the poor friendless little creature. It was a shabby thing in Mary to leave her; but women were only beasts to each other, anyhow. He caught her wrists gently, looking down into her face, "You will be lonely without us?"

"Quite alone."

Then her breast began to heave, and her hands struggled to get free to hide the tears.

He released her instantly, but stooped over her closely. "But I am coming again. I have another sister now."

She started, and lifted her little face, all wet with tears, yet smiling and blushing.

He bent and kissed her mouth, her eyes, her lips. Then a sudden silence fell between them. When she turned weakly away, he led her to the door, hot, dumb, indignant with himself.

As she passed him, however, he said, "Good-night. You are my other sister, remember."

But Berenice passed him without a word. The old fiery blood of the Lamorces was on flame within her—with anger, she thought. Yet, when she crouched down by her bed, and the scalding drops came in a flood, there was a sweet thrill of happiness beneath the shame in their flow. Her brother always bade her good-night with a kiss; but this kiss would never suffer her to call this man brother again.

Ralph Corson finished his segar before he went "to pack." He made and remade a good many resolutions in the half-hour. As for leaving this poor little creature alone with that wailing sea, and cat of a housekeeper, that was out of the question. What if Mary took her home for a part of the winter? But he fancied his sister had a distaste for her; "jealous, no doubt," judging of women as men always do. Besides, there was Wharton and Cabell, and a dozen other loungers about their little house in Brooklyn, who would see Berry, if she came. Then there would be the bore of love-making going on, and this ruffian of a brother coming to hold him responsible for it.

What the deuce should be done? After several turns on the stoop, the suggestion whispered itself more audibly—what if he married her himself? His fine face flushed and lightened at that—the idea was a relishing one; he could face Lamorce on that ground.

But Mary? There was the rub. Mary had nobody but him, and the very hint of a sister-in-law had been enough, on one or two occasions, to make her pale and haggard with jealousy. Then (and Corson's cheek colored again with a different emotion) the cheese and her-ring-style of menage might serve very well as a joke, but it was not the thing to bring a wife home to; and as for living on his wife's money, or asking Mary to do it, thank God! he was a different sort of fellow from that!

The matter was beset with difficulty, turn which way he would. Well, at all events, he would run down for a day or two, next week, and cheer the child a little. He could tell Mary it was that business in Baltimore that took him off. By that time the old woman might have recovered, and be less of a gorgon, or Lamorce might turn back, or—there were a hundred chances. He must keep his promise whatever happened. As for Rigdon's picture, it could wait. So he closed the conference with himself, throwing away the segar-stump, and went in, thinking it would, perhaps, be better to say nothing to Mary of his change of plan.

If he had been in love with Berenice Lamorce, he would hardly have argued so long about the matter. But he was not in love with her.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SHADOWS FALL ON THE HEARTH OF OLD PETER LAMORCE.

I DOUBT if I could repeat that assertion at the end of a week. When the brother and sister left the beach behind them the first day, both of them had a certain sense of relief in shaking off the lonely spell of the coast, and going back to the commonplace routine of town.

The second day, Corson was busy gathering up the lost gossip of the month's absence; the third, it was stale; the fourth, tedious; the sixth, unendurable. The world was heavy enough if the best that could be gotten from it was an obscure place at a supper of the Century Club, or a pipe and glass of wine at Pfaff's, seasoned by the eternal cant about mediocre pictures and books by the clique. Then the grand, simple features of the coast came back to him; the vast dome of cloud, the sea, the mysterious shapes of mist moving over the

marshes; and Berry, half child, half stately woman, with her eager, odd, innocent queries, her delicate, baby flesh of rose-and-white, her veil of golden hair. He brought her side by side with New York women, with their "make-up" for the public, jaunty, knowing, high-paced, hard-voiced, driving fast horses in the Park, or eating ices at Maillard's. He longed for her as he had done for spring grass and winds on the brick pavements in August.

Ten days after he left the beach, he drew the easel into the corner one evening, and scraped the paint resolutely from the pallet, assuring himself that he could endure it no longer. "I've a claim to settle in Maryland," he said, in answer to Mary's questions.

"I'll be back in a day," he said to himself. "But it's cursedly unfriendly to let the girl mope to death alone, without dropping in for an hour's cheery talk at least." He sent down his valise and gun to the depot, thinking he might kill a few snipe by the way; and then ran up to the house, just at dusk, to bid Mary good-by.

She was in the little box of a library playing chess with Jacob Wharton, and after the first nod and smile scarcely looked at him. But Ralph loitered round, sorting letters in the paper-holder, stroking his tawny, long beard, laughing uneasily at Burton's jokes, who was playing with Rover by the fire. He felt a vague depression, for which he could not account—it might have been the damp, dusky twilight. He was used to go strolling about the country for weeks, with no such uneasiness at bidding Mary and the old place good-by. Bah! it certainly was the twilight! He sat down at the piano, and rattled off a quickstep or two, until Phil Burton's teeth chattered.

"That prig Corson has no more music in him than a street organ," he growled, inwardly. "But the conceit of the deuce."

"I think I'll be off, Sis," at last, whirling round the piano-stool.

"It is time, if you want the evening train. Check!" without turning her head.

He went up and put his hands on her hair stroking the glossy black folds. "Good-by, Mary," with a queer touch of tenderness in his voice.

She looked up quickly. "Ralph?"

"I said good-by," carelessly; "that was all."

"Good-by. You are quite well, brother?"

"Of course. Till Monday! Don't forget to secure that boat for me, Wharton, if it can be had;" and then patting Rover's shaggy coat as he passed, he put on his cap, threw up the low

window, and, kissing his hand to Mary, stepped out. Miss Corson followed him with her eyes, and then went back to her game. Long after she was used to remember what a bright, boyish face it was that looked back from the window, and how dull and cold the night outside lay into which he went.

Mr. Corson reached the Lamorce headlands early in the morning. Leaving the old coach, by which he had come from the station, he struck across the country to the farm-house, gun in one hand, and valise in the other. It had rained heavily the night before, and the rain had beaten down the sand into a hard, lead-colored footing; the sun was up, and the drops glittered on every part of the shaggy old cedars through which he made his way. They seemed to look after him grimly, their gray beards of moss waving gloomily in the wind.

Ralph felt his heart throb, and his throat tighten, as he climbed the stile into the stubble-field behind the house. There was an unusual silence about the dwelling, almost appalling, after the smothered thunder of New York. The house was apparently deserted, doors and windows closed; even Mrs. Kirk's gray cat, which used to creep along the fences to the barn, was gone; overhead, the air, blue and bright, stretched, unbroken by the wing of a solitary bird. Nothing living was in sight, but two or three women toeing for clams in the clear waters of the inlet far to his right. They went dully about their work, their heads fallen on their breasts, square baskets swung on their backs.

Ralph drew a long breath as he laid down his valise on the stoop, and balanced the gun against the wall. He had a vague, shameful sense of something underhand and clandestine in his coming, which this strange quiet made more uneasy. He pushed open the door and entered the hall, and, after a moment's hesitation, went into the low, little sitting-room. The bowed shutters made a cold, greenish light over straight rows of chairs, closed piano, pictures, and mirror covered with shiny black muslin. There was a thick smell of camphor and chloride of lime in the air, and something covered with a sheet on the low sofa. Ralph made a hasty step forward and uncovered it; then drew back, lifting his hat with a smothered exclamation. He went out in the hall again with a cowed, half sorrowful look; yet it had been only the old housekeeper who lay there, stiffer and colder than ever before, in her Sunday silk dress, and the prim, little, yellow puffs of coarse hair protruding on her temples—a thing to be

feared at last, when she could no longer watch nor scowl. As Corson hurried out in search of Berenice, he almost fancied he could hear the old woman's trot, trot of a walk behind him.

He found her in a little room off of the porch, where she was used to sit with her sewing. She had no sewing now; she lay back in her arm-chair in a loose gown, her hands listlessly folded on her lap, black circles about her closed eyes. When Ralph came in, she held out both hands with a half cry, smiling, but with a look in her eyes which puzzled him, making him question what had been the mystery about the Lamorce family, which had caused the poor old woman, who lay at rest yonder, to wear out her life in watching these two who were left.

"I knew you would come to-night," said Berenice. "If you had not—" passing her hand again and again over her forehead.

Ralph caught the cold, little fingers in his own, stroked them passionately. "My little friend is tired, and—alone."

She looked over her shoulder, terrified. "It was on Tuesday night. I held her in my arms until she died; there has been no one in the house but me; the servants left me—I have but one stupid girl yonder. I walked on the beach nearly all of last night. I thought before morning Dick would surely come to me. He *must* have known what pain I bore! He must have known," shrilly.

"He will know. You are safe now, dear child. You never shall be alone again! You never shall bear pain again! Berenice, look at me," controlling her shiver and wandering eye with low tones and steady look. "I am here, my darling! my darling!"

She scarcely heeded his caresses at first. When the terror left her eyes the tears began to come. "She was very kind to me; she was the only friend I had, except Dick," she sobbed. "Oh! if my brother was here! If Dick was here!"

"I am here," his face heated and eager. "I am here, my own, my wife! You are mine, Berenice; I love you as no brother ever loved!"

He did not know how much she understood. She grew quiet, and suffered her hands to lie still in his. He watched her pale, swollen face in a fever of love, generosity, and delight at being a man, and able to become a visible God to this lovely, helpless creature. He would crown her with happiness such as no woman had known; for her sake, when she was his wife, he would put forward the strength and genius which he was quite sure he possessed, and gain wealth, fame, honor.

Berry listened, with the pink blush coming back slowly into her cheeks. Until the last week she never had known what sorrow was. Dick and the old housekeeper had coaxed her along from one pleasant day to another, more like a baby than a full-grown woman, petting, making much of her, untired; not knowing that all the while she dreamed, in a vague way, of a love warmer and stronger than theirs.

Well, the love had come to her to-night. She came to meet it out of the pain of the past week, with her weak, consumptive body, and strong, undeveloped brain, like one who has been out in the night and winter for the first time, and goes back to summer sun and summer roses with the quiet certainty that these are real, enduring, and that the other, the nightmare, is past forever.

She was not surprised nor grateful for Ralph's protestations of devotion and fidelity; they seemed to her altogether natural and usual—did she not love him? She told him she loved him in her shy, childish way, the rose-hue creeping over her neck, her very arms; her blue eyes, brilliant with dewy light; soothed him in her turn when he grew vehement, her hand resting on his, white, his quick eye noted, and cream-veined, and cool as the petal of a water-lily.

"Of course I will be yours," she whispered. "I have nobody but you now—and my brother. You must leave part of my heart for Dick, poor fellow!" She said, "Poor fellow!" and sighed just as he kissed her, looking beyond him out to sea. Ralph's eyes were jealous as a girl's; and, like one, he drew back pettishly, adjusting his cuffs over his wrist.

"I'll have no Filibustier hectoring about my house, I fancy," was his inward resolve.

"You shall have all you wish, my darling," he said. "Now, leave all your care on me, and go to sleep," seeing that her head ached, and her whole strength had given way. "I will have a cup of tea sent to your room;" for Ralph Corson had been a mother-boy and was used to all women's diseases and remedies.

She hung on his arm as he led her to the door, clung to his neck, as she had often done on Dick's, turned back to give his hand another shy, trustful little pressure.

"A fond, baby-faced, selfish little fool," Mary Corson, or any other firm-eyed, aquiline-nosed young woman would have called her. In fact, Mary had asked her brother once, "Did the gal think the world was nothing but a nest for her to cuddle down and chirp in?" Very likely she did; but it is curious how the world humors

these baby-faced women in that idea, while others, with Mary's nose and way of putting down her foot, are left to fight their own way. Dick Lamorce had kept this girl's nest warm with love for her—and now Ralph Corson was waiting to take his place.

But he remembered that out of his sister's lash.

"Pon my soul, it's a bad business!" he said, as he pulled off his boots, and put his feet up on the fender. "Mary is as generous as a lion, as I've always said. But she don't like me to act without consulting her; and as for springing a wife on her in this fashion, bringing a mistress into the house to take her place without a day's notice, it's enough to make her hate the girl. And the sweet fool hasn't the least idea what a trouble this love for her has got me into. Hang me if I know what is to be done!" Then he stretched out his legs and yawned, and half smiled, thinking of the tender blush on the silly fool's face, and the awe mingled with love in her eyes. He grew a cubit in stature, remembering it. Mary never looked at him in that way—never. "Sis is affectionate enough, I suppose; but she is so cursedly conceited," unbuttoning his collar. At last he was understood, appreciated; and, for the moment, he half resolved to take Berenice home with him, and let Mary learn her proper place at once. But—the clear, black eyes rose up between him and the fire—and Ralph winced. He pushed the whole matter away until to-morrow.

"I wonder if I am to starve?" ringing Berry's little hand-bell, and bringing an open-eyed, stupid Jersey girl to the door.

"Bring me some supper, and make ready a bed for me; I am Miss Lamorce's cousin, and you are to come to me for orders until she is gone;" for Ralph, like most men of his compass of brain, talked to his hirelings like a slave-driver, without meaning harshness by it, after all.

In the morning the matter was thrust off from hour to hour. Old Mrs. Kirk was "put away," as the fishermen called it, by half a dozen of them and their wives. Berenice did not leave the house; she dragged her weary feet about the house until she had bidden a last farewell to the old friend whose face was keen and shrewd even in death; then she crept into the little sewing-room, and lay down on the sofa. When Ralph came in, he found her with her hands pressed to her ears, to keep out the sound of the bearer's feet passing her window.

"I cannot bear pain. I was not made to

bear pain," she said; then drew Ralph's hand under her cheek, and presently fell into a half sleep, muttering at intervals about Dick; "If Dick were here," and the like.

Now Dick was *not* there. There was nobody to think or act but Ralph Corson—and with all honest intent, he sat trying for an hour to force down his passion, his own feeling even, and determine on what was best for the child.

The afternoon was darkening, enough to make the fitful fire-light throw heavy shadows in the back part of the room, and bring out the delicate face and rounded figure, like a feverish picture. Ralph Corson watched it until he ceased to reason on his dilemma; watched it until there was nothing in his brain, nothing in all God's world, it seemed to him, but the fresh, unspotted beauty of this sleeping woman. When she stirred and opened her sleepy, blue eyes, she startled him out of a dream which he could have fancied had lasted for ages. But he drew his breath for courage, and began.

"I have been thinking, my darling, of what is right for us to do."

"Yes, Ralph."

"I must think for you, Berenice," stammering. "It is not only what my heart prompts that I must hear, but the world has its rules, and for your sake——"

"I am quite sure you will do what is right," as if she scarcely had heard him. Then she inclosed the large white hand (in which, by the way, there were no firm muscles) in her own, and lay with her quiet, dreamy eyes fixed on the fire.

"It would be impossible for us to be married here," he broke in again, at last, with a nervous laugh at her when she started, flushing at the word. "The only preacher whom your county affords lives some thirty miles away; and as for any civil authority, a sheriff dare not enter this district to serve a writ, they tell me—so we are beyond the reach of law and gospel."

She smiled faintly, and sat up with an effort, looking still into the changing light and shadow.

Neither she nor Corson knew that in the past week she had reached a crisis in her physical life. The disease which had made her father's days few, yet drunken with a rank vitality while they lasted, had attacked her in this first loneliness and sorrow. She had fought it down with all the strength which her healthy outdoor training had given her.

The battle was over; but she came out of it with her pulse uncertain, her muscles weak, and her brain dulled.

She knew that Ralph was beside her, his voice

made a monotonous music, his eyes charmed a circle with light and love around her. Outside of that yawned the world—cold, unknown, full of pain. She held closer the soft, spongy hand, looking from the glow of the fire to the bright colors of the chintz-covered sofa, tracing them out with her finger.

"I thought, Berenice——"

"Yes," rousing herself.

"If we went direct from here to New York, starting to-night, and were married in my sister's house——"

"To-night?" looking out into the cloudy sky with a glance of the old nervous fright.

"Well," said Ralph, pacing about as if to shake off the mesh in which his feet were tangled. "It is hardly possible, that is true. You are ill, and there are four hours of boating in an open sea——"

He stopped; his hand dropped from his whiskers, with which they had been playing, he gulped down a breath that seemed to choke him. There was another possibility; at first it blanched his lip and cowed his look.

Berenice had risen, and was stending herself by the mantle-shelf. "I will go, if it is right, Ralph," she said. "Will your sister be kind to me?" I'm not very well—I could not bear sharp words just now."

"God knows what Mary would say," he thought. Then came a quick vision of the upbraidings, jealousies to come—the fight for the mere bread and meat for every day; and, on the other side—what? It did not blanch his face now.

A life hidden in some corner of the world, full of sunshine, beauty, love! What would the world's narrow rules matter to them there?

He took her by the wrists; she looked up at him, her calm eyes opening wide with surprise; his fingers were clammy and cold, his face, with the brown curls tangled about it, beautiful, weak, eager as the famed head of Bacchus.

"You are tired?" as she sank down on the sofa, seating himself beside her. "You are tired and lonely, my darling?"

"Very tired, Ralph."

"You would be happier to-night in your own home, dreaming dreams, and seeing pictures in the fire, than going over the rough sea to meet rougher men, and trying to please their cursed prejudices. I know! I know——"

He stopped her answer by a shower of passionate kisses, drew her head down until the curling gold locks lay on his breast. "You are happy now, Berenice? You are content?" looking into the depth of her eyes for her reply.

"Then——" There was a long silence, in which he glared into the embers, his jaws set, facing the future. He drew her closer, and put his lips to hers.

"Then you are mine, forever!"

About two months later, Mary Corson received the following letter, without post-mark or date:

"DEAR SIS—I will not be at home soon. I may as well tell you the truth, and say, God knows when you will see me again. I'm in trouble, which I can never shake off while I live. It is that Baltimore business—it grew out of the Maryland claim of which I told you.

"I send you a blank check on Gordan Bro's. Draw on them for whatever amount I have with them. I forget how much—it is what is left from the sale of that 'View in the Miami Valley;' it will keep the wolf off for a few months. I will try and remit before that time. Sell the 'St. Stanislaus' for what you can get. That 'Rachel' ought to bring you something; sell the easels, paints, and all the dear old trumpery. I'll never need them again. Frank Busteded will take them off of your hands. God bless you, Mary! You've been a loyal good sister to me. I don't forget that Newark affair, which you got me out of—but I had not played the scoundrel in that. I feel like a brute to leave you in the lurch this way; but I don't mean to shirk my duty. While I have a dollar you shall share it. If any of the boys ask for me, tell them I have gone to the devil. It will be true. Good-by!

R. C.

"Don't think of me as unhappy. I am not. God help us! This is not the end I meant to come to! But God proposes and man disposes. There is no use in trying that, I can see."

CHAPTER IX.

A WRECK UPON THE SHORE.

THE morning of a January day. There had been a heavy wind-storm northward the day before; and to-day, even so low south as the Headlands, the subsiding of the far tempest on the coast, lashed the yellow incoming tide into fury; while clouds, frightened and tattered from the conflict, gathered on the horizon all day long, opposing a solid wall, like burnished and wet lead to the sunshine, opaque, gray, and shining.

Marshes and beach were frozen beneath the winter's drift of ice; here and there, however, this morning, a man or woman from the village picked their way through the marshes in search of chance fragments of wreck washed ashore.

Twenty miles higher three vessels, yesterday, had struck the bar—one of them Richard Lamorce's "Chiquita." Captain and crew had escaped, but the ship went down with all of her freight. The hack-driver had brought down the word from his starting point on the railroad, which it had reached by telegraph.

There were but five or six men left at the Headlands this winter. They were gathered about the door of Dill's cow-house, where he was at work, to discuss the news. It touched them as nearly as anything could; but they chewed their quids but little faster.

"I be sorry for the old Chikeet," said one. "I run boatswain on her wunst. About all Dick Lamorce owned wur in her, they do say, George?"

"He bought out Peebles before this last run. He wur seven-eighths owner," said a low, heavily-built man, with a pock-marked face. "But he's got ways of gettin' his losins back, he has," with a motion of his hand, as if to throw dice. "It be somethen else 'll set hard with Dick Lamorce outside of the money."

He glanced up at the farm-house. The others did the same, shaking their heads, or spitting reflectively.

Dill's wife, Jane, who had come out on some errand, turned abruptly, and went into the house, in answer to a glance from her husband. She was a young woman, pretty, stupid, with heavy, brown eyes; they lighted a little as she crossed the yard. Berenice Lamorce had made a pet of her, given her bits of finery, tried to teach her to read, worked a dress only last fall for her baby. "And now I be to run if I hear her name!"

She raked out the fire, and set on the kettle with a vicious shake that scattered the water over her feet, jerked up the screaming baby, and was rocking it without any lullaby, when Dill came in.

"George," as he took down some tobacco from the top of the clock to fill his pipe. Dill turned his head and waited.

"You've got to run over to the Point to-morrow for feed. Why ken't you go to-day?"

He nodded.

"You did mean it? I think he'll be thar about an hour from now, and want to be rowed across."

Dill went to the door, turned his back to the low westerling sun, and thrust out his right foot on his shadow.

"Four o'clock."

"You can pull over after dark. Keep that lot at the shop off of him, or they'll drag it all

onto him to see how he bears it," the angry red showing through the yellow tan on her face.

"Tell him when you be alone, Dill. I'll go up an' open the house yander, an' sweep the snow off, an' kindle fires. It 'll not look so misebul."

"It be n't fires as 'll warm him," grunted Dill, as he pulled on a yellow water-proof. For these three weeks, in which the "Chiquita" had been expected, he had been plotting out some way to keep Lamorce from hearing his sister's shame and flight, until he was hidden from curious eyes; this morning he had hit upon Jane's plan.

Jane roughened up the tow-colored down on the baby's head, thinking not more of the braid on that red frock in the drawer, than of the hearty romps which Berry Lamorce had taken with the youngster whenever Mrs. Dill brought it to the farm-house.

"She wur a good one," she said, half under her breath.

"None o' that!" sharply. "I want no whining over such as she, an' your own gal on your knee."

"Anyway, Dill, you're the one to break it to him. You an' Mr. Lamorce wur always chums.

Jane had a little weak sentiment about her, like all women, which Dill strove to root out as a bad weed.

"Thar be no special love between us. Wimmen allays hev some crank in their heads. I worked for old Peter Lamorce about ten years—an' he was good pay; and I've knowed Dick since he was a dozen years old, an' worked for him—an' he's not good pay; he'll owe you a dollar six months, and fling you ten for a present. That's all the friendship that lies among us. But I'll say this, that I like the young man the best."

"But you'll keep Niles an' that lot at the shop off of him?" persisted Jane.

Dill's loquacity was exhausted. He mumbled out an inarticulate something, and having pulled his leggings on, and clapped his hat on his head, went out, chucking the baby's chin as he crossed the room.

Mrs. Dill looked after him. "I'd not be in his place for a mint," remembering when she was a young chit of a girl, hired out, for the first time, down in Sand Town, how Joe Perley walked into the kitchen where she was paring apples, and said, "Jane, your mother's dead," with no more warning than that. She sat quiet for a few moments after this thing came into her mind; then she stooped and kissed her own child tenderly and laid it asleep in its cradle. She felt as if this news to Dick Lamorce would be bitterer to him than any death.

"I'll go now and do what I can at the house," slaking down the fire, and tying on a woollen hood.

When she opened the door, she found that the day was rapidly darkening into a cold, cheerless evening. Coast and sea, frozen beach, and melancholy pine-woods, were desolate enough to welcome the loneliest night; but the dreariest point in the landscape was the farm-house standing back of the marshes, vacant. No smoke rose curling out of its chimneys to warm the thin, cold air; a gaping window or two, of which the shutters had fallen from their hinges, stared out, like eyes full of a miserable significance of loss; the gate swung with an anxious clatter to and fro; but within it, on the yard and on the porches, the winter's snow had fallen and frozen, and fallen again, drifting up against the house as though to bury it and its shame.

Even Jane Dill, who had no refined fancies, shivered as she looked at it. "I'll stop for Sam Hart to shovel that away. They won't be here for three or four hours; we'll have time to hearten it up considerable."

But as she took the first step from her own door, she saw a group of men's figures coming up the lane in the twilight, and heard a hearty, deep-toned voice talking loud and cheerfully. The others were ominously silent.

"It's Lamorce! Dill was too late!"

Before she had time to do more than open the door and let the ruddy light stream out, they were upon the steps, two men from the other side of the river, carrying a great blue chest between them, Dill following close upon Lamorce, who came hastily toward her, his broad frame filling up the door-way, his square, dark-lined face laughing, and softened with a look different from any she had ever seen there.

Her quick woman's wit comprehended the matter at a glance. "Niles has not told him." While Dill and the two men stood glancing at each other, and shuffling from one foot to the other, she had met Richard with extended hands.

"You be welcome home, Mr. Lamorce. God bless you, sir!"

"Why, that's hearty, Mrs. Dill! We had a tough pull for our lives yesterday, as I've been telling Niles. It only 'll make me relish the old Point the more, though. I must push on to the house, Dill. Don't put the chest down, boys."

The men glanced, bewildered, at Mrs. Dill.

"Could you leave it here till mornin', Mr. Richard? The path's not been cleared, and I

doubt if they could get it across the fallow field. It be heavy."

"So it be," said Niles, pulling up his "gal-lowses," meditatively. "Dill 'll haul it over to-morrow."

"Well, well. Inside with it, then," said Lamorce, too well used to the countless lions in the daily paths of these fellow idlers of his to be impatient; though he bit his mustache as he watched the leisurely way in which they carried it in, and deposited it on the floor with a thump that wakened the baby.

"How's the young beauty?" snapping his fingers at it. "Berenice, eh? My sister told me you meant to call it for her."

Dill looked up savagely, but did not speak.

"How did you say they were at the house, Dill?" not heeding his silence, unlocking the chest and flinging the lid back. "There are some things that must go over to-night. When did you see my sister, Mrs. Dill?"

"Not lately, Mr. Richard."

Niles went out, beckoning the other man. Dill followed. "You said nothin' about that gell, Joe?" he whispered.

"No, I said nothin'," said Niles. "I'm not the sort to Kerry bad news. Dick Lamorce, he's done me one or two devilish turns; but I'd no hankering to tell him a thing like that. This be different from the loss of the Chikeet. It 'll cut deep."

"Yes. This be different," said the other.

They would have gone on thrumming on this one string all night. Dill turned and shut the door on them.

"I'll go now," said Mr. Lamorce, shutting down the lid of the chest. "How fresh and clean you are here, Jane!" He stopped and touched the baby's dimpled arm, and again she noted the curious change on his face; the indescribable something that creeps out into eye and mouth, to tell the story when the heart within is sure that it lives a wide and tender life, let the world go as it will.

"What has happened him to look that a-way?" She put the child's hand out to detain him a minute, while she looked at Dill, who was staring at the ground like an imbecile.

Lamorce shook off the little finger gently. "I must go."

"Mr. Richard, sir," stammered Jane, "there's been changes at the house since you went. Mrs. Kirk is dead."

"Dead!" The startled look which her first words had brought changed into an honest concern. Somehow, when Lamorce was distressed, he looked and spoke like a boy.

"Dead! Berry did not write me; but then I've missed my letters for a month back. She was a good woman—a good woman: a friend to— Where is my sister?" a sudden terror coming into his face.

"She's gone. She went the week after the funeral," Dill forced out. "She went home with her friends. They came for her."

"Yes, she went with her friends," repeated Jane, stooping over the cradle.

Lamorco stopped a moment, looking in the fire, a moist warmth stealing over his tough, dark face. Mary Corson had come to his little girl in her trouble, and taken her home—he understood it all. The idea of the two girls together as sisters would be, their little womanly confidences and secrets had something in it inexpressibly sweet to him. They had not been apart in his thoughts during the long voyage; but when the ship went down, it was a half feeling of jealousy for his sister, of the passion that certainly drew him away from her, that made him hurry down to the Headlands first, and turn his back on New York.

"It is all right," he said, stroking his beard. "I was going up to town to-morrow, at all events; and now I'll find her there. Can you give me a berth for the night, Mrs. Dill?"

"You used to like our hammock-bed better than them at the house, Mr. Richard."

"There are some matters I must attend to there to-night. I'll be back in an hour," going out of the door.

"What d'ye mean?" asked Dill, of his wife. "Ye ken't keep it from him."

"I ken't tell him, then—kin you? Besides, there's a letter he'll find on his bed, when he goes up, that she left. That'll let him know."

Lamorco strode on through the fields, humming some old love-song, glancing up now and then to the low, wet moon, and across the slope of snow whitening down to the sea. His spirits rose like a boy's; his song quickened into a whistle; he leaped all the fences and bogs that lay in his way; calling back and joking to Dill, who followed him, sullen and silent, until, when he remembered poor old Mrs. Kirk lying dead yonder, he grew quiet. But he never had any keen affection for the honest old body, who had followed him like a watch-dog; it was only decency that cut short his whistle. And in all his dreams of home-coming in this voyage, he had fancied nothing so good as to find Berry at home, with the woman he meant to make his wife in a few weeks. He had even fancied that there had been some pique or coolness between them. But that had only been fancy, doubtless.

By this time Mary would have whispered the secret of her love to the child. He smiled, thinking how Berry would color and tremble as she heard it—the shy, modest little girl! He liked to picture them sewing together at these trumpery bits of which women were so fond. By this time they would have told each other all the story of their lives, no doubt—what woman could keep a secret? And Mary would half fancy it was the brother who heard when Berry listened. They would have heard of the wreck of the Chiquita yesterday, and would have been watching for him all day. Such an anxious day as it would be to them!

"There never was a fellow loved as I am by those two foolish women!" he thought; and poor blind Dick smiled with the tears in his eyes.

His chest was safe, that was one comfort; it was stored with gifts for his wife and Berry. He had been jealous over himself all the time, lest he should neglect the girl for the woman, toward whom his whole being had gone out with unutterable passion. Perhaps that was the reason he always now remembered Berry with such tender pity; thought so often of that day when he sailed, how she had followed him about, touching his hair, his sleeve, watching him with eager, humble eyes like a dog, brightening at a look. He and Mary had stolen off together, leaving her on the stoop. So often, too, he had thought, in this voyage, of the time when he was a lubberly boy, "always a big dwarf," watching in the mornings for her to come pattering into his room to waken him; how he would gather up the little, white night-gowned baby into his arms, pink feet and drowsy face, and yellow hair and all, and hush her to sleep again. She should always be what she had been to him then—not even a wife could fill just Berry's place. He was glad down to his soul that she had won the same tender, protecting love from Mary.

He meant that his marriage should be soon; and what Richard Lamorco determined, usually came to pass. It did not occur to the stupid sailor that the loss of the Chiquita would affect the question at all; that he must say to Miss Corson, "Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day I am almost penniless."

He could always obtain work as a surveyor, and the Headlands would be their home.

He loved every board of the old house; never so well as to-night, perhaps.

"It is a well-built old coop," he said, looking about him with assumed indifference, as he and Dill went up on the stoop, sinking in the drifted snow up to their thighs.

"So it be. Old Peter Lamorce was a thorough through man, whatever he did. He cursed work out of us Jersey men," with a chuckle. "I was wanting to say, Mr. Dick, only I wouldn't afore that lot," jerking his thumb back over his shoulder, "that I be danged sorry for the old Chikeet."

"I know it, Dill. She was as staunch a craft as ever followed rudder. But I did not mean to run her any more. I'm not sorry that she'll never have another captain."

"Be'n't you agoin' to follow the water?"

"No." His face kindled curiously. "I've set my foot down on the old Point, never to take it up again—I've anchored."

Lamorce had a keen pride in having "anchored;" in being at last a man among men—stable, durable, some day, maybe; felt for the power which he knew was in him. He showed his pleasure at the fancy like a boy. Dill could see it.

Under that was another thought, which the sated ruffian and rouse did not utter even to himself.

The chance for him.

Who can say, whether out of the depths he had not called aloud, and been heard? Only God knew. God, and perhaps the old man, wherever he might be watching, who had cursed his way when he was here; yet whose life was "thorough through" to the core, after all. One judged the father and son who does not measure with our eyes. But nothing of all this came to the surface in the words. "This is home, Dill," as he unlocked the door, and went in.

They passed up the stairs, and into a little room in which Berry had been used to sit sewing in the mornings. Lamorce struck a light. The walls and wood-work were yellow and clammy with sea-fog. Ashes and half charred logs lay in the open grate; the room itself was in a miserable, unwomanly disorder. The doors of Mrs. Kirk's and Berry's chamber stood half open. Dill glanced into the latter; he could see the white letter lying on the dark quilt.

"I'll go outside," he said, "and wait."

Lamorce made no reply. He was looking with a puzzled face at something on the mantel-shelf—only a half burned segar, and a bit of torn paper.

"Niles and the men were about at the time of the funeral, Dill?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad they were kind to the child. I'll not forget it."

But he turned again, and looked curiously at the writing on the wisp of paper.

Dill stole out into the entry. "I hope to God the man has left no trace of his name. Let's have no murder done!"

He need not have been afraid. Ralph Corson had a keen eye for his own safety. The women who had waited on them for the few days of their stay were new-comers, who had not seen him during his previous visit; and he had kept himself carefully out of sight of the villagers. But without a name, the story these girls told was damning enough.

Dill crouched down on the floor outside, clasping his hands about his knees, glancing round now and then furtively through the crack in the door. He could hear Lamorce going about, opening drawers and closets in his search for whatever he looked for, whistling some lively tune. Once he halted as a man's glove fell off of the sofa, and the startled look came again on his face.

"Those fellows were careless," he said, after a pause. But there was an uneasy smile on his mouth, and the whistle stopped. At last, with the candle in his hand, he went toward the door of his sister's room.

"It be come now," muttered Dill, stooping to watch him. Then, with a quick gulp of his breath, he turned off, and, going down the hall, looked out of the window into the desolate night.

Any one who watched Dill would have seen him stand motionless and grim for about a quarter of an hour; what outcry or sound he heard, if any, from the chamber within, he never told. Something must have reached him. He was a sluggish, old salt, with nerves like leather, and Dutch blood in his veins, cold and fishy; yet once, soon after Lamorce went in, his jaw suddenly fell, and his small eyes kindled, as though some outside pain struck him. He took one or two steps toward the door, and then slowly came back.

"I ken't do it. I'd liefer see him butchered! That's terrible!"

He did go in at last.

The room was dimly lighted by the one flaring candle, which Lamorce had set on the dressing-table. Dill had knocked, but hearing no answer, shuffled in, keeping his head averted from the corner where he saw the shadow of the figure; not knowing what he did, he began tying and untying his gingham cravat before the glass.

In it he stealthily searched for Dick, and saw him sitting on the side of the bed, his arms hanging by his side, his head fallen forward on his breast. Dill had seen such a look once before, in the face, by-the-way, of this young

man's father. When he saw it now, he went immediately up to him, and catching him by the shoulder, used the roughest words he could find. There was no time to be lost.

"Damn it, if I thought you'd quake for a woman."

He looked to be flung off with an oath; but Lamorce only lifted his hand from his shoulder. The bodily motion had all the gentle personal reticence of the gentleman, whatever had happened to his brain, or the soul under it.

"This room needs air," staggering to his feet. "I think it is air, Dill. My sister is in New—New York. She has gone from here."

"Has she, sir?" trying to fix the vague, wandering of the eye. "Gone to New York?"

"I don't know. Did I say?— I'm not well to-night."

"No. Come home, Mr. Richard."

"Home?" He stood quite still, staring through his straight-lidded eyes out of the window; the word was wakening him. Dill did not care to how heavy a pain.

Presently the broad, stout figure dropped into a chair, and he shaded his eyes with one hand.

"He's an uncouth-looking fellow, no matter what's inside of him," soliloquized Dill. "No wonder the girl worshiped the first decently made face she saw."

"You'll come home, Mr. Lamorce?"

He made no answer at first, and, after awhile, when the other urged him, shook him off mechanically, as one brushes away a fly.

The man came out. He kindled a fire in the outside room, burned the glove and other evidences of Corson's presence; then he went back. Lamorce did not move when he approached him, his face still covered by his hand.

Dill stood by him waiting for a long time. He could bear it no longer; his mouth twitched; he wiped his face with his sleeve, nervously.

"Mr. Lamorce, ye don't let me lay a finger on ye, it seems; but there's none kin come as near to ye in trouble as old George Dill. I wur a better friend with yer father than I ever told."

Lamorce looked up, and the two men looked at each other.

Dill muttered under his breath. Seeing what the change was in Richard's face, his own slowly grew gray and haggard.

"Mr. Dick," he whispered, "who was that man?"

"The man?" vacantly. "I had not thought of him."

"It was well kept under. All the village yander knows the facts of the shame, but not the name of him as worked it."

Lamorce struggled up, lifting his arms like one who heavily tries to throw off an intolerable burden.

"Shame?" he said, in the same crushed, cowed voice. "It matters not if the whole world knew. What matters the shame?"

Dill looked on helplessly. "I think I'll leave you alone," he said, gently. "I'll be down stairs if you call."

He went and sat in the hall again, wrapped in his old rubber-coat, until he saw the gray dawn begin to lighten. Lamorce, within, saw it too, and went to the open window. Before, his face was that of an animal, cut in some mortal part, covering the hurt without a whine; now, his clear eyes gathered intelligence as they scanned the world without. It was a fresh, spring-like morning, such as come sometimes in the severity of winter, a soft west wind blowing. The stretch of pine-forests waved gently in it, green as summer, only for the million of ice-flakes that glittered over them. The moss hung from their trunks, from every dead log and fence-rail, in delicate, grayish green webs; over head the sky, which opened here immeasurable over this strip of land, deepened into a brilliant blue, over which bright and rosy clouds drifted slowly; the sea ebbed outward, foamy ripples, like flashes of laughter, breaking its grand repose, its great monotonous bass giving words to the song which all the rejoicing morning seemed to utter, how that life was beautiful, and God was good.

It made real to him his life, yesterday—his boyhood, Mary, the few glimpses he had had of the good of life.

"It's a lie!" he said, slowly, looking up—"a lie! There's nothing better, as I can see, than the old bully, Dick Lamorce! Oh! my baby! Poor little Sis! Poor little Sis!"

Then he broke down, and cried, as he would have done, when a boy, for his dead sister.

Two hours passed before Dill heard him move. The sun was high; the west wind was veering to the north. Dill had made a fire, and was over it, boiling a pot of coffee. He heard the slow, steady step in the room above—and Lamorce came down the stairs, and stood in the door. He was dressed in the clothes he usually wore on shore—a short, shaggy, brown coat, buttoned over his chest, his brown pantaloons stuffed into cavalry boots, a wide-brimmed black felt hat, thrust a little back off of his head. It brought his face into full relief;

it was as bloodless and quiet as death could ever make it."

Dill pushed a chair by the table, and then turned his back, that he might not seem to watch him.

"There was a paper on the shelf last night?"

"I must hev used it to light the fire. But it would hev told ye nothin', Mr. Dick," dropping his spoon, and coming to him. "The man was keeful; he left no sign of himself, nowhere."

"For I saw," he said, afterward, "the one thought that was in his head now. It shone out of his quiet eyes like the devil watchin'."

"He come the day she died, sir; an' in a fortnight after, they went. The girl, Ann, never knew his name, except what Miss —, except what she heard him called."

Lamorce's face grew a shade more ghastly. "What did she hear him called?"

"Ralph."

It was no clue. Mary had never named her brother to Lamorce, for some reason of her own.

"Where is this woman?"

"Mr. Dick, I know all she knows. Don't ye be ferretin' out this business among that lot. Here's all ye'd learn in a months time. The man was a painter, or summat o' that sort; wur allays sketchin' about with a pencil and paper. Here's some bits I found after they left. An' they went south, to Baltimore."

He listened with his lips apart, caught at the crumpled paper with shaking hands. They were such scratching outlines of faces, trees, gateposts, and the like, as had come in his way; Berenice's face, arms, hands repeated in every phase and position. Even to Richard's unskilled eye there was but small merit in the drawing. He dropped them in the fire as if he had touched a loathsome reptile, after a quick, keen scrutiny.

"S' help me God, that's all any one ken tell ye! Will ye drink it, Mr. Dick?" bringing a smoking bowl of coffee to him.

"I'm not hungry, Dill. I wish you would go now. I want to be alone before I leave."

"Yes, Mr. Lamorce."

He gathered up his coat and hat, and not waiting to put them on, went noiselessly to the door.

"I'll leave the place in your charge, George."

"Be you goin' in search of her, Mr. Dick?"

There was no sign that he had heard him. "I would like you to keep it as it always has been, for his sake who is dead. If I do not

come back in ten years, you may know there's an end of me, and do what you will with it then. Only don't sell that—the walnut tree yonder."

There was a long silence.

"It is a barren place, but it will, perhaps, pay you for the working of it," said Lamorce, at last looking up, remembering the man yet waited.

"The chest ye left last night?"

"I did not forget it. Send it up to me here. There are some things I must do before I go—some matters to get rid of."

How could Dill guess that they were all the chances he had ever had of a happy home; that they were the love that had been so sweet to the stupid, lonely man; the woman who was to be his wife; the children that might some day have called him father?

"I've work to do," raising his eyes to the far horizon. "It's a long journey that's before me, and my hands must be clear."

I think Dill had some dull perception of the truth. He hurried away after that, listening, silent and morose, to Jane's eager questions. He carried the chest up himself and placed it in the room, with a covered dish beside it.

"You must break bread before you go. Good-by, Mr. Dick," turning at the door.

Lamorce held out his hand. The other caught it in both of his, and wrung it without speaking for a moment.

"I darsn't say God speed ye, for I mistrust yar errant. I do, sore! But ye'll find the place warm for ye, come when ye will. I've been thinking I'd try if there was no marl on them lower lots, and— But good-by, Mr. Lamorce," perceiving that he did not hear him. "Good-by."

When the door had shut behind the man he got up, drove his hat more firmly on his head, and went quietly to work. There was a wide fire blazing on the open hearth; he heaped wood on it to make it stronger; then, going up stairs, he brought down the contents of some old chests of drawers filled with his belongings, which Berry and the old housekeeper had stored away. Papers he had none; Dick Lamorce's life had not been of the sort to accumulate such mementos. But whatever there was to give evidence of his past life in that house he burned. He was striving to wipe out the record of those years, as men do when they feel death coming nearer step by step. When all were gone, he went slowly up the stairs again; coming back from time to time, carrying loads under which he trembled, glancing

from side to side feebly. Yet they were light burdens; delicate muslin dresses, which belonged to the summer just gone; others of older make, the aprons and little hoods which she wore long ago; dainty little ribbons, collars, half worn gloves; books of pressed flowers, bits of unfinished needle-work; all the trifling, pretty nothings which young girls gather and hoard, and which have such a mysterious charm for men like Lamorce. He heaped them all on the crackling logs; he stood by while they burned, moving them occasionally to give the flames air; but intense as was the heat, the face, framed by the black hat, was quiet and colorless as before.

He found her books, her little Bible, with her name written by himself on the fly-leaf; a packet of his own letters, with every post-mark in the world on them, tied up with a pure white ribbon, and labeled, "From my dear Richard." He examined each with the same immovable countenance, and laid them gravely on the heap. There were the little gifts which she had shown with such pride to Mary Corson, every one of which brought back to him some remembrance of the port where he had found it; his care to bring it home, his delight when it pleased her, and the kisses with which she had caressed him. Now, her kisses—yet even that thought brought no change on the pale, iron-lined face.

Nothing escaped his keen eye; the little toys of her work-basket, the pen, with her initials carved on it—all that could tell that she had once lived under this roof were swept away alike. He stopped as last.

She was dead and buried to him. The threshold of old Peter Lamorce's house was clear of her. With the baby sister he had petted his life-long he had no more to do, not even when the grave should give up its dead.

The chest stood open on the floor beside him. He turned and looked at it; paused for one mo-

ment only. Nearest the top was a package, which he had wrapped in the whitest paper. He remembered that day. It was Mary's wedding veil. Was it chance only that clouded the sunlight as the poor fellow took it up, leaving him in almost darkness for the work that lay before him?

For that one moment he doubted. Did his task call on him to give up this—even this?

There was not a hope that he had through his whole life of being like other men; there was not a look nor touch of the woman he had so madly loved, that did not rise to bar him from his purpose. He laughed at last.

"When my work is done, can I go to her with bloody hands?"

Let us close the door and leave him alone with his dead. When he came out in the twilight, the chest was empty, and the last flicker of the expiring fire showed a heap of burned rags upon the hearth. He stood on the threshold, looking over the stretch of rolling marshland, and the sea graying down in the melancholy light. A solitary fish-hawk, left behind by its mate in the migration of its fellows, struck and bruised by the winds, drifted with the torn night-scurd over the deserted house, uttered its old, sad cry, heavy with the burden of some ancient sorrow or wrong, for there, shattered on the ground, lay its nest rudely torn from its place in the topmost branches of the tree. For one moment over deserted house and deserted nest it slowly eddied, and once again piped out its dreary cry of Lost! Lost! Lost! And then drifted on through the night to where the eye of no man ever yet has followed.

Lamorce, closing the door behind him, took his slow, steady way across the darkening moors, leaving the dead old man to watch over the house which he had built; into whose rooms, as into the heart of the son that had been born to him, the curse of God had fallen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

P Æ A N.

BY ELLA HOWARD.

I HAVE been to the grave where my dear one sleeps,
And felt that I stood upon holiest ground;
For the quiet repose that the church-yard keeps,
Still the bitterest grief to murmuring sound.

Ah! I would not have dreamed, after seven long years,
That seeing his grave would so painful have been;
I bade it adieu, then returned to shed tears
For him whose cold grave was so silent and green.

Yet I would not ask him to come back again,
Were life one long dream, sweet and dear as of yore;
He might not again be so ready for Heaven,
And I could not be so resigned as before.

Sleep on, oh, my darling! though I am not near,
To share thy deep slumber, or watch thy repose;
For I know thou hast passed to that land ever dear,
Where Asphodel, white-leaved, eternally blows.

CASH OR BARTER.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

I REGARDED my aunt Eliza attentively. Perfectly skilled in worldly lore, she had promised that I should enjoy the full benefit of her wisdom, without tasting that bitter fruit of experience, which she declared had "hardened" her into a woman of the world at bare twenty.

She was not a hard-looking woman, however. Her features were cut delicately, and there was a lingering trace of what might have been once a sensitive nature about the mouth. I could easily conceive of my aunt Eliza as being singularly attractive in certain moods, when whatever was best in her nature should gain the ascendancy—this was not the case just now, however.

She had writing materials before her, and was making out a list for her winter receptions.

I listened with attention. I was new to everything; just from a quiet little country town, where I had led the simplest of home-lives. At first I had been dazzled. It took me a week to regain the full possession of faculties bewildered by the glittering, restless vortex of society, into which I found myself plunged from the moment of my arrival.

Stephen had said to me, as he shook hands for good-by, just as the cars were starting,

"Lady-bird, you are going to leave me for awhile; but I can trust your memory—you'll not forget old friends. And, for the rest, you are to tell me just what you think of the world, after you have made acquaintance with the same."

I nodded; there was no time for reply; then the cars whirled me to my destination, and I had been in a whirl ever since. This morning, however, I had managed to put on my "thinking-cap," and meant to find out what was the intention of my surroundings, and what their value.

"Now, girls," said my aunt, "I must get this list made out as soon as possible, and I want you to help me. Of course, your cousin Janie can't help us, because she doesn't know who's who, or what's what yet. Never mind," nodding at me with her cool, business-like air, "you'll learn fast enough what is *comme il faut*."

Laura and Marion, my cousins, took positions on either side of my aunt, and the three plunged into discussion.

My aunt rapidly dashed down a dozen names, and then read them off.

"Of course, girls, those people are taken for granted. Now comes some of the debatable folks. There's the Pendletons—shall I put down their names?"

"Why, of course, ma," declares Laura. "I don't care much about the girls; but you know Robert Pendleton is very nice, and he likes me; and you see it looks well to have admirers."

My aunt looked at her daughter; brilliant of complexion, coldly and steelily handsome at eighteen—why should she not have admirers?

"The Pendletons," repeated my aunt, as she wrote the name on her list. "Now for the Harrises. They've given up society since their father failed; but then we've always been acquainted."

"And you know Sarah Harris plays exquisitely, ma," adds Marion.

"Yes, to be sure;" and down goes the Harris' name.

I listened to all this, and much more of the same sort, still keeping on my thinking-cap. By the time my aunt had completed her list, I had learned the principle thoroughly, I fancied, upon which society is conducted. The secret can be expressed in a little sentence of three words—Cash or Barter. Am I not right? The first dozen names my aunt had written on her list, without demur, were cash; the rest were barter. To pass current you must be either ready money, or have something equivalent thereto.

"Very well, Janie Moss!" I thought, addressing myself, "which are you, Cash or Barter?" With my thinking-cap on I went up stairs.

I did a very natural thing at once, looked in the glass. A young, fresh-looking face, plenty of red-brown hair, nice teeth, a tolerable figure, my own, not the mantua-maker's; that was all. By no means a beauty—never a belle; and I hadn't an accomplishment—fashionably speaking—to bless myself with. Since I wasn't cash, then I must be barter. So far so good. *Courage, mon ami*; let's see how the world will serve you! I waited with patience.

My aunt's first reception arrived. Feeling myself to be barter, I had said, beforehand,

"Aunt Eliza, if I can help you in any way, let me know."

"You dear little pet! Will you see that the silver is properly polished? I know of old what a thorough housekeeper you are; and if you will see that the girls, Laura and Marion, look neat, you know; you just give them the finishing touches, and don't let them quarrel—they will do it once and awhile, and it makes them look unamiable; and if there's anything else you can do, Janie, dear, just attend to it without asking me, for I am worried to death."

My aunt looked "worried"—she was apt to when expecting company, until they came; then she was as serene as a summer's day—no cares, no anxieties; servants the best in the world; house perfectly arranged; her daughters lovely, accomplished. My aunt was a woman of the world, and the world accepted her. If the glitter was not gold, no matter, it served the purpose.

I saw that the silver was polished until I could see my face in it—well, it might have been a handsomer one, certainly! but still a very sweet voice whispered me, that one man named Stephen—no matter for the surname, he was always Stephen to me—thought it the pleasantest he had ever seen.

The silver polished to perfection, I went to see how my cousins were progressing. I was just in time. Matters were becoming decidedly lively; Laura and Marion both wanted the pier-glass at once.

"Janie, isn't it abominable!" they both exclaimed, "neither of us ready? We both want the glass. Oh! if ma would only permit us a maid!" exclaimed Laura, the eldest, with tears in her eyes.

"I'm your maid," said Janie Moss, with the best grace she could summon.

I set to work, crimped Laura's hair without burning her, and did Marion's curls; added the "finishing touches" to both toilets—when the whole was completed the effect was fine.

Laura kissed me on one cheek, Marion on the other. One had a "set of garnets" she would lend me; the other proffered me cobwebs in the guise of lace. I shook my head at both, and went to my room.

I dressed myself with care, according to custom, and the result was the same as usual. My aunt would not be ashamed of me, that was all; then I went down stairs into the drawing-room.

Aunt Eliza smiled and beckoned me to her.

"Janie, you look sweet. The rest will be exotics; you will show like a daisy flower among them all."

"What more can I do for you, aunt Eliza?" was my sole reply.

"Oh! just talk to the people that have nobody else to talk to them; make yourself at home with them, and make them feel so—I hate stiffness!"

I obeyed instructions to the letter. From my childhood I had a singular *penchant* for corners. Just apart from the bustle there are always nice little niches, where you'll be likely to find the choicest company of any.

I found it so, at all events. I courted the corners. The first society I came upon was that of a sweet-faced, elderly lady, who knew my people at home; had passed her girlish days in my dear little town where everybody know each other.

We had a cozy chat; two or three other corner people edged up to us. One, a timid little lady, that couldn't dance, and who was afraid to talk; likewise a diffident young man, who had come with the bashful damsel, and who was situated "similarly likewise." Somehow we all drew one another out.

The timid little lady began to laugh at her own embarrassment; her escort, encouraged, grew witty, and amused us mightily; the sweet-faced, elderly lady smiled upon us all with motherly delight.

In the midst of our chatter a somewhat languid voice declared,

"Upon my word, you seem to be the happiest people in the room."

It was not a person who belonged to our corner who said this. If he had gravitated there, it must have been in obedience to the law of contrast. The face was brilliant, but the air *blase*—it was Egerton De Sayres. I had seen him before at my aunt's, his name had been the first on her list. He was very ready cash.

The timid little lady and her escort melted into the crowd; Mr. De Sayres dropped into their place, for he seemed to take up as much room in his languid *insouciance* as both of them.

"Miss Moss, are you a statue, that you should niche yourself in this corner and become a fixture here?"

"Sir, do I look statuesque? The classics would hardly find me a place, I think. Statues ought not to hold the sole monopoly of corners, they are too charming for that."

"Which—the corners or the statues?"

"Both; but more especially the corners, those I have liked from a child."

"Well, *this* is a charming corner, anyway," went on Mr. De Sayres. "I think I shall cultivate it for the rest of the evening."

"How long is it since Mr. De Sayres has developed a taste for wall-flowers?"

"Oh! I like them always when they're violets!"

He was a graceful gentleman, was Mr. De Sayres; could say a great deal with his manner, which was as polished as my aunt's silver just now.

We talked after that, my sweet-faced, elderly lady protected us both from remark. By-and-by my companion grew in earnest, fire came into the languid mien—results of travel, of study, of worldly-wise systems of men and things were at my command.

Having nothing to venture and nothing to lose, I was mistress of my resources; I acquitted myself with credit.

An hour afterward I was making the tour of the room upon Mr. De Sayres' arm. My aunt looked over to me and nodded approbation.

My escort was courteous, devoted as he well could be. I received his gallantries with the quiet, self-assurance of one who feels herself entitled to homage.

When the evening was done, I retired to my room, laughing inwardly. The last words my aunt had said were,

"Bravo! little Janie; really, you acquitted yourself with credit. Laura and Marion might both take lessons from you in *aplomb*. I shall have to promote you from the corners."

I knew what my aunt thought of me in her heart—an *intrigante*, feigning simplicity in order better to carry out her plans. Very well, I could afford to be misunderstood, since one true heart comprehended the real depths of my woman's nature!

The next evening, Mr. De Sayres, with a choice bouquet for "Miss Janie;" he had dropped the Miss Moss as too formal.

It was really an exquisite thing he tendered me, not a stiff pyramid, like a set speech got ready by heart beforehand. It might have been culled in Woodlands, so dainty were the flowers—violets, forget-me-nots, and quivering fern-leaves.

"I were but little grateful—could I say how much?" murmured Janie Moss, bowing above the bouquet.

"You like it, then? I wouldn't trust the florist, but selected the flowers myself, and dictated their arrangement."

Then we began to talk. I liked to talk with Egerton De Sayres. But it was only that chilly pleasure one finds in conversation when merely the intellect is gratified, while the heart pines for wholesome food.

Would I go with him to see the statue of Zenobia on exhibition? It was "really wonderful what women could accomplish." "Do you know, Miss Janie," taking my hand very tenderly, "that I think your fingers are fine enough to shape a statue, paint a picture, pen a poem?"

I looked at my fingers, they were chubby digits that seemed to me much better suited for moulding pastry, manipulating cake, and other purely household pursuits.

I refrained from saying what I thought, however, cast down my eyes demurely, and stated that I could "not bear to leave New York and not have seen Miss Hosmer's Zenobia."

So we went together, saw the grand-looking woman carved in marble, and came home discussing art; for Mr. De Sayres had been abroad, and knew the European galleries by heart.

I listened with attention, and my companion was sufficiently flattered by my attentive attitude to let all errors pass.

"I shall come," he said at parting, "to all your aunt's receptions. Remember, I am a fixture as long as you remain."

My aunt, Laura, and Marion, all were watching me, though, having eyes, they saw not—I was puzzling them all.

"Young ladies," said my aunt Eliza, one morning at breakfast, "you are all getting too flippant. I'm afraid I shall have three firts on my hands."

"I am not a flirt, aunt Eliza," answered I, looking the speaker straight in the eyes.

Laura and Marion laughed. "Well, we know who is one, then!"

"Yes, so do I. Miss Moss, from the country, has not been in contact with a fresh, manly heart these five years for nothing. I cannot tell diamonds from paste, it may be; but I do know a false heart from a sincere one."

My aunt looked puzzled, somewhat discomfited, then went on,

"Oh, yes! we all admire sincerity, of course; and it is easy to see, Janie, that you understand paddling your own canoe, as the phrase is. But that's not the point. The Academy of Design opens to-night, and I intend to *chaperone* you there; so make yourself wise about pictures."

Laura and Marion pouted slightly, and began to talk of other engagements. Aunt Eliza was peremptory, however.

"Who is to be our escort, mamma?" questioned the two.

Aunt Eliza looked mysterious, then smiled. I caught her smile with another, and tossed

the mystery back to her. I had overheard her making the arrangement with Mr. De Sayres the night before.

"Janie Moss, you are to look your prettiest to-night," said my aunt, sailing into my room just before the time for starting.

"Yes, aunt Eliza."

"Is there nothing I can lend you to wear?"

"Nothing in the world. See what a pretty head-dress?"

I held up a half wreath of exquisite autumn-leaves. Stephen had sent them to me in a letter that very day; he had "gathered them in the woods," he said, wondering if I would not come back "before the leaves were quite fallen."

I had written straightway that I would return "before the branches were bare," and that I meant to wear the leaves he had chosen as my colors."

My aunt took the coronal in her hand and admired the same. She was a woman of taste, was my aunt Eliza.

I fastened the leaves across my hair.

"There," she said, "heads powdered with diamond-dust, and all kinds of absurdities will be there to-night. But I can guess who will admire your simple wreath of autumn-leaves most of any."

I sighed softly. My aunt heard, and misunderstood. She turned in the door-way, lifted her finger expressively, and said, in her tones curiously marked at times,

"Janie Moss, I made this arrangement to-night expressly for your benefit. If you play your cards well—and that you are sure to do—you will win the game. He is simply infatuated."

I made no answer; let events explain themselves. I am not sure that it was right to be reticent; but if I had made explanations a mile in length, I should still be misunderstood; there were no real points of contact between my aunt, my cousins, and myself. When this is the case, words are wasted. I have read somewhere a brief but brilliant essay upon things it is useless to explain. In fact I never did approve of words, it is really our actions that speak for us best of all.

The marble building that touched the street in which it stood, with all lovely memories of Venetian art, rose fair in the white light of the November moon.

"See," said Mr. De Sayres, touching my hand, "is it not a triumph of architecture? There is no building like it in all America."

I did not answer. Was it a fit of bashfulness?

He took my hand, that chose to be passive, and drew it through his arm. "Remember," he said, "you are to belong to me entirely this evening; and, if you consent, thereafter." This in a tone so low, that I imagined rather than heard it.

There was a brave display of pictures and people within. I think, though, that each looked at the other rather than at the lovely landscapes and sweet faces that shone down from the walls, touched with all grace of coloring—for America's best artists were represented here to-night.

And yet, cry out against this you who will, it is but natural. "The proper study of mankind is man." Pictures and statuary are graceful and beautiful, but they only simulate the real. So long as hearts throb with human blood, so long shall we be more interested in the living world around us, than in the shades that people the colder realms of art. We are too hard upon one another, too much fettered by a false dilettanteism. Sooner the frank eye and the frank tongue, that says, "I go simply to see my kind," than the flimsy pretence that professes to worship art, yet knows nothing of its deep, sacred meaning.

I thought this to myself, because I saw how hollow the exclamations of many were, and how stereotyped the sentences in which the crowd praised or blamed.

"Come, you are tired of all this," said my escort, and found me a seat apart, where marble groups rose in white harmonious symmetry.

"Janie," he spoke, "what strange bond of sympathy is there between us? It seems as if we ought to spend our lives together."

This was more than I could endure. He to call me "Janie," and in that fashion. If I had been a silly little moth, however, it was but fair that I should get my wings singed, just a little, to pay for my folly.

"Stop, Mr. Egerton De Sayres!" I burst forth, after a second's pause, "this has gone quite far enough. You know better than I can tell you the man you are. I understood you from the first. 'You thought to break a country heart for pastime.' I had never met a finished man of society such as I saw you to be. I wished to investigate you, to understand the value of that which you represented—to weigh the coin that passes so current everywhere. I might as well be plain; you know that to love a woman such as I am, just for herself, would be for you, impossible."

"You do me wrong," said Mr. De Sayres,

wincing slightly, yet speaking with a show of feeling.

"No," returned I, with determination. "It is as well for you to hear the truth for once. My heart was meant for something better than a plaything. Mr. De Sayres, there are nobler occupations for a man, believe me, than this silly game society plays, in which vanity holds the trump-card, and where the winner loses always."

"Loses, Miss Moss? How?"

"With the empty triumph of winning that which, gained, is never prized. Will it pay, Mr. De Sayres, for the womanhood defaced, the manhood soiled and marred?"

"Hardly, Miss Moss."

"I am going home to-morrow, sir. Let me leave a lesson with you. You will have learned there are women that only genuine, manly worth can win. I shall have learned to hold through all the coming years, be they many or few, the value of the truest heart that ever beat."

"Oh! you are——"

"Yes," said I, not suffering the sentence to be finished. "Now take me back to my aunt."

Mr. De Sayres complied with my request, and came back with me, wearing a very sober face.

"She has been reading me such a lecture, madam," declared he to my aunt.

Not caring to show she was discomfited, my aunt said, simply,

"I trust you will improve upon it, Mr. De Sayres."

"I trust I shall," compressing his lips, and raising his eyebrows.

"I must leave to-morrow," I told my aunt that night. "You and the girls will be sure to come and spend the summer with us?"

"By all means," rejoined aunt Eliza, promptly. "You know we all love the country in the summer-time, not to speak of its being so altogether out of date for anybody who is anybody to stay in town at that time."

The girls were "delighted," too; they had enjoyed the last summer they had spent with us so much. So you see it was a satisfactory barter on all sides.

Stephen met me at the depot.

"You look just the same lady-bird, only a trifle soberer or wiser, it may be."

"Yes, Stephen, I am wiser with a very sad, new wisdom."

"What is the matter, little Janie? Have you been trying to solve that troublesome problem—society?"

"Yes, Stephen; and I've found out the solution."

"Well, what is that?"

"Oh, it all means, or, at all events, the finale is—*Cash or Barter!*"

"Pure selfishness, then, is the governing motive of the bright, gay world you have been testing during your absence?"

"Pure selfishness, Stephen."

"And yet," looking at me with envious wistfulness, "there might be one kind of barter you owe to somebody that wouldn't be selfishness."

For once, at all events, one woman was open as sunlight. I have seen enough of schemes to make me in love with truth forevermore.

"I know what you mean, dear. I have your heart, you shall have mine to keep forever, and so it please you."

And this fair exchange has been the most blessed, beautiful event that has happened me in my whole lifetime.

THOUGHTS OF THEE.

BY SYLVIE A. SPERRY.

Now thoughts of thee come thronging, dearest one;
The night-bird's melody awakes a strain
Of unforgotten music—half a pain;
Yet, oh! so sweet! and I am not alone!

The mild, soft eyes of angels on me shine;
The fleecy cloud is like an angel's wing;
The music like the strain the seraphs sing—
I heard it once, when you, I thought, were mine.

I had a glimpse of Heaven—what man has more?
That song you sang me, when adown the tide
We floated idly, nestled side by side,
And saw not Death, the archer, on the shore!

The stars are friends, and out beneath their beam
I live again that transient hour of bliss;

I feel an angel's soft, bewildering kiss,
And know it is not all an idle dream.

I hear the night-birds, and I know the song—
Only one song they ever sing to me;
And then a moonlit winding stream I see—
A boat with two the tide bears swift along.

A form upon the bank, with watchful eye—
A mystic form—one not of earthly mould;
I tremble, and my very heart grows cold;
I hear his wings, as Death comes sweeping by.

I fold the slight form by me to my heart;
I kiss the lips, and feel their icy chill;
I struggle with the fiend with stubborn will,
But Azrael conquers—tears our souls apart.

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141.

CHAPTER III.

"I—I insist upon nothing, sir. Only that you keep quiet and try to sleep."

"Give me more ice, then?"

She held the glass to his lips; but he was impatient, and, seizing the lumps of ice with his fingers, ground them to powder between his white teeth. Then he looked up in her face and laughed, calling her Ruby, and asking if it wasn't a fair game to get all one could, and give nothing; a game she had played at so often, and which he knew something of. Oh, yes! as some one might learn to her cost."

"This is all wild talk, and means nothing," Zua would say, speaking in a low voice to Mrs. Test. "People never do mean anything when out of their heads, except in books."

The young girl tried to believe this; but, somehow, the insane words that really sprang from this raging fever, wounded her not a little. She began to hate the word that he used so often; and had she possessed a red jewel of any kind, I think she would have flung it over the terrace into the water that very night. As it was, she only listened the more attentively, and watched her father's guest with keen interest. Mrs. Test wondered, as the patient grew more and more delirious, why Zua did not have her father summoned, and suggested going to him once; but the young girl seemed to prize her post in the sick room, and would not hear of her father being disturbed on any account. The doctor would soon be there and set everything right. But the patient, hearing this, cried out that nothing could be right while he was forced to travel through that hot desert, with burning sand in his face, and not a green thing in sight; lame, too, and with fire in all his bones. Who dared to say that such things were right?"

Zua was a brave girl, but she had little experience, and all this wild language frightened her.

"Oh! I do wish the doctor would come," she said, leaning her head on the sill of the open window, and clasping her hands in some feeling that was almost a prayer.

A sigh passed her, like the wind sweeping the honeysuckle-vines that draped the balcony; but it came from a wild, human heart, so close to the window that Zua might have touched the woman it had lured so close to the sick-room, had she but reached forth her hand. For Ruby Gray had left her little boat, and crept up to that veranda so stealthily, that even the sleepless house-dog did not hear her; and sitting down in one of those old-fashioned hickory chairs that stood in that house, as parlor furniture, before the revolution, she leaned her head against the clap-boards and listened greedily, as a thirsty traveler lends his ear for the first sound of running water. She could not hear much, certainly, for delirium is always rambling and indistinct; but once or twice her own name came, ringing loud and clear, from those hot lips, at which her heart leaped, like a bird, at the call of its mate, and settled down again, taking her breath with it. Then came the tramp of horses, and a faint sound of wheels coming down the turfy, private road, which caused a commotion in the sick-room; and Zua Wheaton ran to the end window again, making a splendid picture of herself, as she had done once before that evening; and Mrs. Test went into the hall, when she flung open both leaves of the broad, double-door, the breeze rushed through, and set her lamp flickering till her old face was surrounded with dancing shadows as the doctor entered, while Billy Clark sat on Flash, and, leaning down, looked through the door, thinking that Zua might come out of the sick-room to thank him. Poor fellow! when he saw only Mrs. Test, he rode slowly back to the stable and put the horse up. Then he crept back into the hall, and, standing by the open door, listened to what went on in the sick-room.

All this time Ruby Gray was gliding down the veranda-steps, and clearing the terrace in breathless haste; for she feared detection, now that the doctor had come, and escaped to the shore like a criminal. There she sat in her tiny boat, gazing with wistful eyes, half full of tears, upon the light which streamed from that sick-chamber, so overcome with natural grief

that the friends she had left in that grand hotel in the city would not, one of them, have recognized her. With the quick feeling which springs from real sorrow she watched that dim light, wondering if the man lying there would ever be conscious of her presence again, and working herself into a terror of apprehension, which was more natural than any feeling she had experienced for years. At last she saw a fitting shadow coming down the terrace, and held her breath till it came forward in the form of Billy Clark.

"Marm, marm, I come to tell you that the doctor thinks he'll die, sure enough. It's on the brain."

There was a slight cry—a struggle—and Ruby Gray fell, insensible, into the bottom of the boat.

Billy Clark stepped down into the boat and lifted the senseless woman, with a great strain of all his powers, from her prostrate position. Holding her head up with one arm, he dashed cold, salt water into her face by handfuls. For a time the still, white face lay upward to the sky, like that of a dead woman; but after a few dashes of the salt water, a spasm passed over it, mouth, nostrils, and those long, golden eyelashes began to tremble, and, with a sudden effort, Ruby Gray started up, looking wildly into Billy Clark's face.

"Was it you that told me?"

Her words were sharp; her frame quivered all over, as if the reckless use of cold water had chilled her through.

"Yes, it was me; but I didn't mean to hurt you so!" said Clark, penitently.

Ruby put a hand to her left side.

"Yes, you did hurt me. It came so sudden; but—but, perhaps, I did not hear rightly. He, that is, the gentleman up yonder, is worse. Was not that what you were saying?"

"No. I said more than that, I'm afraid."

"More?" she whispered, shrinking away from him; "then it was all true? God help me!"

"I said the toughest and cruellest thing that ever was said to a fellow-creature, when—but no matter. If I'd known, I wouldn't a done it, on no account whatever. Perhaps he'll live in spite of the doctor. Since I've seen how it makes you feel, I almost hope he will."

"Almost hope that he will! Oh! my good fellow, pray for it, if you ever prayed in your life. If I only knew how! If I only knew how!"

Ruby Gray wrung her hands in a wild rush of grief as she said this; and at last lifted them toward heaven, calling out in piteous helplessness,

"If I only knew how! If I only knew how!"

Poor creature, with all her accomplishments and exquisite powers of fascination, she did not know how to ask a merciful God to lift the pain from her heart; or to spare the man who lay suffering so keenly almost within earshot of her moans.

"Just try to remember, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' if nothing else seems to come natural," said Billy, brimming over with sympathy; "perhaps I could help you out a little in that."

Ruby Gray turned her large, blue eyes on that mender face, and answered with a sad shake of the head, "Oh! that asks too much, and too little! All I want on earth is *his* life."

Billy made a great struggle against something that rose up in his heart like a mountain of lead.

"If I was to die to-morrow, nobody would feel like that," he said. "But if he dies, condemn him! two of you would be going into fits, and harrying a feller's heart in his bosom with your tears and screeches, all because he's six feet high, and has a great black mustacher shining with bear's-grease, and white teeth shining through. Didn't he grit them, though, when the doctor sot his leg! It would have made you shiver all over to hear the bones grate."

"Oh! don't, don't!" pleaded Ruby Gray, shaking visibly, and putting the wet hair wildly back from her temples.

"She didn't give up so; but stood close to the door while the doctors did it, white as chalk, with her teeth sot, and her eyes a shining like stars. When he yelled out that once, she gave one sharp scream; but that was all. Nobody heard her but me; and I could a given him an extra wrench just where he lay, choking back the groans, and quivering all over, with great drops pouring like rain down his face, and his thick hair all limp and wet through—just as yours is now. Yes, I could a done it. She'd no business to scream for him. What's he to her? She never sot eyes on him before to-day."

Ruby Gray trembled less now; and Billy could see, even in that dim light, that life and fire was kindling in those blue eyes. Her voice, too, changed when she addressed him again.

"You are right, Mr. Clark. Why did she hang about the door? It was no place for a lady!"

"No, never it was."

"But he did not know," she added, more gently.

"What of that? I did. I saw it all."

Ruby sprang up in the boat.

"Hark! what is that?" she said, listening.

"He's getting wilder and wilder. It's of no use, doctors can't save him. Besides, this one has just gone away. I must go back, they expect me to set up with him the rest of the night."

"You, and alone?"

"Yes, that's the way it is settled. The doctor says Miss Zua is tired out, and must go to bed; and the old lady, too. They have got a tough siege before 'em, he says, and must have all the rest they can get."

"And has she gone?"

"Yes, I reckon so. The doctor said she should before he left the house; and he's a chap that usually has his own way."

"And that old lady?"

"Oh! she'll be glad enough to go. Old women like her are not so fond of setting up nights. But I see her looking out of the window. She must wait, though, till I row you across to the Point."

"No, I will not permit it."

"But how will you get home?"

"As I came. One pair of oars is enough, and I can pull them."

Billy looked anxiously over the little bay, and back upon the farm-house, where the gleams of a shaded light stole faintly through the clustering honeysuckles.

"Let me push your boat off, then," he said, wading knee deep into the water, and preparing to put forth all his little strength. "It's a shame to let you go alone—but I can't help it; that fellow is strong as a lion, and might scare the old woman out of her senses."

Ruby Gray put her hand on those with which Billy grasped the edge of the boat.

"No, don't push it off, Mr. Clark, I've a great favor to ask of you."

Billy dropped his hands from under her touch, and stood knee deep in the rising tide, looking at her.

"Let me wait here, Mr. Clark, and when you are quite alone, open the door softly which leads to the veranda. I—I will steal through, and—and— Oh, Mr. Clark! if he must die, let me see him once more! I shall never be happy again if you refuse me."

"Refuse you! Don't I know what it is? Haven't I lain under them currant-bushes half the night just to see the glimmer that comes and goes in her chamber? Sometimes she comes to the window and lifts the muslin curtain; then I feel tears come up, warm and full into my eyes, and I go home thankful. Refuse you! I'd as soon turn away the lamb that comes bleating to my dog when its mother is lost."

Ruby Gray leaned forward, took Billy's wet hands in hers and kissed them, spite of the briny water with which they were dripping.

"How good you are! How I thank you," she said, her sweet voice rendered deeper and richer from the tears that swelled into it.

"Oh! if she would only do that once. I wouldn't ask to live a minute after that," said Clark, plaintively; but she never will—no, never; that sick fellow has come straight between us."

"No, no! that shall never be," cried Ruby, with a passionate gesture. "Whatever else may happen, he shall not interfere. Only let me see him for one little half-hour. Give me some signal when you are quite alone. Come to the window, or change the light, I shall understand."

"I'll come to the window and lean out. But first let me drag this little craft further on to the beach, or the tide will wash it away. There, it's all safe. Keep a good look-out for the window, you shall see him, and no one the wiser for it."

"Thank you! Oh, thank you! but don't be long."

"The minute they are all safe in bed, you will see a fellow about my size leaning from that window. There, she's looking out again."

Billy ran up the beach, and, taking a short cut across the gardens, went toward the house. Ruby Gray watched him with anxious eyes till she saw him pass, like a shadow, across the veranda, and enter the house. Keeping her eyes on the open window, she saw the shadow of a woman crossing and recrossing the room; then a light gleamed in the hall, mounted to the upper story, and went out suddenly in one of the gable-windows, leaving everything in that part of the house dark and still.

Minutes went by after this, numbering in all nearly half an hour; then the spare figure of Billy Clark framed itself in the window, and beckoned her forward.

Ruby had been cowering in the boat, cold, shivering, and oppressed by her wet garments; but she sprang up with a little cry of joy, and passing recklessly over blossoming tulip-beds, and golden crocus-borders just dying out of flower, glided with the noiseless step of a ghost on to the veranda. Clark heard the trail of her garments across the boards, stole softly to the door on tip-toe to let her into the hall.

"Hush! this way," he whispered, leading her toward the parlor bed-room. The hand which touched hers trembled, and Ruby shrunk back shocked by a sudden fear.

"So dark, so still. Is he dead? Is he dead?"

"No, not a bit of it!" said Clark, with feeble bitterness. "He's getting quieter and quieter. Shouldn't wonder if he cheats the doctor and gets well, after all. Then, again, it's because he's tired himself out with talking; there's no guessing about such a chap as that; it's a sort of fellow that don't show himself in this part of the country often. I wish they wouldn't come at all. They're of no sort of use, only to set quiet families into an uproar."

Ruby did not hear half of this, for it was spoken under the breath, and her attention was fully occupied, for they were now in the parlor, and through the open door she saw Moreton lying upon a bed that was all whiteness, like a snow-drift, and which threw out the rich color which fever gave to his face in splendid relief. His bright eyes, full of the fiery glow of suffering, wandered restlessly about the room; the hair lay in masses around his forehead, and was just breaking out from the damps of agony into bright curling waves. His lips were slightly parted, and the hot breath came panting through, parching them as it went. One arm was flung over his head, the other was clutching fiercely at the white counterpane. His eyes fell upon the beautiful woman who came toward him in breathless agitation, and a laugh broke from his hot lips, sharp and quick, like a flash of fire-crackers.

"There comes my Ruby, gem of gems! pearl of pearls! the woman of women! I knew that she would set forth to meet me. Why not? Did she not invite me to come? Did I offer? No, no! Come here, coquette! beautiful coquette! Queen of flirts, come here! and let me look in that face. Why, how natural it is; the hair all down, half in curl, half out; the eyes, why they look like weeping. Ruby, Ruby! if you had always been like that, no angel could have stepped between us; no angel with— No matter what she is like. Why didn't you look like that before, womanly and human, all the art washed out? Are you sorry, or is this only a part of the whole?"

These words, half insane, yet with an underlying of truth in them, struck the woman with a pang of sudden illumination. In all her intercourse with the man lying before her, she had not dreamed that he thought of her thus. Had all his honied flattery and chivalric homage meant only this? Did he deem her artful, capricious, merely the flirt which so many had, in fact, found her to their cost? The thought stung her like a serpent. Up to that very day she had been quite unconscious how much of

real natural passion had mingled with her intercourse with that man. Now she felt in every fibre of her being how dear he was to her; how dark and dreary the world would be without him. She had encouraged, nay, sought his attentions, as women sometimes will who have mingled much with the world and become worldly; first, because he was the handsomest and most brilliant man who made the hotel his head-quarters; and again, because her taste and vanity were both satisfied by his seeming preference of herself. But now when he lay before her, ill and suffering, with fever-fires lighting up his face and mocking words on his lips, she knew, by the pang at her heart, how deeply he was beloved, how little his possessions or standing in society—things she had prized so highly—had to do with this love. At first she might have thought only of these things; for this new passion could alone have lifted a character like hers out of its natural selfishness. But now she thought only of the man—of the sweet words he had whispered in her ear, and the attentions which were more precious, even in their memory, than the adoration of a thousand lovers could ever be again.

Then the sick man spoke again,

"Is she here yet?"

Ruby Gray fell on her knees by the bed, natural, ardent, and full of womanly affection.

"Preston, Preston, I am here!" she said, suppressing the passionate grief in her voice till it came forth in a low wail.

He attempted to lift himself from the pillow; but something held him fast to the bed, and he only struggled to no avail. Then, turning his head so as to look her in the face, he murmured,

"Oh! it is only Ruby! only Ruby Gray!"

Ruby looked back on Billy Clark, who stood by the window, and said, in a plaintive voice, claiming sympathy even from him,

"He is wholly out of his mind!"

"Crazy as a kite with the string broken," answered Billy; "and what's worse, he ain't likely to come out of it. By-and-by he'll flash up and go off."

"No, no! They cannot say that; see how full of rich life he is!"

"Scorching hot fever! That's what it all means!"

Ruby took the white hand which had been wildly tossed over the bedside, and pressed her quivering lips upon it.

"No!" she murmured; "no! he must not die. If he only knew how I love him, it would drive death back. Oh! he sought for it, he

pined for it; he will prize it so much—this love which seems to make me and him immortal. Great heavens! if I could only make him understand it."

"Oh! I understand, I understand," muttered the sick man. "It is you who have strapped me down as they did the poor martyrs of old, burning me up with fire; but you shall not see the pain. I have held hotter things in my bosom, and nobody knew. What are you crying for, pretty witch? Go away! Go away! It is the other one I want; she brings ice, ice, ice!"

"How he raves! Oh! if he could but listen and comprehend!" she cried, wringing her white hands, and looking piteously at Billy Clark, who was crying like a great boy.

"But he won't. I tell you, he's bound to die, cutting about, right and left, like that. Better leave him alone."

"Leave me alone! Who says that? Leave me alone; that is exactly it. Then the angels come and minister to me; black-eyed angels, with red scarfs streaming on the air, and such sweet looks, full of mercy and love. Just now I saw her floating away among the roses. Who says that angels have blue eyes, and hair like sunbeams? Oh, yes! I remember that sort of thing took with Ruby. She loved her hair, those great blue eyes, and all the rest, so much that there was no room for another love to creep in. Did you ever see her in the German, whirling, whirling, with the snow of her dress drifting about her, and—and— But my angel, with the black eyes, never dances the German. No man's arm ever girds her waist. Besides, she gives me ice—cool—cool ice; gathered with her own hands from the springs of heaven."

Ruby arose from her knees, sad and disheartened. She knew well enough that all this was delirium; but it smote her on the heart all the same.

"Give me some ice," she said, humbly; "he needs drink. It is the fever which makes him talk so."

Billy brought the dish of broken ice, and gave it to her, muttering, "It's no use your trying; he's sure to go!"

Ruby took a fragment of the ice, with a wan smile, and placed it between the red lips of the patient. But he shook his head angrily, and the ice fell back against her hand, shocking her like a wound.

"He will not take it from me! Oh! what have I done that he should hate me so!"

"Crying, crying, crying—always crying! as

if there was not tears enough in the world without that. Come here, young man, I want to know something. Does a fellow always die after he sees angels, or is he dead before?"

"Oh, Preston! try to recollect. Try to know me," pleaded Ruby Gray.

"Oh! I recollect, of course. Haven't I been in your parlor a hundred times? Haven't I— But what is the use? Why can't you let a poor fellow rest? It puts the other to flight every time you come. She don't like you, and never will. Go away!—that is a good little witch. I like you well enough—indeed, I do; but you keep her away, and that troubles me."

Ruby Gray went off to an open window, and, sitting down by it, sobbed piteously; just then a low knock sounded at the door. Ruby started up in affright, and looked wildly at Clark, whose thin face waxed white at the sound.

"It is her knock," he whispered.

Quick as lightning, Ruby sprang through the open window into the veranda. Clark caught one glance of her tear-stained face, as she looked back, and then opened the door.

Zua Wheaton stood on the threshold, in her loose, white morning dress, over which she had wrapped a scarlet shawl.

"Is he worse, Billy?" she inquired, stealing into the room on tip-toe.

"I have heard his voice rising and falling for some time. Is he worse?"

"Not particularly, Miss Zua," answered Clark, trembling like a culprit. "He's out of his head, and rampages a good deal in his speech; but it ain't at all likely he'll go off before morning."

"Go off," questioned Zua, in affright. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing; only what the doctor said, Miss Zua. 'If the fever sets in,' says he, 'there isn't no chance for him, it'll sweep him off like a tornado,' says he."

"And has the fever set in?"

"Good and strong—burning, I should say."

Billy spoke with a sort of glee, for he watched her pale face cloud over with sudden terror, and grew bitter at the sight.

"Billy Clark," said Zua, trembling and white, "go after the doctor again. If there is danger, he must be called."

"No, Miss Zua, I am obeying orders, and mustn't leave this room till daybreak. It might be his death."

"His death? His death! Is that possible? Is there really so much danger?"

She went up to the bed and took Moreton's

hand in hers. It was hot and dry, so hot that she almost cried out with sudden dread. But Moreton, who had been lying with his eyes closed for a time, opened them and smiled upon her. Then he fell away again, muttering something which she did not comprehend. Just as that smile crossed the sick man's lips, a pale face was looking into the window, and shrunk away again like the visage of a ghost. Then the shrubbery near the terrace-steps was disturbed; and directly there came a line of silver rippling over the water, where a tiny boat cut through it, making for the Point.

CHAPTER IV.

A WOMAN too meanly clad for a lady, and yet with a look and air which bespoke gentle breeding, came timidly up the broad stair-case of the Fifth Avenue hotel, and, approaching the kind-faced man who stood there, asked if Mrs. Ruby Gray was in, and if he would tell her where to find that lady's room.

The man who, from his position, had learned to know the signs of a gentlewoman, answered the stranger respectfully, as if she had been an empress, that Mrs. Ruby Gray had gone into the country, and might not be back for a month.

The woman seemed greatly disappointed, if not distressed, by this intelligence. She leaned against the wall, and looked wistfully at the servant's chair, as if she longed to rest a moment. Theodore pushed it toward her, scarcely thinking what he did—for with him a kindly impulse came before thought, and there was something in the woman's face that touched him deeply. She sunk into the chair, thanking him only with a silent motion of the lips. It was just after the general dinner-hour at the hotel, and a crowd of persons were passing up and down the corridors, on their way from the dining-room. The woman saw this, and made an effort to move on, but her limbs trembled and gave way, failing her as she attempted to rise.

"Sit still—sit still, no one will see you," said Theodore, standing purposely between her and the people, who went smiling and chatting up and down the long front corridor, forming a gorgeous panorama of prosperous life. The ladies sweeping the carpet with their silken trains, and massing rich colors together in groups, which an artist would have been puzzled to excel; the gentlemen, forgetting all business, even the price of gold, for that one genial hour, and giving themselves up to such happiness as only the society of refined women can give,

when surrounded with everything that is bright and cheerful.

The poor woman sitting on Theodore's hall-chair saw all this with dull, weary eyes. The time had been when she too had held an honored place in scenes like that; when the proudest of those lovely women would have been gratified had she formed one of their brilliant groups. Indeed, she saw two or three faces well known to her, and shrank away from their recognition with a sort of shame. But she need not have feared notice. Women of her seeming class were constantly moving up and down the passages of that vast hotel, performing such missions as the poor are forever rendering to the rich, and her presence there, protected as she was by Theodore, passed unheeded. So she sat still, afraid to trust her limbs again, yet anxious to take her misery out of that brilliant crowd. As she sat thus, weak, faint, and disheartened, a young man came out of the dining-room, laughing gayly, and conversing with two or three gentlemen, with whom he seemed on especial terms of intimacy. He was a handsome, and rather dashing fellow; and but for a certain air of dissipation, which suggested careless habits and late hours, might have been considered the most distinguished person in all that crowd of loungers. He left the gentlemen, whose hospitality he had evidently been receiving, joined a splendidly-dressed woman, who seemed to be expecting his approach, and passed the poor woman so close that his garments brushed hers. She was looking down, and must have discovered his presence by some intuition more subtle than sight, for she started up and cried out, "Charles," in a voice that would have touched a heart of stone.

The young man turned suddenly, and the blood rushed red and hot into his face. Then he gave a haughty lift of the head, and passed on as if that pathetic cry had neither reached his ear, or his heart. The woman knew that he had seen her, and stifled the second cry which sprang to her lips; but the effort was too much. She made a feeble effort to move on, threw out her hands dizzily, like a blind woman who felt herself in peril, and would have fallen prone on the carpet, had not Theodore caught her as she was sinking.

A small parlor, close at hand, was fortunately empty. Theodore supported the poor lady into this room, and placed her on a sofa, where she fainted dead away.

Theodore left the room, and, with delicate tact, closed the door after him. Three ladies had paused outside, in such gentle conversation

as good and gracious women love to interchange when they meet. Theodore knew them to be kindly and gentle, so he approached the group, and in a few hasty words related what had happened. A look of sympathetic pity passed over each sweet face—for the beauty which springs from a quick intellect and delicate sensibilities was theirs in beautiful perfection. With one impulse they entered the pretty blue parlor, which looked so cool and pleasant with its azure furniture, and carpets of delicate dove color, arabesqued with blue, where they found the poor lady lying pale, lifeless, and with a look of pain on her thin features.

Down upon her knees fell the larger of these three women, raising that weary head on her arm, and calling softly for water, wine, anything that would drive the deathly pallor from those pinched lips.

Theodore brought everything she wanted promptly; and the other two ladies rubbed those cold hands, and forced wine between the parted teeth, looking at each other in vague terror, for it seemed as if the breath never would come through them again. They were great friends, these three women, and took common cause in any case of distress that came before them; and the sorrows of the poor woman was so apparent in her face, that all the charity in their fine characters was completely aroused.

"Get a spoon and pour the wine through her lips, Lizzy," said the Roman-like matron, who held the sufferer in her arms.

Lizzy, for these young women called each other lovingly by their given names, as intimate friends will, turned her blue eyes brightly on her friend, and smiled as only the gentle and good can smile.

"She swallows from the glass; there is no need. See, see, how eagerly she drinks."

True enough, the poor lady—for, spite of her worn garments, she was a lady—opened her eyes fully, and a faint light shone in them. The wine had brought some redness to her lips, and she looked eagerly at the glass, asking for more with her eyes.

"Will it hurt her, Nannie?" said the blue-eyed lady they called Lizzy, withholding the glass with evident reluctance. "We may do harm."

Then the third lady, who had stood near the sofa, watching the efforts of her friends, came forward and took the glass from that little, hesitating hand.

"Give her all she can drink, Lizzy," she said, with that quick animation which bespeaks a positive character.

"But, Laura, dear, it might hurt her, she seems so weak."

"Exactly the reason that wine will do her good," answered Laura, filling the glass with her own hands, and holding it to the sufferer's lips, while her face shone with smiles, and her dark eyes brightened. "Come, madam, drink off a full glass; then tell us how we can help you."

The woman held out her tremulous hand for the wine, and drank it off slowly, and with an appearance of keen relish.

"Thank you," she said, in a low voice; "it makes me feel strong. Pray do not let me trouble you."

"Trouble!" said the dark-eyed Laura, filling the glass again. "I only wish it were something that would really do you good. Now your hands are getting warm. Are you subject to these fainting fits?"

"Sometimes. No, never I should say. But I will try to walk now. Thank you. I am so much better."

She stood up, strengthened by the wine, but still trembling, and somewhat confused in her mind. All at once a thought seemed to strike her, and she looked wildly on the sweet, earnest face of the lady they called Lizzy, with such questioning wistfulness that the gentle-hearted lady felt a mist of tears clouding her eyes.

"Is there anything else we can do for you?" she questioned.

"If you would but whisper to him that I am here, and leave me alone with him only a few moments," she answered. "I want to speak with him so much."

"Who is it you wish to see?" questioned Laura, promptly. "I will do it for you."

"A young gentleman—Mr. Charles Gray. I saw him in the passage walking with a lady—at least I think so."

"Yes, yes, of course you did; though who the new flame is I cannot imagine. He used to come often enough when his dashing young sister-in-law was here. He was dining with a party of gentlemen. Well, is it him you wish to see?"

"Yes, it is him. I did not know that he was here. If you would but speak to him."

"I will, of course I will. But who shall I say—"

"His—his m—— Say that a lady—that is, a person——"

The poor woman stopped short, and looked wistfully around on the kind faces surrounding her.

"If you would let me see him in here alone," she faltered. It is so long—so long."

The lady whom the others had addressed as Nannie broke in here.

"You shall see him where and how you like," she said. "I know young Mr. Gray, and will tell him about it."

She went out of the room, moving like some young Roman matron intent on good deeds, and full of noble aspirations. This woman was never so graceful as when she had a kind act to perform. Directly she came back again looking pained and perplexed.

"I told him," she said, "that is, as well as I was able; but he pleaded great haste to be gone, and said I might tell you that he would be sure to see you later in the evening at your own house."

"Did he? Did he promise that?"

"Yes, quite earnestly; but he spoke hurriedly, and did really seem in haste. The young lady tried to keep him; but he would not stay."

"Oh, it is all right! I am so much obliged," answered the woman, with more animation than she had yet exhibited. "It was very wrong in me to faint here; but I could not help it."

She was stronger now. Something like hope was kindling in her dark eyes, and with a sweet look of gratitude she turned to go.

"Good-night, ladies; I shall never forget how kind you have been," she said, reaching forth her hand as equal greets equal, evidently forgetting how poverty-stricken she was.

They took her hand, and said, "She was very good, indeed, to think so much of any little attention they had given her; and they all regretted, secretly, their inability to do more."

She did not accept this delicate hint; but went quietly away, leaving them in a little commotion of surprise. They did so long to lighten the burden this poor woman was suffering under; but she was no common person, and they did not know how to approach the grief she seemed so desirous of hiding from every one.

"She is a lady, every inch a lady," cried Laura, with her usual graceful decision. "How sweetly she thanked us!"

"Her poor little hands, how thin they were. Oh! how I wish we could do her some good," said Lizzy. "It seems a shame to let her go off alone, just after that fainting fit, too. What if she should be taken with another in the street?"

Suddenly struck with this idea, the three ladies went hastily into the passage, and on to

the broad stair-case; but the woman who had interested them so much was gone; and so was Theodore, for another person sat in his place—the good fellow had evidently followed her into the street. After awhile he came swiftly up the stairs again and relieved his substitute, smiling to himself, and muttering some pleasant words under his breath. The ladies went toward him.

"Did you see her home, Theodore?"

"Yes; or very near home."

"Who is she? Where does she live? Tell us, perhaps we can do her some good."

"Don't attempt it, ladies. I did my best to say something of the kind; but the words stuck in my throat when she turned her eyes on me. Let her alone—let her alone."

"Perhaps it is best; but it is all very sad, she seems such a lady," said Lizzy, who found it hard to give up a generous project.

"She is a lady," muttered Theodore, "if ever I saw one in my life; but that makes it so hard to reach her."

"Where does that poor woman live, Theodore?" said a young lady, joining the group.

"She did not seem to want me to know."

"But you found out? Of course, you did."

"Theodore never finds out anything a lady wishes to be kept private," answered the man, rubbing his hands nervously, "especially ladies who wear faded dresses and last year's bonnets."

Here some one placed a card in his hand, which he glanced at, and the next instant was mounting the broad stair-case, intent on his duties; but shaking his head all the way, and muttering to himself, "What a pity! What a pity! I remember the poor lady, if no one else does."

While he was talking to himself, three ladies passed up the stair-case, smiling upon him as they went; for their pure Christian hearts knew no distinction of rank, and in this kind, hard-working man, they acknowledged that brotherhood of charity which will always link the good in human nature sweetly together.

While this poor lady left nothing but compassion, and a generous wish to aid her behind, she entered an iron gate, leading to a small house, built in the rear of a noble block of buildings, whose gardens composed an open space, which was carefully planted and possessed almost the beauty of a park. The house was small, but pretty, as latticed windows and a net-work of light balconies could make it. The shrubbery around it was well kept, and everything around was neat and orderly. Yet there was something about the place which

chilled one with a sense of desolation; and when the woman entered it, she sighed heavily, and a look of settled gloom came over her face, clouding it mournfully. She went into what had once been a tastefully furnished sitting-room, but it was almost empty now; two chairs and a little round-table, with some few articles of china, unmatched, but exquisite in itself, were all the articles of use or comfort that the room contained. It was almost dark now; but the old lady lighted no candle. She opened the shutters wide, and used the last purple glow of sunset in putting away her bonnet and shawl in a closet, which seemed empty when she opened it. Then she dusted the chairs; and gathering some honeysuckle sprigs from a vine that coiled its rich masses of leaves and blossoms around the window, arranged it in one of the china-cups, leaving it to fill the room with its delicate odor.

When this was done, she seated herself by the window, and allowed the calm twilight to gather around her, sighing gently to herself as its shadows crept darker and darker around her. The woman had evidently learned a great lesson of patience; for she sat motionless till the moon arose, and cast its soft light on the bare floor, like bars of silver.

Thus she sat hours and hours, watching for that young man to fulfill his promise, till the city was fast settling into that faint, solemn hum of slumberous life, which is more impressive than absolute stillness. At last this poor, patient watcher grew restless and weary of the heavy life that lay, like a weight, in her bosom. The moonbeams revealed her face, pale and wan, like that of a ghost, marked with the suffering of a painful transfiguration. She got up with difficulty, and attempted to walk the room, but sat down again, panting for breath, and cramped in all her limbs.

"Will he come? Ah me! how long it is! How hard to wait, wait, and hear nothing but that dull, far-off sound, and the soft rustle of the leaves, that whisper, whisper, whisper, and yet say nothing to comfort me. If he knew how many days it is since I have tasted a wholesome meal, he would not keep me waiting so. God help me! how I have suffered; and he, looking so well, dining sumptuously. There, there! how selfish hunger makes one. Of course, some one invited him, and that was why he went; it was natural he should want to forget all his troubles—I wish I could—poor boy. I am glad that he can enjoy himself a little; though it does seem a little hard, when he does not come near me for days together."

She sat down again by the window, still listening for the steps, which had grown less and less frequently, as poverty made that little home a dreary place to visit. The house, in which there was so much misery, was a lovely object to look upon, as the moonlight fell around it. Two or three full lots had been cut short, and crowded into a small space, in order to give it room. To east and west, right and left, a stretch of open ground, broken up into little gardens, lay around it. Every window of the house looked out on flower-borders, rich with rare bulbs; and verdant grass-plots, soft as velvet, and most pleasant to look upon, night or day; for the young roses were just budding on the fences, and grape-arbors were putting forth their blossoms; trailing draperies of honeysuckles swept over balconies, and willows, loading the air with fragrance. Whatever of poverty was known in that house, its surroundings were cheerful enough. The little space of ground belonging to it was even luxuriant in its growth of thrifty shrubbery; while the house itself stood, in the moonlight, a neat little *bijou*, such as a poet or artist might have chosen for the solitude which people of that class love so well.

I may as well inform the reader who this woman is, while the person she is waiting so anxiously for still delays his appearance, as he may, for aught we know, till the morning breaks.

The time had been when that old lady was full owner of every dwelling, and every foot of land to be seen from her windows, right or left; nay, when her husband was living, she might have gone into the street and walked a block each way without coming to the extent of his landed possessions; but since his death, this property had been divided between two sons, one of whom had died early, leaving his share to his young wife, and the other portion had gone—well, you shall guess how and where when Charles Gray presents himself before his mother, who is so patiently waiting for him by that open window, so faint with hunger that she can scarcely keep the moan for bread back from her lips.

But, how came the widow of a rich man in this desperate strait? I will tell you, though it is an old story, and has been told one way or another since mothers have been weak and children grasping, as profligacy generally is. Old Mr. Gray had divided his property by will, giving the widow uncontrolled possession of her share, and she, in an evil hour, accepted this in place of the dower-right, which would have

taken its ultimate disposal out of her hands. So with a warm heart and most generous nature, she was free to live luxuriously or ruin herself, as she pleased; and this was a great misfortune to a woman who had been kept in profound ignorance of all business affairs, and who shrank from them with nervous dread whenever they were pressed upon her. She loved her children with all her powers of loving, trusted them, indulged them, and took the usual fate of such tender weakness as the judgment condemns, while the heart applauds. Her son Charles, after the death of his father, had taken the reins into his own reckless hands, and entered life as a fast young man of the world. He had traveled in Europe—that is, had spent a year in Paris, making excursions here and there, perfected himself in the French language, and dipped deep into French social life, where it was easiest to enter, leaving traces of gold everywhere; and on his return home, was thrown with reckless habits and unsound principles, and such upheavings of fashionable life as come and go in this country with the caprices of that fickle thing called public opinion. For half a dozen seasons Charles Gray was the great catch of Newport and Saratoga; drove dashing by, four-in-hand, through the thronged avenues of the park; was pronounced splendid, over and over again, by a thousand rosy lips—petted, flattered, sought after, and utterly ruined, fortune, character, and soul, while he was dropping off into that pitiful thing, a *passé beau*, doomed at last to live by his wits.

But all this did not happen until he had, under pretence of taking all care and trouble out of his mother's life, obtained a power-of-attorney, which enabled him to plunge her into hopeless poverty with himself. For a long time the young man kept up appearances by supplying all his wants out of the property he was squandering; but at last, house after house dropped out of her possession; money and lands disappeared, and of all her noble possessions, that little house, back in gardens of what had once been her own property, was all she had left; she only held a life-lease of this, and that was in the hands of trustees and beyond her own control, or, at the time of our story, this generous woman, weak only in her great love, would have been without a shelter. This little possession had sprung out of her own generous character. A helpless relative, who loved solitude and yet clung to the old family affection, had made this retreat her home. In order to remove all ideas of dependence from

her mind, the house had been built by Mr. Gray close to his own dwelling, and deeded to the woman who was to inhabit it. She outlived him by two years, and then disposed of her petty wealth, as I have said, unconsciously, perhaps, securing her benefactress a home which could not be altogether wrested from her. This was the woman who sat watching by the window that night waiting for her son, for he was now driven to shelter himself with her, and that was a little gleam of happiness in the desert to which he had driven her.

The clocks that seem to carry on the pulses of time and beat audibly in the houses of God, when the night is still, struck three o'clock; still old Mrs. Gray sat by the window with the moonbeams lying full on her white, woe-begone features. She did not sleep, but her eyes were closed, and the pitying angel, looking down from heaven, might have seen two great tears rolling down her cheeks and losing themselves in the wrinkles.

At last she started forward and leaned out of the window. The clang of an iron gate which shut in the passage from the street, and the lingering footsteps of a man, coming home against his will, made the weary heart in her bosom stir with a thrill of expectation.

"Charles," she said, leaning out of the window, and speaking softly, as a loving woman will, "Charles, is it you?"

She was sure of it from the first, but longed to hear his voice after that lonely time of watching, and so asked the question.

"Who else should it be?" answered a quick, impatient voice; "and why are you sitting up to ask?"

"I—I could not go to bed, Charles, especially to-night," she answered, with tremulous tenderness.

"And why not to-night?"

"I—I wanted you to come home so much!"

"And so sat up to torment me by catching cold; by an open window, too. I thought you had more sense."

"I did not feel it cold, Charles,"

"But you knew it was dark? Why put out the gas in the hall? It is black as midnight here."

Young Gray—for so people still called him—pushed open the door as he spoke, and came through the hall. His foot struck against something, and he cursed the object, calling out angrily again to know why the gas had been turned off.

"I did not do it," answered the old lady, deprecatingly.

"Did not do it? Then who did? There are not so many servants in the house, I should think."

"No," was the mournful answer. "Mary went three days ago."

"I dare say the ungrateful thing went off dunning for her wages, no doubt."

"I think she would have staid almost without wages, if—if I had been able to give her anything to eat," said Mrs. Gray, timidly; for when her son broke into a fit of temper, the heart in her bosom always shrunk and quivered like a wounded bird, and she was afraid to tell him of the destitution he had brought on her.

"Why didn't you give her something to eat, then? Or was she too lazy for the cooking?"

He spoke this the more rudely, because conscience struck him a fierce blow, and he avenged it with hot wrath.

"I had nothing for her—nothing for myself, Charles. Since she went away I have been very, very hungry."

"Hungry! My mother, Stephen Gray's wife, hungry! No, no, mother! that is cutting too deep into the romance of poverty."

His voice sunk and trembled, the timid words of his mother had evidently startled him.

"Yes, Charles, I have been very hungry, and so sad! Thank God, though! I never refused food to the meanest beggar—did I Charles? It isn't that God is punishing me, for I was always good to the poor, you can remember that, dear. Sometimes too good, your father said; but I do not believe that he thinks so now, when it is such a comfort to me."

"I would knock the man down who——"

Here his voice broke, and he came up to the window, looking down at his mother's wan face, which was lifted to his with an expression of piteous love, the moonlight made almost holy.

"Mother, is this thing true? Have you suffered for food?"

"Yes, dear. I am very, very hungry even now, after drinking so much wine—that it was

which drove me up to the hotel. It was the first time, Charles, and I know it was wrong; but hunger does cut one's pride down so. Don't be angry. I thought you had gone quite away; and being so faint, was about to ask Ruby for a little money, just to keep me from star—— from suffering so much."

"Ruby Gray—cur——"

"No, no, Charles! you must not do that; her husband was my son, and your brother. I think, too, she would not have denied me."

"And so, in this hope, you went up to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where fifty people might have known you in those old things, and disgraced me before all those proud women?"

"No, no; there was not a soul who guessed who I was, unless——"

"Well, madam, unless what?"

"Unless it might be the man Theodore; and he never gave a sign of it, and never will, I'm sure. I would have perished here alone rather than have gone there, had I guessed how it might hurt you."

"Well, well, it's done, and can't be helped. But what possessed you to call out my name before them all?"

"I was taken by surprise; feeble, too, from going so long without food."

"Oh! do drop that. I'll soon get something for you, if there is a restaurant open in the city."

"Will you, Charles? Will you? That is kind. Oh! how good you can be!"

The poor woman clasped her hands in eager hope; her eyes shone in the moonlight like those of a famished animal.

"Oh, Charles, be quick! I would not have asked you for it; but since you are so kind, do be quick."

There was some human kindness in the young man's heart, and he went out in search of food, cursing his own selfishness with a bitterness which was not altogether repentance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE FLOY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

AGAIN the world wheels softly on,
Into the golden light of Spring;
With life the Southern hill-sides throb;
With life the woods are whispering.

Back to their last year nests the birds;
Back the young leaves to shrub and tree;
But not from earth, or sea, or air,
Comes back my sweet, lost lamb to me.

The merest seed that fell last year;
The merest blade upon the plain,
Swells with the royal gift of life;
But to my flower I call in vain.

Of bird, and bud, and warm South wind,
She—brighter, sweeter than them all—
In some existence, rich and strange,
Heeds neither Spring's, nor Love's recall.

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

THE youngest son stood with his fair bride upon the threshold of the old farm-house. He was the last of four brave boys who had gone forth from that humble roof to work their way up manfully to a place of honor and usefulness in the world. Perhaps there was a little dimness in the old man's eye, and may be a little tremor in his voice as he spoke the farewell words. But he took from the old side-cupboard his parting gift; a bright, new hoe—and as he placed it in the hand of the youth, the accompanying admonition sounded cheerily on his ear, “Hoe out your row.”

It was the fourth time a similar presentation had been made in the old homestead.

“Everybody will find his row to hoe in this world, George—and sometimes it's a mighty tough one; but it is only cowards that shirk it. ‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,’ and never forget to look up.”

The old man wrung the hand of his son, and stooped down to kiss the cheek of his fair, new daughter; while mother busied herself with the dozen “last things,” which every one but a mother forgets. The lingering farewells were all said at last, and the old coach rolled away with the two hopeful, sunny hearts just entering life's bright and beautiful summer.

The old homestead seemed deserted and drear as a last year's nest. The aged pair sat down by their own hearthstone alone as when they began life together. How these old walls had rung to the sound of childhood's mirth, and childhood's step, and in later years had echoed with the tread of manly feet. Now they must live more in the buried past.

But to George and Ellen life seemed all one bright future, with the rainbow of hope arching all their plans and projects.

Their Western home was a humble one, and plenty of work for willing hands within it. The young farmer's chief capital was his strong arm and stout heart, and the sound working-day principles he had been taught from childhood. Sometimes he grew discouraged at the prospect of paying for the place he worked—but he was sure to meet with hearty encouragement and words of cheer from Ellen; a glance, too, at the parting gift of his father, as it stood on the mantle in the family room, was as good as a sermon any day. There it stood very ready to

give encouragement or admonition, as the case might be. Strangers might think it a curious ornament for a chimney-piece, but it was soon regarded as one of the household treasures. Dust nor rust were never suffered to mar its brightness.

“Ellen, it is no use trying,” said George, one evening, quite despondingly, as he turned away from some figures he had been making on a scrap of paper, “I can't make out the payment this week, and I may as well give it up.”

Ellen looked up cheerfully from her work and nodded toward the mantle.

“I have hoed and hoed, but this row is too much for me. The wool will pay the next installment, and the crops the next; but where this fifty dollars is to come from, that I need in addition to what I can make out, is more than I can see.”

“Sell the cow, George,” advised Ellen; “you were offered sixty dollars for her, you know.”

“But what can we do for butter, and cream in our coffee, and all that?”

“Do without for a time, dear. A home is a great deal more important to us now than any table luxury. Besides, you shall not suffer. These little self-denials, you know, are almost unavoidable, if we would fairly hoe out our row.”

George, like a sensible man, took his wife's advice; and the satisfaction he felt, as he paid down the money promptly and took his receipt, far exceeded that which any table enjoyment could afford him.

Ellen ransacked her memory for economical sauces and gravies, to take the place of old Debby's golden butter and yellow cream; and she never forgot to stir a well-beaten egg into the pot of coffee, so improving its richness that George scarcely missed the favorite luxury.

Steadily onward he hoed his row until the place was all his own. The old home had put on a new face out-doors and in. There were shrubs and rose-bushes in abundance in the once tangled and briar-grown door-yard, and a fine young orchard was blossoming on the sunny slope toward the south.

There were files of agricultural papers on the broad shelf of the little library, and a choice selection of miscellaneous books above them. There were little tasteful appointments

here and there, about the cheerful sitting-room, but the bright hoe was never displaced by any gem or crystal. The pretty shell-framed pictures might look down upon it, if they chose; it could not be looked out of countenance.

George was respected and known by all his neighbors, and the stranger, who shared but for a night the generous hospitality of his broad hearth-stone, went away to speak, years after, of the pleasant hours he spent there; and the kindly attentions of the gentle wife, whose wide heart took in every suffering, sorrowing one of earth. The blessing of the Lord was upon that household, and it is that alone "which maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

Years sped apace, when one ruddy October, a circular autograph letter went round the circle of brothers, bidding them all come to the golden wedding. And the call gathered them in from their distant homes.

There was a racket of merry, youthful voices, as the grandchildren romped through the old halls; but grandfather's face was brimful of smiles: and grandma's pet and namesake, gentle, dignified Grace, took the reins of government into her hands, so all moved on most harmoniously, relieving mothers of all care, and leaving them to chat to their hearts' content.

Carrie was the daughter-in-law who lived nearest home, so the care of the feast fell upon her. "Grandma must not stir from her rocking-chair" until all was upon the table. Indeed, it would be hard for her to accomplish much with so many little run-a-ways under her feet all the time, whose manifold perfections must continually be observed and commented on.

The evening lamp was lighted, and a little fire was burning in the open fire-place, as all were seated in the old home-room.

William, the eldest born, stepped forth from the little group, and advancing to his gray-haired father, said,

"It is twenty-two years since the first of us went forth from this roof to make his way in the world. As each, in turn, took his departure, you presented to him a bright, new hoe, with the injunction, 'Hoe out your row.' How well we have followed your directions and the lessons of industry, perseverance, Christian integrity, and self-denial, you have always taught, by your words and by your life, it remains for you to judge. As a token that we have not forgotten your teachings, in the name of my brothers and myself, I present this hoe to you," and with a bow he laid it down upon the little round stand before him.

The old man dropped his head, and the thin hairs fell about his temples as he simply said, with choking voice,

"God bless the boys!"

"Mother," said Ralph, advancing to her side, "we all know that you would not desire any gifts of jewels and golden ornaments, such as are common on these occasions. But we thought the contents of this little box might add some comforts to your lives, which we should delight to bestow, if we were not so widely separated." He placed in her hands, a beautiful gilt casket, containing four of the broadest pieces the mint turns out, with a liberal sprinkling of smaller yellow drops, from the little grandchildren.

"Now, father," said Dominie Ned, as he walked up to the stand, "I must give you my wedding-present;" and he laid before him his beautiful copy of the Testament and Psalms, printed in very large, clear type, so grateful to the failing sight of age. In bright gilt letters on the side, were stamped these words:

"I love Thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold."

"Now, perhaps, we had better sing our evening hymn; and after worship, let the little ones tramp off to bed."

The patriarch knelt among his flock, and the prayer, from his full heart, for God's blessings upon them, was as if he had entered within the veil. There were tears on many cheeks when they rose, and a subdued tone ran even in the "good-nights" of the merry children.

Then all drew up about the fire, and told over tales of other days. William told how he had hoed out a pretty hard row in the new place, where he had sought to establish himself as a physician. But, after due waiting, the "first patient" came at last, and the second, and so on, until now he was "the old physician" of the place, with two young men in the office with him.

Dominie Ned, (otherwise Rev. Edward Kent,) detailed some of the "Shady Side" experiences of his first charge; but they were pleasantly relieved by the many "Sunny Side" incidents his wife took care to suggest as he went along.

George and Ralph compared farm-notes, and altogether, the evening passed as only such gatherings, by such a hearth-stone, ever can. It is only such training that can produce such results.

If you wish your boys and girls to grow up useful, honorable, and happy, teach them faithfully "to hoe out their row."

HELEN MARCH.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE rooms would have held, perhaps, a hundred people with tolerable comfort; there were more than twice that number crowded into them, so that dancing was truly the pursuit of amusement under difficulties.

"We are just like fish in a tank," said old Mrs. March, fanning herself to cool her irritation. "Jane Martyn always was a fool; I'll tell her so before I go, as sure as I am a living woman."

"Now, grandma, don't say cruel things to her, after all the trouble she has taken," pleaded Helen.

"I will," retorted she, stoutly; "all the oil of kindness has been squeezed out of me. There, go off with yourself; here comes my old friend Lane. I want him to sit by me."

But the first thing she said to him was,

"Dear me, Lane, is that you with your elbow in my ear! Take it out as soon as the crowd will let you."

Of course, everybody near laughed; but old Mrs. March had taken her own way in society too many years for any one to be surprised at anything she might say or do.

Ralph Spencer had seen the two come in, and made his way up at that moment, and was taking Helen away toward the dancers.

"Bring me back a lock of her hair," said Mrs. March. "As forever seeing a whole, live granddaughter again, of course I don't expect it."

"Did people never get into crowds in your dancing days, Mrs. March?" Spencer asked.

"I'll look over my diary and see for your benefit," she answered. "No, they did not. In my day there weren't so many people to make a crowd, that one would be glad to have out of the way."

Mr. Spencer was not a favorite with the old lady, and she often gave him sly scratches, which he was quite able to appreciate.

"I thought you never were coming," he whispered in Helen's ear as he led her away.

"Grandma does so hate being early," she answered.

They did try a gallop in a spot about as large as the circumference of a hoop-skirt; then they strayed off into the hall, and wandered about as divers other people were doing.

"Helen, have you told your grandmother?" he asked, suddenly.

"No, I couldn't; she did the oddest thing."

Spencer muttered something under his moustache, but when Helen asked him what it was, he declared that he had not spoken; so I judge it was something not complimentary to Mrs. March, for he cordially detested the sharp-tongued old woman.

"What did she do, Helen?"

"Only yesterday, just as I was making up my mind to tell her that I—that you——"

Helen hesitated, and he whispered close in her ear,

"That I love you—love you."

"Don't be foolish!" said Helen. "Well, tell her, you know what; she began suddenly, and told me it broke her heart to think of my marrying. If I became engaged she wanted me to keep it to myself, and give her three months to find it out for herself, so that she might get used to the idea."

"Now what did she mean by that?" queried Spencer.

"Just what she said, I suppose! Grandma is very fond of me, sir; even if you are surprised at her folly."

"Oh, I am surprised!" he said, with such a look that Helen felt her cheeks glow.

"We must go and try to dance," said she; "it looks so odd to be straying about here."

"We are not singular in our tastes; people are glad to find any rest for the soles of their feet."

"I don't like playing Noah's dove," laughed Helen. "I can't see why people will crowd their rooms so."

"I suppose they don't want to take trouble for nothing," said he. "There is our waltz, Helen."

At the end of it, through a parting in the crowd, Helen saw her grandmother with her glass up looking at her.

"I must not walk with you any longer," she said.

"Why not, pray?"

"Because it will look so odd; grandma will scold."

"Now, Helen, you know this is unendurable."

"Oh! now you are going to scold—I hate

being scolded! Here comes Mr. Werner. I must dance with him; but he is such a heavy man."

"I want to talk to you," he urged.

"Not now, please! Don't make me talked about. Now you look cross; please, Ralph."

Her smile, the tone in which she pronounced his name, would have dispelled a deeper irritation even than he felt, for Helen had all sorts of bewitching ways when she chose.

So, with a tolerable grace, he saw her carried off by the "heavy man." Perhaps if—if it had been some one more agreeable he would not have been so resigned; for, even before he felt any right to complain, Helen's propensity to flirt, wonderfully developed by the life she had led, had many a time driven him quite distracted.

He even found somebody to talk to; but before he could get back to Helen, there were half a dozen men about her, and she was looking as animated as possible.

As if that was not enough, who should he see now but Tom Gregory standing by her; the man everybody said she had flirted so desperately with that summer at Saratoga.

That was before Spencer's day; he only knew her that season. But he would not stand this; indeed, he would not! What did the old harpy mean by not wanting to hear of any engagement?

"She hates me," he thought. "I wonder if she suspects and means mischief? It is wicked of Helen. Only two evenings ago——"

He did not finish his thought, for he saw an opportunity of getting near the young beauty at that instant.

The conclusion of it would have been, that only two evenings ago, at Mrs. Davis' ball, he had told Helen he loved her, and had softened her into an avowal of her own feelings; she did love him in spite of her coquetry and everything else.

But before he reached Helen, there was a move toward the supper-room, and Tom Gregory carried her off; and, full of wrath, Spencer was borne about by the tide.

He could see Helen at the other end of the apartment with several men about her.

"I think this must be the oven in which they cooked the supper, instead of the place to have it served," said somebody at his elbow.

There was the old harpy, and, for the moment, she chose to be civil to him; and for Helen's sake he had to be agreeable.

"Can I get you something to eat?" he asked.

"Poor old Lane has gone," said she. "Here

he comes. Why, Mr. Lane, these fried oysters are as cold as stones! I'd like a glass of champagne! Mr. Spencer, I know you love me. If you could get me some; be quick, or it will be all gone. Jane Martyn never has but a glass around."

So he had to rush into the thickest of the melee to comply with her request; and she kept him so well occupied, just out of malice, that he saw that odious Gregory lead Helen out.

The old lady heard him mutter, and saw how furious he looked. It was delightful to her, though she did not approve of the Gregory flirtation at all; but she quite hated Spencer, and wanted him teased.

It was ages before he got Helen's hand on his arm again, and he was cross.

"I have been perfectly wretched," he said.

"Indeed, I could not help it;" and she was right enough there. "I could not be rude to those men."

"And that Gregory. Oh, Helen!"

"What of him?" she asked, innocently.

"You know he worships the ground you walk on, confound him!"

"I can't help that," said Helen, piteously.

"But you needn't flirt with him in that way."

"Oh! I was not flirting!"

"It looked mightily like it," he answered.

She coaxed him into good nature again; but just as he was ready to be happy, up came the harpy—she had been waiting for that very moment.

"Come, my chicken," said she, "I want to go home."

And go she would, and did; and the only consolation Spencer had was Helen's promise to walk the next day.

Only a few evenings after, Mrs. March gave one of her receptions, which were always properly managed, and very pleasant.

In spite of Gregory, in spite of Helen's being a good deal occupied, Spencer did enjoy the evening. Once, for a little while, he talked with Helen in the conservatory; but he did what he ought not, he said wicked things about her grandmother, though Helen could not really blame him, for the old lady had scored him dreadfully the evening before.

"She wants you to marry a pile of gold bags," he said, bitterly. "Oh! don't let her make you as cold-hearted as she is."

"She is not," Helen returned, warmly. "She is a good dear, and I love her," and then she had to run away.

"She's an old harpy," he said, aloud; and the old lady was prowling near and heard him.

She laughed a little.

"And the harpy will carry off your treasure," thought she. "Bless me, I'm not in my dotage yet. It's odd to me if I am not a match still for a dozen young gossings, be they Spencers, or Gregorys, or anybody else. Ah, there is Mr. Grantley—that's right."

She went back into the long drawing-room, and received him cordially. He was quite a great man—known in politics; familiar with foreign appointments, and had a fortune.

He was tolerably young still, and as polished and charming as possible; and the old lady knew what even Helen had not yet discovered, that he had been wonderfully taken with her the spring before in Washington, and that this visit was more on her account than anything else.

The man who wanted to marry her; the man she wanted to marry; and the man whom she ought to marry, according to her grandmother, they were all three about her.

But coquette though she was, and fond of making other girls envious, Helen never forgot her duties in her grandmother's house, and she made each one of them do a proper amount of civility to other people.

"Why did you make me dance with that red-haired Miss Lawson?" Spencer whispered.

"That I might have the pleasure of dancing with you now," she answered; and her smile was all the reward Spencer needed. He went straight into Eden at once.

"Anything special there?" Mr. Grantley asked, carelessly, as he stood by Mrs. March.

"Good gracious, no!" she replied. "Helen always has a crowd of men crazy about her."

Mr. Grantley was a man to like a woman all the better for being admired; to like one who gave him trouble—for he had known enough of being courted and sought after.

The weeks went on; the old lady manoeuvred like a female diplomatist.

She had known from the first just how things stood; she could have told the very night when Spencer proposed to Helen, and the girl had forgotten her worldliness and coquetry, and really given herself up to being in love without hesitation.

So the old lady, before Spencer could speak, had her little moan over ever losing her darling, and secured silence for three months.

"And I won't ask a day more," she thought, as the weeks passed; "not a day."

For good forty years she had been as constant in her devotion to the world as a Hindoo to his idols; but this winter she went out more

than ever, and kept Helen in a whirl of gayety that would have dizzied the brain of Hypatia.

It was only Helen's second season, and, of course, she enjoyed it; and there was no denying that she was more admired than any girl in society.

Even her love for Spencer could not change her natural inclinations; and, under the circumstances, he took a wrong course, lost his temper, and quarreled with her.

She did try, at one time, a little to stem the tide of dissipation; but the old lady was resolute, and whatever resolve Helen might make, once out in the world, her high spirits and love of admiration would carry her away.

"If you would only let me speak to her," Spencer said; "let me tell her——"

But the old lady had obtained Helen's solemn promise.

"You have only six weeks to wait," she said.

"If you knew how I suffer, Helen!"

Of course, he was unjust and bothered; then she flirted with Tom Gregory, or any one convenient, till he got frantic, and she had to cry and lament; and just at such times Mr. Grantley was sure to appear, and be so different from anybody else, that she could not help admiring him.

The two lovers did quarrel now; and whenever the old lady saw her pet sad, or with red eyes, she gnashed her teeth in secret at Spencer, but made no sign.

Tom Gregory haunted her absolutely; and Helen could not exactly send him off, for she had been foolish that summer, and gone farther than she meant. The trouble was, she had not been frank with Spencer in regard to the matter, and now it was too late to tell him that she had been half engaged to Gregory, and that he would not give up hope.

But they quarreled about him, and the two men hated each other cordially; but it was a modern hatred, and there was no hope that old Mrs. March's prayer, that they might cut each other's throats, would be granted.

Not once did Mrs. March make a wrong move; she never betrayed her partisanship for Grantley: she never failed to make the most of his position; to talk about the probability of his being ambassador to Paris or Vienna, and show the difference between such a life and that of common people—nothing more.

She often talked frankly to Helen, or oftener in Helen's hearing, about the folly of youthful love in general. It was beautiful; she had poetry enough left to admire it; but it was so seldom real—and she could talk like a book when she pleased.



Romance would not last—if it only could! People would grow older—and they changed so: and it was so dreadful to find, too late, that one had been mistaken.

Romance was pretty; youthful love was charming; but a girl's safest plan was to be reasonable; to look to the future; to remember such feelings could not last; to marry a man who commanded respect, and who had a career in which, as she grew older, she could sympathize.

To be ambitious for one's husband; to share in his triumphs—she discoursed eloquently on that theme, and proved conclusively that the love which grew out of such feelings was the love to last; it had a real basis—the foundation was always there.

She told a good many truths, too; and as those quarrels grew more and more frequent, Helen, sitting wakeful and heart-sore in her chamber, after the fatigues of a ball, would remember them, and they had their effect.

"Ah, Helen!" Spencer complained; "you are no longer the same girl."

"Nor are you the same man," she answered. "I can't tell what you expect of me. Do you mean me to shut myself up never to speak to anybody?"

"Now that is unreasonable."

"Of course it is," said she; "just what I complain of."

Then Tom Gregory came, with his good-natured persistence, and vowed he never would forget, and showed some absurd present she had let him treasure, till, between them, she wished herself at the moon.

She tried to console herself by thinking things would mend when the necessity for secrecy was removed. Still Helen knew in her heart that she should flirt to the last moment; and she was growing to dread Spencer's jealous anger.

He never would forgive the Gregory affair if he knew the whole, she was certain of that—and she did wonder how she could have been such a dunce.

Mrs. March knew, for she knew everything, that the pair quarreled about him; but all she did was to point out the difference between men in general when conversing with a friend in Helen's presence.

"Nothing so much to be dreaded as a jealous man," said she. "Now there are men who never can forget that their wives were careless, thoughtless girls; and they torment them to death about every folly that would be completely forgotten, if only they had sense to let it alone."

Helen thought of the bitter things Spencer had said the night before.

"Now I know one man," pursued the candid old lady, "who is a thorough gentleman and man of the world, and it is a relief to hear him talk about such matters—that's Mr. Grantley; you have seen him, Sophia? They say he is going to marry Madame de Fanol. She'll be a lucky woman."

Helen listened. Mr. Grantley's image, with his courteous ease, his graceful manners, came up like a thought of rest—a man to respect and admire truly.

But she loved Ralph Spencer, and she did wish these weeks were over. She loved him, but often now she began to be afraid when she thought of the future.

If they should change as other people did—it was a frightful idea. Helen looked about among the people of her acquaintance who had married for love; they seemed to have grown as commonplace as other victims to matrimony, and generally quarreled more than those who were said to have entered the holy estate "because it was a favorable opportunity."

And Helen had a horror of quarrels; she detested scenes; and sometimes the influence of her education and life was stronger than her pretty love-dream.

She loved luxury and ease; and Ralph was not rich. That had seemed nothing at first; would not have occurred to her now, if these unhappy differences had not arisen; and if the wise old harpy had not daily shown her more and more plainly what a prosaic thing life became without money.

Actually, she grew quite hollow-eyed with her troubles; but she was prettier than ever. She had begun to think and feel, and it made her more womanly, at least, if less happy.

It was near the end of the three months—Helen seemed to have lived a year during that time.

Spencer was more patient and even for a little, and there were several very happy days; the sky looked so bright they scarcely remembered it had been so often overshadowed.

"Does that idiot mean to keep his temper just to try and thwart me?" wondered the harpy. "And that little goose thinks she loves him—bah!"

By which contemptuous ejaculation it was evident that the world-worn old lady had no great respect for the youthful sentiment, however prettily she might talk about it.

It was the most delicious spring weather; come without any warning into the latter-part

of February. The air was so balmy and soft that a stray Neapolitan might have thought he had been mysteriously transported within sight of his beautiful bay.

The trees in the park looked absolutely as if they were beginning to think of putting out buds; and Helen and Spencer walked about Madison Square one bright afternoon, and were happier than people have any right to expect to be many days in succession.

"We will have no more of those foolish misunderstandings, Helen," he said; "it has been all my fault."

She could not, of course, help rivaling his sudden fit of generosity and self-reproof.

"No, no; I have been as much to blame," she answered. "But I won't tease you any more."

"And we shall be happy, darling! Your grandmother cannot refuse to let us be so in our way."

"She would not wish to, Ralph," Helen said. "Indeed, you don't know her! She says all sorts of odd, sarcastic things, but she is as sweet as possible, and spoils and pets me beyond belief."

"I don't know that there is anything very wonderful in that," was Ralph's answer; and then he rushed on to add all sorts of pretty things, that would sound silly enough if I were to set them down here.

But all the same; he had small faith in the grandam; and he never could get over that intuitive perception one has when one is cordially hated.

"Perhaps she will like me better after awhile," he said, when Helen went back to the subject, which she did when he had finished the pretty things I have left unrecorded.

"But she likes you now," replied Helen.

"Do you suppose she suspects our engagement?"

"She has never seemed to."

"Then her three months' grace won't be of much service to her," he said.

It was odd, he thought, and there was something at the bottom which Helen did not suspect; he was certain of that; but, of course, he could not tell her so. He could only wait with what patience he might till this ordeal was ended, and he had a right to show his secret in full sight of the grandmother, and the world.

"It will soon be over now, dearest," he said, speaking out a portion of his thought.

"You are sure you are glad, Ralph?"

"Glad? Take care, or I shall astonish these nursery-maids by doing something preposterous."

Helen laughed—she grew so happy and tender under the spell of the day and their dream, and his gentleness!

"I must go home now," she said; "grandma will be wanting me for a thousand things, and imagine that I have been decapitated by an omnibus."

"But it is so pleasant here, Helen. I want you so."

"Indeed, Mr. Selfishness! So does she."

"I love you so, Helen."

"So does she!"

"What a tease you are."

"But you like it?"

"That depends upon the sort."

They walked on to the gate, passed slowly out, and walked up the avenue.

Some undefined feeling had made them both linger—fanciful people might have called it a premonition. I cannot say how such things are. My misfortune is, that my presentiments usually come when nothing is going to happen, and troubles have a ghostly way of gliding in at the most unexpected moments.

If they could have looked forward they might have lingered, still more unwilling to go.

Life is an odd thing—every experience must have its use, but— Well, no matter, we need not moralize.

They passed out and went their way. They would never again walk together in the sunshine, those two; but they did not know it, and went on in their happiness.

Spencer accompanied her home. There was a book she wanted him to read, and he was to go in to get it. Only he was not to stop, because she must lose no time.

They went into the reception-room, and Helen left him there and passed into the library.

The doors were partially open between the apartments; and while she was reaching for the volume she wanted, the old grandam sailed straight in from the dining-room, and, before Helen could speak or move, had exclaimed in very audible tones,

"Helen, my dear girl, what is all this trash about your having given Tom Gregory some sort of present last summer, and he wearing it now, and people saying——"

Helen made a sign.

"Bless me, somebody there! Well, they couldn't hear."

The door-bell rang.

"Somebody else," said the old lady. "I must go and straighten my cap."

She went back into the dining-room, and after a silent laugh, like that of a witch, she

walked coolly into the room where a lady friend was waiting.

"You here, too, Mr. Spencer?" she said, pleasantly. "Oh! you came in with Helen. What lovely weather."

All this time Helen had been standing, perfectly still, in front of the bookcase, just where her grandmother had left her.

A sort of numbness and breathlessness took her strength away. She knew Spencer must have heard Mrs. March's words; all his jealousy and bad temper rushed before her; the want of frankness, of which she had been guilty.

It was no time to think then! With the book in her hand she walked into the other room, gave it to Spencer, and caught one look—it was enough.

She sat down with a feeling as if she had just been stunned by a fall; spoke to her grandmother's friend; heard Spencer say some words of adieu—then he was gone.

As for the old lady, she listened complacently to her visitor's gossip, with a conscience void of offence, and at peace with all the world.

How had she heard about the gift, and the crowning folly of last summer? Why, she knew it at the time; but Helen had forgotten it, more probably never knew it.

She had used this now to good advantage, to be sure; but it depended on the two young people how much real service it did, after all.

It proved to be sufficient. That very evening they met Spencer at a concert his cousin gave. Having the freedom of the house, it was not difficult for him to secure an interview with Helen. He insisted on taking her up into the library to see a picture; and she, quite desperate, knowing that the scene must come, allowed him to lead her away.

Helen's temper was not easily roused, but he said so many bitter things that it was up at last.

"It has been a deliberate deception on your part all along," he said.

"You will stop now, if you please," she answered, standing before him white as a ghost. "You have come to the end; you and I will never meet in this way again; take your own path; and let it be far from mine."

She threw the ring he had given her on the floor, and left the room before he could speak.

She went down to the parlors and found her grandmother.

"Please let us go home," she said; "I am not well."

That was plain to be seen, and the carriage was ordered at once. Not a word said the old

lady to show that she even suspected the cause of her child's pallor; kind and good she was, but silent.

The next day Helen was really unwell. For three days Mrs. March waited, then she spoke out, for Helen was insisting on staying shut up in the house.

"Helen," she said, "people are saying there was an engagement between you and Ralph Spencer, and that he broke it off because you flirted. I don't wish to pry into your secrets; but I don't choose people to say my granddaughter is pining."

So Helen went out that night; and the next she was at the opera; and Spencer nearly went wild when he heard it.

The old lady herself saw him when she was out driving; he looked so white and wretched, that it occurred to her his love might be too much for his pride.

She just packed her trunks with all speed, and carried Helen off to Washington in time for the inauguration ball.

Of course, the event of which the ball was the result made festivities enough; and Helen was kept fully occupied.

She suffered, but she was very proud. I suppose if Spencer had followed her, matters might have been settled, but he was obstinate.

All this time Mr. Grantley was the most attentive of cavaliers; and before the month was out he asked Helen to marry him, and she consented.

"And the three months are up," thought Mrs. March. "Well, I can go home now."

They were married very soon after; the old lady took it upon herself to tell the Spencer story to Mr. Grantley in her own way.

So the world goes.

Ralph Spencer and Gregory ought to have cut each other's throats; they married sisters instead, and hate each other decorously, as brothers-in-law should.

And Helen? Her husband was sent upon his mission, and Helen is as much admired as any woman could desire.

They have two children, and she looks as happy as other people, and probably is; and old Mrs. March grows younger every year.

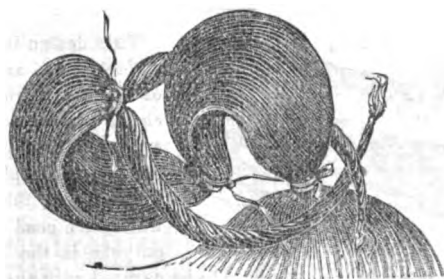
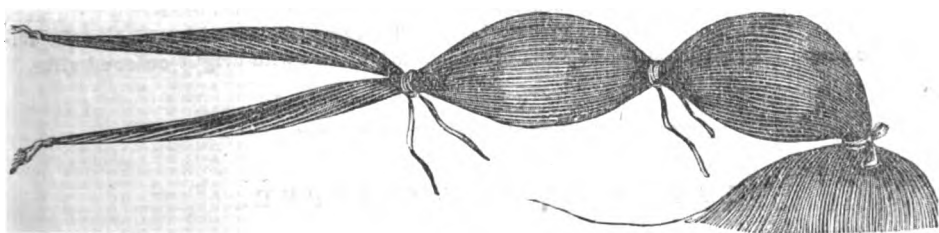
Don't you like the end? I can only transcribe things as I see them happen about me. And, my dear young people, you may just as well learn that life does not hinge on one single feeling, and that the you of to-day, and the you that will be ten years from now, would not recognize each other if they could stand face by face.

DOUBLE CHIGNON

BY EMILY H. MAY.

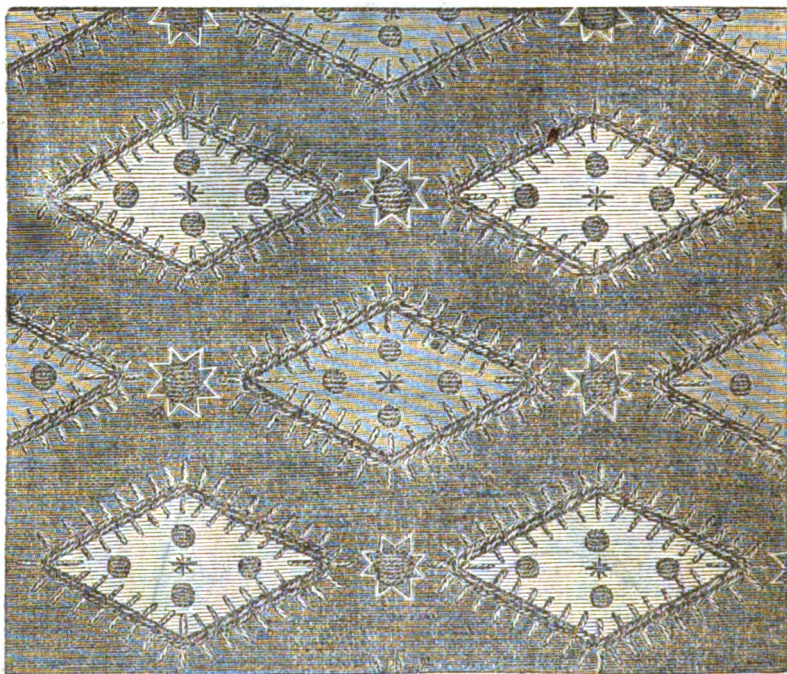


We give, above, an engraving of a very fashionable Chignon, and below two other en-
gravings, showing how it is to be made. Any lady, we think, can make this Chignon.



DESIGN IN APPLIQUE FOR SOFA-CUSHIONS.

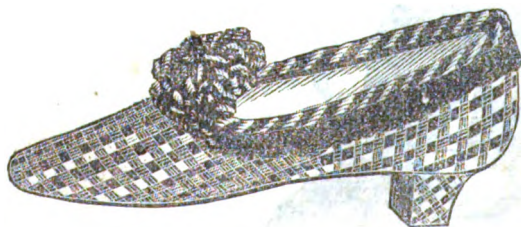
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS, in cashmere, with the diamond in black or colored velvet, makes a very pretty cushion. The stars may be of gold cord, with the ball in the center sewn with black silk, and the smaller dots and stars on the diamonds are worked with bright-colored silks.

LADY'S TOILET SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS design is French, and something entirely new, and may be made either of black and white checked silk; or the check can be done in cross-stitch upon canvas, either in zephyr or floss silk; for use the zephyr will wear the best. Trim round the edge with black and white silk cord and black lace edging; guipure is the most serviceable. The

shoemaker will supply the wooden heel, which is to be covered with the checked material.

CROCHET TRIMMING.

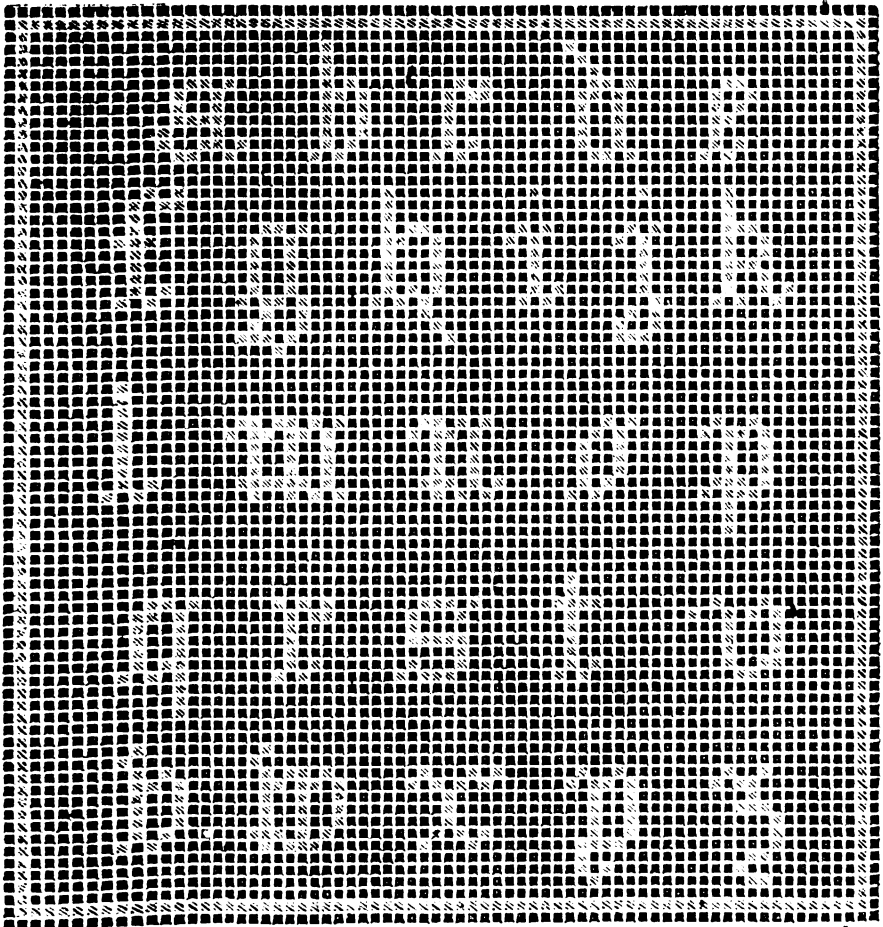
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



ONE of those pretty crochet trimmings which and which can be made at odd moments, when are always useful, which hardly ever wear out, a lady can do nothing else.

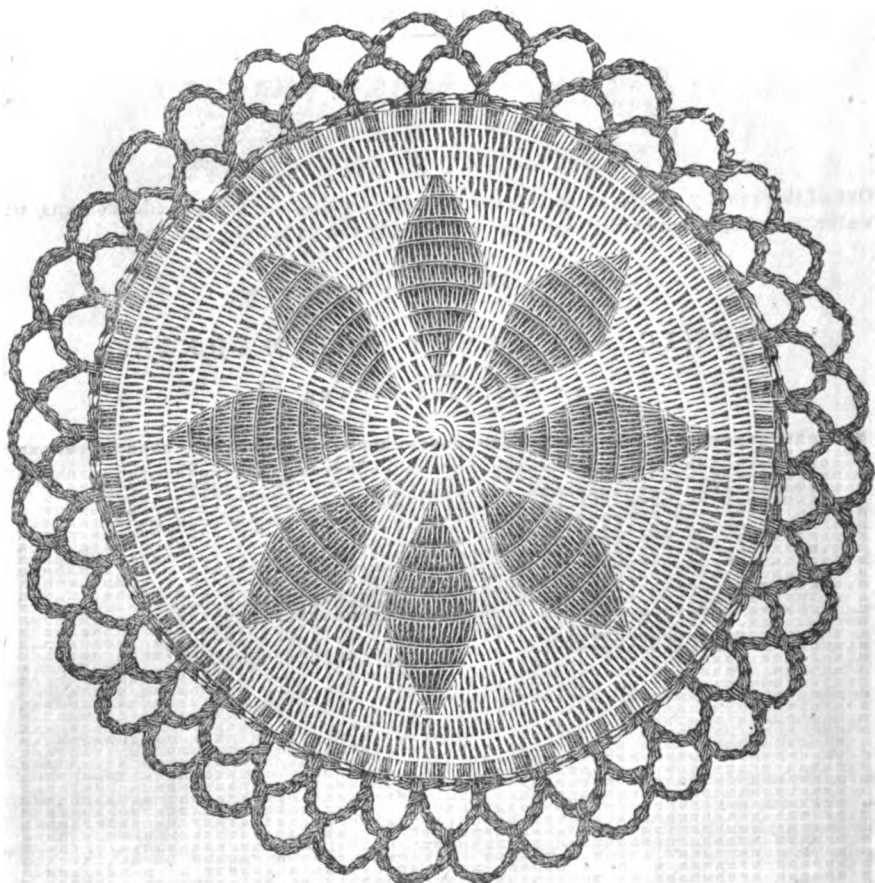
GOTHIC ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



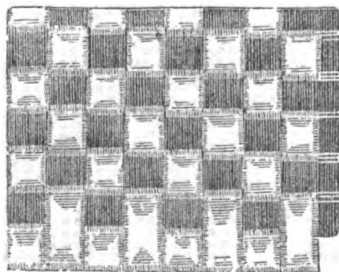
LAMP-MAT IN CROCHET

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS hardly requires any description. It is } thought prettiest. Any lady, accustomed to
to be done in two colors, whatever two may be } crochet, can work it from the engraving.

PLAIT FOR NEEDLE-BOOK COVER.



KNITTED CHILD'S SOCK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Eight skeins of Berlin wool; five knitting-needles.

Begin from the bottom of the sole, and work in rows backward and forward.

Cast on 22 stitches, wool forward at the beginning of the first six rows. Now work twelve rows plain, increasing a stitch at the end of every other row. The increased stitches must be all at one end to form the point of the toe. Work 12 stitches at the toe part off on another needle, and knit twelve rows without increasing or decreasing.

Next work, by picking up the stitches across the upper part of the front to form the instep, ten rows, taking with each row a stitch off the side needle, and knitting the two stitches as one. Join the remaining 12 side stitches with the 12 middle stitches upon the needle. Cast on from the opposite side of the sole 12 fresh stitches, and work with these 36 stitches the upper part—the sock—of the little shoe; six rows in the round plain.

7th row: Wool forward, and knit two together to form the holes.

Five rows more plain knitting.

Eight rows, alternately, one row plain and one row purled.

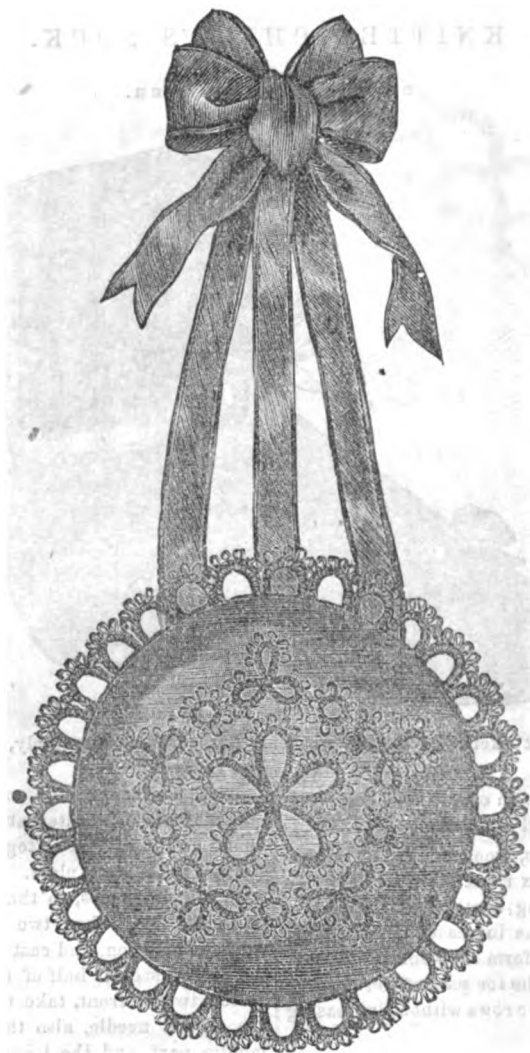
With another twelve rows the upper open stripe is made by alternately putting the wool round and knitting two together, then knitting the next row quite plain. These two rows are repeated five times, so that there are six lines of holes. Knit then two plain rows for the upper conclusion, and cast off.

For the second half of the under shoe part, at the twelve front, take up the stitches upon the second needle, also the side loops of the middle part, and the loops of the 12 stitches lately cast on, lying underneath, and with these 34 stitches knit nine rows, in which the decreasing must correspond with the increasing at the beginning of the work, so that the shape may be the same as the finished under part; and after working nine rows there will be 22 stitches to cast off.

The two parts must be sewn together, stitch upon stitch, and the 28 middle stitches of the front edge must be so drawn together as to form a pretty point. A narrow ribbon must be drawn through to fasten round the leg, as represented in the design.

EMERY CUSHION, WITH TATTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



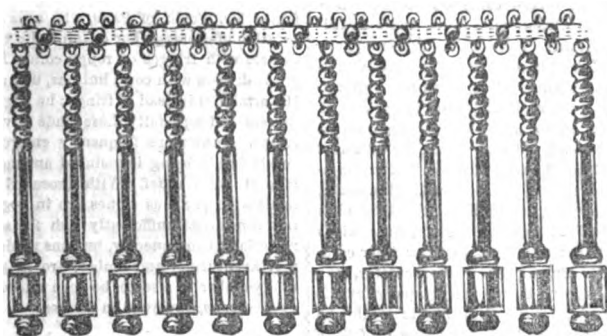
MATERIALS.—Blue sarsnet; black sewing-silk; blue sarsnet ribbon: emery.

Cut out a cushion in linen the size shown in the design, fill it quite full with emery, then cover it with a cornflower-blue sarsnet; sew at the back cornflower-blue ribbons at regular distances, according to the design, and tie them in a bow at the top. Then work for the center with black sewing-silk the little rosette in tatting as follows:—Five closed scallops or loops joining, consisting of thirty-four double stitches, of which two and two are separated by one picot, consequently there will be sixteen

picots; the remainder consists of trefoils and picot rings. For each of the trefoils, work three scallops containing six double stitches and six picots, separated always by two double stitches. Each picot ring consists of nine picots separated by two double knots. The trefoils and rings are all joined together in the usual manner (see design.) The connected edging, round the outer edge, consists of six double stitches and six picots, separated by two double stitches, then again six double stitches; follow these directions until enough is made for the outer edge.

BUGLE FRINGE

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty and fashionable trimming may be easily made by following the pattern. Two sizes of jet beads, and two sizes of jet bugles are required, together with a narrow silk cord for the heading. No directions are required.

CRAVAT FOR GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give an engraving of a Cravat for a gentleman. The materials are a bit of cardboard, a small piece of narrow elastic, and silk or satin on the cross.

To make this Cravat, cut a piece of card to the shape shown in the annexed cut, but larger; cover it with silk on both sides, and sew on a loop of elastic for fixing on to the button of the collar of band of the shirt. Make a neatly-shaped bow, and sew it upon the covered



card; shape, and finish with a strap over the center of the bow.

BUGLE TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give two designs for these pretty trimmings, which, at the present time, happen to be the rage for trimming dresses. Procure a broad silk braid or galloon, and upon it sew the bugles, as seen in the design; and for a trifle these pretty trimmings can be made, which in the stores sell for a high price.

LADY'S TOILET SLIPPER.

In the front of the number we give a pattern, in colors, for a Lady's Slipper. We also give a diagram, by which the slipper may be cut out. We think it a very pretty affair.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"MAKING CARD-HOUSES."—How earnestly the little fellow, in our principal embellishment, watches lest his card-house should tumble down! We, who are grown up, are inclined, at first, to laugh at him. We say to ourselves, in a self-contented way, "with what little things children are amused." And yet, after all, the child is as wise, in his day and generation, as we are. If being pleased with illusions is folly, we are all, old and young, foolish alike. The wisest of us build card-houses; the wisest of us tremble lest our card-houses should tumble down. Mrs. Jones, who is ambitious for her daughter, and who thinks she has secured a "good match" at last, passes many an anxious hour lest the engagement should "go off," and her card-house go to pieces. Mr. Brown, the great speculator, who risked his all on the Patent Petroleum Company, and is now ruined, had countless sleepless nights while he watched his "card-house," and while success or failure was in suspense. "Oh! if we could only live on the Fifth Avenue," says Mrs. Mode. "My dear," her husband would say, if he was frank and honest, "we cannot afford it: we shall only, if we go there, build a card-house that will tumble down."

Yet it is as well, perhaps, we should have some illusions. Making card-houses is but another name for building castles in the air. Could we see life exactly as it is, could we prophecy the future, we should not be near so happy. All winter, Mrs. Brown and her daughters look forward to their summer trip to Newport, Saratoga, Cape May, or Sharon. The prospect is a source of never-failing delight. Perhaps, after all, they are disappointed. The reality falls short of what they imagined. But nothing can cheat them of the pleasure they experienced in the anticipation. They go home, in the fall, with their card-house in ruins; but that is better than having had no card-house at all. Let us confess the truth, those, who have nothing to look forward to, are to be pitied! People, who never build card-houses, may be wise, but they are hardly happy. Even in the smallest things let us continue to build card-houses. Let us try and believe that all our friends love us, that our lot is pleasanter than that of others, even that we are better dressed, or better bred, or better hearted, or somehow, at least, better than our neighbors. These sort of illusions, if we do not carry them too far, if we do not grow conceited, will do us no harm, but, on the contrary, will make us more contented. The pleasantest people are those who build card-houses in this way. It is only when we spend all our time in such illusions, that we miss the mark and are unhappy.

THE COLORED SLIPPER PATTERN, which we give in this number, is a very pretty affair. Remember, every number of "Peterson," throughout the year, has some similar design, printed in the appropriate color, or colors; and "Peterson" is the only magazine that goes to this expense! Everybody is talking of the superb pattern for a "Banner Screen," which appeared in our January number; and a letter, now before us, declares that it alone is worth the subscription price. "The Railway Traveling Bag," which we gave in the February number, is also praised everywhere.

COSEMETICS are very dangerous things, sometimes. The best cosmetic is exercise, early rising, and plenty of fresh water.

CORAL, and especially the pale pink variety, is again very fashionable. It has been reintroduced by the famous Mr. Worth, of Paris, who uses it lavishly in the decoration of dresses. For example, he trims white cashmere dresses with fringes of rough coral; he fastens black *gris grain* dresses with coral buttons, using buttons also round the armholes instead of fringe; he edges the tunics of ball-dresses, and especially those made of white silk, with coral fringe. Tunics are frequently embroidered in sprays of coral; beads being introduced among the work so as to give it more relief. With brocaded dresses, trimmings made with precious stones are in vogue, because gimp is not considered sufficiently rich for such very handsome materials; consequently, buttons made of lapis lazuli, jasper, aventurine, and amber, are in great demand. The milky-amber is also to be seen on bonnets, head-dresses, opera-cloaks, and even on dresses.

WHITE TEETH, according to the British Medical Journal, are the result, principally, of careful diet and its attendant good health. It quotes, in proof of this assertion, the practice of the Arabs. These people live on *couscousson* and coffee, prepared without milk or sugar: a diet devoid of the acids which occur in civilized dietaries. They rinse the mouth always at each of their four or five daily ablutions, filtering the water slowly between the teeth. They never take their food and drink at more than "very moderate heat." This protects the enamel, the conservative envelope of the teeth. To increase the whiteness of the teeth, of which they are proud, they chew, once a week, a piece of an indigenous root, called *soudé*. When partly softened, they withdraw it, and rub the teeth with this, and then with white woolen stuff. To what sobriety and modesty of diet the emulation of the teeth of these savages should lead us!

OUR MAMMOTH FASHION-PLATES continue to be as popular as ever. They are declared, by the newspaper press, to be the finest things of their kind in any periodical. We may add that they may be depended on as reliable representations of the latest styles. In this particular, we believe, they have no rivals.

IF WOMEN would cultivate their minds more, they would be more companionable to intelligent men. Many a husband goes out for his evenings, many a lover tires of his betrothed, because he finds her conversation insipid. Ladies, try not only to look pretty, but to talk well, also.

A HUSBAND, it is said, is always in a better humor after a good dinner. If this is so, it is a strong reason why a wife should be a good cook, or, at least, capable of teaching her servants to cook well.

IN CHOOSING PAPER FOR A ROOM, avoid that which has a variety of colors, or a large, showy figure, as no furniture can appear to advantage with such. Large-figured papering makes a small room look smaller.

NOTE PAPER may be effectually scented by keeping in your desk, among the paper, a sachet of the scent preferred—musk, violet, etc. If the paper be not too dry, it will readily take the scent, and retain it for a long time.

THE PRICE OF PAPER still continues as high as ever. But, notwithstanding this, we are giving more reading matter, this year, than any magazine at the same price.

COUGH MIXTURES.—As this is the season of the year when coughs are prevalent, it may be as well to warn our readers against the quack medicines so often administered for coughs. Many of these do more harm than good, though a few, probably, are beneficial. It is best, however, to use only what is known to be curative. For this reason we give a really useful preparation. Take of syrup of squills, pectoric elixir, and spirits of sal volatile, in equal proportions. Dose: a teaspoonful in a wineglass of water. The mixture should only be taken when the cough is troublesome, and not more frequently than four times in the twenty-four hours. For a child, not more than half a teaspoonful should be given. Should sal volatile be objected to, sweet spirits of nitro may be substituted.

TRUE ECONOMY consists, not in never spending money at all, but in spending and saving alike judiciously. "Penny wise and pound foolish" is a capital old adage, for, like most popular sayings, it hits the nail exactly on the head. "A stitch in time, saves nine," is another excellent proverb, equally applicable to this question of economy. Franklin's motto, "Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves," is also full of sound wisdom, only it will not do to push this maxim to extremes, or it will lead to positive meanness, if not to miserliness.

"THE EAGLE'S NEST."—This engraving illustrates an incident which actually happened, a few years ago, in one of the Orkney islands. A child had been carried away, by one of the large eagles of that vicinity, to an eyrie on the side of an apparently inaccessible cliff. In this emergency, a young cragsman volunteered to go down for the infant, and descending by a rope, as shown in the picture, heroically rescued the babe.

IF THINGS GO WRONG, do not despond, and do not lose your temper. Hope and cheerfulness, in the long run, will conquer almost any difficulty.

SMALL CRINOLINES, for the street, are now indispensable, if you would be in the fashion.

TRUE POLITENESS is doing to others as you would have others do to you.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Waverley Novels. National Edition. By Sir Walter Scott. 5 vols., 8 ro. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—These enterprising publishers have just issued a new edition of Sir Walter Scott's fictions, under the title of the "National Edition of the Waverley Novels," and have issued it at such a price as ought to place it in the hands of every family in the land. The entire twenty-six novels, with the author's last notes and corrections, are contained in this edition, which is printed in five large, double-column octavo volumes, on superior white paper. Each volume is bound in cloth, with a handsome gilt back. The whole five volumes have altogether four thousand printed pages. Beyond all question, these fictions of Sir Walter Scott are the best in the English language, holding the same rank, among novels and romances, that the plays of Shakspeare hold in the drama. Fifty years and more have passed since they first began to astonish and delight readers; and other successful novelists have tried to dispute the palm with them; but they still maintain their supremacy, and, we believe, will always continue to maintain it. When a family begins to buy books, it ought to buy Scott's novels first of all. And this edition has no rival in merit and cheapness. The price is only fifteen dollars, on receipt of which sum the publishers will deliver the five volumes, freight pre-paid, to any town in the United States.

The History of a Mouthful of Bread; and its Effect on the Organization of Man and Animals. By Jean Macé. Translated from the Eighth French Edition, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. First American Edition, reprinted from the above, carefully revised and compared with the seventeenth French Edition. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: American News Company.*—Under this quaint title we have as interesting and instructive a book as we have seen for a long while. A morsel of bread is taken, and its successive changes described, from the moment it is put into the mouth until its digestion is completed. The whole of the processes, by which food is converted into flesh and blood, and the waste and repair of the system is effected, are thus made plain even to the least scientific. The author is evidently an accomplished physiologist and naturalist.

Passages in the Life of the Faïre Gospeler, Mistress Anne Askew. By the author of "Mary Powell." 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: M. W. Dodd.*—Our readers, generally, we hope, are familiar with the works of the author of "Mary Powell." She is of the same school as the writer of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family," but superior; in fact, is the original, while the other is the copyist. This, her latest fiction, tells, in the quaint, old world style she affects, the story of Anne Askew, a martyr in the time of Henry VIII. There is a delicacy in the touch of this writer, which nowhere comes out more pathetically than in this book.

The Draytons and the Davenants. By the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," etc., etc. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: M. W. Dodd.*—A story of the civil war in England in the time of Charles the First, done with that graphic and minute fidelity, those simple, home-touches, for which this author is celebrated. These qualities, added to the religious and moral tone of the fiction, will make the "Draytons and Davenants" as popular as any of its predecessors from the same pen.

The Way of the World. By William T. Adams. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The author of this novel is better known as "Oliver Optic," under which fictitious name he wrote several excellent stories for boys. He now aims at a work of more pretence, and, as we think, quite successfully. The volume is nicely printed.

King Rene's Daughter. By Henrik Hertz. Translated by Theodore Martin. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Leypoldt & Holt.*—This is a lyrical drama, written by a Danish poet, and founded on incidents in the life of the "Good King" Rene. The story is full of romance; and as a work of art is perfect. The translation seems excellent.

The Women of the Gospels: The Three Wifings, and other Poems. By the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family." 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: M. W. Dodd.*—This volume has been arranged by the author expressly for publication in America. It contains many poems never before printed. Nearly all the poems are of a religious character.

Country Quarters. By Lady Blessington. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A love-story, and agreeably told. It is the best of the novels of the late Countess of Blessington, and has never before been reprinted in the United States.

The Brewer's Family. By Mrs. Ellis. 1 vol., 16 mo. *New York: M. W. Dodd.*—A new story by the author of "The Women of England;" didactic, of course, but very good of its kind. We can honestly recommend it.

Lilith Lank; or, Lunacy. By C. H. Webb. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Carleton.*—A burlesque of the novel of "Griffith Gaunt." Sol. Eytinge, Jr. has contributed some racy illustrations to the volume.

The Brownings. By J. G. Fuller. 1 vol., 16 mo. *New York: M. W. Dodd.*—One of the best of the fictions which our late civil war has already begun to call forth. Full of stirring incident.

THE TOILET.

THE HAIR.—Young ladies are often in trouble about their hair between the ages of seventeen and thirty. The hair may be unruly; it may come out; the scalp may be at fault, or the fat glands act improperly.

The hair may be too dry and get brittle; this arises, sometimes, from the too free use of spirit washes of various kinds, or from dyes. The remedy is plain. The great complaint is that the hair gets thin. If there be any debility present, the hair will mostly thin out. In these cases it is as well, for a time, at any rate, to keep the hair rather shorter than usual, and to take general tonics. If there be indigestion present, this must be remedied; if neuralgia, quinine should be taken. The most troublesome instances of loss of hair on record have followed in the wake of violent attacks of neuralgia of the head, brought on by disappointment, or some mental excitement or depression. In these cases very much may be done by the use, internally, of remedies that give tone to the nervous system, such as nux vomica, bark, quinine, and steel. After these have done good service, local applications, especially ammonia, are serviceable.

It is a fashion with very many young ladies to wear their hair in different styles that necessitate frequent variation in its length. Now, this is productive of much harm. At one time nature has to furnish a large, at other times a small crop, and hence is puzzled, or so unhitched, or unbalanced, that she does not afford a supply of nourishment when called upon to do so, and lapses into a state of indifferent weakness in consequence.

The one great cause of thinning of the hair is unquestionably general debility. We advise, in the majority of such cases, that a teaspoonful of tincture of gentian, with about ten drops of diluted hydrochloric acid, be taken twice a day in a wineglassful of water, and the scalp rubbed with some such lotion as the following, night and morning: Distilled vinegar, two ounces; tincture of nux vomica, three drachms; tincture of capsicum, seven drachms; otto of roses, two drops; and rose-water, four ounces. It is almost identical with the nux vomica lotion, the very best preparation of its kind.

Now, the heated and crowded rooms at balls and parties are, in some cases, very injurious to a good state of the hair. The gas acts very hurtfully in those cases in which the hair and scalp are very dry. The only plan here is to use to the scalp such a simple preventive as the glycerine lotion we have recommended.

HORTICULTURAL.

GARDEN FLOWERS.—Preparation should now be made for the sowing of annual flower-seeds. At the South, they may be sown in the open borders; but in the Middle and Northern States, a hot-bed, or where this is not obtainable, a warm and sunny window in the house can be used; the soil (and on this greatly depends your success) must be light, and not subject to bake, for this is what renders it so difficult for small flower-seeds to survive germination, and for delicate, transplanted annuals to make a start. The best soil is a mixture of equal parts of sand, leaf-mould, and loam, which should be thoroughly mixed; then fill the boxes, or pots, in which you intend to sow the seed, to within one-half inch of the rim, press the soil firmly and evenly in the pot; then water the soil, after which sow the seed evenly over the surface, and finish by covering the seed with a light sprinkling of fine soil, (which should be passed through a sieve,) from one-sixteenth to one-quarter of an inch thick; the *deep covering of seed, with over-watering*, is the fruitful cause of so many failures in germinating small seeds, as they generally decay, or damp the germ off before they appear above ground. The

following will be found among the most desirable for the beauty of their flowers and continuance of bloom, assortments of which can be had from one dollar up to five: German Asters, Amaranthus, Antirrhinum, Balsams, Caliopels, Candy-tuft, China Pinks, Convolvulus, Gaillardia, Lobelia Maurandia, Mignonette, Wrimulus, Nasturtium Pansy, Petunia, Phlox Drummondii, Portulaca, Sweet Abyssum, German Ten-Week Stocks, Thunbergia, Sweet-Peas, Everlasting-Flowers, Double Zinnia, etc., etc.

For more full directions for the sowing and management of the above, with descriptive lists of Vegetable and Flower-Seed, Plants, etc., refer to DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR, FOR 1867, which will be mailed to all who enclose a stamp to his address.

HENRY A. DREER,

Seedsman and Florist, 714 Chestnut St., Philada.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

CUPID'S BOX.—This game, invented to compel forfeits, is played in the following manner:

The one who commences offers a box to his right-hand neighbor, and says, "I sell you my Cupid's Box, which contains three phrases—*To Love, to Kiss, and to Dismiss.*" The neighbor answers: "Whom do you love? Whom do you kiss? Whom do you dismiss?"

At each of these questions, which are put separately, the person who has given the box names some individual present whom he *Loves, Kisses, or Dismisses.* The person whom he kisses must in reality kiss him, and the one that he dismisses pays a forfeit. A player may *Love, Kiss, or Dismiss* several, or even all those present; but this is permitted only once during the game—a regulation which insures it to a termination.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

PROFESSOR BLOT'S RECIPTS.—A very eminent professor in the art of cookery, the equal, perhaps, of Ude, Francatelli, etc., etc., has been lecturing, for some time in our principal cities, with great success. We give, this month, a few of his best receipts, thinking they may be useful to our subscribers.

Bisque of Lobster.—A soup made with fish is always called a bisque. It is made either with crabs or lobsters. Remove a portion from either side of the head and use the rest. To boil a lobster, put it in a fish-kettle, and cover it with cold water, cooking it on a quick fire. Two lobsters will make soup for six or eight persons, and also salad. All the under-shell and small claws are pounded in a mortar to make the bisque. When it is pounded, put it in a pan and set it on the fire with broth or water. The meat is cut in small pieces to be added afterward. The bisque is left on the fire to boil gently for half an hour. Then pour it into a sieve and press it with a masher to extract the juice. To make it thicker, a small piece of parsnip can be added and mashed with the rest into a pan, so that all the essence is extracted in that way from the lobster. When you have strained it, put a little butter with it, and add as much broth as is required. Put some of the meat in the soup-tureen, and pour the soup over it.

Fish Stuff.—Soak some bread in water, which is then to be squeezed out; add a small onion, chopped fine, fried with butter till nearly done; (this fish weighs two pounds,) add to the onion, when nearly done, the bread, salt, and pepper, a little nutmeg, and a little broth, one yolk of egg, and stir rapidly; when done, add a little parsley, chopped fine. When a fish is prepared to stuff, cut out the backbone, put the stuffing inside, and sew it up with a trussing-

needle and twine; put a little salt and pepper in it, and a few pieces of butter underneath in the pan, then cover it with a gill of broth, and place in the oven.

Shoulder of Mutton Boned.—Split the shoulder on the inside, and run the knife along the bone. The butcher must not break the bone, as that makes it difficult to split. When the first bone is taken out remove the second. (The same can be done with a shoulder of veal.) The bones can be used for soup. The shoulder can be stuffed with the same stuffing as the chicken. Put a little salt and pepper on the shoulder, and some stuffing in it, roll it, and tie it with twine. This can be served with a *puree* of peas. A shoulder of veal prepared in this way must be served *au jus*. For the stuffing, if you like, add a very little pork—say only four ounces of pork to one pound of veal, in having the sausage-meat made. Put a little salt over it, and place it in the pan, with half a gill of cold water, and then lay it in the oven. The mutton is served with its gravy, or *sauce Ravigote*.

Venison Ravigote Sauce.—Take three pounds of venison; put the meat in a vessel; set it on the fire in a pan with one pint of vinegar, two bay-leaves, two cloves, two cloves of garlic, one onion, sliced, two stalks of thyme, four of parsley, and one dozen peppercorns. Give it one boil, and turn over the venison. Leave it there for a day or two, and turn the venison occasionally. Then put the venison in a pan with some spices, and pour the juice and vinegar back over it, adding salt, and a few pieces of butter, and bake it. If you roast the venison, put the vinegar and spices in the dripping-pan and baste with it. For the sauce, take an onion, chopped fine, and set it on the fire with one ounce of butter; when nearly done, add half a tablespoonful of flour, one gill and a half of broth, and stir. Then add the drippings from the venison, and boil it gently on a slow fire. The Ravigote sauce can be used with beef, mutton, or pork. Keep it on the fire five minutes, add chopped parsley, and serve.

Potatoes a la Maitre d'Hotel.—The potatoes are steamed and peeled. Potatoes should be put in a steamer over a vessel of boiling water, and not into boiling water. The skin is more easily removed, and the potatoes are much better cooked than when boiled. Put one ounce of butter in a pan on the fire; when melted, add a small tablespoonful of flour, then milk or broth, about a pint to seven potatoes. As soon as the milk rises it is done; but it must be stirred all the time. Slice the potatoes, turn them into the sauce, add parsley, chopped fine, and they will be ready to serve.

Pas au Sucre.—Boil the peas and throw into cold water, then put them in a pan with a little butter, a tablespoonful and a half of sugar, a tablespoonful of broth, one yolk of egg; stir fast, and they are done.

Parsnips Sautes.—Parsnips are put on the fire in water, and they are done at the first boil. Skin them, and slice them across, and set on the fire, with a little butter and salt, till brown. Just before serving, when brown, add a little parsley, chopped fine, and turn it into the dish.

Omelette Soufflee.—Put three tablespoonfuls of sugar in a bowl with four yolks of eggs, and mix them well, adding a few drops of essence. (Omelette soufflee is an *entremet* and comes after the vegetables.) Then beat the whites, adding a pinch of salt, and mix with the rest, putting in two tablespoonfuls of the mixture with the whites at first, and then adding the rest. Stir gently until well mixed, and serve in the dish that it is cooked in. After putting it in the pan, smooth with a knife, dust with powdered sugar, and bake. The salt is added to the white of the egg to prevent its curdling. The omelet is cooked at three hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit. For puff-paste, five hundred degrees. It must be served at once, as it falls rapidly. Powder it with sugar, and serve.

Bread.—Professor Blot declares that bread must be well kneaded, with enough tepid water for an ordinary dough. Then shape it; place the paste on the make-board and use a stick for shaping it; put it in the pan upside down, and leave it fifty minutes to rise; then turn it over again into the baking-pan and place it in the oven. A roll is made in the same way, pressed in the middle with a round stick. The oven must be very hot. French bread requires about three times as much kneading as ordinary bread.

Directions for a Bill of Fare.—Put the soup first; always eat the melon immediately after; then the fish; then butcher's meat—beef, next mutton, next veal and lamb; then poultry, and last of all, game. A roasted fish is served after the roast-beef. Vegetables *au sucre* are served after the other vegetables. Cheese is served before dessert. Tinned utensils for the kitchen are preferable to porcelain, because porcelain cracks so easily. Copper is the best, if kept perfectly clean. For boiling milk, block-tin is the best. Always use a stone mortar, not a wooden one, and have a sharp-pointed knife for boning meat or fish.

Burnt Sugar or Caramel.—Take one and a half tablespoonfuls of white sugar and put it in a ladle over the fire, and stir with a wooden spoon. When the sugar is black, add of water one gill and a half; let it cool, strain, and keep it in a bottle. It is used for coloring soup, gravy, and other dishes, and can be put in ice-cream to color it.

To make a potato salad, the potatoes must be boiled and cold, cut in slices, with salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar, and a little parsley, and just move them gently round. We can also slice beef, which has been boiled in broth, and take the same dressing, only adding mustard.

For a *Tartare* sauce, after making a Mayonnaise, add raw onion and a chabot.

Potage a la Reine.—Cut one chicken in five pieces, and set it on the fire, with one quart of broth; it must be boiled for two hours. When half done, add four ounces of rice which have been washed in water. When done, place the pieces of chicken on a sieve to drain, and also the rice, and wash in the sieve to extract all the juice and pulp. When the chicken and rice are passed through the sieve, they are put into a pan and stirred; then strain in some broth and stir again. *Consommee a la Reine* is made with *consommee* instead of broth. Set the *potage* on the fire. Take one and a half ounces of butter, in a pan, one yolk of egg, and milk, stirred together—cold; (one gill of milk); then take two pieces of the chicken from each side of the breast-bone, and cut in small dice, and put in the soup-tureen; salt to taste. As soon as the *potage* comes to a boil, turn the milk, butter, and egg in and stir, and it is done. You must turn the mixture in at the boiling point, as otherwise it would curdle. Turn the *potage* into the tureen.

Puff-Paste.—Work the butter in water to extract the salt and sour milk. Put one pound of flour on the paste-board, (or slab of marble, which is best); then, with cold water, the flour is worked to a paste, one pound of butter being used to one pound of flour, with two gills and two-thirds of water. Put enough flour on the paste-board, after the dough is made, to prevent its adhering to the board, and roll it out to one-third of an inch in thickness. Roll out the butter in the same way and the paste round the butter, working down carefully the whole with a rolling-pin to one-quarter of an inch, and to an oval shape; then fold one-third over, and then the other, and roll again, folding in the same way for four times. When the weather is warm, beef-suet must be used instead of butter; break the suet with the hands as fine as possible, and work it in water like the butter. The paste should be one-quarter of an inch in thickness.

Frangipane.—Set one pint of milk on the fire in a block-tin saucepan; put in about three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of flour, three eggs, and mix well. Turn the mixture into the milk as soon as it rises, and stir at the same time; boil five minutes, and add a few drops of essence to flavor.

Charlotte of Apples.—Line the mould with chips of stale bread. The six apples are peeled and cored; set on the fire with two tablespoonfuls of water. When nearly done stir, and add a pinch of cinnamon, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and when cooked, set to cool; cut the apples into quarters before cooking. Grease the mould well with butter before putting in the bread, and put the apples into the mould. The apples can be placed with layers of sweetmeats, or else apples alone. Place slices of bread to cover the apples, and bake them in the oven. Our next dish, ladies, is

Cake of Pithiviers.—Place paste, one-fifth of an inch in thickness, in the bottom of a pan, and make the border as for *rol au rent*, only not so thick, and put some frangipane into it; then make a top for it with paste, cutting a few holes so as the steam can escape, and glaze with egg, and place in the oven.

Tartelettes.—Take paste one-fifth of an inch, cut the paste the size of a small tin mould, and put it in the mould; then fill it with frangipane, cut strips of paste to cover the tartelettes, and bake in oven at four hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit. Glaze with egg before baking. Dust with sugar when baked, and serve.

Allumettes.—Take one tablespoonful of sugar and mix well with half the white of an egg. Take a strip of paste one-fifth of an inch thick and two inches broad, and spread the white of egg and sugar on it, and put in the pan and bake.

Gâteaux Fruitelettes.—Cut the puff-paste into any shape with a paste-cutter, and put it in the oven to bake. You can put a little sweetmeat in the center, and then glaze with egg.

Omelette with Ham.—Cut the ham in slices and pillets, and then in small dice; put a small piece of butter in a frying-pan on the fire, and beat the eggs with a very little salt. Then put the ham, which is raw, into the melted butter, and stir. When the ham is nearly fried turn the eggs over it, and cook the omelette on a brisk fire. In making an omelette with boiled ham, you put the ham on the fire at the same time with the eggs.

Porte-Manteaux.—Cut a strip of puff-paste three and a half inches wide, rolled down to an eighth of an inch in thickness; fill the strip with sweetmeats, and then roll it round and glaze with egg; then roll again, so as to cover the sweetmeats; glaze with egg, and place it in the oven.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—RIDING-HABIT OF BLACK CLOTH.—The skirt is gored, and is no longer in front than a dress skirt, but measures one yard and three-quarters in length. The basque is made so that it can be worn with a vest, or without. It is trimmed with cord and buttons. High silk hat, with tissue veil.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF NANKEEN-COLORED POPLIN.—The petticoat has one row of black velvet sewed on plain. The basque is so long that it answers the purpose of both waist and skirt. It buttons from the neck to the edge of the skirt, and is trimmed with ribbon velvet. It is almost unnecessary to say that these garments require heavy linings, else they would be unsuitable for early spring wear. Black felt hat.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The petticoat is of blue cashmere, cut so as to fit the hoop closely. The upper skirt is of black silk, and is looped with rosettes of blue. The sack is of blue, like the skirt, and trimmed with a heavy chenille fringe. White silk hat, trimmed with berries and leaves.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF STEEL-COLORED SILK.—These dresses are imported in dress patterns. The skirt and coat

are both embroidered with silk and beads. The latter is cut in points, and finished with a jet fringe. Bonnet of white silk, edged with scarlet velvet.

FIG. V.—HOUSE DRESS OF WHITE SILK.—The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a broad band of blue satin, as well as the body and front of the skirt. Tight white sleeves, trimmed with blue. Over the white dresses is worn a blue satin peplum, with deep Venetian sleeves, and is trimmed with a mixture of black and white blonde.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF PEARL-GRAY SILK, trimmed with black velvet and bands of crimson satin.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The weather is still so cold that but few new goods have made their appearance as yet. The brocaded silks, are too heavy for spring and summer wear, and will be replaced by chene, plain or small striped, or plaid silks. Black silk dresses are always popular, because they are always so useful. One celebrated dress-maker in Paris made over one hundred black silk dresses in two months.

THE WAISTS of dresses are still short, with a belt of moderate width, and but little trimmed. Over the tight sleeve the wide Venetian sleeve is frequently worn. For the house, the trains are still long; though on the street nothing is seen but the short dresses, which do not touch the ground. All skirts are very much gored. Evening dresses are made with low waists, and crossing over the left to the right of the waist, is frequently worn a broad ribbon, or scarf of tulle, on which is sometimes placed a small wreath of ivy-leaves, a cluster of pink roses, or some other flower corresponding with those worn in the hair. One charming dress of white spotted muslin, for a young lady, has recently been made with an "infant waist." A light scarlet sash was to be worn around the waist; coral cameos in the center of the shoulder-knots, a row of large coral beads around the waist, and a comb, ornamented with coral, in the hair, completed this beautiful toilet.

BONNETS are of every shape, and not yet as large as they will, probably, be later in the season. Square veils thrown carelessly over the back of the bonnet, and fastened under the chin, in the fashion of the Spanish mantilla, with a flower, or dead-gold pin, are not common, but pretty.

Few FLOWERS are worn in the hair—usually only a small rose, or a tiny wreath put on the top of the head. Amber ornaments are taking the place of jet for head-dresses and trimmings.

SHOES, for evening wear, are profusely ornamented with rosettes covered with beads, either colored, crystal, or pearl; and a fringe of beads to correspond passes around the top of the shoe.

SACQUES.—The cold weather has prevented anything very new in the way of sacques, etc., from yet appearing.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A LIGHT BLUE POPLIN DRESS AND BASQUE, trimmed with velvet of a lighter shade of blue, for a little girl.

FIG. II.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED POPLIN, trimmed with velvet of a golden brown.

FIG. III.—KNICKERBOCKER SUIT OF BLACK VELVET, for a little boy.

FIG. IV.—A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED SILK, trimmed with blue velvet. Blue silk petticoat. Black cashmere jacket, embroidered with jet.

FIG. V.—KNICKERBOCKER PANTS AND LOOSE PALETOT, for a young boy.

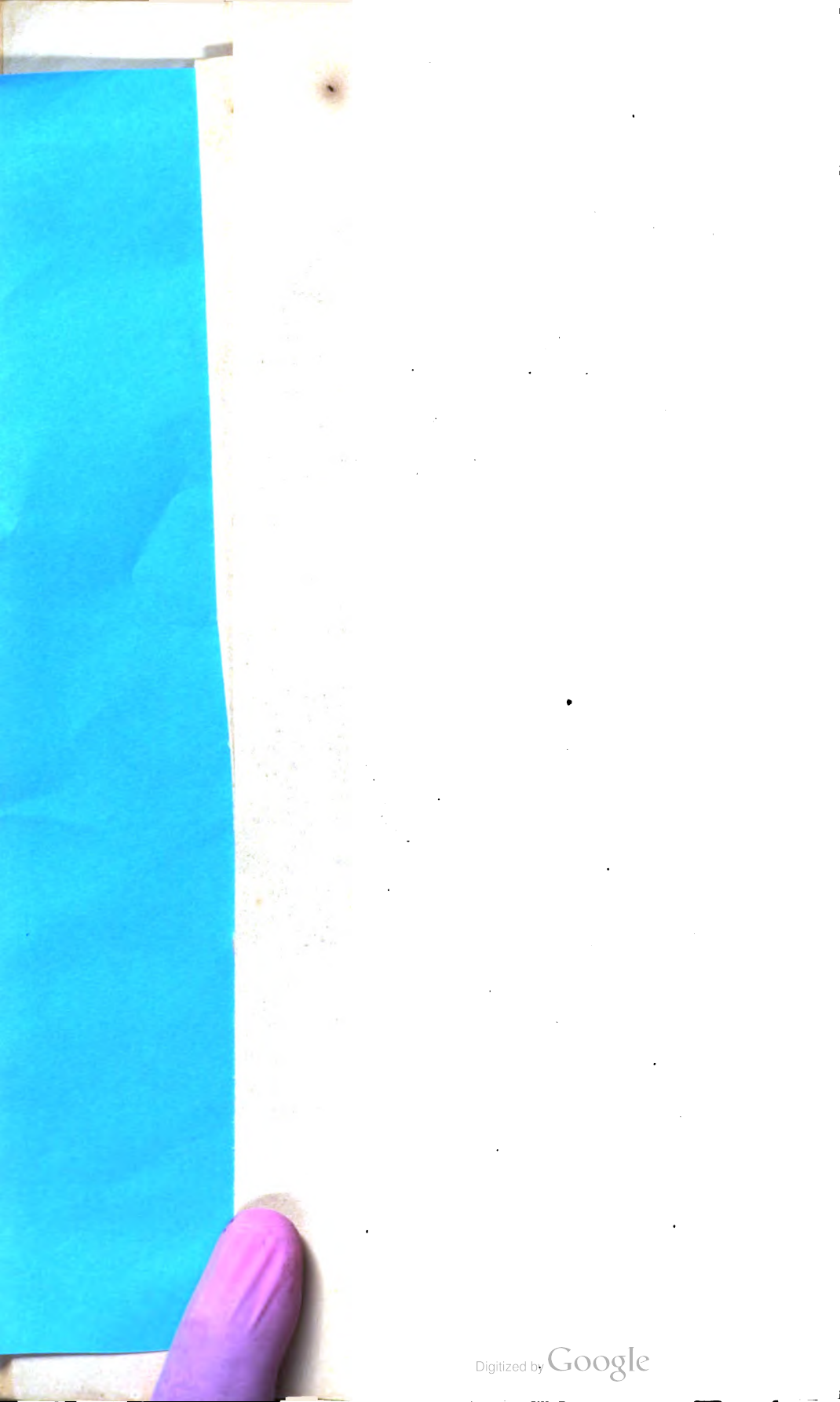
GENERAL REMARKS.—Nothing new is to be seen in boy's costume, except that one or two suits have been made with trousers tight at the knee; jackets straight, with pockets, and very large, square linen collars. As to little girl's dresses, they are only miniatures of their mothers, as may be seen in our fashion-plate.

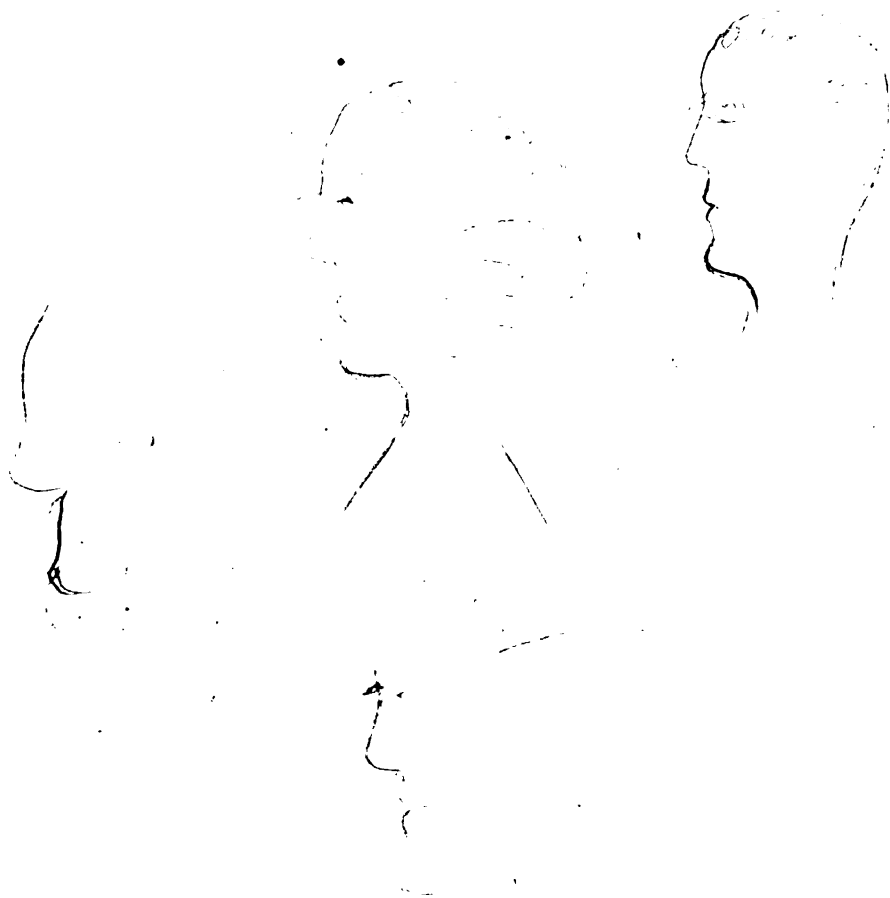


THE CHILDREN'S HARVEST HOME.

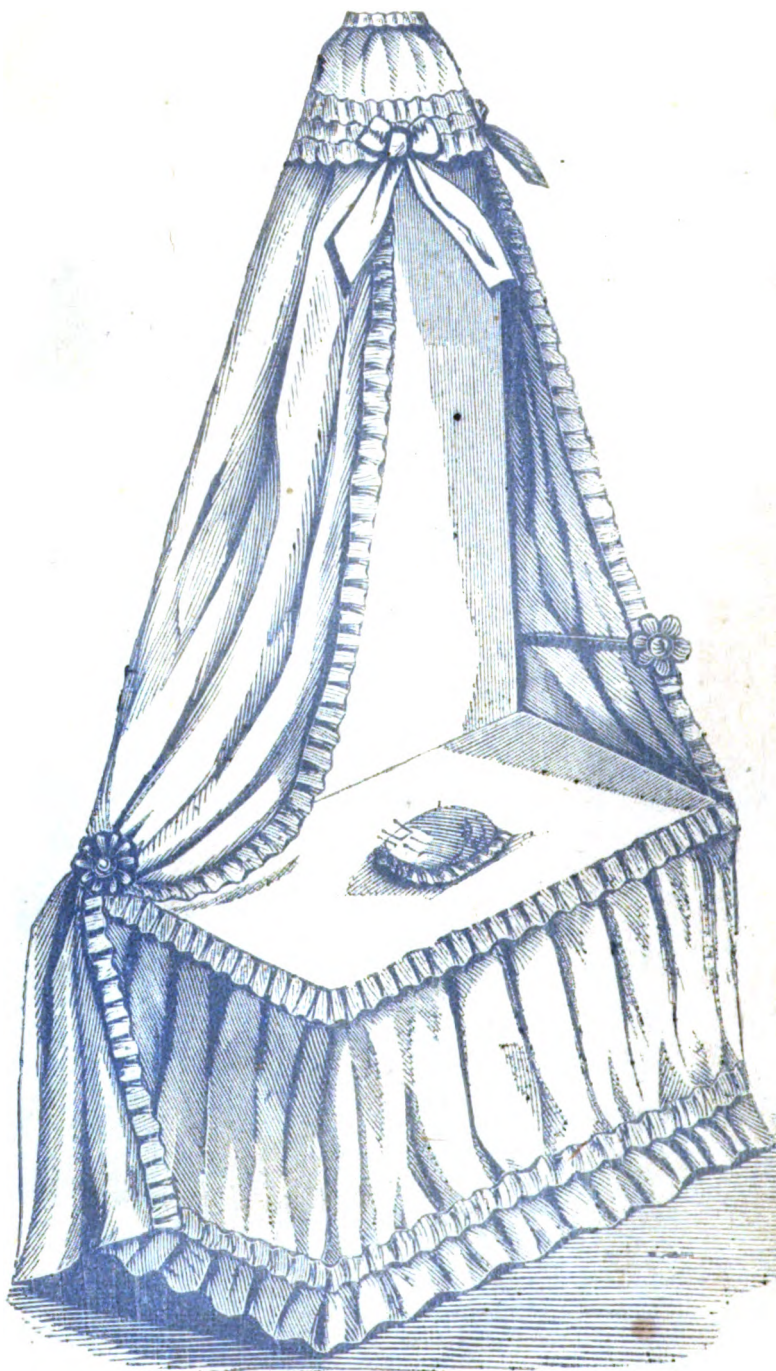


NE.





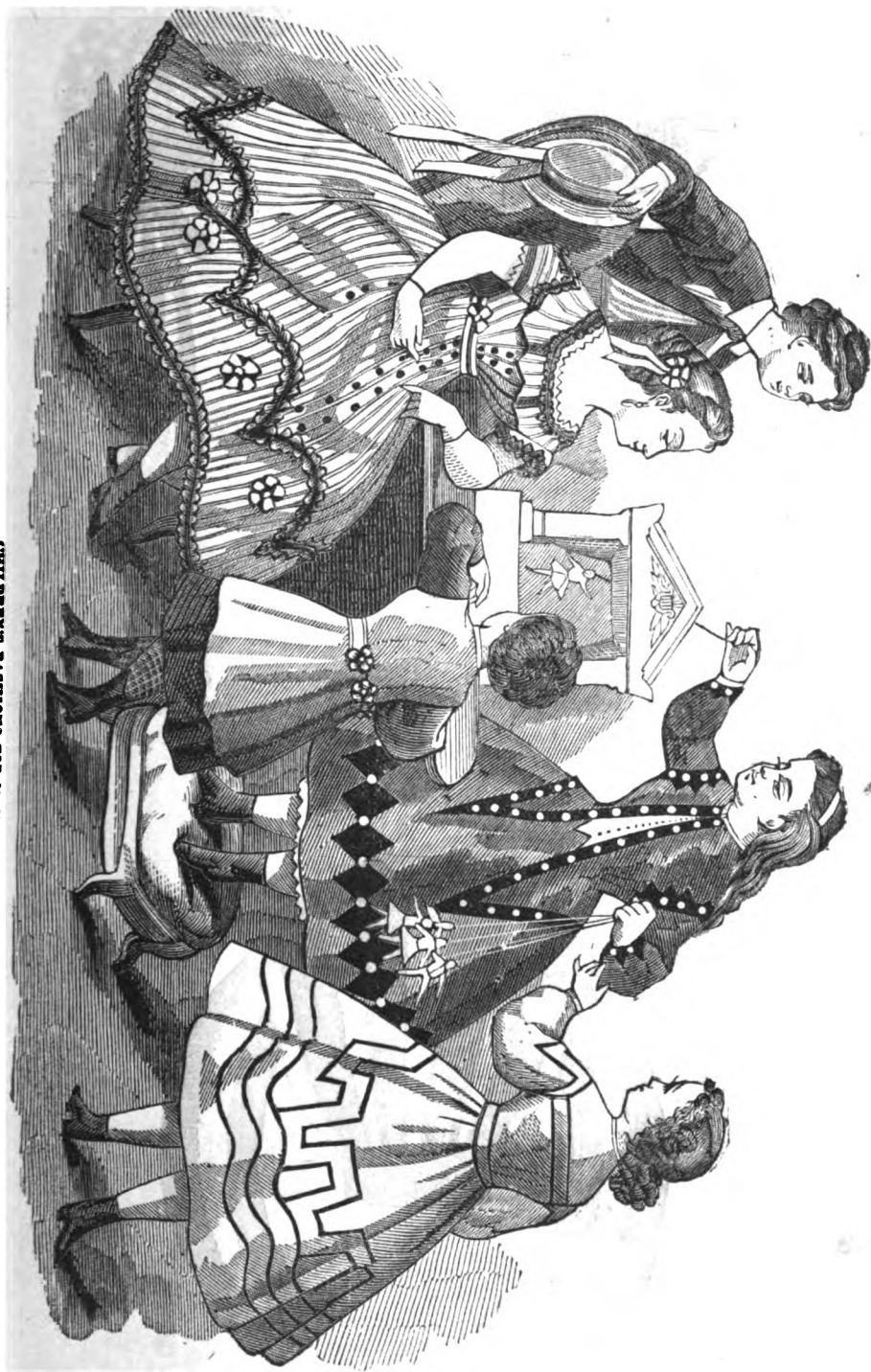
Peterson's Magazine: May, 1867.

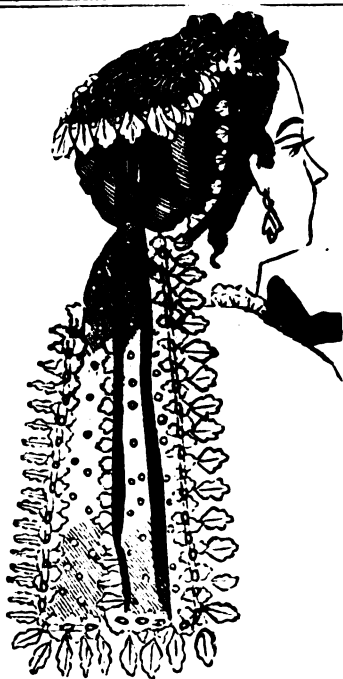


Toilet Table of Swiss over Blue Muslin.



GOING A-MAYING





HEAD-DRESS



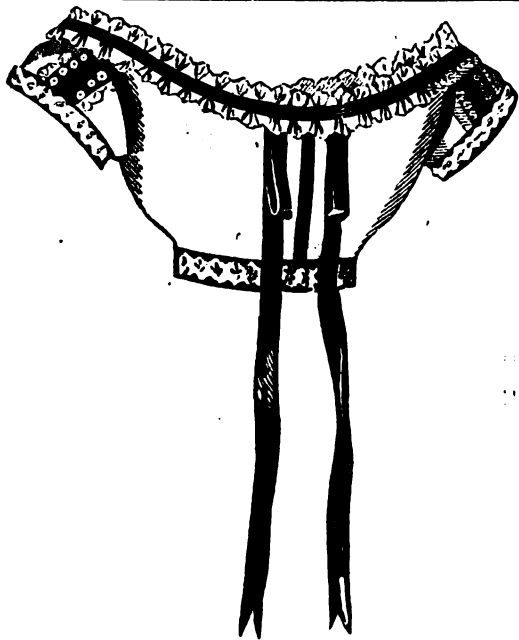
HEAD-DRESS



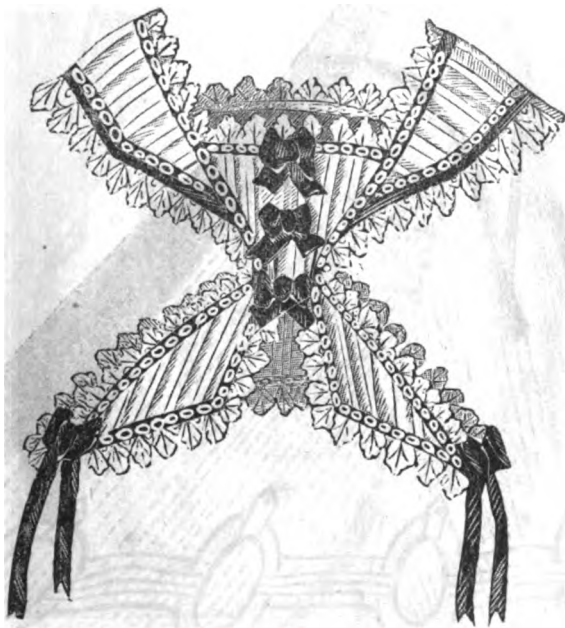
LACE BODY.



OAP



MUSLIN BODY.



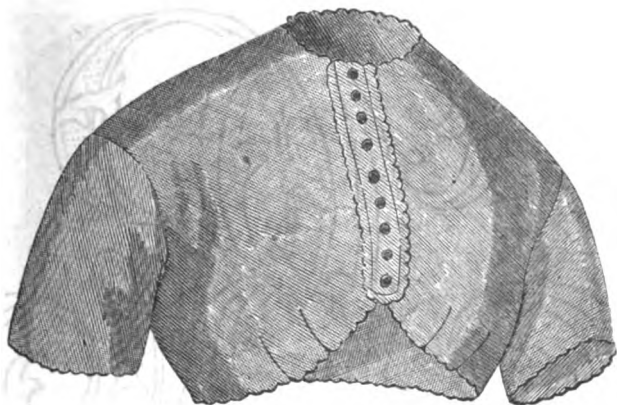
LACE WAIST.



BABY'S QUILTED SHOE.



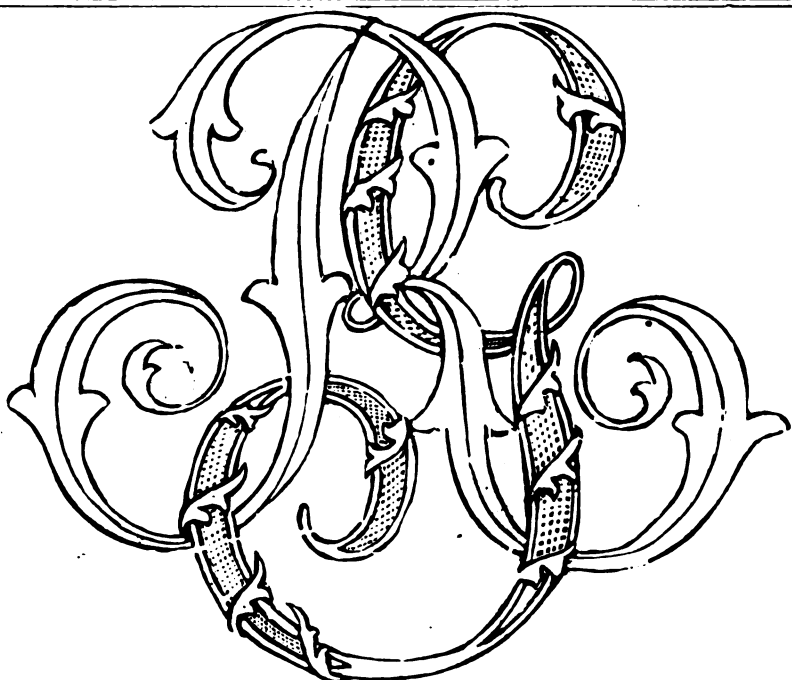
CARRIAGE DRESS.



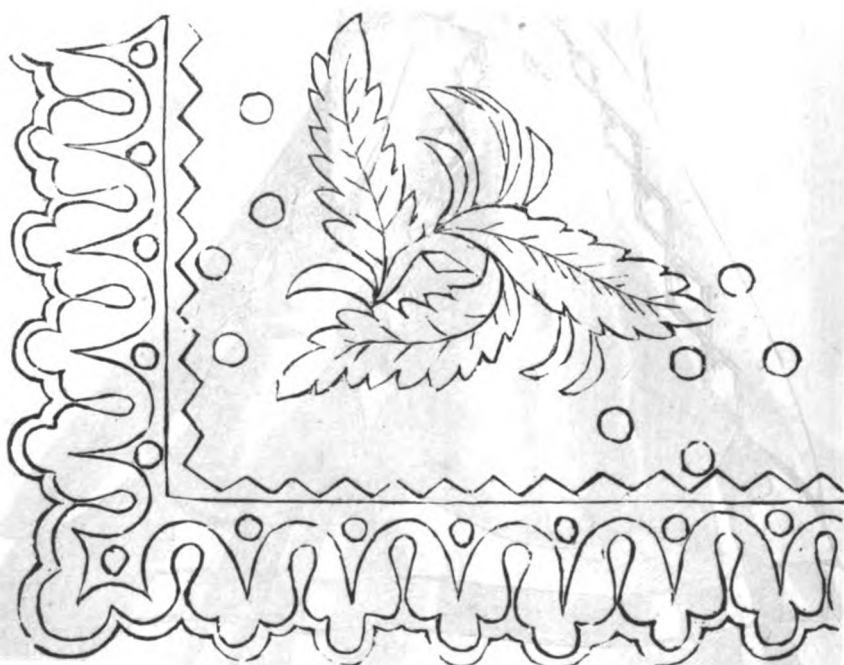
FLANNEL JACKET.



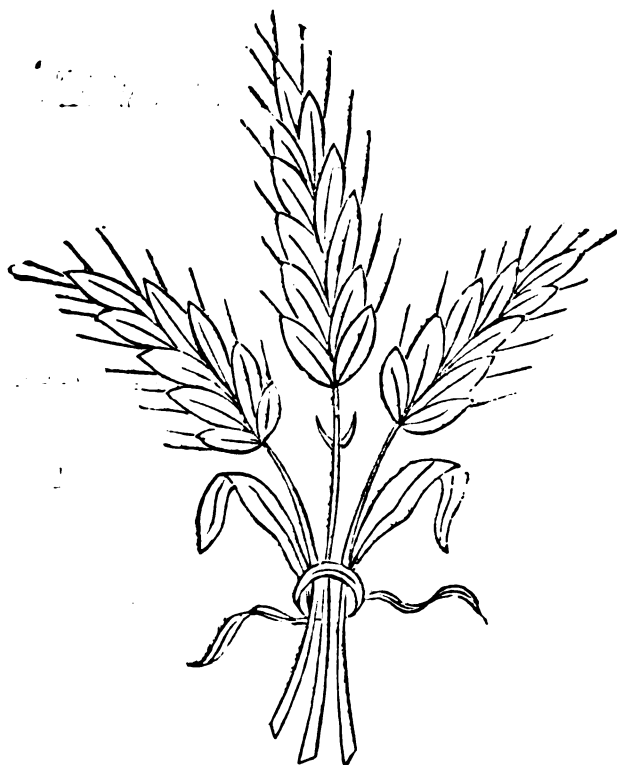
DINNER DRESS.



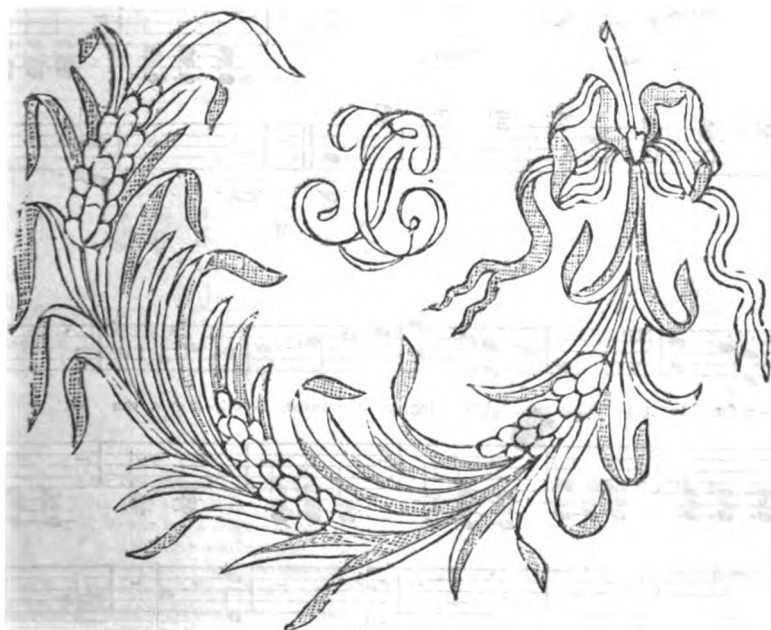
MONOGRAM FOR PILLOW-SLIPS.



CORNER FOR BABY'S BLANKET, IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



WHEAT-EAR FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

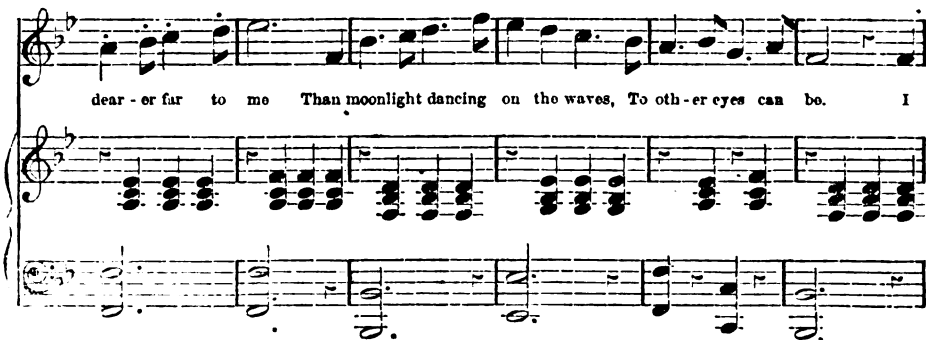
NETTIE VANE.

BALLAD.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. CRAP BAKER.

Published by permission of SEP. WINNER & Co., proprietors of Copyright.

Allegretto.



NETTIE VANE.

know a smile that sends a thrill, 'Thro' heart and nerve and brain, And both the eye and sunny smile, Be-

long to Net - tie Vane. Oh, Net - tie Vane! Oh, Net - tie Vane! My heart has ne'er been

free, Since I beheld your fai - ry form, And caught a smile from thee.

2.

I hear thy voice at early dawn,
I think of thee all day,
And wonder how a laughing look,
Could steal my heart away;
And when the twilight shadows fall,
At evening o'er the plain,
I turn my wand'ring steps to catch
A smile from Nettie Vane.
Oh! Nettie Vane, etc.

3.

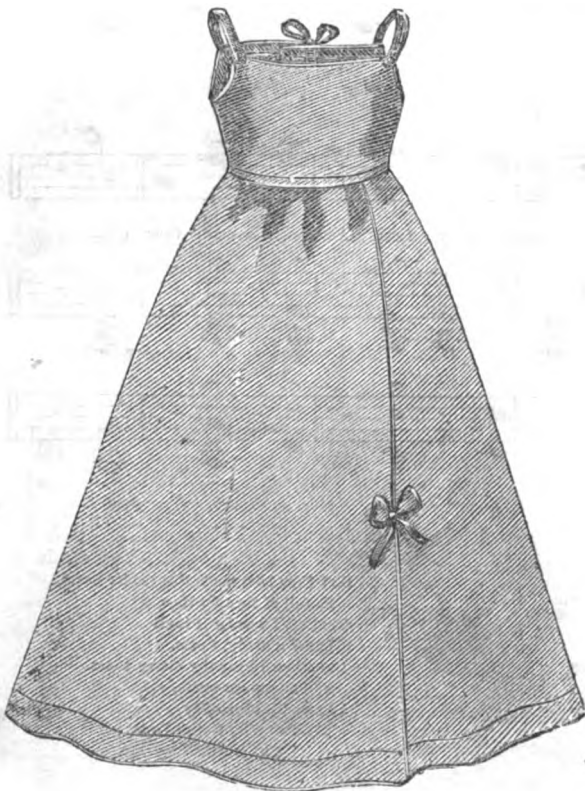
Oh! thou hast made this tender heart,
So full of love for thee,
That oft I wonder if it all
Is not a dream to me.
But when I hear thy merry tones
Fall on my ear again,
I know 'tis all reality
My charming Nettie Vane.
Oh! Nettie Vane, etc.



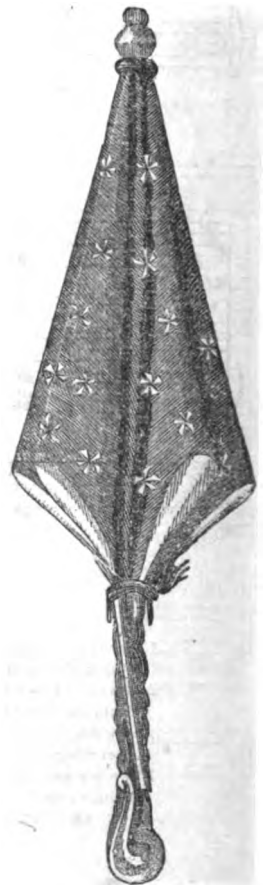
NEW STYLE JACKET—FRONT.



NEW STYLE JACKET—BACK.



BABY'S SKIRT.



PARASOL.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1867.

No. 5.

A WOMAN'S WORK.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"I beg your pardon, sir. Is this seat occupied?"

The train was just moving out of the depot at Thirtieth street, and Rolfe Thurston had comfortably ensconced himself in the corner next the window, spread out his duster and bag over the remainder of the seat, and was upon the point of opening the freshly-cut pages of an inviting-looking novel, when the above sentence fell upon his ears. He raised his eyes to give a polite negative in reply, and encountered the new-comer's gaze.

"By Jove! Vane," was his astonished exclamation, as he seized the hand of the *distinguished* intruder, "what lucky star have you dropped from? Who'd ever have dreamed of seeing you here! I thought you were wandering round somewhere in Arabia Petra, or Hong-Kong, or the Holy Land; in fact, any outlandish place imaginable."

"You're not so much out of the way, my dear Thurston," said Vane Harcourt, with a hearty responsive hand-pressure. "I have been about around the world since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, and only landed four days ago from the Scotia."

"And where are you bound for now?" asked Thurston, as they arranged themselves for a comfortable talk. "You find me on my way to Ned Carrington's lovely little country-seat, up on the Hudson, a few miles below West Point, to meet quite a gay party of our set, who are sojourning there previous to their flight to the city again. I'm going up to 'recruit' after my exertions at Newport."

"The very place I am going to," said Vane. "I met Ned the moment I set my foot inside the club, after landing, and the old fellow was so overjoyed to see me again that he insisted I must come right up to visit him. He's married since I left the country—and, by-the-way, Thurston, I stupidly forgot to ask him who he married."

"You remember Lizzie Archer? Yes, indeed," as Vane gave a start of surprise. "Everybody was perfectly amazed, for she was such a flirt that no one ever expected she would settle upon a fellow like Ned. Good as gold, to be sure, as you and I know; but not a bit of a lady's man. They had a superb wedding, Trinity Chapel, Brown, etc.; and live in immense style, both in town and country."

"I am really surprised," said Vane, "for, as I remember Miss Archer, she was the perfect antipode of Ned. But those matches are oftentimes the happiest, after all. And who does the party I am about to meet consist of?"

"The old set of men—Russell, Newman, the two Forsyths, and Howard M'Ilvaine, a millionaire and widower, from Boston, whom you don't know. The ladies are Clara Archer, (Mrs. Carrington's sister, who is just out this year,) Miss Lily Forbes, a new beauty; her cousin, Gussie Fullerton, and Emily Winslow. Oh! I forgot the queen of them all, and demurely beg pardon for not naming her first—Mildred Rutherford."

"And so she is Miss Rutherford still?" said Vane Harcourt, stroking his mustache, and speaking in his quietest tone. "Does she wear well?"

"She's a curious specimen," was the reply. "I imagine you don't know her very well; though, to be sure, it seems to me I did hear you were quite devoted her first season. I heard an odd piece of scandal about her the other day, and ever since then I've been putting my wits at work to discover who the 'other party' interested could possibly be."

"Indeed," said Vane, with a quick gleam of anger in his eyes, which Thurston did not notice; "if it's not too *sub rosa*, I'd like to hear it."

"It came to me in a queer way," answered his friend—"I don't mind telling you that it was from Mrs. Carrington. They've been bosom friends this half-dozen years; so, I suppose,

that's a voucher for its truth. Well, it seems that Miss Mildred, ice though she appears, did have some sort of an apology for a heart once. At any rate, (to use Mrs. Carrington's words,) 'a splendid fellow' fell in love with Miss Rutherford when she was quite young, say twenty. According to Mrs. Carrington his affection was fully returned; and as it was an eligible match in every respect, even for her, the people who were in the secret thought it would all turn out swimmingly. However, 'there's many a slip,' etc.—and so it proved in this case. When my unknown hero came to consult papa, behold, a score of objections arose forthwith. Mrs. Carrington's story just here was not particularly lucid; but I gather that the old gentleman took a very special dislike to him personally, and refused in toto. Now what should you think a woman like Mildred Rutherford would do under such circumstances? From her general style, *physique*, etc., I should say stand up square to the point, and dutifully insist on having her own sweet will in the end. Not a bit of it! Without even a show of fight in behalf of the man she said she loved, she laid down her arms, got scruples of conscience, and after vacillating beautifully for a space of three months, quietly gave him up! What became of the man heaven knows! Perhaps he went to destruction, or, more probably, called in pride to kill love, and took his parting *conge* coolly. I have been puzzling my brains ever since to imagine who the fellow was. It must have been kept deuced quiet—for such a story at the clubs would have destroyed Miss Rutherford's prestige considerably. I wonder if you can help my recollection, Vane; though, I fancy, you must have left the country about that time."

Vane Harcourt's face was white, and his lips twitched nervously ere he answered. But his tone was so unruffled that his careless friend noticed nothing unusual.

"It must have been after, or about the time I sailed," said he; "a strange history for Mildred Rutherford! And so she is not married yet? Who are in her train now?"

"Russel was pretty far gone; and as for M'Ilvaine, they say he's the card. A man of forty, and about the most ungainly stick you ever saw. Lots of tin, though; all the girls are making hard running; and I made a bet last week that he'd go off this season. I say, Vane, let's go and smoke awhile; we shall reach the station in about an hour."

So the two friends got up, and sauntered off to the smoking-car. Vane Harcourt did not

talk much as he smoked his fragrant Havana—and his thoughts were not of the pleasant. The man had a heart once, and a warm one. Was he to return to his native land only to find the ghosts of his painful past staring him in the face? But the pang passed almost as soon as it came; and he had regained his usual indifference of manner by the time the conductor sung out, "Garrison's!"

When the friends sprang off the platform, they found Ned Carrington waiting for them with his dray, and a beautiful pair of bays in front of it.

"I say, Vane," laughed Ned, as they bowled along over the smooth roads, "I thought I'd keep a fine surprise for the ladies, so I did not tell them you were to be one of us. We shall be just in time for dinner; you don't know what a jolly lot of us there are at Ingleside."

But when they drove up the long, shady road that finally brought them to Mr. Carrington's door, he announced that they still had time sufficient for a toilet before meeting at dinner; and as neither Vane or Thurston were desirous of appearing before the ladies in the role of dusty travelers, they vanished up the wide stair-case to their separate apartments.

Whatever Vane Harcourt's thoughts might have been, he certainly carried no trace of them in his face, as he walked into the drawing-room some fifteen minutes later. Not a handsome man, certainly, but one that your eye would light on anywhere, with his easy, *distingue* grace, and bronze hair. As the door opened, there was an exclamation, then a rush of sweeping silk across the floor.

"Not my dear old friend, Vane Harcourt!" cried Mrs. Carrington's clear, bell-like voice; "how charmed and delighted I am to see you again." And then Vane's face lit up with his rare, genial smile—for Lizzie Archer was one of his special friends in days gone by; and she introduced him gayly to all the rest of the party, while his old male friends crowded round him with an eager welcome that told how great a favorite he had been among them. A little apart from them all, leaning her beautiful white arm against the dark-green of her chair, Mildred Rutherford was standing. Ah, me! where is the man who will ever rival a woman in matchless self-control? Everything around her grew for a moment black as night, a gulf seemed yawning at her very feet; but Miss Rutherford listened quietly to Mr. M'Ilvaine's empty platitudes, and gave no sign. Vane Harcourt drew a step nearer; and then she looked up, saying, with a calm, cold bow,

"I am glad to see you again in America."

But he was the better actor, for his tone was both cordial and friendly, as he extended his hand, "Thank you! I did not know what a charming reunion of friends this was to be." She winced—the arrow struck home; but in another moment they were all walking out to dinner.

Perhaps there can be nothing which is so galling to a woman as meeting a man whom she knows once loved her passionately, in this way. If he would but be stiff and cold, ay, even rudely savage, she would find some balm for her wounded vanity to feed upon. But to be met in a perfectly friendly manner, off which one's hauteur, or one's pleasantry glides as smoothly as if it were a brilliant iceberg; to feel that, no matter what you say or do, it will be taken with that same smiling, polite indifference—all this is the sorest blow of any to a woman's *amour propre*. It must be admitted that Miss Rutherford ate her dinner with less appetite than usual. They were not thrown together that evening; and McIlvaine hung over Miss Rutherford's chair with his customary devotion. But I am afraid her attention, as well as her thoughts, often wandered to the corner where Vane's animated voice could be heard relating droll and stirring anecdotes of his travels in brilliant succession. Nor was it much better for two days after. Without in the least appearing to avoid her, Vane never seemed to be near her; even in games of croquet, or in the bowling-alley, they were usually opponents. And this without any one being able to see the fine tact which ruled it so. At last, on the evening of the third day, Mildred set her pearly teeth, and vowed it should last no longer. She was looking superbly that evening. Her dress was fine black gauze, shot here and there with sheaves of golden wheat, and her exquisite arms and neck fairly gleamed against the dark fabric. Only a band of gold on the severely plain hair, glossy in its masses of chestnut; no ornaments save a plain gold cross, with its delicately fine chain, round her dainty throat. But once, during the long dinner, as Miss Rutherford was idly playing with her cross, she saw a red flush cross Vane Harcourt's bronzed face, and died as suddenly as it rose.

"Lizzie," said Mildred, as they all went back on the piazza to watch a glorious September sunset, "are your cards in good order? I feel in a gambling mood to-night. Mr. Harcourt," Vane half started as her clear voice addressed him, "I remember you used to play a fine game of euchre; I challenge you to a rubber."

"So you have not forgotten your old skill," said he, as he watched the white hands deal out the cards. "It is—let me see, five years since you and I played against each other. What are the stakes to-night, Miss Rutherford?" She absolutely did not dare to meet his eye; but she never wavered from her purpose for one instant.

"You may place what you choose against my gold cross," she said. He waited until she turned her trump, then said, slowly,

"Very well. I stake my ring."

He wore but one—a simple one of narrow gold. Gradually the loiterers on the piazza came in, and one or two drew near the silent pair at the table.

"How does it stand now?" asked Mrs. Carington's voice.

"Even—we have played four games," said Mildred; and try as she might her voice shook. The cards ran oddly, and in a few moments the count stood at fours. The deal was Miss Rutherford's; Vane gave a swift, keen look at the white face opposite; "ordered up:" and in two minutes the game was his.

"Rather exciting," said Mildred, as she rose from the table. "Are we going to have some music? No? Then suppose we settle the terms of our wager, Mr. Harcourt?" Vane gave one of his courtly bows, offered her his arm, and in another moment Mildred found herself in the quiet library, with the door closed between them and the outside world. He did not utter one syllable; he waited courteously for her to speak. Oh, pity her! she was not bad and wicked at heart, only fickle and unstable as the wind, and—she loved him! There was but an instant's pause; then she drew off her cross and laid it in his hand.

"Take your gift, Vane," she said. "Do you remember the promise you made when you gave it to me? You told me then (when my own weak trifling had sent you into exile) that if I ever sent it to you, you would come. Take the cross, Vane; but oh! give me back your love!"

He drew close to her, he took her hand, and yet, as she looked up, Mildred shuddered—for his face wore no answering look of love; grief and pity were both there; but the stern mouth was unwavering as ever, and she could almost read her fate ere his low tones answered her.

"You are lovely and fascinating as ever," he said, gently; "you have not lost one grace or charm that made you the idol of my manhood. But between you and me there lies a grave—a grave so cold and dark that the grass will never grow there, or the sunshine warm it again. It

is too late, Mildred! You are to me henceforth 'as one whom God has taken;' my love for you is gone."

Down on the woman's quivering heart rang the words, the more pitiless because they were so regretfully spoken. As much as was in her strange nature to love, she loved Vane Harcourt then. True, she had taken his heart years before and made it her plaything; but that very process had changed her, and made her hard and cold. And her retribution was coming fast upon her; alas! her own hands had made for her this bitterness.

"I do not blame you," he went on; "I never have allowed one word of censure to be spoken of you in my presence. I gave you my whole heart and soul—of what value was its unselfish devotion in your eyes? Granted that I was too hasty and impetuous—exactng, if you will; you will never find love such as mine was again. Perhaps you did love me once; but as I look at you now dispassionately, I know that you were *not* my ideal woman. Many women less pure, more faulty than you are, would yet have had the redeeming virtue of constancy. You profess to be (and I believe you are according to your lights) a good woman. Well, goodness is cruel sometimes—at least I found it so!"

"My God!" she cried, "have mercy, Vane. Where is all your old tenderness? How can you speak thus to me? I deserve it all, even more than your generous heart has now spoken; but, oh! do not throw me off. I will brave them all for your sake now. I do love you, dear—look at me and see if you can doubt it?"

He drew a long, shivering sigh.

"I have dreamed I saw you thus, Mildred; but that, like much of my past, is over now. I still wear the ring you gave me, just as I would wear it had you died five years ago."

She turned cold as stone; she saw her punishment before her, and knew she had made her last appeal. With a mute gesture of utter misery she turned from him, but his hand detained her.

"Farewell, my lost love!" he said; "the thought of me has made no lines of care on your smooth brow these years past. Let no sorrow for me ever darken your future." For just a moment he held her in his arms as of old; a calm, quiet kiss fell on her forehead—such a kiss as he might have given a dear dead face; and then Vane Harcourt walked silently out on the vacant piazza.

"My dear Vane," said Mrs. Carrington, advancing to meet him, "Ned just handed me this telegram for you. I hope it's nothing important."

"A business engagement," said Vane, as he opened it; "but one that obliges me to catch the nine forty-five train. How sorry I am to bid so abrupt an adieu to Ingleside."

In his heart he blessed fervently that business correspondent; but one must be polite in this world at the expense of truth sometimes.

With Vane's departure my story is nearly over. Only a leaf out of a life's history, to be sure, but one that marred two lives, perhaps three; for in the course of two months Miss Rutherford's and Mr. McIlvaine's wedding-cards were out. She made a lovely bride, they said, and the presents were magnificent. If she sold herself, she did it regally.

But as Vane Harcourt mingles in the whirl of New York upper tendom, he sometimes meets a woman whose eyes never rest on his but with despairing tenderness; and he knows that Mildred's diamonds lie glittering above a heart that is cold and dead as his own.

NEVER AGAIN.

BY SYLVIE A. SPERRY.

SUMMER will come, and flowers will bloom,
Bud and blossom, and bloom o'er his grave;
I shall inhale their fragrant perfume;
I shall see the willow-tree's long leaves wave,
And hear birds carol above his grave.
No thought, no message to ease my pain;
No balm for a heart that's aching sore;
The song of birds will never again
Waken the dreams and fancies of yore,
Or heal the heart that is sick and sore.
My darling! my darling! Damp and cold
Is the bed they made him under the snow
Would that my loving arms might enfold!

Would I were sleeping, never to know
A pain or sorrow under the snow!

The snow will melt in the Summer sun;
The grass and flowers will come again;
I shall live to see Summers, one by one,
Shower their treasures where he is lain;
Live, but never be happy again!

My own, my darling! cold is the snow
Over the grave in the church-yard now!
Perhaps, when the Summer breezes blow,
The clouds will cover this aching brow;
Would the Summer were here even now!

MY WEDDING TOUR.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

SITTING quietly at my sewing, with the rather lonely consciousness that I was, and would be for some time to come, possibly for the night, the only human being about the premises, I congratulated myself on the prospect of an undisturbed afternoon; and resolved to admit no visitor whatever, or those shirt-bosoms of Samuel's would not get into their proper places.

"Samuel" was the Rev. Samuel Rubbleton, rector of St. Philip's; and I was his maiden sister. We lived very snugly and comfortably in a large country town, that boasted several other churches besides St. Philip's, and "set up for shapes" and fashions in a pretentious way, that contrasted, criminally enough, with a very decided streak of rurality and primitive simplicity. It suited me, however; I had grown old there, and Samuel's work was there—and mine, too, as a natural consequence.

I was alone, as I have said; for the "help," a very excellent girl, generally, had gone to spend the afternoon and evening with "a friend," as she phrased it; but with a spruce, young baker, as I more than suspected. She had suddenly presented herself before me in a spangled net, and tinsel odds and ends of ribbon, rustling skirts, and jaunty hat, and announced her intention; and though I could ill spare her, for I expected my brother home, and knew he would want his tea, I did not dare to refuse; for I called to mind a vividly-remembered two weeks' of servitude, the penalty of letting my anger get the better of my prudence, with a quick-tempered Bridget. So I gracefully submitted to the inevitable—and locked Phebe out, with a delightful feeling of uncertainty as to when we should meet again.

Suddenly I heard the bell—a loud, brisk ring, as of some one quite in earnest; and peeping behind the curtain, I caught a glimpse of fine broadcloth, a manly figure, and a very prepossessing face. Now, what could Nelson Chardleigh want there—the afternoon before he was to be married? He wanted Samuel, of course, but Samuel was not to be had; and besides, what could he want of Samuel? He would surely see enough of him on the morrow.

I liked the boy—I believed I was a great

favorite of his; but I had no idea of letting him in, and listening to a long harangue on the endless subject of Miss Florence Eberton's perfections. So, smiling when the ring was repeated, I stitched on in fancied security, until suddenly a sharp knocking on the window-pane gave me a nervous start; and I turned around, with a scream, to encounter a laughing face pressed close against the glass.

"Shame on you, Miss Margie, to be 'playing possum' in this way! You heard me well enough. Why don't you let me in? or where is the pretty Phebe?"

"I didn't let you in," said I, going to the front-door, and laughing in spite of myself, "because I didn't want you, nor any one else. Now you are here, however, I suppose you may as well come in; but I cannot imagine what has brought you here, under the circumstances."

"Hospitable, upon my word!" exclaimed the young gentleman, as he followed me into the parlor. "And I do not see why I am not to be here 'under the circumstances.' Etiquette, I believe, shuts up the bride-elect for a week or two before the ceremony; but allows the gentleman to be at large—under the impression, probably, that he is too insignificant to be noticed. But seriously, Miss Margie," he continued, "I am really troubled—and that is why I am here. You were always a kind friend of mine, and, perhaps, you can advise me what to do. His Reverence, as you perceive, is not forthcoming. I went to the station before the morning-train was due, and waited patiently until all the living freight had disembarked; but no Mr. Rubbleton. You know he said, on going away, that he would probably take the morning-train; if not, he would be sure to come at evening—but he would feel safer to come in the morning. Now, when you reflect that there is only one more train in which he could possibly come, in order to perform the ceremony—and that something may occur to cause him to miss that train—you must admit that circumstances look rather discouraging."

The poor fellow was evidently in a state of great nervous excitement, as well he might be; for if Samuel gave him the slip at the last moment, (as I thought he was quite likely to do,) would he not be set down as "a laggard in

love," like the miserable rival of "young Lochinvar?" Samuel had been his tutor, and his valued friend ever after—there had always been an intimacy between the families; and Nelson had, almost at the first brush of his engagement, with the gracious permission of the fair Florence, bound my brother under a solemn promise, that if it were a possible thing, he would perform the marriage ceremony.

The idea of that boy being married seemed almost absurd. I could remember so well the days when he wore a short, white frock, with immense blue-rosettes at the shoulders, and a broad shash to match. A magnificent-looking fellow he was always, with great, wondering eyes, and cheeks like marble-roses; and he screamed and hallooed with a royal unrestraint that was anything but refreshing to weak nerves. I loved to see the boy with his stately, young mother; he was her only one, and as much like her as though both had been carved, by the same hand, from one block of marble. She was rather unapproachable, this handsome Mrs. Chardleigh; and she died young.

Nelson had an uncle—his father's brother; and some people called me a pretty girl, though it seemed to me that I had little else but a loving heart. The garden-walls joined, over which we talked; and finally, they sent Herman away, probably, because they did not want him to marry a poor, ignorant girl, who had had few advantages. And then came a story of yellow-fever—and then—

I never saw him again; but I think there was a reason why I loved the boy, Nelson Chardleigh, so well, and watched his growth from childhood to manhood. Even after he went to college, he seemed to remember us with affection; and ran over to the rectory, in his vacations, just as he had done when a boy in round-jackets. He was a teasing, mischievous, winning fellow, and had a wonderful power of making people do just as he pleased.

Suddenly, he encountered Florence Everton, a gay beauty under the care of a rich uncle, whose splendid mansion, some miles from the town, was the theme of general admiration. Everything else went to the four winds; and when, in the course of time, he actually found himself engaged to this peerless creature, his happiness knew no bounds. That there should be the barest chance of any unpleasant *contretemps* at the anticipated wedding, was not to be endured; and I quite appreciated his annoyance.

All these thoughts flashed through my mind, while, like a caged lion, my visitor nervously

paced the floor; and, finally, he burst out with,

"Miss Margie, what is to be done? It will scarcely be safe to hang our last hope upon the evening-train; and I feel very much disposed to go in quest of some one else. I could never face Florence, or her friends, if there should be any hitch in my part of the proceedings. I really did not think that Mr. Rubbleton would have served me so! Why must he needs travel off at the very last minute?"

Why, indeed? except that it was just exactly like him to forget all about the wedding, and stay over another day with the old college-chum whom he had so suddenly gone to visit.

"I think he will be here to-night," I said, half hesitatingly; "he certainly promised that he would come. 'If I do not get here in the morning-train,' he said, 'you may certainly expect me in the evening.'"

"But thinking will not do in such a case!" exclaimed the troubled bridegroom. "Suppose something should happen to the train? Suppose that Mr. Rubbleton should have a fit? Or fifty thousand other things that might happen? Just put yourself in my place, Miss Margie, and fancy how you would feel under the circumstances! Of course, you couldn't, though, very well; but I'll tell you how I feel—like going out to engage some one to officiate to-morrow, in case Mr. Rubbleton doesn't appear."

"But would any of the clergy be willing to make such an arrangement?" said I, smiling at the idea.

"We can drum them up and try," was the eager response.

I was afraid that the bump of reverence was not well-developed in the handsome head before me; but the plural pronoun "we" was decidedly startling.

"We!" I exclaimed, in dismay. "Why, surely, Nelson, you do not want an old maid, like me, dragging about with you? I can't possibly think of such a thing!"

"Yes, you can," said the persevering fellow. "You are hand-and-glove with all the clergy, Miss Margie, and can vouch for my respectability, you know. Why, if I went alone, they would probably think me some stray loafer, not worth marrying."

"You look very much like it," I replied, surveying the tall, aristocratic figure before me; "but really, Nelson, I cannot leave the house—there is no one here."

"It will not run away," said he, philosophically; "and we shall be back again almost before you know it. So, Miss Margie, put on

your bonnet, please, like the good, kind lady you are, and introduce me to some Reverend gentleman, who will promise not to run off on a journey between this and twelve to-morrow. I think I shall never forgive Mr. Rubbleton; and Florence will certainly laugh at me, if some one else marries us."

"There is Dr. Poncher," said I, reflectingly; "he is the nearest—we might go to him first."

"That stiff-looking old gentleman, who is so absent-minded?" was the irreverent reply. "I am afraid he would read the burial-service over us by mistake!"

"Well," said I, not able to contradict this statement, "suppose we try Mr. Kem?"

"He'll do nicely, I've no doubt; but let us start speedily, Miss Margie, for October afternoons have wings, you know."

I heaved a quiet sigh as I glanced at my sewing; but it seemed to be my fate always to have some helpless man on my hands, who required all my time and energies. Samuel was a regular stand-by; and various forlorn ones craved my help at intervals. There seemed to be no getting out of this expedition, now, with Nelson Chardleigh; it was quite natural that he should not feel willing to trust to the hope of Samuel's arriving at the last moment; and being Samuel's sister, it was clearly my duty to get the poor fellow out of the scrape, if possible—nevertheless, I felt a little queer while arraying myself for the walk.

I wished to do credit to my cavalier, by putting on my best; and I had a very pretty lavender bonnet, with white roses inside—a present from an old friend, in which I looked quite passable—a soft, white shawl, and a plain-colored silk dress.

"Miss Margie, you are the best-dressed lady I have seen in some time," observed my escort, with an appreciative glance at my toilet.

Then, helping me to fasten up the house, he opened the gate in high glee; and we were fairly launched.

Mr. Kem's residence was what indefinite people call "something of a walk;" and it was a walk, too, through the busiest part of the town. People looked and stared at me and my companion; and not a few bows were accompanied by comical smiles, for which I could not quite account.

"Isn't that a sort of wedding attire?" asked Nelson, evidently interested in such matters. "Don't brides, sometimes, dress in that way?"

"I believe they do," I replied, suddenly awaking to the fact that my dress was rather bridal than otherwise.

We walked on to Mr. Kem's—Nelson frequently reminding me that I had agreed to open the ball, and do the introductory talking.

Mr. Kem boarded in a large house, where numbers of female heads decked the windows; (not, however, like the Dyak trophies, detached from their bodies,) and I counted five, at least, on the lower floor. Much gazing and whispering as we approached the door.

A very pretty, pert-looking Bridget answered our ring.

"Was Mr. Kem at home?"

Eyeing us from head to foot, she said that she would see; and left us standing in the hall.

Presently a young gentleman appeared, one of the smiling kind, whose very eyes were laughing, as they rested on us.

"Did you wish to see Mr. Kem particularly?" he inquired; as though it might be possible to produce him in an extreme case, but not ordinarily.

"Yes!" exclaimed my companion, with nervous haste, before I had a chance to reply. "Our business with Mr. Kem is very important, and there is no time to lose. I want him to perform a marriage-ceremony—is he at home?"

"I regret to say that he is not," was the smiling reply. "He has gone out to tea; but it would not be a very difficult matter to send for him. If I could oblige you and the lady in any way——"

I verily believe that Nelson would have had the Reverend gentleman dragged from the tea-table, without the slightest compunction, had I not interposed and informed our smiling friend, with as severe a look as I could muster, that we would not trouble him farther. We left him standing on the broad steps, and gazing after us, with a wondering smile stereotyped on his face.

Bridget must have enlightened the heads at the window, for they all tittered as we passed by, and bent forward to get a better view of us, to the imminent danger of dislocating their necks.

"Didn't that gentleman strike you as a little peculiar?" asked the unsuspecting Nelson.

He was evidently a stranger to the conviction that had suddenly flashed through my mind, and amused me mightily. The smiling youth and Bridget had, doubtless, taken me for the bride-elect; and hence their merriment.

"It is a very strange thing," continued my excited companion, "that Mr. Kem should have selected this afternoon, of all afternoons, to go out to tea!"

"Very strange," I replied, laughing at his

disgust; "the sunset of life should have given him mystical lore, and caused him to feel in his bones that you were coming."

"Where shall we go now?" he asked, in dismay, evidently thinking that the clergy were banded against him.

"I scarcely dare mention Dr. Poacher again," said I.

"Let us try him!" he exclaimed, "and if he does anything queer to-morrow, I wash my hands of the responsibility—it will have to rest on your shoulders, Miss Margie."

Of course, I was used to this; to do my best, and then bear the burden of everything that went wrong.

A walk of about a mile farther brought us to a nice, old-fashioned place, where Dr. Poacher spent much of his time in secluded study. We were almost sure of finding him, and raised the brass knocker quite confidently.

A very honest-looking Irishwoman, who was afflicted with a chronic grin, soon made her appearance, and gazed upon us with tender interest. It was some little time before we learned that "Dr. Poacher was not just at home now."

"How soon would he be in?" was the eager inquiry.

"Mebbe in an hour; yees can come back and sec."

We exchanged looks; and the Irishwoman assured us that "she would hould him at home for us when he came."

"What did possess that woman to grin so?" said Nelson, rather angrily, as we left the door. "Have you any idea, Miss Margie? Is there anything queer about either of us, that people act so curiously?"

"Yes," I replied, enjoying his excitement, "I have some idea."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, I think all these people imagine that you have been silly enough to select me for the bride."

"Too bad!" he exclaimed, "for you, Miss Margie! After your kindness, too! What can we do about it? Shall we go home?"

"No!" I replied, stoutly. "If they choose to be so silly, let them have the benefit of it. I do not mind them in the least; and I am determined to see this business through."

"I admire your spirit," said my companion, laughing; "and I should be only too glad to 'see this business through' likewise. But what evil spirit has entered into the clergy of this benighted place, to send them all gadding on this particular afternoon?"

"The spirit of English Queen Bess, I im-

agine," said I, "as she was always opposed to marriages. But suppose that we walk around a little now, and wait for Dr. Poacher; as I happen to know him very well?"

We wandered for half an hour; and then, suddenly remembering the possible return of Samuel, I grew frightened, and we concluded to make a fresh application to the brass knocker.

The Irishwoman beamed all over, and marshaled us into the front-parlor with evident delight.

"Here they are, your Riverence!" she exclaimed, triumphantly; and we found ourselves fronting Dr. Poacher, while a mischievous-looking girl, his niece, stood on one side, evidently in a state of amused expectation, and our Irish friend ambled off to the other.

The expression of the doctor's face, as he recognized me, is better imagined than described.

"Miss Margaret Rubbleton!" he exclaimed, in undisguised astonishment.

To explain all this, it is necessary to say that our Hibernian friend had seized the doctor the moment he appeared, and told him that he was wanted "right away," to marry a couple that were almost ready to cry when they found that he was not to be had on the spot; "a swate-lookin' young feller, and a rale nice lady—a little ould-like, mebbe, for the boy, but as pleasant-spoken a lady as ever stepped." They would be back again, she added, "in the wink of an eye." Anticipating much fun from this performance, the mischievous niece had begged the favor of being present as a witness; the tender-hearted serving-woman had put in a duplicate petition; and here were the household drawn up in battle-array as we entered, quite bent upon doing their best to join us in the bands of holy matrimony!

"Miss Margaret Rubbleton!" said the worthy doctor; and here he stopped, overpowered by his emotions.

I felt my face growing painfully red, while the ridiculousness of the position raised a troublesome inclination to laugh. That young minx, too, was evidently regarding Nelson in the light of a sacrifice; but the troublesome fellow himself seemed struck with dumbness.

"Let me explain to you," said I: but I could get no farther, and I believed I was growing hysterical.

Dr. Poacher bowed stiffly, as though waiting the solution of the riddle; and presently Nelson, with a manliness that delighted me, came to the rescue.

"I think," said he, a little hesitatingly at first, but gathering strength as he proceeded,

"that there is a mistake somewhere. I wish to be married; but Miss Rubbleton does *not*—and she kindly volunteered to introduce me to Dr. Poacher, whose services I am desirous to secure for to-morrow morning, in the event of Mr. Rubbleton's failing us by the morning train."

"Now," said the doctor, laughing more heartily than I had ever seen him laugh before; while the niece and the Irishwoman disappeared, "do you know what I thought?"

"Yes," I replied, quite boldly, "I know exactly what you thought, and am humbly obliged for my share of the compliment. You thought Margaret Rubbleton an old fool, and Mr. Chardleigh a young one; but let me tell you, Dr. Poacher, that my brother Samuel is at the bottom of all this, for we were very much afraid of his giving us the slip this evening."

"I parted from him not half an hour ago," said the doctor, comically, "as he was taking rapid strides from the station to his own house. I thought, then, that he looked like a man whose head was full of some grand idea—and this wedding, I suppose, was the subject."

How like a couple of conspirators we felt, as a picture of the injured Samuel, inhospitably looked out from his own dwelling, rose up before us! With a bewildered excuse, we hastily departed, and set out on a running-walk for the rectory.

"Miss Margie," said Nelson, with laughing penitence, "can you ever forgive me?"

"I suppose I shall, in time," I replied; "for it is one of my weaknesses to forgive people all sorts of things; but I must confess that I do not feel much like it just now."

"I am so glad Mr. Rubbleton has come, after all!" observed my companion, softly.

Now, I did not feel at all glad that he had come, "after all;" on the contrary, I thought it would have been much more convenient, had he verified our fears by missing the train. It is always unpleasant to find that one has been making much ado about nothing.

Nelson escorted me to the gate, and then laughingly departed. No expostulation could induce him to face Mr. Rubbleton that evening.

Samuel's attitude was Napoleonesque, as he stood beside his carpet-bag, which he had deposited on the door-step.

"Why, Margie," he began, "what does this mean? I am very much surprised——"

"Not more than I am," I replied, boldly carrying the war into the enemy's quarters, as I inserted the door-key; "I am sure I never expected to see you this evening!"

"Never expected to see me!" he replied, in astonishment. "Did I not say that I would come? And is not Nelson Chardleigh to be married to-morrow?"

"You said that you would probably come in the morning," said I, determined not to be put down; "and it is on Nelson Chardleigh's account that I have been gadding this afternoon."

I then gave him a condensed account of our fears, schemes, and adventures; and all that I got for my pains was,

"More deliberate folly I never heard! A performance worthy of two lunatics! I said, as plainly as words could say it, that, if I did not get here in the morning, I would certainly come in the evening—and here I am."

After going over the whole matter from the beginning about five times, with the most eloquent reasoning upon the reasonableness of my conduct, and receiving precisely the same answer every time, I retired from the field, with the firm conviction that my brother Samuel was an excellent man, and a learned man; but that, like most fallible mortals, he had "a kink" somewhere in the construction of his mind, that prevented him from seeing that he could possibly be in the wrong.

I have good reason for supposing that Nelson Chardleigh went post-haste to his bride that evening, with a highly-varnished account of our adventure, and an extravagant picture of my merits; for a little, scented note, received early the next morning, insisted so warmly upon my presence at the wedding, that I really could not refuse.

I had received an invitation before, and declined it; but now I donned my bridal attire of the day before, and accompanied Samuel to the cars. Here we had the pleasure of encountering Dr. Poacher, who had also received an express invitation.

It was an elegant affair; and the bright, October sun lighted up one of the prettiest faces I had ever seen through the folds of a bridal-veil. Nelson looked perfectly radiant with delight.

"I heard strange things of you this morning," said an acquaintance, laughing, as she nibbled her cake. "I was told that you were married, and had gone on your wedding tour."

"I did go on a wedding tour yesterday," I replied, within hearing of the bridegroom; "but I am not married."

Nelson gave me a comical look; but the person to whom it was addressed was evidently at a loss how to interpret this sphinx-like answer.

A LONG JOURNEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH," ETC., ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 282.

CHAPTER XIV.

AMONG THE STUDIOS.

EIGHT or ten months later, Carr and Shepley were lounging through the streets of Dijon one fresh May morning, when a familiar figure, crossing the pave in front, drew a sudden exclamation from both. It was a porter carrying a great bale of wheat straw on his head. The man was of an unusual strength of build, yet he walked slowly, staggered when he struck the door-way accidentally in passing, as if the load were too heavy for him. The young men exchanged glances, and followed him.

It was the old church of St. Ignatius which he had entered; government had converted it, a few weeks before, into a cavalry barracks. They stopped near the door, and looked through the building at the odd spectacle of groined arches and stained windows, with their melting tints of blue and crimson, forming a background for a row of stalls filled with the officers' horses, neighing, stamping, many of them in the hands of their grooms.

"Yonder is the man," said Carr, touching his friend's sleeve, and nodding toward a group of ostlers and stable-boys, busy about the load which the porter had just thrown from his shoulders. They went over, and Carr beckoned to him.

"Well met, Lamorce!" he said, noting while he laughed cheerfully, and held out his hand, that the Filibustier's face was worn fleshless, and his eyes were red and exhausted, as if he had forgotten long ago to sleep. He forced a feeble smile, however, and, drawing on his coat, went out with them—strolled through the streets with them, played cicerone to the Burgundian Palace, joking as usual, but walking stiffly and with an effort, like an old man who hides his age.

The young men watched him without remark. When they passed through the principal thoroughfares, Carr saw his color change once or twice.

He motioned to Shepley to leave them, which he did, going into his hotel "for English papers."

"You are ill, Mr. Lamorce?" the young fellow said, kindly, when they were alone.

"It is a sudden nausea which overcomes me at times," Richard replied, not stating that it was caused by the fumes from the *restaurateurs* cellars as they passed. He had fasted, then, for nearly two days.

"I was sorry," said the Englishman, gently, "to notice the work you were engaged in yonder. You have some trouble in your business, perhaps, just now? I want you to let me be your banker. We are old cronies, as you know."

"No, I'll not do that, Carr. I'll owe it to you—all the same, however. I have no business—I have no time to make money."

The keen, watchful look, which Carr had noticed in Paris, deepened in his eyes, like a hound who scents and listens for his prey, while you see or hear nothing.

"I wish I could——" Carr stopped short, balked by the English, nervous dread of intrusion.

Lamorce turned quickly. "I know you do, boy. But there's a work I set myself to do, and until it is done, outside matters trouble me but little. It is three years since I undertook it. Three years! I have been foiled—foiled at every turn. But I'll finish it, and soon; something tells me that I am near my journey's end. When that is reached, it matters little what becomes of Dick Lamorce."

"In the meantime you must live," said Carr, quietly.

"And eat to live," with a queer smile. "You are right; and I must have money to go on my way. I applied for work in the hay-market yonder; my back ought to do as good service as that of a mule—but it has begun to fail."

Carr hesitated. "Let me urge you to accept a loan, Lamorce. This is sheer brutalizing of yourself."

"I never should repay it; and I began this work with clear hands. I have paid every debt I owe—but one," in a lower voice. "I will take no money from you, Carr. If you can find me work, I will be glad. No matter what, if it brings me food."

"Would you—— There are several artists here whom I know. I have often heard your shoulders and chest criticized by sculptors in Rome—Crawford——"

"You mean for me to offer myself as a model?"

Carr's face reddened. "Pardon me; but it was the first idea that came into my mind. It is a pity such a grand pose as you have there," touching him lightly, "should be lost to Art."

Lamorce had been taking counsel with himself while he spoke. "It will answer better than I could have hoped," he said. "It will bring me admission to any studio. I wish I had met you sooner," looking up. "Where shall I go?"

"I will make arrangements with Mendenhall for to-morrow. He is from Leeds; no talent—a poor copyist; but he pays well."

Lamorce bowed, and the matter was dropped; they walked on talking of indifferent things. Two or three days afterward, Carr called at Mendenhall's studio at the hour when he knew Lamorce would be there. The young fellow had a kindly notion of impressing the artist and his clique with an idea of the difference between Lamorce and the usual class of models. But it was not needed. Some vague rumor of his history (so far as the Englishmen knew it) had got abroad, and Carr found the group of loungers in Mendenhall's painting-room annoyingly disposed to make a hero of the grave, quiet man, whose chest and neck the Leeds painter had begun to sketch as Hercules. The sitting was over, and he was pulling on his shabby brown coat as Carr entered; standing apart from the fashionably-dressed young men, replying by silent nods to their polite imperfections, but listening keenly to every word which did not concern himself.

It was a chilly day in early summer. Mendenhall, with the other men, had gathered about the little stove; Carr stood with Lamorce near the window, watching him as he buttoned his coat, his slow, melancholy hazel eyes turning from one face to another. He was beginning to have a strange curiosity in the man. "He sees nothing," as Carr had said that morning to Shepley; "hears nothing of what is passing about him; knows as little of the weather as politics. There seems to be no room in his brain for anything but some one idea, which possesses him like a demon."

The men meanwhile smoked, and exchanged such small gossip as the little village city afforded.

"Did Bathurst sell the picture to Lord Naas?" asked one.

"No," said Mendenhall. "Naas complained that the woman's face was too thin. It was Lazarus, he remarked, who rose from the dead,

and not Magdalen. Bathurst left it with me. I have half a mind to purchase it myself; the poor devil is starving himself to raise money to go home——"

"With his Magdalen." Carr finished the sentence with a significant smile.

"Who never will rise from the dead. Well, he left her picture with me," repeated Mendenhall, waving his mahl-stick to a small canvas with its face to the wall. "It would have sold better in America than here: so we warned Ralph Bathurst; but he was always an obstinate fellow."

Ralph? Lamorce took a step forward. "I must see this picture," he said; and before the other could reply turned it round.

Again his sister's face; again the Magdalen.

But Ralph Corson had painted this last picture as never before, and as he never would paint again. The very living face, with its peculiar marvelous tints, was there.

"The poor Scotch talk of a patient being 'touched by Death,'" said Carr. "This woman looks as if she had not only felt the hand, but seen his face when he struck her——"

Then he saw Lamorce's look, and, stopping with his sentence unfinished, went to him.

He put his hand on the broad shoulder, shook his arm, while the others stood wondering by.

"Lamorce! Lamorce! What is the woman to you?"

"Where is this man? I'm ready," turning with blind, glazed eyes to the door. Long fasting, exposure, abandonment for years of all reason to one uncontrollable passion had gnawed away his strength. Now, when the hour had come, he staggered weakly under the shock, put out his hand to grope his way.

"It is Bathurst he means," cried one or two officious voices, in spite of Carr's warning gesture, for he had begun to guess at the truth.

"Ralph Bathurst, if it is he you mean," said Mendenhall, "is here in Dijon, or was here last night. But they were on the eve of embarking for America. The Magdalen," with another wave of the mahl-stick to the picture, "is ill. Her native air he thinks——"

Lamorce's momentary stupor was over. He stood erect, his head dropped, his eyes red and threatening, fixed at some close spot in the empty air. His teeth gleamed through the black mustache, and his breath came dull and heavily. "It was the face of a blood-hound on the near trail," Mendenhall thought, with a shudder.

"Where did you say?"

Mendenhall or Carr did not answer.

"Bathurst's lodgings were in No. 37 Rue St. Denis *au troisième*," stammered one of the other men.

Lamorce, they noticed, buried his hand in his breast-pocket as he left the room.

Carr and Mendenhall followed him.

Once, as they passed swiftly through the darkening streets, the Englishman came near enough to him to lay his hand on his arm.

"For God's sake, Lamorce! stop and think what you do."

He did stop, short and entirely, looked up into the tall young fellow's pitying face with his own, broad and uncouth, unnerved as a woman's, tears rolling down over the cheeks, his bearded lips trembling like a boy's.

"Why, Carr," he cried, "he has killed her. It is little Berry. He has done her to death."

"But——"

"There was a look in her face to-night that was never in it before. *She wanted me*—I saw it in her eyes. Night after night she has cried for poor old Dick."

He tore himself away. They followed him through the devious streets, gaining on him again, when he stopped before the house where Corson had his lodgings, and summoned the *portiere*.

Carr looked at him curiously, as a surgeon might at a patient whose pain and disease he cannot comprehend. "Is this the hour you have waited for, for three years?" he asked.

Lamorce did not hear him. He held one wrist clenched closely in his hand; his eye was half closed, his breath hot and hissing. Mendenhall shrank back from the savage face.

"I hope God may send him into my hands to-night. I have not often my old strength—I have it now."

Then the door opened, and he stole up the stone-stairs.

"What does it mean?" said Mendenhall, drawing breath.

"Murder," said Carr, laconically, "and madness. Lamorce has been insane on that point for years—I never understood it before."

"Do you stand here while murder is being done?"

Carr put out his hand. "Stop. Bathurst and the woman—wife or mistress—left Dijon this morning for Marseilles. There is no danger here."

"He will follow," said Mendenhall. "You will send a despatch? Bathurst must be warned."

Carr shrugged his shoulders. "Question? For my part, if the woman was, as I suspect, his wife or sister, I don't know that my sym-

pathy is not with Lamorce in this case. I often have thought the avenger of blood was a useful instrument we might have borrowed from the Jews with their money."

"I see no room for jesting," impatiently.

"Nor I. But a telegram will reach Bathurst in time, if you choose to send one. For me——" making a gesture of washing his hands.

Mendenhall turned sharply away. The other waited a moment, then went up the stairs to the room which he knew Bathurst had occupied. He stopped with hand on the door-latch.

Neither cry, nor oath, nor moan—a dead, defeated silence. Carr feared to meet the baffled wretch inside. Since his birth, this girl had lain in the one pure, untainted shelter in this man's heart—the remembrances which other men give to mother, sister, and child, all belonged in poor Dick's life to little Berry. He had come to see her, to-night, once more before she died, and had missed her.

He had come, too, to-night, to the end of his long search, which for three years he had pursued with unblenching, deadly purpose. The trail was clear, the way open; he had put out his hand for his prey, to find him gone.

Carr thought of this, and stood a long time irresolute before he summoned courage to face the man, who had received such a blow from fate. Finally, he turned the latch, and opened the door.

It was a cheerful little box of a place, with green-and-white hangings; outside a miniature balcony, set round with boxes of *mignonette*, and the like.

In the midst of it stood a middle-aged woman, with a white cap jauntily surmounting her curled, gray hair. The bony, leather-colored face, lighted by a pair of soft, large, hazel eyes, which turned to Carr as he came in.

"Monsieur?" glancing at Lamorce, half in terror, half in pity.

Carr went up to the *Filibustier*, where he leaned against the wall, his face pale and swollen—his cravat lay on the floor beside him; but one hand yet pulled at his shirt-collar for air.

"You have not found Bathurst?"

Lamorce's stupefied eyes turned slowly.

"I shall find him. It is she whom I shall never find."

The Frenchwoman came nearer, her fingers busied with her silver-colored cap-ribbons—the ugly mouth moving nervously as she looked at Lamorce. Carr started when she spoke; it seemed incredible that so tender a voice belonged to the angular, jerky body.

"Monsieur," she said to Carr, "comes this

moment to know that madame is gone. He has heard that she goes soon to—rest. I have not said this—I. But, if it is true,” bending toward Lamorce, eyes and voice filled with an inconceivable quiet, “if the good God calls her to rest, I, who love her, should not shed a tear. She is very tired.”

Carr looked at her keenly. He could not comprehend this quick response to every touch of a stranger's feeling, or tears that came so readily. But they were natural to her—she was French; he was English—he only said, “Come home with me, Lamorce.”

The landlady's silver-ribbons fluttered. She put out one hand, taking no heed of Carr; but following every motion of the other. The woman's wit had already touched the secret spring of the whole story.

“Pardon! But monsieur was the ‘brother Dick,’ for whom madame called in her fever?”

Carr put his hand on his shoulder. “You must hear her before you follow this man.”

Lamorce stood still, listening; but asking no questions. It was noticeable that from the beginning of his journey to this, its end, he had asked no questions. Whatever God sent, day by day, of ill or good luck, came unhopcd and unchallenged.

Carr nodded to her to go on. He hoped that the youth, the every-day busy life of his sister and Ralph Corson, could he but see it in this woman's story, would soften his resolve.

The woman paused a moment, the grave hazel-eyes scanning Lamorce keenly. Then comprehending that a few words were the only ones she could use, she stopped short, on the brink of her long narrative.

“It is near the end with your sister, monsieur; and her heart has gone back to you.”

Dick looked at her. Then the poor shopkeeper, with quiet voice and tender eyes, saw what no other woman had ever known on Dick Lamorce's face, tears creeping down, wrung out of an over-tried, boyish heart, that long ago hungered to make life cheerful and happy, but had lost the chance; yet losing, had never grown old.

“I knew that no other could come between Berry and me,” he said. “No other.”

Carr and the Frenchwoman stood silently by. There was a wound here with which they dared not meddle.

After awhile he raised his head.

“I shall see her again,” with his old, grave manner. “Once again!”

“God is good,” said the woman, in a low voice.

“To Marseilles. I can reach it to-morrow, Carr?”

“By noon.”

When he turned away, the woman came nearer, and putting her withered hand on his, looked appealingly into his face. She had liked Corson's easy, generous habits; she was an old woman, with the religion of her country. Carr would have said an occasional hymn to the Virgin; life a holy day, and death a grave under shells and flowers. But she did what Carr would not dare to do. Looking steadily in Lamorce's eyes, she said,

“You will see her again. And after—monsieur?”

“After, I shall finish my work,” he said, gravely.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

CARR and Mendenhall acted in the affair according to their characters. The latter, before betaking himself to his delayed dinner, sent a despatch to Ralph Bathurst, which ran as follows:

“Picture sold. Draw on Meidon Freres for amount. Party in search of you; leaves for Marseilles to-night. Name—Lamorce.” Carr, finding that this warning had been given, followed Lamorce to the station, and took passage with him.

“He meant only to see fair play,” he told himself. Then he provided books for the journey, quite certain that his fellow traveler would prove anything but a companion.

It was a dull, murky evening when the train shot out of the station, leaving a long line of bloody sparks on the night. He was alone in the little box-carriage with Lamorce, who had expressed neither surprise nor pleasure at seeing him enter, and ensconce himself opposite.

When Carr found that they were alone, he pushed a small package over to the grim, silent figure.

“Not a word, Lamorce. It is my check-book on my Paris bankers. Use it until this touch-bit of road for you is over. You would do the same for me; and I would accept it.”

Lamorce put it in his breast-pocket. “You are very thoughtful, Mr. Carr. I had not thought of my want of money. I will use it; but I will pay it back promptly. This is my work. No man must help me.”

They fell back into silence after that; Carr buried himself in his book, Lamorce, stiff and erect, fixed his eyes on some invisible spot in

front. As hour crept into hour, Carr glanced more and more uneasily at the dark outline obscuring the windows opposite, from which he could see the flat sweep of landscape, yellow under the low moon. He closed the book presently and laid it down; he meant to argue some question raised in it with himself, but in a few moments he had forgotten question and objection; the silent figure opposite absorbed all the atmosphere.

Carr tried to follow the course of the road. During the early part of the night he could catch glimpses of the olive-hills, dark, purplish-blue in the moonlight; now and then the sheeted foam of the Rhone glittered between the hill-cuts, and in the boggy meadows as they darted through them. But it was the far, ineffectual scenery of a dream. The hard, living reality was the man who sat there, silent and solitary. Carr was a thoroughly practical man; but, as the night wore on, the presence of this square, motionless shape began to oppress him like a nightmare. The night had darkened without; the lamp overhead, burning with an oily, noxious smoke and smell, rocked to and fro with the motion of the car, throwing sullen shadows uncertainly around. Now and then Carr dropped into an uneasy sleep, starting awake to find Lamorce immovable as if cut out of stone. He could not divert his thoughts from him; his eyes went back, as if fascinated, to the heavy figure in its baggy, brown clothes; to the gaunt face and eyes bent on the same spot on the air, as though it held the end of all his purposes.

Carr moved his seat, shuffled uncomfortably, whistled and sang, scarce knowing what he did; Lamorce heard him no more than if he had been a fly buzzing in the pane. There was something terrible in this messenger of vengeance, urged on, grave and dumb, to end the long and sinful story. The very force with which they were drawn through the night; the great throbbings of the engine, its woeful shrieks; the baffled mutterings of the wind, as they left the mountain defiles behind, took new and awful meanings to Carr.

When morning began to gray the air, and a damp breeze sprang up, he scarcely remembered what stoppages they had made. The night was then, and always remained in his memory, indistinct and miserable, akin to a debilitating stupor produced by laudanum. It had certain breaks in it which, however, were sharp and distinct—the calling of the stations by the guard. Lamorce lifted his head at each, listening like a hound catching nearer scent of

the chase. Beyond that, he gave no sign of sight or hearing. When he was spoken to, Lamorce, as usual, was grave and quiet. His manner, the utter absence of self-consciousness or melo-drama in it, impressed Carr strangely.

"Murder has been so long a daily thought with him, that it has grown to be a commonplace matter; a duty, stripped of all tragic robes or weapons," he thought, watching his face in the early daylight.

When they reached Lyons, Carr got out with the crowd to breakfast.

"I have no appetite, Mr. Carr," said Lamorce, when the other urged him to accompany him. "You will find me here when you return." When he had watched the door of the carriage close behind the Englishman, he put his hand into his breast and drew out something which he held on the palm of his hand, stooping over to look at it. Carr was out on the crowded stand, a raw drizzle of rain beating in his face, bluffing his way through peddlers, crying their wares at that early hour in Jewish dog-French; running against porters with their towering loads; half-starved children of the mill-hands, selling cravats of bright-velvet woven on the Jacquard looms. When he glanced in the dingy carriage-windows, Lamorce sat in the dim distance, unmoved by the tumult which ebbed and flowed outside.

All night his hand had closed on the trifle at which he looked; he had found it on the floor of Bathurst's room, and thrust it into his breast. It was only a child's shoe, half worn. Nothing in itself; but the sight of it had struck Lamorce like a blow. It was different from even Berry's illness. There had been times in his long search when he had pictured her as dead—she could not live in shame.

But, *her child*? He had not thought of that; he did not doubt it was hers. He turned the shoe over and over, poised it on one thick finger, straightened the tiny rosette. It was blue, faded from wear; a little, mean, home-made thing, which Berry had cut out of a bit of kid and sewed herself. Lamorce remembered a pair she had worn when she was a mere mite toddling by his side. He had bought them on his first boyish visit to New York. They were blue, with a little anchor of brown beads on the toe.

"She did not forget," he said, touching the anchor with which she had tried to imitate the old ones. A queer, sad smile played over his face as he saw the tagless, knotted string. "Berry herself was a careless little thing," he

said. Then, hearing the engine-whistle, and the rush of returning steps, he hid the shoe again in his breast, and waited silently.

As the day shook off the fogs of the morning and heated into broad noon, Carr grew more nervous and restless; each mile shortened the distance to Marseilles.

When they reached Vienna, a tall, anxious-looking passenger entered their carriage.

"We will certainly reach Marseilles by noon?" he asked of the guard, adjusting umbrella, bag, and newspaper about his knees.

"By one o'clock," the man replied, touching his hat.

"And the packet Northern Light sails——"

"At four, monsieur."

"Three hours. Quite time to do the city and take passage. I must reach New York on the fifteenth; and there is no other vessel leaves Marseilles for two weeks"

Carr saw Lamorce's teeth sink into his lip, but he gave no other hint of the fever within him. Through the terraced hills of the Rhone the noon sunlight filling, like a bath of golden wine, the valley of the Cote Rotie, which was an amphitheatre of vineyards at that season, purple fruit and delicate green vines heaping the sides up to where earth and sky meet. Out into the open campaign, where the reaches of yellow and emerald-green fields were bounded on the horizon by the Alps of Dauphine, forming a facade of peaks and ragged edges, and sudden slopes of pure, pale-blue snow; into Valence, with its mossed-arched towers and battlements, its rustling foliage, its wreaths of river-mist floating in thin veils along the melancholy hills.

Through the carved and corniced wall into the narrow, boulder-paved streets of Avignon, relic of old Rome.

One or two delays had brought the hour of noon. The guard appeared at the window during the stoppage here, and the American accosted him.

"We will not make Marseilles at one o'clock?"

"At two, monsieur."

The bilious traveler poured out a flood of oaths.

"The Northern Light remains in harbor until four. Monsieur is safe," with a bow and gracious smile, as though each oath had been the raciest of compliments.

A shriek, a yell, and the train darted out of the ancient, solitary city, winding like a black serpent, with a fiery head, through the pleasant farms of Provence.

Neither Carr nor Lamorce had spoken since

the guard announced the delay; but Lamorce bent his head suddenly, letting it rest on his folded arms on the seat before them; the attitude was that of perfect quiet, but Carr saw that the nails of the clenched hand cut into the flesh.

The American had eyes as keen.

"Your friend is ill?" he whispered.

"No?" testily replying to Carr's gesture.

"Foreigners are cursedly eccentric! It is enough to make one nervous to see a man behave in that manner; and these creeping trains are sufficient for one day! I've got to make New York in two weeks, or lose twenty thousand dollars. If I miss the Northern Light, the game's up. But I don't clench my hand, or look like a man who sees his own grave."

Something in Carr's face silenced him. He turned away, and began again his scrutiny of the time-table.

Twenty miles south of Avignon, on a level stretch of road with neither tunnel nor gully, nor ascent in sight, the train came to a sudden stop. There was a slight bustle outside; then a man leisurely took his way across a field, followed by another, and another, stopping to pluck a late blue-bell now and then.

The American stood up in unfeigned amazement; Carr looked at the stationary-engine with a quick relief. All day he had felt as if he were accessory to a murder. God willing, perhaps it was to be averted a space.

The guard appeared, holding a blue-bell to his rubicund nose.

"What has occurred?"

A clamor followed, in which all bore their share but Lamorce, who stood still and stiff, his jaws a dull gray under the beard. The mild suavity of the guard cowed him, but explained nothing.

"We shall not reach Marseilles until night then?" from the stranger, in a quiet despair.

"Ah, parden, monsieur! But surely! In one, two, four hours. Delay until night? But that is impossible!"

"I shall not arrive until the packet has sailed?"

"Possibly," with a wave of his little finger.

"No one could sympathize with monsieur more than I. But it is true, the ship sails at four. The gentlemen have other commands?"

The gentlemen had no other commands; and the guard bowed himself away to the fence-rail, where he hummed a tune and smoked his cigarette.

Carr turned to Lamorce; but after looking at his face, passed on silently, and left him in the car alone.

Three hours passed before the breach was repaired, and a fresh engine brought from Avignon. When Carr found that the moment of starting had arrived, he re-entered the car. Lamorce stood inside of it, leaning against the platform. The flesh under his eyes was beaded with drops of sweat; he bit at his mustache feebly, helped himself into the car by the rail, as an old weak man would do.

"You are not so strong as you were," said the Englishman, kindly.

"I do not know. It nears three," with a vacant look.

He did not sit down, but paced the narrow carriage, his head sunk on his breast, until they reached Marseilles.

The American looked up sharply at first; but after one glance at his face, suffered him to pass unmolested, following him with a troubled look. He kept his watch open before him.

Twilight came early at that time of the year. When the shadows of trees began to lengthen across the track, which they crossed with lightning-speed, the man shut his watch.

"The Northern Light has sailed," he said, quietly.

When they entered the depot, Carr took the matter in his own hands. Lamorce had seated himself in the shadow of the wareroom, on a wine-cask.

Carr dragged him up when he had brought a cab.

"Are you mad? To the harbor!"

"I have missed her. It is too late," dully.

Carr forced him in. It was a quiet, soft evening; the salt air had a familiar flavor in it, as it rushed up the crowded streets to meet them.

In a few hurried breaths they had reached the harbor, then one of the most thronged in Europe. The chattering, swaying crowds; the heaped merchandise from all parts of the world; the innumerable ships that came and went, did not confuse the clear-headed Englishman for one moment.

A quick word or two, an open pocket-book, and he turned to Lamorce—the man was stunned, stolid. This last blow had come close to the mortal part.

"A wherry—come! She is in the offing!"

In the cabin of the Northern Light the twilight without became darkness. The great chandelier, with its brass pendants, had been lit, and threw light into the state-rooms on either side. In one of them, a handsome man was carefully undressing a child not a year old.

A woman, young, with the traces of great beauty yet hanging about her, but evidently

dying of consumption, stood feebly beside him holding the little white night-gown, and laughing softly as the sleepy, curly little head dropped from side to side.

"Rub her shoulders and side, Ralph, dear; that is best for strengthening the back, my book says."

"Yes, my darling. Now, put down that night-gown, and go on deck; I will follow you in a moment—she is almost asleep now. Catch the last look of France, while you can."

"And you, Ralph?" lingering at the door, after a good-night kiss to the baby.

"I will follow you, as I said."

She crept by slow stages across the cabin, and up on deck. People looked after her with troubled, pitying eyes. She had been very beautiful, and was a tender, childish-looking woman still. The white-dress and blue, woolen hood which she wore, heightened the charm of her milk and rosy complexion, and the curly hair knotted back in a comb.

She went up on deck; far in the bight of the harbor, Marseilles lay, glittering like a crown, with her myriad lights in the gathering night. Out in the open offing, the air was thinner and clearer. She could see distinctly the ships which lay as far out as their own, and two or three wherries which came and went across the rippling blue.

She leaned against the deck-rail; but not to watch the retreating shore. The sea-air that welcomed her, had its message for her as for her brother. Why, they did not know; but that evening they both thought of home.

She leaned a long time on the rail; then she stretched out her arms to the sea, muttering to herself something about "the Headlands."

It was the almost constant thought with her, now. Since her child was born, she had known that she must die; the physician had never deceived her. She had laid no plans for herself and the little girl then, as other mothers do; she and God had given the child to Ralph.

Now, her only last wish was to die at home. To-night, the wish became strong as delirium.

"I can leave my baby with Ralph, if I could go back to old Dick! He was the first I loved—he was the first."

The steamer throbbed through all its great body; they were preparing to sail. One of the wherries which she had seen leave the shore, darted swiftly through the crowd of larger boats, out into the open space. She watched its struggles with her thoughts far off. They centered on the home and on Dick, who grew strangely real and living to her.

The boat drove the water on each side in heavy, gurgling waves; the steamer plunged to and fro, like a horse testing its curb before it breaks into the race.

The wherry was in sight. One square, short figure stood in the prow, shading his eyes with his hands.

The steamer obeyed the spur, lurched once or twice, and broke into the outer breakers.

The boat! She bent forward, quick, gasping sobs shook her worn chest. Who could so mock her? Cruel—cruel! It was the very presentment of her dead brother! The gaunt, high-featured face; the square, solid build; the very clothes, brown and shabby, which he wore on shore.

They shouted aloud. Surely it was from the wherry that faint cry came; for she saw the men all rise, and make straining, vigorous motions.

Then they saw her.

The other men turned away, and Dick Lamorce alone looked into his sister's face.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "Richard, come to me." Afterward she added some other words, but the swift wind carried them out to sea. He never knew that she had spoken; but he looked in her eyes, and they were true and loving as of old time.

They strained, as if for life—Carr and the men. They shouted till they deafened their own ears; but the ship's crew were busied, and no one heard. Lamorce alone had made no effort; he knew it was too late. He knew he should never see her again.

Then, standing in the prow, he held out his arms to her—to the poor, little girl who had loved him as no woman should ever love him again, and said, "God bless her!"

No sound reached her; but she stood quietly, all the old home-love maddening her for but one moment to rest in his arms, and kiss his cheek. Yet, although she knew that it was too late, as the figure vanished forever in the dusk among the muddy breakers, the old smile Dick Lamorce used to love came out upon the poor, defiled face. She knew that he had said, "God bless her!"

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER GRAVE UNDER THE WALNUT-TREE.

"You will call me in time to see the sun rise, Jane—you promise?"

"Yes, I promise." Mrs. Dill put down her two tin pails full of frothy, yellow milk on the porch. "I wish you could have walked to the stable-yard, dear child; the smell of the cow's breath is healthy."

Ralph Corson listened anxiously to every chance word.

"I never heard that. I will carry you out to-morrow, Berry. It is superstition, maybe; but the breath of the harvest-fields will be good for you, if there's no virtue in the cows."

"A spoonful of brandy and sugar in a glass, an' the strippin's milked in, an' drunk in the cow's sight, is a sure thing after typhoid," said Jane, oracularly.

"We'll try that in the morning. It is intended to build up the system, and building up is what you need, Berenice."

"Not half so much as lying down," she laughed; "I'll go to bed now. You will not forget, Jane? There is a view of the sun rising over the sea," turning to Corson, "from this porch, not equalled on this coast. I used to come down with Dick when he went crabbing."

Ralph Corson's face underwent a strange change at the name. He glanced about him rapidly, then over his shoulder.

"If he comes," said she, leaning with both hands on the door-jamb, and looking up to Corson with a bright smile, "if he comes by the next steamer, he ought to be here on Saturday. I would like him to know I had not forgotten our old tramping-grounds, and had showed them to you."

"Yes, Berry." But his face grew more and more uneasy.

"You think he will come here first?" she said, anxiously.

"Yes, I am sure he will. The evening air is raw, I think, my darling; and you ought to have been quiet long ago. But it was the first evening, and I gave you a holiday."

He lifted her and carried her into Jane's little keeping-room, where she had fitted up a bed for her.

Mrs. Dill groaned aloud, as he closed the door, to see how light the weight was, how brilliant the red on the hollow cheek of the face smiling back at her over his shoulder.

"An' him, blind—blind!" she said, stooping for her pails.

Presently Corson came out to her where she strained her milk, walking on tip-toe. "She is sleeping softly as the baby beside her," he whispered. "But, Mrs. Dill, I wished to ask you if you were wise in promising to waken her before dawn? The air——"

"What matters it?" dropping her wire strainer from her shaking hands. "Let her have all she wishes; humor her in every whim—it will be but for a few days at farthest."

Corson swallowed two or three times heavily.

"I cannot believe it is so near," he managed to say at last. "So the physician at Dijon told me; and Masters, who was aboard the Northern Light—yet here we are. I know there is no hope of cure; but you have not seen her since she was in health? She may linger for years."

He turned away sharply. Jane looked after him, her heavy eyes resting on the door through which he passed a moment or two; then she turned again to her milk.

"Poor, silly fellow! But he loves her beyond tellin', that is easy to be seen. Years! She hasn't three days life in her. What'll Dill say? If the good Lord only keeps him in York till the month is out! What's come to that heifer? Here's her bucket half full again to-night!"

It had been a trying day for any house-keeper. Corson had arrived, without warning, with Berenice and their child. The story told itself. One look at the little face, with its yellow hair framed in a close hood, was enough to send Jane Dill into her kitchen with salt tears in her eyes, and a lump in her throat.

Berenice had come here to die. Come to her because, "There are reasons," she said, the scarlet on her cheeks fading into deathly white, "reasons why I would not go to the farm-house until my brother comes."

What could Jane do? She gave up her best room, offered to board them, and went quietly about her work. But between the dying woman, and the fear of Dill's wrath, and the brown cow's going dry, the evening was hedged about with trouble.

She went into the house about nine o'clock, and found the door of their room open, a lamp dimly burning, and Corson sitting by the bed watching the sleeper, and touching the cradle occasionally in which lay the baby. There were hard, haggard lines on the handsome, insouciant face, which had been cut there since they left Seville. There was a change in the whole man; his step fell firmly; his lips were compressed; his voice less musical, but more tender. Death coming near, or some other mortal cause, had worked the change.

Mrs. Dill smoothed down the cuffs of her calico dress, and bent over the pillow, listening with one ear to the low, fitful breath.

"What is it?" whispered Corson, seeing her look alter suddenly.

She was on her guard instantly. "The journey has been a heavy strain on her. I'll— I'll—"

She hesitated. "You wouldn't keer for our doctor—it's like?"

"What could he do? To-morrow we will bring him," nervously.

"Only ease her at the last, mebbe."

"To-morrow, you can send for him."

Corson saw, although she did not intend it, the woman's hopeless shake of the head. He stooped quickly over the cradle, his mouth parched and dry.

"I'll sit with you awhile," said Jane, gently.

"I've seen a lot of such cases as hers—decline."

"Yes."

The night crept on, as uncounted nights have done to watchers, with whispered voices and hushed movements, while the soul within was strained to madness.

Corson held the thin, white hand in his counting from hour to hour the pulse in the wrist; never laying it down, except to lift the baby when it fretted, and pace the floor with it. He silently refused Jane's help in this, and she understood him.

Berry's sleep was still and almost breathless, like that of death. The blue shadows grew, through the night, darker under the closed eyes and about her lips. Once she started when the baby cried, and held out her arms with a half smile, baring her breast; then wakening, "Oh, my baby! I forgot!" she said, with a pitiful little sob; and, putting the child away, covered her face with one hand, and lay silently crying.

"Poor, foolish child!" Ralph stroked her hair with unutterable tenderness. "Every woman must put her child from her breast some time."

"My baby," she said, in her quiet, sad, little voice, "never can sleep in my arms, or put her mouth to mine. There is poison for her in my very breath. I am full of death, Ralph!"

Before Corson could reply, she had sunk again into a deep, stupefied sleep.

Jane Dill watched her more closely. She made one or two motions to speak to Corson, but her heart failed her; she said, at last, in a whisper,

"Would she like to see a clergyman, or a priest before—"

He turned deathly pale, and forgot to answer her. They sat in silence an hour or two longer. It was a clear night, but the barred windows shut all sight and sound out but the moan of the sea upon the shore.

When the tide turned, about two o'clock in the morning, she became restless, sat up in the bed, asked Corson to carry her to a low settee across the room; and as soon as she was there, cried out that it was cold, to put her in the great easy-chair in which he had been

sitting, and so on, from one to the other several times.

"It is not her wont to be captious," whispered Ralph, his face flushing. "She is patience itself, usually. This is a new thing—she is tired, my poor girl."

"God save us! He don't know!" ejaculated Jane, with white lips, as she went to the corner cupboard for a cup, for Berenice had just asked for water.

"Out of the old well at home; by the mulberry-tree. It's the coldest water I ever tasted, Ralph. Father used to drink of it, and Dick. I'll fancy the cup has gone round, and that they drink welcome to the baby and me!" with a clear, childish laugh.

"You shall have it in one minute!" exclaimed Jane, shaking her head doggedly when Ralph pointed to the unbroken night. But when the water came she was asleep again, and they put it out on the porch to keep cool.

Through the open door they could see the heavy gray of the air thinned and cleared below; the sea, the marshes, the old Lamorce farm-house, defining themselves, like shadows slowly putting on substance. The very beat of the tide grew more distinct as it ebbed. Jane held her ear down close to hear her heart beat. "It's going out, going out," she muttered. "It's allays so with them as was born by the sea."

Corson made no answer. He had her in his arms now, and gathered her up altogether; her heart to his, his lips upon her cold, half-parted mouth.

Faint breaks of pink came in the clouds; a wind, a warm breath swept over land and sea. Light came faint, but brilliant; her thin-veined lids fluttered.

"The day is coming, Ralph," she said, moving restlessly; "Jane promised to call me."

"An' haven't I just come to do it?"

"I must be dressed; I must see the sun rise where I, and Dick—Dick—— You and baby must see the sun rise over the sea."

They exchanged anxious looks; then they took her up, and put on a thick wrapper, Ralph bathing her face and combing back the golden curls. Her breath came and went more and more faintly; but her color rose, and she laughed with the glee of a child. When he stooped to lift her, she touched him on the shoulder, saying, "See what my native air does for me," and walked to the door.

A great shadow fell from Corson's face.

"You see!" as they hurried after, "daylight always brings her strength."

But Jane made no reply. She had the easy-

chair wheeled out on the porch. They placed her in it just as the rose-tints in the sea and sky glowed deepest, and a rim of intense light showed where the sun was coming out of the horizon.

"Give me the baby now."

Ralph hesitated. But Jane brought out the child quickly, and laid it on her knee. She played with it a little while in the fond, foolish way that mothers do, hearing and seeing nothing but the blue eyes, and the sweet peal of laughter, when she teased it; then she curled its light hair over her fingers, and when she had done, laid it down on her knee, looking at it earnestly. She took up the little hand, patting it against her own.

"Mother has so loved to curl her baby's hair," she said. "Now—— she never will do it any more."

In the pure morning light, the calm of the greenwood and marshland, the long, pleasant ripple of the great shining sea on shore, there was no shadow of decay or death. None either in the clear, cheerful look which she lifted from her baby to Ralph's face—a look which Jane remembered to have belonged to her long ago when she was a little girl.

"This is home," she said; "this is what I was so hungry for all those years in France—home. You brought me, Ralph."

At what cost he had brought her she never would know; at what peril of his life. Knowing the avenger followed step by step, Ralph Corson had gratified her homesick longing. But he did not think of that now.

"What is it, my darling?" seeing that her look wandered.

"Nothing, but the cold—the sea-air; wrap up my knees, Jane."

Neither of them spoke. She looked from sea to sky, from forest to marshes; then gravely, quietly into Corson's face.

"Ralph! Is it death?"

"Yes, Berenice."

"It is not like that. It is only coming home to the Headlands."

The change on her face, the awful, eternal change, began to alter her features, glass her eye, and dim the yellow hair.

"Oh, God!" cried Ralph Corson, crouching on the ground beside her. She was looking steadily at the old farm-house.

"I could not go back there, Ralph; I could not," her glance wandering to the grave under the walnut. "But I think now he loves me—he understands; and Dick—I wonder what will Dick bring me from this voyage? I'm so tired."

She sat with closed eyes for awhile, and then asked for water.

They put the cup, clear and limpid in the dawning light, to her lips. She knew the old taste.

"It's the well—father's well!" her eyes opening brightly once more. "We'll all drink baby's welcome home, father and Dick, and——" She held the cup out, Ralph touched it to his lips.

When she took it again, still smiling as she looked down at the baby, and muttering something about "Dick! Dick!" the smile became forever fixed upon the pure, young face; and they who watched her there, saw her drift away into the great beyond, gently as the ebbing tide retreated from the shore.

For her the long journey had but just begun.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE APPEAL FOR MERCY.

A SUMMER-STORM set in along the coast; a slow, steady fall of warm and fine rain, which soaked and hardened the level plains of white sand about the Headlands, and made the roads one dripping, dark, turpentine-scented mass. Solid, gigantic masses of mist walled in the horizon, broken fragments moving across the plain, like clans through the battle-field.

It cleared one evening for an hour; patches of dark-blue sky showing through the dense gray.

Dill, at work on the lower meadows, spading over heaps of some green, crumbling substance, looked up, scanning the rim of the horizon with a rapid glance.

"It'll begin at nightfall agin," he muttered; and was turning to his digging again, when a figure crossing the marsh, caught his eye. He looked at the square shoulders, the slow, steady gait, the shabby, brown clothes, and swore a heavy oath as he struck the spade into the heap. Then he went on digging in silence.

"Dill!"

Dill glanced up sideways. "Back, Mr. Dick?"

"I made New York last night."

The Jerseyman scraped his spade-handle with a broken shell. "Ye're welcome home," after a pause.

"So—so." Lamorce had seated himself on the ground, his hands on his knees. He sat looking down quietly, as if he had not moved through the motionless, drowsy day.

"He don't know how close he is on the trail," thought Dill. "Hed a good run?"

"No: fifteen days from Marseilles."

Dill dug on vigorously. When he stopped he took off his brimless felt-hat, pushed his damp,

red hair back from his perspiring forehead; dragged on the hat again "Plague's got into Marseilles?"

"No."

Dill laughed uneasily. "They're a skerry lot, ther. Sunk a schooner ther in Aprile—so Jim Niles told me—that hed a cholery case aboard. Jim hed a sheer in some silks on her. Sunk the schooner, and burned the cargo. Plague got acrost yit?"

"To New York? No."

"It'll come. They say it travels like a man, walks in these farm places, goes forty miles an hour where ther's railroads. Marseilles—now I was on the 'Highland Lad' in '89, when we put in to that harbor; they were dying at the rate of fifteen hundred a day. To be sure, Marseilles is like a pot on the fire, with its bare hills and lime-fields, fit for any such hell-broth."

He glanced askance at Lamorce, and saw his talk was passing over him like wind on a stone. But he went on in the droning tone.

"If it gets acrost here, the weather'll nurse it. Warm and wet; 'sodden nights, 's th' plague's delight."

A pause followed. Dill took up a bit of the green stuff he dug, on his thumb-nail, and filiped it up, watching Lamorce sharply.

"Know where that come from, Mr. Dick?"

"Barnegat."

"Yer own meddar, back of the swamp! It's as good as a silver mine in Potosy, a'most; 's good marl as ye'll find from Squankum to Camden. I always suspicioned it was ther."

"I understand, Dill," said Lamorce, getting up; "you've done your best to make a rich man of me. I thank you as much as if it—it would matter."

"I've done what I could for the farm," said Dill, straightening himself and looking Lamorce in the face. "I wanted to hev a good show for the time I'd keep it, not bein' born or brought up to the business. You'll find things straight up to the mark, ef you'll go over them, which as I know you won't. I kept that in mind, when I felt like slipping the yoke loose, that you'd never hold me to reckonin'. And so I'd got to be my own overseer."

"I know all you would do."

Dill stuck his spade into the marl heaps. "So, now you're master," looking at it. "You've come home to stay, Mr. Dick?"

He looked out to the heaps of muddy rain-clouds, down at the marl—everywhere but at the worn, gaunt face, which he knew was watching him.

"You know why I came, George Dill?"

"Yes, I know."

The men turned silently, and walked rapidly through the field, out into the sand road. The drizzle of mist fell about them unnoticed.

"You've been on the track?" said Dill, in the smothered, terse tones, such as men use when they touch on the secret wounds in other men's lives.

Lamorce nodded, passing his hand quickly over his chin.

"You've not tasted blood? I of'en wondered how it was with you, diggin' here alone. But I knew it all, two weeks ago."

Lamorce stopped, the yellow skin losing all trace of blood. His mouth moved before he spoke.

"She was here?"

"She is here, alone. She never will vex you again, Mr. Lamorce." Then lifting his hat from his head, he turned away, and walked off to the long point above the beach, and stood looking out intently to sea. His little girl came bare-footed through the rain, and stood beside him, holding by his trowsers, her fair hair curling in the wet.

After awhile, Dill stooped. "Go, show that gentleman yonder on the beach, where the pretty lady was laid to sleep, Jinny."

He watched them until he saw that Lamorce comprehended her; and taking her by the hand, crossed the sands and disappeared behind the hill. A level, red-light fell before them on their path.

"I'm glad of that. It'll freshen and hearten the grave up. I'm glad Jinny set out her blue and white posies over it right-a-way. Seein' her cared for, 'll may be soften his own heart a bit."

It was near nightfall before Lamorce came

back. Dill heard his heavy, slow step behind him, and stooped, industriously clearing away kelp.

"I have brought back your little girl."

"Yes."

Dill held the child by the shoulders before him, staring over Lamorce's head. He stammered a moment; then "There was some things as I wished to say, and the quicker and plainer they're said the better. I wan't here till, till it was over; but Jin did all she could. Nothin' was left for me but that stone, and I'm no mason, that you know. But, somehow, when I was cuttin' of it, I minded the peart, yellow-haired baby as old Peter Lamorce used to kerri about, and the little sun-burned gell you used to dote on; and then I thought of my little da'ater here, and every stroke of the chisel cut into my heart. I thought, Richard Lamorce, ef I ever saw you face to face, I'd ask you one thing." He gulped down some choking in his throat.

"What would you ask me?"

"Mercy! mercy on the mesabul man as you hev ben a huntin' these years come and gone: for her sake as lies under the stone yander, fur she—she luv'd him. He's under yer hand now—a word from any one would give him up to you."

"I will ask that word from no one. I want to stain no man's hand with blood. But, George Dill," and all the feeling, intense and dumb, which had flowed in the sluggish current of his blood, found its utterance in the quietly spoken words. "I gave up the chance that might have made a good man of me; I gave up home, the woman I loved, that I might hunt him to his death. And when my hand is on his throat, God himself cannot take it off."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE RECTOR OF STARLING.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

Dewn in the parsonage under the trees,
I see the rector's lamp burning;
And I know that he sits in his study now,
The leaves of his Lexicon turning;
I can almost hear, in the air so dry,
The rustling page and the rector's sigh.

Alice is gone—and he sits alone,
Save his old housekeeper, mending,
Can just be seen by the open door,
Over his stockings bending;
And a rare, quaint clock in the corner stands,
With its golden sunrise and silver hands.

I could have taken her to my heart—
Alice, my darling, my darling!
Only in guise of an angel of light
There came a devil to Starling;
Devil he was, with his winsome smile,
Black to ruin, but fair to beguile.

God in Heaven, thou seest all!
And yet is Thy curse unspoken;
The lamb is stolen, the wolf is gone,
And the father's heart is broken;
While I, who worshiped her, blush with shame,
If even the children speak her name.

MADemoisELLE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDECIT.

I FAIRLY hated the creature; you need not attempt to reason with me, there is no reason in the matter.

Sometimes, coming upon her in a room when it was twilight, I used to fancy her eyes shone like those of a cat—there certainly was something feline in every graceful movement. People often say Rachel reminded them of a snake—and she was like one; and Mademoiselle was like only one thing ever I saw.

That was a young American panther. I have stood an hour before its cage watching it, how beautifully wicked and sly it looked. It would rest on its hind legs stretched up to its full length, with one of its fore-paws dangling through the wires, and look at me sleepily out of its velvet eyes, as if wanting to tell me how peaceable it was, and how sincere in its wish to get acquainted; would I not just put my hand through the wires?

I never think of Mademoiselle without being reminded of that panther; and yet, I dare say, it is very unjust; and if you could have seen her with her pretty face and her charming ways, you would be more inclined than ever to think me envious or prejudiced.

Who was she, since she must have had a name?

Nina Farolles, born and brought up somewhere in the neighborhood of Bordeaux; and this is the way she happened, for a time, to cross the path of me and mine.

My father had for years been a partner in a large wine house; and one of the French members of the firm, Monsieur Farolles, staid here and helped to carry on the business.

Mademoiselle was his niece; and one day he informed me that she was coming out to spend the winter with him—perhaps stay until he was ready to return to his native land, for he was sick of business; he was not ambitious, he had enough.

He would go back to France and buy a small estate somewhere in Provence, and sit in the sunshine—my father and his brother might go on with the business, if they liked. They had children and loved excitement—it was well, it was natural! For him, he was growing old, and all he wanted was to sit in the sun, and have a little quiet in the country, to get the

noise of the world out of his ears before he was called away.

Poor man! that was early in the autumn—and only a few days after he was dead. He was a kind, gentle-hearted old creature; and I am sure he went away to a place more beautiful even than his loved Provence.

And now we were in great trouble, because we knew his niece would have started on her voyage before our letters could reach there; but brief as his illness was, he had time to think about that.

He desired her to remain here until spring; she was not to attempt another autumn passage. He wished her to stay in our house, and my father was only too glad to grant his old friend's last request.

I gathered from what he said to me, during one of my visits, that there was some reason for the young lady's coming away. She had no father and mother, and was the ward of her two uncles. I heard enough to make me think that there had been misunderstandings, and a disturbing of the peace between her and her uncle's wife; and that it was better for all parties she should be removed for a time.

So, in due course, she arrived with her attendant, an old woman who had spoiled her from childhood, alternately mistress and slave, who never would, and never could accomplish but one word approaching English, and that was Yankis.

She used to utter that in a tone of scorn which cannot be imagined, and with a grimace which only an elderly monkey could have equaled.

Poor Mademoiselle, she was a pitiable object when my father brought her home, between sea-sickness, horror at her uncle's death, and finding herself among strangers.

She needed just a week to recover from all that, grief included; then she blossomed out in a bewildering way—no, she did not; she began to act just as a young panther-kitten might, that was recovering itself from the effects of cold and hunger.

She was quite willing to obey her uncle's wishes—she would stay till spring. She could not bear the thought of another voyage then; and not much wonder, for they had encountered the most dreadful gales.

She would stay, if we were kind enough to keep her; and she hoped dear Miss would love her, and be her elder sister, for she was a poor, foolish little thing.

Dear Miss was myself; and she said it all so prettily in her quaint fashion, taking my father's hand and mine, and looking up into our faces with such beseeching eyes.

So I said to myself straightway,

"Little you are, but foolish you are not, unless you see fit; and I wish you were back in Bordeaux, or off in the Sandwich Islands."

We were in mourning, too; for my mother had not been dead a year. I was the head of the house now, in a female way—twenty-five years old.

My name is Nesta Clancy; and why I was named Nesta no mortal knows, only that it was my grandmother's name before me. There conjecture has nothing more to build upon; for she was not named for anybody that ever I could discover; and I am led to suppose that it was a conception of her mother's brain. What an original old party she must have been! I shall ask her about it the first thing when I am introduced to her in her sphere—vide Swedenborg.

Of course, Mademoiselle's earliest move was to look with her great eyes straight through my brother's heart—at least that commodity boys of twenty call their heart; in truth, I suppose, I should have said fancy.

Anyway, he went quite crazy. I declare, I was so vexed; there I was with a panther on my hands, and a lunatic into the bargain.

It was of no use to say a word to my father, he was quite fascinated with her tricks and ways; and sometimes I was dreadfully afraid he would do something silly.

I suppose that is disrespectful; but men are such geese where a pretty, artful woman is concerned—and have been since Solomon; he wrote the proverbs, so it cannot be improper for a young woman to cite him.

Mademoiselle spoke English remarkably well; but I soon discovered that she was not at all soundly educated—I never saw a French girl who was, for that matter.

I could not like her, and I did not like her; but, of course, I was civil and pleasant, and in a fortnight she was perfectly at home, and had bewitched everybody that came in the house.

"Everybody loves me but you," she said to me, piteously. "You are so cold."

"Oh, no!" said I, determined not to understand; "I have this thick wadded sack on."

"Ah, you know what I mean; the *sacque* is

pretty, but it can't warm your heart. I want to be loved always; don't be like my aunt."

"How is she?"

"Cold as an iceberg—how she hates me!"

"Why?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"*Lui* said! Does a woman need a reason? She is growing *passee*—"

"Oh! do you think that is what troubles me? I assure you I like to look at you as I should at a pretty picture; but I think you are an artful little monkey."

She was delighted with the compliment; but the end of the sentence distressed her.

"Indeed, I am not artful," she said. "I am vain and foolish, but at the time I am always in earnest; that is my great fault—I am too enthusiastic."

"Call it what you please," said I. "At first, you upset Charley's head—not much of a head, to be sure; but it is of no earthly use now—"

"Good Charley," interrupted she; "I was quite *pris*, he is so earnest—so enthusiastic—like me."

"Then you went after poor old Mr. Lathrop."

"Don't say went after, it sounds so coarse."

"Wasn't it the truth?"

"Oh, no! he fell just at my feet," and she laughed like a little witch.

"Now you must needs disturb the peace of our poor young clergyman."

"It will do him good," said she. "But as for your heretic—"

"That's forbidden ground," I interrupted.

"Don't you call names, you little Jesuit."

"I won't," she replied. "Anyway, next week I shall be very *devote*."

And she was. She went to church at all hours with her old woman. I was morally certain she went to meet some man, and I'll tell you who it was before I get through.

She would insist on liking me, and talking freely to me. I think she enjoyed the change from other people's everlasting sweetness.

"If you were not so icy," she sighed; "it does remind me of my aunt."

"I think you are not very fond of her, in spite of having such a warm heart."

"She won't allow it—she is marble! She was from Paris, and married my uncle because he was rich. She hates Bordeaux; there are so few to—to— What is that queer English word? Oh! flirt-delicious! And she is *coquette*, *mais qu'elle est coquette*! It was all because of Edouard, she hated me."

"Who was Edouard?"

"I told you about him the other day."

"But there are so many," I apologized.

"Yes," she replied, complacently, "*pas mal*. But this is earnest. Oh! how he loved me—I was near death. Oh! don't smile! You see my aunt wanted him to make love to her; and I came home from the convent, and he loved me instead."

"I like that," said I. "Only yesterday you were shocked at the freedom of an American girl; you thought it dreadful to walk with a man—to go out in the street alone."

"*Les convenances! les convenances!*" she moaned, quite horrified at the bare idea of such iniquities.

"Les humbugs!" retorted I. "Here you are coolly stating a thing about your aunt, that an American girl of eighteen would be ashamed to confess she had ever heard of."

But she was started on the subject of Edonard, and I had the whole story. They had her sent off to get her away from him, for he was poor, and stood in the light of a rich suitor.

"So, you see," she said, "my life is blighted. I smile, and am gay; but my heart is a tomb that holds only *mes soupirs et le beau reve de ma jeunesse*."

Then she sang a mournful little French song which almost made me cry. Half an hour after I opened the library-door, and there was Charley down on his knees beside her arranging a bouquet; and before dinner she found leisure to make my father look perfectly silly with pleasure by her absurd compliments; and I suppose each time she was in earnest. Enthusiasm is a queer thing.

Of course, we had no gayeties in our house, and sought none without; but among our many acquaintance we had plenty of friends who visited us, and I was glad to have people in the evening.

I could not bear to have Charley and my father find the house like a church-yard, nor do I believe in nursing grief of any sort. So people came, and I was glad to have them; and I never believed that I regretted my mother any the less because I did not make all survivors uncomfortable, by dragging my grief about with me wherever I went. I can't bear such things—another of my harsh judgments; but it always reminds me of a pretended blind-man I saw once dragging a dog about by a string to be interesting.

I say there is a parallel; there was the dog always in sight and in the way—sympathy was the consequence; there is the grief lugged out and paraded—sympathy, of course, follows.

A friend of ours introduced a young French-

man at the house. He thought it would be pleasant for Mademoiselle to meet a countryman, she was always going crazy about seeing her compatriots. I doubt if she was so eager when the feminine word had to be used.

I saw them both when he was presented—a handsome, dashing young fellow, named Lenoir.

It was not astonishing that Mademoiselle flirted with him; but, really, she was somewhat more circumspect than usual; and I was exceedingly surprised, as he certainly looked a foeman worthy of her best steel.

She grew sweeter and more amiable than ever; she was so particularly affectionate to me that one day I said to her,

"I should think you were deceiving me about something, if I could see the slightest cause."

"Do you think I would deceive you?" she asked.

"If you had any reason, naturally."

"Not naturally," she sighed; "it would be unnatural, base; you are my friend—I love you."

"Don't talk nonsense," said I; "you know you would; but I can see no reason you have just now."

Her mood changed suddenly, and she laughed till it was like listening to a peal of bells.

"You are so wise," she said; "*une vraie femme philosophe!* Oh, no! I could never hope to deceive you! If I had a secret, I should come and tell you at once, and ask your advice."

From that moment I felt confident there was some game being played, but, for the life of me, I could get no clue.

Only she was sweeter than ever with my father—my hair stood up with rage and horror! See my mother's place taken; but there—she never would marry him. Then that thought lost its hold. He was rich, and she loved luxury and wealth—yes, better than anything in the world, in spite of her enthusiasm and poetics.

I was quite wretched, and every day she bloomed into a brighter fullness of content. There was no doubt about her being in mischief.

But there came a clue at last; whether I wished or not, I seemed always fated to discover her little mysteries. I must say she kept me in a state of constant anxiety; for I very well knew that if she did anything particularly foolish or imprudent, while staying with us, that I should be blamed by her friends and everybody else for what Argus himself could not have hindered.

I had been out one morning alone, and as I turned the corner of the street where we lived,

who should I see but Mademoiselle's old French-woman, just handing a letter to Monsieur Lenoir.

The woman caught sight of me, and made off; the young gentleman walked on and met me with a most amiable and self-possessed salutation, and I hurried home very much perplexed and annoyed.

Certainly I could not speak to him; I could not charge him with having a letter from Mademoiselle, and demand it. I was her hostess, not her duenna. He might have told any one of a thousand lies to screen her, or given me a delicate reproof about forgetting the position in which I stood toward her, that would have been unendurable. If I found out that matters had gone so far between them that they were corresponding—not that there was any doubt in my own mind—I should certainly interfere, even if I had to appeal to my father.

Perhaps I was wicked enough not particularly to dislike an opportunity of giving him a clearer insight into her character, than he had ever gained; for I had by no means forgotten my vague fears of the past weeks.

Mademoiselle was lounging on a sofa in the library when I went in; she had a French novel in her hand, and a paper of *pralines* in her pocket.

She received me with her usual effusion of delight and tenderness, very pretty to see for awhile; but one learned not to estimate it so highly, after remarking the same sort of treatment bestowed, even upon a dog that she happened to have a fancy to conciliate.

"Where have you been?" she asked. "You have been gone ages—I was quite desolated. Bah! you can't say that in English."

I sat down and began unrolling my worsteds; and she rattled on volubly till I stopped her, by saying.

"I met Monsieur Lenoir in the street."

"Indeed! What did he say?"

"He bowed and went on. Manon was handing him a letter as I came up."

She was impulsive enough to tell the truth brusquely, when there was no getting rid of it.

"I wrote to him about a book he promised to lend me," said she.

Part of the truth, at least.

"I would have sent a servant for it," I said.

"Oh! Manon could as well go; she destroys herself with idleness. She is of an ill-nature—"

Evidently she was going to wander off to the subject of Manon's faults, but I brought her back.

"I don't see," I interrupted, "how her ill-

nature or good could gift her with prescience to know that monsieur would be at the corner of the street."

"What you call prescience?" she asked, suddenly, forgetting her knowledge of English. "I know precision—it is you, dear child; but I know not the other."

"I must make you understand what I mean, at all events," said I.

"*Helas!*" she sighed. "*Je suis ai bete!* I must study. Do you know I love study? When I was in the convent——"

"You learnt to be a little Jesuit," I interrupted, laughing heartily in spite of myself.

"You are so hard to me," she said, piteously, but I saw her eyes laugh. "It is to me a wonder that I love you."

"I am not going to be put off," I said.

"You will scold," she said. "Don't scold! *Vous m'agacez les nerfs—j'ai la tete qui me ton me a ce moment—vraiment, ji me trouve bien mal.*"

"I will get you something for your head presently," I said. "You haven't told me how it happened that Manon was able to foresee that she should meet monsieur."

"It was chance, I suppose."

"But I conclude you did not send her out on the chance of meeting him."

"*Eh bien—apres?*" she asked, beginning to color a little.

"Don't talk French," said I, "you know you want to speak English for practice. Yesterday you said you did not know where Monsieur Lenoir lived."

"What a memory you have!" she exclaimed.

"I do so envy you—now this head miserable of mine——"

"Is a very clear, long-head—don't abuse it. Now, do you know I think you don't treat us quite fairly."

"Why?"

"Because you know, while you are here, we are responsible; your family would blame us if anything occurred of which they disapproved."

"You don't mean to tell them?" she exclaimed; and there was a look of such genuine alarm on her face, that I knew there was a good deal in the matter which I did not understand.

"Unless you tell me all about it," I said, "I must at least speak to my father."

"What a weariness—just for a very, very little billet."

"But, Mademoiselle," I said, "you have only known this man six or seven weeks."

She burst out laughing; and there was such

malicious glee in it, such a confession of having deceived me in some way, that a thought came into my mind.

This was the very Edouard she had talked to me about. It seemed improbable, too, but I determined to find out.

"I know who it is," I said; "the man your aunt and uncle wanted to get you away from."

At first she was inclined to deny it; but after a little, she told me the whole story.

He had followed her across the ocean—that is to say, she chose to call it following her. His friends had sent him over here to be established in business with relatives; for he was perfectly idle and worthless at home. The first meetings had taken place under cover of the extra-devotion I alluded to awhile back.

He had not found it difficult to be introduced at the house; and here, for weeks, we had been innocently abetting the danger which her friends, probably daily, congratulated themselves on being at an end.

"It is a fate," she said; "*le destin!* Dear friend, leave us to ourselves; do not betray me."

Just at that moment my father opened the door, and called me.

"Are you going to tell him?" she asked.

"That depends on yourself," I answered. "If you will promise to break this matter off."

Then I stopped, remembering that her promise was not worth hearing.

I ran out of the library before she could speak, and followed my father into the dining-room.

"You are up town early," I said; "are you unwell?"

He looked quite red and annoyed.

"I am well enough," he answered; "but I am very much vexed. That little puss has placed me in the most annoying predicament."

"Mademoiselle?"

"Yes; little monkey! There, read this letter—that will explain better than I can."

It was from Monsieur Farolles, telling his dear, old friend, after all sorts of thanks and assurances of regard, the whole story of Mademoiselle's flirtation with young Monsieur Lenoir.

He was an idle, worthless young scamp; and now he had gone over to America, and monsieur was obliged to tell his dear friend the vexatious history, so that if the youth—I am afraid he called him a *vaurien*—attempted to make acquaintance at the house, he could be sent about his business.

As soon as possible, Mademoiselle was to be

sent home. It was near spring and the dear American friend would, he was sure, add to the many kindnesses of long years, by furnishing her with a suitable escort.

As for Monsieur Lenoir, if he had made his appearance, it might be well for him to learn that by a will the late Farolles had made in France, when he was over the year before, his property was left to his niece; but there was a condition. If she married without the consent of the surviving uncle, she would have to wait for his death to get her money.

"What are we to do?" exclaimed my father. "Here this chap has been visiting us for weeks; really, you ought to be more circumspect."

Of course, man-like, he would blame me; but I pointed out the absurdity of that, and I added,

"As for Mademoiselle, she is the most artful little piece I ever met. I had this very day discovered about Lenoir."

"I believe she is artful," said my father.

"Why, she has set Charley quite mad," said I. "And there is not a man comes here——"

"Don't be harsh," he interrupted; but he certainly did look a little ashamed. "Now, who is to tell her?" he asked; "that fellow must not come here again."

"No; but she will write to him, as she did to-day."

"Whew!" said my father. "But if you get her promise——"

"That she will be sure to break," said I.

I quite enjoyed his perplexity.

"Well, you must speak to her," he went on.

"It is for you to do that," I replied.

"Oh! I can't manage girls! I'll go after that young man—I'll end him at once; this story of the will is enough, I fancy."

So I agreed to speak to Mademoiselle; and that evening I showed her the letter just received from her uncle.

There was no man there to see, so she flew into a violent rage. Her fury seemed to turn most against her aunt—how she did abuse her. It was a mystery to me how a young lady, brought up in a convent, could have gained the knowledge she had.

Then she went into a fit of violent hysterics; then she vowed to run off with Edouard; and then I reminded her of the clause in the will.

She pretended not to notice, but I knew that the warning would have its effect.

Still she sobbed and moaned nearly all night; she was in earnest just for the hour.

The next day she begged to see Edouard for the last time—that I must permit.

Now I was in a dilemma. If he was in earnest, he might persuade her to let money and all be lost, and run off with him. She did so love excitement that she might work herself up to a pitch, where she would believe that she was enough in love to do that even.

But I need not have been alarmed. While she was still praying and beseeching, and I wondering what could be done with the creature, there came a letter for her from Edouard himself.

My father had seen him—the simple narration of facts had done the work. Not that he put it in that way. He said he was bound in honor not to see her again; he had promised Monsieur Clancy not to violate the sacredness of the home to which a young girl had been confided.

He would go away; he would seek a distant land, and wait for death to release him, which meant that he had just received a good offer to go to Cuba, and had decided to accept it.

She read me his letter; she wept over it; she kissed it; she laid it on her heart, and then she prepared herself to see him again. I made up my mind to permit the meeting on my own responsibility, as soon as I discovered the state of the young man's mind.

It came off a couple of days after. I retired to the window near to play propriety.

Really, it was very pretty and very touching. A good deal of the conversation was out of George Sand, with long speeches from French plays; and it was all done with the most beautiful regard to stage effect.

The attempts at parting were the best; Madeline Brohan never surpassed our Mademoiselle.

Heroine center of the stage; hero rushed down left, caught her in his arms, both groaned; he rushed off to the entrance, paused for one last look; she tottered forward a step; he moaned in a voice, which seemed to come from the basement, that he could not go; she sighed.

"Edouard!"

A rush, a bound; "ah!" from him; "oh!" from her; then she fainted gracefully on his shoulder.

She fainted three times, and I thought each attempt an improvement.

He was gone at last, and she lay senseless on the sofa till she saw me coming with a bottle of hartshorn, which she hated; then she came to herself.

"Am I dead?" she asked, looking wildly about.

"No; but you must be tired," I said.

"Go away," she moaned. "Life is over—over!"

She twisted up her hair and let the curls fall at one side, and pinned a bow on her dress which had fallen off; that was no proof she did not suffer, she would have done that in her last moments.

"Three days more," she said, in a deep tragedy voice, "and then he goes; it will not be for long! Nesta, I think it is not hard to die—not hard! We shall see—we shall see!"

Her hands dropped at her sides; she paced the room in deep thought—just as they do in novels. She was as much in earnest as if the whole thing had been a reality, and not a dramatic love of scenes and ridiculous fancy.

I knew she meditated some crowning feat, and I waited to see what it should be. I was not alarmed about her, though I did feel sorry for her; and sometimes it seemed very real to me, and I cried for sympathy.

The third day came, and passed; and at bedtime Mademoiselle appeared in my room to bid me good-night.

She took me in her arms, she kissed my forehead, she blessed me in the past, present, and all future time; she gave strict charge to my guardian angel to watch over me, and in her white dressing-gown she looked pretty and ethereal enough to have floated away.

"Farewell!" she said, at last; "farewell!"

"Good-night," I answered.

"Farewell!" she repeated.

"What on earth do you mean?" I asked.

"Nothing—it matters not! Remember, friend, I have blessed you—I have loved you! Soon, you know, we shall part. Remember me at my best."

Away she went, and I made ready for bed; but once there I could not sleep. She had kept me in such a state of excitement for days that my nerves were quite upset; and I began to remember how strangely she had looked and acted, till half a dozen times I was on the point of getting up.

Her dressing-room was next to my chamber, and suddenly I heard a noise—it was like a groan; then another sound, as if something had fallen.

I sprang out of bed, ran into the hall and knocked at her door; there was no answer.

I was terribly frightened. I could see a strange light through the crack under the door. I smelt charcoal—it was no fancy! Good heavens! she had gone mad and actually killed herself.

I gave a tremendous push to the door—it flew open, there was only a heavy chair against it.

There, in the center of the room, was a small

kettle with charcoal blazing in it; on the sofa lay Mademoiselle in her white robe, her face hidden in her hair.

I forgot how short the time had been. I screamed and ran to her, and raised her up. Her eyes opened languidly. She must have air; I let her fall back on the cushions, she fell altogether too dead.

My senses came back. I noticed that the smell of the charcoal was not enough even to make one dizzy. I looked at the kettle; there were only two or three lumps in it.

I ran to the window to throw it open; the curtain was already blowing back and forth, the window was up.

So I flung the lumps of charcoal into the grate, and went back to my patient.

She sat up and held her head in her hands.

"You have brought me back to life," she said; "cruel—cruel kindness!"

"My dear," said I, "the next time you want to die by asphyxia, shut the window."

"Ah, was it open?" she asked, indifferently.

"I was too mad to know. It matters not—I will live."

I was vexed by this time. "I can get more charcoal," said I; "and shut the window."

"Taunt me not!" she cried, flinging up her arms. "Leave me. You have my promise—I will not die."

I did not think she would; so I went back to bed and slept comfortably.

The next day she received a letter from her relatives. She said nothing; but I saw her spirits rise to a great height, and that evening she was the life of the house.

She only staid two weeks longer. Before she went away she told me what had happened.

Her uncle had a proposal for her—a baron of good property. She had made up her mind to marry him.

"I will obey," she said. "What matters it, life is short! Let them robe me in festal raiment, my heart will lie dead under."

In half an hour she was talking about having a winter in Paris; her uncle promised that her *dot* should be paid down.

"I shall go to court," she said; "Monsieur de Nerval is a great Bonapartist; Madame la Baronne—it sounds pretty, eh?"

So she went away across the ocean to be madame la baronne, assuring me, with her last words, that her heart was broken. She doubted if she should live to see France—she asked no more than that.

When she married, she sent me a glowing account of the festivities—and Charley looked quite desperate. We correspond occasionally still; and she often writes on one page about balls, and her new dresses, and the admiration she gets; and on the next tells me life is a desert. No one ever understood her but me—poor little bird lost in a wilderness!

I think I did understand her tolerably well.

THE GOBLET OF TEARS.

BY ELIZABETH DOANE.

Thus flowed my life, in careless, dream-like ease—

A lazy stream that lapped Arcadian strands;
Wrapped in delight by every languorous breeze,
And idly trifling with its golden sands.

Lost in the labyrinths of Fancy's maze,
My airy castles rose supremely fair;
Crowned with the mystical enchanting haze
That Life's sweet morning-dreams are wont to wear.

No gleam of gold, no flash of costly gem,
Lent me adornment or increased my power;
Life's dawning glory formed my diadem,
And youth's ideal kingdom was my dower.

So bathed my soul in floods of diamond light,
Or dreamed divinest dreams in trance-blown bowers;
And Time, reluctant to pursue his flight,
With rainbow light divided all the hours.

Luxurious life! anticipation sure—
Desire, entranced with Hope's sweet anodyne,
In trustfulness all untried bliss secure—
How could I fear that Fate had dragged her wine!
And when her goblet to my lips she prest,
And bade me quaff the nectar it contained;

How could I know 'twould still be her behest
When nothing but the bitter dregs remained.

And so the sweet, intoxicating draught—
Inspiring wines, with lotus half-subdued;
With Epicurian dalliance I quaffed,
And faith in all my fantasies renewed.

Till woeful drops compelled my soul to shrink,
Pressed hard by Fate, grown to a mocking elf,
I cannot drink! I said—I cannot drink!
Oh, soul! oh, self! is this my soul—my self?

Grief, dread incubus, fell upon my heart,
Like midnight shadows on the hour of noon;
Like shooting stars, I saw my dreams depart,
And life alone was left—unwelcome boon.

I could not die; life kept its equal pace,
A new-born consciousness within my breast,
Till by the touch of Time, and God's sweet grace,
I owned my sorrow had beheld me blest.

No more is life an opium dream to me;
Fate's bitter draught has made my vision clear;
So, when earth's pleasures beckon temptingly,
I glance beyond and cry, "not here! not here!"

"BETTER THAN A FAIRY-TALE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S COLD," ETC., ETC.

My sister Ellen and I lived with our mother, in a little, low-browed cottage, behind the great Livingstone mansion, and formerly situated within its very garden-gates. Time, and the growth of a large city, had curtailed the once wide boundaries of the old estate; and at the same time put wealth into the owner's hands, till it was now reduced to the ordinary limits of a handsome town residence, standing in its own grounds, and the heir to its accumulated treasures was little less than a millionaire.

Though we had such rich neighbors, we were very poor. My mother had a large connection of employers among people who had first seen her under far different circumstances. I hate the term "seeing better days;" but she had certainly known happier ones. Twenty years had wrought great changes in her fate. She was now intrusted with the care of houses, whose occupants desired to leave them for the summer, to visit resorts where she once had shone gayest of the gay. It was her task to preside over and direct the spring and autumn renovations of the rooms in which she was formerly received a welcome guest; to mend old laces, to get up fine muslins, such as she had been used to wear, for present patronesses and former friends; to make the countless hems, and tucks, and ruffles, and embroider the manifold garments of children and young ladies, whose mothers she had played with in her own cherished and protected infancy. This, through a series of misfortunes, not her fault, that had turned her pretty dark hair to gray, and bent her tall form from its straight elegance, without destroying her pure, trusting faith, or injuring her sweet temper.

Mr. Livingstone, senior, dead now some years, had been her father's friend; and when adversity overtook the daughter, in the early days of her sad, married life, paid an old debt by installing her in the pretty cottage, still a sort of appendage to his estate, left vacant by the death of the retired housekeeper, for whom it was built. So our little grass-plot and bleaching-ground, girdled with its beds of bright flowers, that my mother and Ellen tended, adjoining his great garden, separated only by a low lattice, and hedge of laurel and Cherokee roses, from its fountains, statues, and arbors,

its precious shrubs and flowers, brought from many lands; its long stretch of glittering green-houses, in which grapes, and pines, and peaches, ripened through snow and storm, and against whose walls of glass tropical creepers bloomed and twined, while Egyptian lilies opened to the sun, swimming in the warm, sluggish water of their artificial tanks below.

Air, earth, and sunshine, however, are democratic elements, and their beautiful offspring of plant and flower knew no aristocratic laws; therefore, it happened that Mr. Livingstone's floral treasures used to climb above the boundary-line, or push beyond it, and flourish and grow as luxuriantly on our plebeian side of the hedge, as in the rich beds of carefully-prepared mould they had left; that the wind brought stray seeds, floating soft as thistle-down, and planted them in our little garden; and that when the doors of the hot-houses stood open on fair or sunny days, our cottage and its environs were filled with sweet perfume from fragrant roses, and balmy with the breath of the *Victoria Regia*. Without intending to steal from our rich neighbors, we could not help profiting by the overflowing bounties of their wide domain.

Year after year the marble house stood empty and deserted, save for the presence of its aged master, and the few servants in whose care it was left, lonely and grand on its lofty elevation; while our little cottage lay at the foot of the slope behind it, full of bustling life, and glad with childish voices. Then death was busy with both. We three were left alone, and the stately old man, who had dealt so kindly by my mother, quitted the family-mansion for the family-tomb. Of his two sons, the second lived a desultory bachelor's life in a distant city, separated from his relatives by some trifling disagreement; the eldest died abroad, a widower, with one child—worn out by dissipation, his enemies said, in the prime of life. The young heir apparent did not return to his own land till he had finished his education at some foreign university, and traveled extensively afterward. The gathered riches of his beautiful home lay heaped in vain; flowers bloomed, fruits mellowed in his long conservatories, with no master's hand to pluck them, or lip to taste their

sweets, while he wandered in French or Italian cities, or bathed in Nile or in Ganges. At last, one summer evening, Mr. Mark Livingstone came home.

There was an unusual stir about the "great house," which we, living in its shadow, could not fail to notice. Looking up the long, sunny slope—the old "grade" of the hill still unaltered, owing to the Livingstone interest, though it was in a city block now—we could not help seeing the movements in terraces and shrubberies, the bustle and confusion within, of welcome to the young master. Afterward we saw him many times, sitting at his study-windows, walking in his garden, riding or driving his handsome horses, always accompanied by his dear comrade and friend, who had come from abroad with him. The two seemed quietly satisfied with each other's society—they sought little beyond; although compelled to conform to the duties of their position; to receive "the world" at home and meet it abroad, as was due to the name one bore, and the kindly welcome extended to both by the old friends of his family.

Of course, we never met our landlord, save on the one occasion when my mother, tying her little widow's bonnet of crape and bombazine, such as she had worn for years, over her soft, gray curls, went up to the great house to pay her yearly rent, as she had done ever since his grandfather died, taking me with her for company. Mr. Livingstone was out, the servant said; and we were leaving the door when he rode up—a slight, graceful, gentlemanly man of six or seven-and-twenty—and hearing her errand, stopped to speak to her. His manners were utterly simple and kind, through their elegance no one could have taken exception to the air of almost sad quietness and weary languor, which I have often seen since in the favorites of fortune—but then noticed for the first time. Can it be that where fate gives so largely the means, she takes away at the same time the power of enjoyment? I thought.

He put aside my mother's little purse, with a gentle hand, but a quick flash of recollection in those handsome hazel eyes. "Mrs. Darling can owe the Livingstones nothing," he courteously said, "that has not been already repaid;" and somehow it was compromised by the housekeeper's sending us down a large bundle of work, as she had often done before, only this time it was for the young master of the house. There was linen to be stitched, a vest to be embroidered, cambric handkerchiefs, fine enough for even Ellen's fairy-fingers, to

hem, that looked as if they were never meant to touch coarse material.

My sister Ellen was a beautiful girl—I used to think so even then, with my dim, childish, undefined ideas of beauty, and watch her, as I sat, book in hand, pretending to study in my corner of the parlor, or lounged out of lesson-hours in an arbor I had made with scarlet-beans and Virginia-creepers, at one end of our tiny estate—dreaming of princesses in fairy-tales, and heroines of the Arabian Night's Entertainments. It was almost as strange to see her loveliness blooming in our little room, as any of the wonders of the story-books. Hour after hour I pondered over the beauty of her black lashes, the liquid look of her eyes, the flowing grace of her hair—light, wavy, flossy, dead but not ebony-black—curled about her white forehead, like ringlets of spun silk; the faint, clear roses of her cheeks, the smiling sweetness of her little mouth, her full and flexible figure, like a young Hebe's, delicate but elastic, abounding in vivid, healthful life and youth—till I had almost idealized the fair and good young girl, who sat sewing for our joint support.

If my mother's earnings supplied us with the necessities of life, Ellen's sometimes brought what was to her almost as great a necessity—the presence of something beautiful. So it befell that our little parlor had grown prettier every year, under her tasteful hand. The paper on the walls, the carpets on the floor, the muslin-curtains at the windows—cheap and poor enough of their kind, but fresh and neat, and nicely harmonized—made it like a boudoir. There was Ellen's piano, on which she softly played and sang of evenings, when her work was done; there were Ellen's books on hanging-shelves and brackets; her flower-stands, covered with choice roses and lilies and exotic plants, from which she sold buds or bouquets to the florists; her cages of birds which often grew too full, so that the older pets were sent sorrowfully away, to make room for newcomers. Here, also, were her few pictures in their simple frames of dark wood, and the models from which she embroidered every flower that grew; and here her customers found her when they came, sitting among them—a picture herself of perfect grace and beauty.

We had no visitors but these—few acquaintances, and fewer friends. People in our own station of life were shy of us; those in the rank we had left, were deterred from condescension by my mother's simple pride and gentle reserve—so we lived alone. Beautiful,

refined, accomplished enough for any position; graceful and good as the fairy-favored maidens in the nursery-tales; ignorant of the world's ways and vanities, my sister grew up to womanhood within the sheltering shade of the cottage-walls, blooming, all unknown if not unnoticed, like her own flowers; her one admirer, counsellor, companion—a chubby little school-girl with an insatiable appetite, and a curly head full of visions, that found food even in the dull details of daily life, in which her small experience was limited to our vine-embowered home, with its lonely inmate, the great house, and its master.

As Mr. Livingstone grew familiar with his inheritance, one place above others became his frequent resort—a beautiful rustic summer-house, covered with climbing vines, at the foot of his garden, closely adjoining our own, where he and his friend came to read and smoke, or idle through the sultry August afternoons, greatly to my discomposure at first; for on our side was my arbor, distantly imitated from his, where, in the humbler shade of clematis and scarlet runners, was my refuge when driven to the painful necessity of study. It was so much pleasanter, however, to lie and dream on the rough deal board that formed its only seat, watching my fair sister at her light tasks, and making her the central figure of the wild romances forever working in my childish brain, that it seldom occurred to me to increase my stores of knowledge from the unlucky lesson it was my duty to bring there.

Gradually, without being an intentional eaves-dropper, I found greater attractions in my retreat after it had become the haunt of the "young master" and his companion. It was not within the compass of my youthful virtues to rise and go away from the tempting feast their conversation spread before me, more enthralling than the wildest of my visions, more entertaining than the most fascinating of my story-books. What countries they had visited together while we pursued the quiet routine of our life at home, within a horizon bounded by the pile of stone and marble he called his own! What adventures had they found by flood and field, while our chiefest excitement lay in the feathering of a callow bird, the blowing of a rose! When their converse seemed to heighten, or fell to depths beyond my limited comprehension to follow, it was still delightful and mysterious, and I could not choose but listen. Much that was unintelligible to me then, is plain enough now, seen by the light of a longer experience and a mature mind; but I am writing

of a child's perceptions, and it was as a child I understood then.

Mr. Mildmay, the elder of the two comrades, was a well-born clergyman of the Church of England, whose only office, since leaving college, had been that of tutor and mentor to his younger friend. In many respects his task was hard enough. He had no fixed evil tendencies to combat, no depraved tastes to overcome; only a quiet, apathetic indifference, a weary languor, a dreamy disbelief, born of his early education, clouded the fair face of Mark Livingstone's world. Bred up in the worst school of Continental manners by a father whose only idol was pleasure, and who found that pleasure in every form of dissipation, he had no faith left in man or woman. Some natures would have been seared by this early contact with vice; his, more refined or sensitive, was paralyzed and shocked. It was much that he retained his own creed of honor, purity, and principle—further he did not look. Like a veteran play-goer who is sickened and revolted by the old arts of the stage, which to neophytes seem so enchanting, he turned away, sated with the first draught of the cup. In the gay circles of society he found only folly and treachery; deception in the warm hands offered, avarice in the bright eyes bent upon him; in all the brilliant shapes of pleasure, a delusion and a snare. His disgust did not lead him into any of the extremes of religious or moral fanaticism—it displayed itself merely in a calm skepticism, a well-bred weariness of the world. Handsome, rich, amiable, distinguished at six-and-twenty, he had no future and no hope—a stoic, a cynic, a heathen philosopher, who did not care to live, nor dread to die. He had had his ideal of manly and womanly worth, and he had been cruelly destroyed by those whom he knew best, and in whom he trusted most; nothing remained for him but to put away his useless dreams, to bury his broken idols, and cheat or be cheated in the commerce of life no more.

All this, of course, I learned later. At the time I only wondered at the strange doctrines of philosophy I heard mooted, without being greatly impressed by them; much more was I moved by the kindly looks and glances that sometimes fell to me, as we passed and re-passed near the boundary-hedge, and which, without words or gesture, I somehow understood. There was no child at the mansion-house; they would have liked to fill my hands with the profusely blooming flowers; to load my lap with the wasting fruit of their great silent gardens, for the sake of the little sisters

or the little lovers they might once have had; but their exquisite instinct of gentlemanhood forbade the semblance of an overture to the sole protector and companion of the beautiful young girl who sat in her place sewing by the rose-wreathed window, her soft eyes drooped in some sweet day-dream as she worked, unconscious of their vicinage or knowledge.

One long, lovely summer day, I had fallen asleep in my bower over my usual pursuits, and was awakened by the voices of the two gentlemen in their shady summer-house close at hand. Something like a discussion was in progress, and I peeped through my covert of leaves to view them. Mr. Livingstone was lying back in his ordinary careless, half lounging attitude, his handsome head supported on a slender, white hand, his dreaming eyes looking down the green slant of turf toward some object in the distance, musing and listening. His friend had risen to his feet in the heat of argument, and was grasping the slender pole upholding the arch, with such energy that I could not help fearing the fate of Sampson's terrors for its unconscious owner.

"You are quite right, Frank," he said, at last, when Mr. Mildmay had expended himself in vehement admonition, "quite right in one count of your indictment; in all the others, quite wrong. It is true that I have done nothing for my family hitherto, nothing for myself; that my life has been altogether vain, idle, and useless; and that you have seriously advised, and I contemplated marriage as its only cure. But I find the vices of the old world shamed by those of the new; there is no folly of its society which is not aped and exaggerated by that to which you have introduced me, and I will take no wife from either. You, who call yourself a son of the church, the first article of whose creed should be that we are all equal in the sight of God, have never looked beyond them, I dare swear; nor I, perhaps, a little time ago. But since I came here I have seen what shakes my faith, or, rather my disbelief, and disgusts me with the dark old doctrines I have held too long. I have seen every day—nay, every hour in the day, calm, cheerful, patient industry, and gentle goodness; a sweet face lighted like a flower in prayer at morning, and bent till evening over ill-requited toil; a poverty as absolute as that of any *grisette*, and an innocence like an angel's. Don't be frightened, Mildmay, it is not the first time a Livingstone has found beauty in these family traits—my father knelt before me, and in vain. Look for yourself."

His hazel eyes glowed, fixed on some distant vision, and both his listeners turned to follow them. The golden twilight was melting into mellow moonrise; a soft, magic glow was over all the landscape, every detail showing distinct and clear as at noonday, but with an indescribable illusory charm it never had before. The great house looked like an enchanted castle lying in the silvery light; its dark, oak-avenues; its smooth, green terraces; its fountains, flowers, and arbors; the pale, fair statues standing in its garden-walks, glowed with the latest beams of the sinking sun. Our own little cottage, on its lower level, the doors and windows all thrown wide to catch the evening air, was pretty enough for a palace of content by that light, set like a jewel in its frame of flowers. A nightingale sang softly in the distant aviary, my sister's Indian birds responded; faint perfumes floated from both gardens. It was a scene of enchantment, and in it moved a fairy queen where my beautiful sister came.

I don't know what she had been doing, but her white, round arms were bare to the dimpled elbow, as she fitted about the grass, cutting flowers for a bouquet some lady patroness had been pleased to order, and turning the delicate embroideries that were whitening for the same. The light evening wind lifted her flossy curls, tendril-like as those on the head of the vine-wreathed Bacchus, and kindled a deep rose in her fair cheeks, a light in her large eyes, while she lingered dreaming over her pretty task. I gazed long and earnestly at the familiar loveliness of her face, glorified by that soft light, and was half startled when one of my hidden companions spoke.

"I see that she is beautiful; I know that she is good. Will any one tell me she is not worthy a hand so useless, a life so poor as mine, or that any sordid claims could sway or influence there?"

"Beautiful, indeed!" said Mr. Mildmay, un-
easily. "But unless you are wholly lost to all worldly considerations, had you not better read your letter? Telegraphic despatches are usually of some importance, and I hurried to bring you this. Well?"

His good-breeding could not restrain the involuntary question, or rather exclamation. For a moment there had been a sound of crackling and tearing paper, while the young heir read the letter; then it dropped from his hand and fluttered idly to the ground, while his eyes again looked beyond the laurel-hedge to the figure that still stood rosy in the glow of the setting sun. I could see both dim forms from

my hiding-place, but dared not move to retreat lest my vicinage should be suspected. While I hesitated, Mr. Livingstone suddenly stooped, and picking up the missive, put it into his companion's hand, who spelt it out slowly by the dying light of the sky.

"Your uncle has been taken suddenly ill with his old chronic complaint, and cannot recover. I have been summoned to draw his will; an odder one was never made. I fancied your inheritance was secured beyond his interference, but it seems not. You know his dread of bachelorhood, his disapprobation of your father's course of life; you must give a hostage to fortune, in the shape of a wife, before succeeding. A summons has been, or will be sent to you; if you can reply to it that you are married, the property is yours; otherwise it goes to your cousin George. Is not eight hundred thousand dollars worth saving? A word to the wise, etc. This is extra professional.

"THURSTON."

Mr. Mark Livingstone looked fixedly before him as the reading concluded, his friend handed the letter back, and mournfully remarked,

"A sad business; you ought to have married long ago. I told you so, you know. Eight hundred thousand! But you never cared for money."

"It is not too late yet, Mildmay," said the heir, with gradually dawning interest.

"Certainly!" cried Mr. Mildmay, brightening. "Under the circumstances any young lady might, and would; but then you say you care for none of them."

He was sinking back in his seat in despair; but his former pupil rose up gayly.

"We will try, at least," he said. "Not for the money, Frank, though I should like to keep the old estate from going to that scoundrel George—you remember his life at Baden? But for a nobler and a better reason, the which, if I have, I may do some good with it at last. Do you really think no woman would refuse me 'under the circumstances?' Then stay here and see me plead for my uncle's fortune."

He leaped the laurel-hedge with a bound, and came where Ellen stood. Alone and frightened, she hardly turned her lovely little head, though her cheeks were many shades paler even by that dim light. Mr. Mildmay and I, from our respective arbors, watched the scene that followed with surpassing eagerness. We could not hear the words spoken, but we beheld her final gestures of refusal, and his motion of departure. It was not to be borne, and we rushed upon the scene, each with a different motive,

but a common interest; the clergyman to plead with his friend, I with my sister.

The first had but one answer. "I love her," he said; and Ellen's dark eyes turned toward him with a smile, and her cheeks brightened beautifully; she could not but be moved by his straightforward, romantic courtship under the evening sky. Then came Mr. Mildmay, suddenly converted to the opposition, with his mysterious assurances that his pupil would be irreparably a lover by her denial, and refused to seek elsewhere; while I, clinging to her hands, begged her to be grateful to our mother's friend. It was but a few minutes before, weeping and trembling together, we were alone in our little cottage-chamber, putting on her white dress in a strange, deathless haste and silence, only broken by sobs. Our mother was absent, gone out of town for several weeks, to take charge of a country-house, whose owners were at the sea-side; there was no better advice than mine at Ellen's service; and I had too lately awakened from my sleep, confused and bewildered, to know more than the whole Livingstone estate hung in the balance; and to rejoice in what seemed to me the most natural end of the romances I had woven about my sister's beautiful face. A dozen times in the course of that hasty appareling she paused irresolute; but I was clinging about her waist with my entreaties, and the bridegroom already awaited her below.

"You will be cared for, at least," she said, dropping kisses on my curly head through her tears; "and my mother will not be poor. Come!"

We went down stairs. Mr. Livingstone stood in the center of the little parlor, his bright eyes glancing over the tasteful objects around him, a smile of pleasure on his handsome face. His languor, apathy, indifference, had vanished like a cloud; he looked genuinely happy, and advanced to meet us as we entered as deferentially as if Ellen were, indeed, the little queen she looked.

"It is but fair to remind you once more," he said, holding her hand in his, and looking wistfully into her eyes, "before it is too late, of the double risk you run in marrying me. If you do not love me now, you never may; I am older than you, tarnished by years of experience of which you know nothing; your life is all bright and clear, heaven forbid that I should sully it! If you have one doubt, one evil of foreboding, reject me, in spite of all that has passed, of what may come, and remain the pure and innocent angel you are!"

But Ellen looked up proudly, almost fondly, in his pleading face, her doubts dissolved, her fears and tremors all gone. It was not for her mother's sake she wanted to marry him now, but for his own. I could see the flush of generous feeling dawning in her transparent cheeks. He had fallen among her dim, dreamy visions in the little garden, as the young Apollo dropped amid the shepherdesses of Mount Ida, and she loved him as she looked. His honor, and his candor, and his gentleness; the humility that feared, and the love that dared, won her in that moment.

"You know already," he said again, still lingering, to Mr. Mildmay's frantic discomfiture, "that I may yet be disinherited before this news can reach my uncle, and you be, after all, the wife of a poor man. Have you tested your decision by this chance so likely to happen? Think of it before we take a step that must be irrevocable."

"I know," she softly said, turning it upon him with a smile, and giving him her little hand. He took it and it kissed it, with a murmured sentence which I did not hear. She heard him, however, for a beautiful color came into the face he praised, and they moved away together, looking as if the world were Paradise. But first I broke a creamy-white rose, whose blossoming we had watched for weeks from its circlet of buds, and put it in her clustering hair just above the forehead; then Mr. Mildmay joined us, and we went out quietly into the lighted street, toward the church in which we all worshipped—the Livingstones from their velvet-lined pew immediately before the chancel; we, in a little dark corner of the gallery, kneeling behind a railing of commonest wood.

The evening lecture was already concluded, and the few persons who had been present, were leaving the chapel as we entered it. Mr. Livingstone went forward steadily, my sister trembling on his arms, and met the rector at the foot of the altar-stairs.

The old clergyman hesitated, but he could not dispute the document he held in his hand; and after a few inquiries, bade us kneel, and began the service. The clerk and sexton were the witnesses. Mr. Mildmay gave the bride away, and the groom took his mother's ring from his finger to put it upon his wife's. Throughout the ceremony, I clung to Ellen's hand, but she was still and motionless, though very pale. When it was ended, she took me in her arms and kissed me passionately—and then, for the first time, she wept, but controlled herself as her husband approached.

He pressed his lips to her forehead, and took the rose from her hair, hiding it in his breast. His carriage waited at the door; and after a few parting words with the bewildered clergyman, we entered it. Mr. Mildmay left us with a telegraphic despatch, to be forwarded in haste—his eagerness in this matter being in striking contrast to the bridegroom's apathy, which only yielded at sight of my sister's beautiful face.

We stopped at last before the "great house;" the coachman opened the door, his master lifted us out and led us up the steps, through the lofty vestibule, and into the long drawing-room, blazing with lights. The servants were hastily assembled there by his orders; and taking Ellen's hand, he presented her to them. "This is my wife," he said, "and your mistress; respect her as such till I return." "Blue Beard-like," as he said with a smile, he dropped his keys into her lap, and gayly bade us choose which room in the stately dwelling, now our home, should be ours till he came back. He would have lingered to show us all; but his friend had arrived, and was already hastening him. He kissed us both—me on the lips, my sister on the forehead, and was gone.

We were left alone together in the vast, light, silent room, crowded with rich and costly objects—none more beautiful than its newly-made mistress, who sat like one in a dream. The keys lay in her lap where her husband had left them, his ring was on her finger, his kiss upon her brow; yet the tiny, golden clock upon the mantle showed scarcely an hour since she had stood in the little cottage-garden, "fancy free," and burdened with no riches beyond her youth and beauty. Her head was drooping lower in an irrepressible burst of tears, when I stole into her arms, and putting away her own griefs to comfort me, she rose up half-smiling, half-weeping still, and, hand-in-hand, like the "Babes in the Woods," we wandered through the great mansion, choosing the smallest and plainest of all its grand apartments to be our sanctuary till Mr. Livingstone came home.

A sanctuary, indeed, it became. The old housekeeper had looked upon us with doubt and disapproval from the first; she soon began to betray the secret suspicion with which she viewed her master's strange proceeding, and our residence there; even I, child as I was, could not misunderstand her stern aversion, and the servants' veiled impertinence. It tried Ellen sorely; she never complained or showed any consciousness of their demeanor in their presence; but she used to sit for hours, pale

and weary with her enforced idleness and passive endurance, gazing from the window of our little room upon the garden she had lately left, as if she regretted its peaceful paradise. No letters came from Mr. Livingstone, and no answer to those she had written to her mother; but she felt it due to her own honor and his, to retain the position in which he had placed her, as long as it was tenable.

A few dreamy days passed, and then some open insult made it impossible for us to remain; and Ellen tied on my bonnet with her patient fingers, and led me down the long stairway, and out of the inhospitable house that refused to own her for its mistress. Only one retainer followed—the great Newfoundland dog, who had been left by Mr. Livingstone to our special care, and who thrust his broad muzzle into my sister's slender hand as we approached, and accompanied us into the street, and home.

Our mother met us at the door, and took her daughter in her arms, weeping over her with a mingling of pain and pleasure quite inexpressible. Poor woman! Mark Livingstone's father had loved her in her youth; but she had taken these pomps and vanities at their just worth, and left them all for what she valued more. I don't think she was much moved by her child's succession to them now, or the chance of their possible loss; she only saw in her a bride whom no mother's lips had kissed, on whose head no father's blessing had been invoked, and held her dearer for her loneliness and tears. She had but an hour to spend with us, and then went away, leaving us alone.

A week went by in absolute quiet. No commissions came—no visitors; we were left in perfect solitude. Formerly we might have received this interval of rest as a boon, we hardly felt it so now. The house was deadly still, with its closed doors and windows, save when some stray note from the aviary above penetrating the silence, set our own birds trilling and twittering, and startled my sister as if it were a voice from fate. She used to lie wakeful and weeping in our little bed at night, and I could

not comfort her, till her cheeks were as pale as her white roses; but sat all day with drooping head and busy fingers steadily at work, unless a hasty step came by, resounding on the pavement as it drew near, or a sudden roll of carriage-wheels jarring the ceiling, and made her pause and tremble.

One evening she sent me early to bed, but I could not sleep, the air was so hot and still, the night so light and clear; so I rose, up quietly and crept out, half-dressed, through the garden into my favorite resort, the rustic arbor. Presently the door unclosed and my sister came through it, a dim figure in the fragrant dusk, and moved about among her flowers. While she lingered there arose a brief commotion at the house above—its master had arrived. I saw her stop, as if struck by a sudden arrow—patient as Griseldis, she neither moved nor wept. I went up to her to comfort her; she hardly seemed aware of my presence, in her intent listening, but put a trembling hand upon my head, and so waited. Better comfort was coming. In a moment Mr. Livingstone had leaped the hedge and had us in his arms—both wife and sister—more moved, more sad, more glad, more happy, in the meeting than even we could be. He lifted us in those strong arms beyond the thorny-barrier he had passed, and led us up to the "great house"—Ellen in her simple print-dress, I with my bare-feet and wild confusion of array—never to leave it more. He was not more truly its master, now, than she its gentle mistress; and all who had dared to doubt and persecute, had felt his just wrath, and were gone. For years it has been my sister's happy home; and those who envy her lovely and elegant empire there and in her husband's heart, cannot know how truly she deserved, how well she won it. It was my home, too, in all love and kindness, till I left it for a dearer one; and my mother's pretty grandchildren play in the grounds and gardens of the cottage she would never quit.

Did not I tell you it was BETTER THAN A FAIRY-TALE?

SONNET.

BY MRS. M. L. MATHESON.

WHERE first the Spring in quiet beauty wakes,
In all the radiance of balm-breathing May;
Where fringed willows dip in limpid lakes,
And Summer sweetly smiles above the vernal day;
There, free from sorrow's taint, in happy wedlock blest,
Thy life glides on, sweet as a poet's dream;
While I, oppressed with care, and full of wild unrest,

Thy faithless love the only sunny gleam
That lights the darkness of my weary lot;
In this drear place, no loved companion nigh,
I sit and dream, by all the world forgot,
And only long to sink away and sleeping, die.
Ah! 'midst the sweet repose that blesses thee,
Is there no lingering thought of love for me?

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 300.

CHAPTER VI.

RUBY GRAY was late to breakfast, somewhat to the annoyance of her hostess, who found the elegant irregularity of her guest a serious impediment to her household routine. But the handsome widow cared nothing for that; a supreme indifference to the comfort or convenience of others was one of her characteristics. I think she would not have left the droop of her smallest curl unsatisfactory to save the best friend she had on earth from grief. But she was very sweet and caressing in her selfishness, and protested so prettily, that half the time her egotism was forgotten in her beauty, and in that elaborate make-believe, which is sometimes almost as effective as generosity itself.

She came down, the morning after her visit across the bay, looking a little worn and depressed; the faint blue shadows had grown purplish under her eyes; and there was a restless expression of the mouth, which now and then broke into a forced smile, which denoted more pain than she would have liked to expose. Still she had been very careful about her toilet; the daintiest and most shadow-like little French cap fluttered above her fair curls; her dress of rich pique was liberally brightened with pale-blue ribbons; and a dainty slipper gave a shapely beauty to the foot which had been so thoroughly wetted the night before.

No matter how selfish a guest may be, a well-bred lady never forgets her duty as a hostess. Though the family-breakfast had been over a full hour, an exquisite little repast stood ready for Ruby Gray in a bright little sitting-room which opened upon the flower-garden, and overlooked the bay now quivering all over with dimples and rifts of silvery sunshine. Close by the open window stood a little table, white as the crest on pure snow, glittering with frosted silver, and white with china that seemed moulded in fairy-land. A little mulatto girl, with a good deal of scarlet in her dress, stood in attendance, ready to bring in the delicate white rolls and fragrant coffee whenever the lady appeared.

Ruby took her seat languidly, and covered her eyes with one hand, as if the flowers and

bright water distressed her. The girl drew near, and asked if she should bring in the breakfast then.

"A cup of coffee, hot and strong—nothing more. I cannot eat a mouthful."

The girl turned away, but Ruby checked her. "Has any one been here this morning—that is, for me?"

"No, Miss."

"Look out and see if you can find a boat on the water."

Flora went through the window, and mounting a garden-chair, looked over the bay, shading her eyes with one hand, making a pretty house-statue of herself where she stood.

"Yes, Miss, I see a boat coming."

"Which way—which way?"

"Around the Point, marm."

"That is from the landing. Look the other way. Is nothing coming from the shore?"

"Not as I sees, marm."

"Look again."

"I does, marm; but there ain't nothing but two fellers a picking up clams just below Mr. Wheaton's house; and another feller sitting in one end of a scow fishing. Oh! golly gracious!"

"What is it—what is it?" cried Ruby, turning pale, and stepping hastily through the window.

"Nothing; only there's a great red blanket, or shawl, or something, a streaming out of the garret-window."

The quick scarlet flashed into Ruby's face. She remembered that, among other things, Billy Clark had suggested this method of telling her what she most wished to know. She clasped her hands in a sort of ecstasy, and went back to the room whispering, as if it were a delicious secret,

"He is better—he is better!"

Flora sprang down from the garden-chair, and came through the window full of girlish excitement.

"The boat is a-coming this way, marm. The island hides it just now; but, as sure as you live, it's a-coming."

"Very well; let it come," said Ruby, indifferently; "the boat is nothing to us."

"Oh, yes, marm! it may bring lots of company from York, who knows. I saw smoke from the steamboat, round by the landing, ever so long ago."

"I hope not. Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed Ruby, who had but one human being in her mind that morning, and would gladly have shut out the whole world."

"Shall I run and get the coffee now, marm?"

"Yes, and the rest. I—I begin to feel a little hungry; so bring in whatever they have."

"Now that's something like," cried Flora, darting off with fresh animation, but coming back instantly.

"Oh! I forgot. The madam has driven over to the store, and told me to ask you to 'xuse her. Mr. Van Lorn has gone over the bay to buy some cattle—cows I mean; and I'm to take care of things, and get everything that you want; so if coffee, and rolls, and eggs, and broiled ham, and butter, and flannel-cakes ain't enough, jest mention the other thing, and it'll be on hand."

"No, no! that is enough," answered Ruby, smiling, and very thankful that fate had left her alone that one morning.

Away went Flora, smiling till her white teeth shone again; and directly the repast she had promised stood on the little round-table, over which flecks of sunshine came dancing through the honeysuckle-vines.

Ruby Gray could be indolent and sensuous enough when no strong passion disturbed her. She was now comparatively at rest. Moreton was better—that red signal assured her of that; and with the free breath she was drawing came her usual relish for food. She sipped her coffee, over which the sweet country cream was mantling; took the snowy heart out from her French rolls; and broke her eggs with soft blows from a golden spoon, enjoying the whole with something like her old contentment. Flora stood by, smiling with that mellow good-humor which comes so naturally to the African, now offering superfluous attentions, and again darting out-of-doors to see if the red signal was still afloat, and if the little craft from the Point was bearing that way.

"As true as I live, marm, it's landed, and a gentleman is coming up the hill. I seed him turn into the foot-path, cutting up from the beach, with my own eyes."

Ruby Gray made an impatient movement.

"I hope not," she said, with a sigh; "heaven knows I want rest more than anything. If any

one comes, say that the family are out, Flora. It can be no one that I know coming from that direction."

As she spoke, a shadow darkened the sunshine, coming in through the screen of honeysuckles, and a voice called out,

"Don't be so sure of that, fair lady. Some of your worshipers may have nerve enough to follow you even here."

"Why, Charles—why, Mr. Gray. I hardly expected to see you here," said Ruby Gray, completely taken by surprise.

"No, I dare answer for that," laughed the young man, passing through the window, and laying his hat and a jaunty little cane on a side table. "But one cannot well live out of the sunshine altogether, so I came in search of mine. Oh, Ruby! it was very cruel of you to run away from us all in this sly fashion; the hotel has not been itself since you left it."

Ruby was a good deal confused, and half angry. The easy familiarity of this man's demeanor annoyed her, yet for some reason she seemed to conceal this.

"You are all kind to miss me so much," she said, smiling.

"Oh! that is a thing we cannot help. I, for one, could endure it no longer. As for your favorite admirer, Moreton, he has disappeared altogether."

Young Gray cast a slow, sidelong glance at Ruby as he spoke, but she neither shrunk nor changed color.

"Have you had breakfast?" she said, looking him innocently in the face. "Mrs. Van Lorn is in the village, and Mr. Van Lorn away somewhere; but I can extend that much hospitality to a relative, I suppose."

Young Gray answered by drawing a chair close to the table. He slowly drew off his gloves and gave them to Flora, saying in his easy way, "Drop them in the hat, child; then bring me some warm coffee. I hope you have not quite finished, Ruby; one relishes a breakfast so much better in good company. They offered me something on the boat, but I could not endure the close cabin."

"I had finished my breakfast when you came in; thank you," answered Ruby.

"Oh! that is unfortunate; but if you cannot share my meal, smile upon it, and I am twice fed."

Gray took a fresh cup of coffee from Flora as he spoke, and helped himself to a roll. Ruby was so much annoyed by his assumption that she gave no orders about a fresh supply of food, and that upon the table was almost cold.

"You should have splendid fish in this neighborhood," he said, eyeing the dishes askance.

"I really don't, that is, I suppose so," answered Ruby, coldly. But Flora soon made up for this luke-warm hospitality by crying out,

"Oh! yes, sir; sich blue-fish as you never see; besides——"

"Does there happen to be one in the kitchen, my good child?"

"Yes, sir: just come in, with the salt water a dropping down 'em, and their fins a quivering."

"Have one nicely broiled, if you please; tell the cook to do it slowly. I have the day before me, and can wait."

Flora went out delighted with her message.

"You make yourself at home, I must confess," said Ruby, allowing the soft smile that played about her mouth to harden almost into a sneer.

"It is my way, sweet sister."

"Yes, I recognize that."

"And disapprove it?"

"What difference would it make if I did?"

The young man turned in his chair, and surveyed her curiously with a half smile on his handsome face.

"Why, Ruby, what has come over you? One would think I was not more than half welcome."

"I did not expect you, Charles; this is not my house, and I have no right to entertain guests here."

Again he looked her sharply and angrily in the face.

"Am I in the way, Ruby?"

"In the way? 'No.'"

It was not in the young widow's character to provoke contest, nor make enemies; she glided through the world always avoiding the rough places. Charles Gray was the last person in the world that she wished to provoke; for there had been a time, after her husband's death, when crape folds and double veils had rendered gay, social life indecorous, that she had dis-couraged more sentiment with this young man, in a doleful and shadowy way, than an honorable woman could well answer for, and he was the last man on earth that she would have cared to see on that pleasant spring morning. True, all this had happened before her acquaintance with Moreton; but she had said words, and written letters to this handsome young Gray, which in another woman would have amounted to an absolute engagement. Not that she ever thought of such a thing in reality; but Ruby Gray was a woman who could not exist without the excitement of a passion simulated or real.

True, the flirtation she had commenced under her crape was of a novel kind, and so possessed peculiar attractions; but as her crape fell away, and her mourning glided into silks and grenadines, brightened with such quantities of bugles, that she rattled out her grief like a hail-storm with every movement. New admirers crowded into place, and she grew weary of a sentiment which had softened her mourning by degrees, just as she came out of her black, shade by shade, at last changing it altogether.

I think young Gray understood all this, but he gave no sign of annoyance. From the first he had resolved to marry his brother's widow; first, because she was rich, and held all that was left of the Gray property in her own right; and secondly, because she was a beautiful, dashing woman, likely to keep her place in society, and eventually to rule it, if that ambition should chance to seize upon her. The truth was, Charley Gray had made up his mind not to be thwarted. If the lady had not been in earnest, he had, and was so yet. She was too rich a prize for a ruined man to relinquish readily.

Thus Ruby answered gently when she saw that Gray was becoming angry, and, putting on her sweetest smile, held out her hand.

"The time will never come when you will be thought in the way, Charles. I only feared that Mrs. Van Lorn might think me a little presuming; but I know she will make you welcome."

"We will not ask too much of her, Ruby. I suppose there is some hotel or tavern in the village, where a fellow can get accommodations; unless, indeed, it is full of your admirers already."

Ruby laughed.

"A hotel! Oh, yes! two of them, I think; but I fancy you would soon get tired of their quiet."

"Not if they are within an hour's ride of my lady-bird. But they told me at the Fifth Avenue that Moreton had come into this neighborhood; in fact, that he was on a visit to Van Lorn."

A flood of scarlet rushed into Ruby Gray's face; but she drove it back with a great effort when she felt the man's eyes upon her, and tried to answer calmly.

"You were misinformed then. Mr. Moreton is not here."

"I am glad of that; for I detest the fellow, and shall forever, if it were only for his impudence in persecuting you as he has done."

"Persecuting me! Indeed, Charles, he has done no such thing."

"Then you encourage him?"

Ruby laughed one of her rich, low laughs, that were more effective than her beauty.

"Encourage Mr. Morton! Yes, as I do all agreeable men."

"And you would, perhaps, marry him?"

"Ladies do not usually marry men till they are asked; and Mr. Moreton is not given to committing himself lightly, I should think."

Ruby spoke with some warmth, and Gray saw the angry scarlet burning hotter and hotter in her cheek; the sight made him angry, for he was fiercely jealous of Preston Moreton, and had been from the beginning.

"You have not told me of your mother," said Ruby, controlling herself with an effort she was fully capable of making when her interests were at stake.

"She is well, and happy as a queen, thank you," answered Gray, without a pause. "Thank heaven, the misfortunes of our house have not reached her!"

"I thought her looking pale and worn, when I saw her just before leaving the hotel. Something there was about her that made me sad. I feared, indeed, that some trouble had reached her."

"What trouble can reach her while I live?" said Gray, with seeming pride.

Ruby drew a deep breath—his words swept away the shade of anxiety that had settled on her mind. She knew that old Mrs. Gray lived in a very retired and plain fashion, but of her destitution she had no idea; for the long-suffering woman never complained, and Gray always spoke of her as a woman whom care could never reach.

"Your mother is a good woman," said Ruby, sighing; for she knew how to appreciate goodness, and sometimes felt how worldly and selfish her own nature was.

"I hope no one wishes to dispute it," answered Gray, and an angry flush swept over his face. "My mother is a peculiar woman, and has her foibles; she evidently is not over-liberal with her income, and likes hoarding better than I could wish. Since my father died, she has fallen a little into the vice of avarice; but what she saves will come to me in the end, you know."

The young fellow said this unblushingly, and with the air of a man who wishes to pass over a fault that wounded his pride with apparent unconcern. This was a new idea to Ruby. She remembered Mrs. Gray's faded shawl and last year's bonnet with less sympathy; with her wealth so liberally spent, she could afford to

look down with something like contempt on the penurious habits of a woman whose noble life had at times been a reproach to hers. She was thinking all this over when Flora came in, bearing a small salver dish in her hands.

"Ah! here comes the blue-fish, fragrant and tempting as the apples in Paradise. Come, sister Ruby, take a morsel with me."

"No, thank you."

"But I feel like a wretch, sitting here eating alone—with such an appetite, too."

"I shall enjoy it best while watching you eat."

She leaned back in her easy-chair where she had seated herself, and began to play with the ribbons on her dress, thinking all the time how she could best evade the visit with which he threatened her.

Meantime, Gray eat his breakfast with zest. The blue-fish was delicious, and the bright sea-air had given him the appetite of a shark, he declared. Flora stood by, ready to spring away for anything he might chance to want; and for a time Ruby was left to her own thoughts. While she was rolling and unrolling the streamers of ribbon around her white fingers, a figure lifted itself above the level of the garden-terrace, and soon took the form of Billy Clark, who saw her sitting near the window, made a signal, and fell back among the bushes.

Ruby arose and glided through the window, gathering sprigs of honeysuckle and early roses as she went. Gray looked up, saw her occupation, and fell to his breakfast again, muttering under his breath.

"Billy, Billy Clark!"

"Here I am, marm; but if you'd just as lief call me Mr. Clark, I should be much obliged," faltered Billy, crushing his cap nervously between his thin, little hands. "I hung out the red horse-blanket, but that couldn't begin to tell how much better he's—more's the pity."

"More's the pity! Why, Mr. Clark, do you regret that he is out of danger?"

"Well, no, not exactly—that is, in one sense; but to see him gobbling down them strawberries, and her a-chucking them into his mouth, was enough to put rank poison and murder into a fellow's mind—I leave it to you now."

"What do you mean about strawberries?"

"What do I mean? Why, marm, we had a hot-bed full of 'em, all covered over with glass, when they swelled out and grew round, and ripe and beautiful, like red rose-buds turned to fruit, bending down the stems and sending their sweet, ripe breath out whenever I lifted the glass. They were all for her—every one

of 'em. When the first white blow came out, I made up my mind to that, and nursed them and tended them as if they had been live things. Well, one day our 'Mandy picked them all, braided a pretty little basket, and laid them all plump and blooming into it, with apple-blows all around. She had been tending them for me; for 'Manda loves me, if nobody else does. But I hadn't once thought of her. My mind was on another—you know who; for you and I understand each other."

Billy put one hand on his heart, and looked at Ruby with piteous appeal.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Clark, there is no doubt of that; but about the strawberries? I hope no person stole them."

"Stole them? worse than that. I took them away from my sister, who longed to see my lips stained with them. I knew it, I felt it; but what was such feelings compared to them that I felt for her? She had them, basket and all. Right before my sister's face, basket and all, I gave them to her. Oh! ma'am, I had been breathing kisses over them all the way down, for we went across lots. She took them; she parted the apple-blossoms with her pretty fingers, and took one between her lips like a bird. Then she covered them up again and went down to the house, thanking me with her lips and her eyes, and the very motion of her hands, till I was so happy it quite made me faint—indeed it did. How she will enjoy them, I said. How they will melt between them red lips, leaving their scent behind, which will be sweeter to me than kisses are to most fellows. There's plenty of 'em—handsful on handsful, the first she has seen this year. How I should love to see her eating every one of them, ten at a time, say, crushed between her teeth and brightening her lips. She's at it now, says I, and thinking of the poor fellow that gave them to her. Oh! says I to myself, if I could but take one look at her, bending over the basket with them fingers all stained, and her lips red with the juice! I was in the garden hoeing some cabbage-plants, but these thoughts took the grit out of my hands. I flung down the hoe and crept up on the stoop, thinking that she would be in the hall; but there she was in that man's room, sitting close by his bed, and be darned to him, with that basket in her lap, a-cramming the strawberries down his mouth, and he looking up at her so—so—— It was too bad; I'll leave it to you, ma'am, if it wasn't too bad!"

Billy gave way here, and crushing the cap between his hands, pressed it to his face, shaking all over with a sense of his ill-usage.

Ruby Gray was scarcely less excited; her color came and went, like flashes of sunset over snow. Her lips were pressed fiercely together, and she clenched her hand more than once as if about to strike some one.

"Don't, don't unman yourself in this way, Mr. Clark," she said, at length, trembling with impotent wrath; for her whole being was in sympathy with the poor fellow. "It was mean; it was unwomanly to treat your gift in that way. I feel how cruel it was."

"Don't, don't," said Billy from behind his cap, "she isn't that; there isn't a mean streak in her body and soul; she made a mistake, he wanted 'em, and she couldn't help it. Oh! ma'am, you don't know how generous she is. That great, big shote of a fellow, asked for 'em—I know he did. It wasn't her fault. She's generous as the sun, and delicate as a daffodil. She'd give the glove off her hand. What did the great, greedy fellow come there for, with his broken leg and white hands? I wish he was away."

"So do I, with all my heart. But, Mr. Clark, but what are they doing now?"

"Eating strawberries together, I hain't no doubt. There was enough of 'em; and I don't suppose he'd eat them all himself, though it seemed like it," answered Billy, viciously.

"But your sister, where is she?"

"Oh! down at the house, ready to nurse him, if they'll let her."

"That is some comfort. She seems a sharp, sensible girl."

"Amanda is more than that; she's generous, she is—writes poetry; and, oh, my! isn't she a reader!"

"Indeed!" said Ruby Gray; and spite of herself a smile quivered around her lips. "But that will make her all the better nurse. I hope she will stay there; but, most of all, I trust in you."

"You can—you may," protested Billy.

"How did you come, Mr. Clark?"

"In the boat."

"That is bad; I was in hopes you came on horseback."

"Why, what difference does it make?"

"I want you to go over to the village for me."

"Well, I can do that; but what for?"

"There is my *Porte-Monnaie*. How many rooms have they, fit for travelers, in the hotels over yonder?"

"Three or four a-piece; that is, them that ain't used by the boarders, I reckon."

"Well, I wish you to go over and engage all

these rooms, and pay for them a week in advance, for a party of gentlemen who are coming down to fish in the bay. Do not leave a single room or empty bed—you understand? Pay for everything; and tell the landlords that the rooms must be kept ready, for the party may arrive any minute. If he lets one be used, even for a single night, he will forfeit the money—you understand?"

"Yes, I understand. Buy up every empty room in the two houses, and pay for 'em; that's easy, but rather expensive, isn't it?"

"Never mind that, you will find money enough in the purse; but on no account mention my name, or say that you have been here. You are employed by a party of gentlemen, remember, who may be down at any time, and must have the rooms ready."

"I'll do it; it'll make 'em stare, I'll bet; but I'll do it, just as you want me to."

"That is a good fellow; and now, good-morning."

"Good-morning. I'll just row across and get a horse from the stables."

Billy disappeared down the foot-path, intent on his novel errand; and Ruby Gray loitered back into the house with a mass of loose flowers in her hands. She found Charles Gray leaning back in the easy-chair she had left, with the perfumed breeze from the window lifting the bright hair from his forehead, enjoying to the full one of the loveliest prospects that he had ever seen.

"Upon my word, Ruby, you have a lovely spot here, or rather your friends have. It almost makes one feel like a boy again. Dear me, what a waft of perfume comes in with you. Was that the gardener. I saw you coquetting with?"

"Coquetting!"

"Yes; that was what I said. Upon my soul, Ruby of Rubies, I think you would coquette with a chimney-sweep, if nothing better offered. It was born in you."

"You are complimentary, Mr. Gray."

"Am I? So much the better. Pretty women love to be complimented—it is their due; and when it is not an effort, I am always ready for duty in that particular. But speaking about flirting, you must be sadly out of practice here. If Moreton had come down, indeed; but you say he did not."

"I have not seen him," answered Ruby, who was busy putting her flowers in a vase.

"The fellow is rich as a miser, they tell me."

"Do they? I did not know it."

"And proud as Lucifer!"

"I think he is a proud man!"

"Ruby Gray, do you love that fellow?"

Ruby turned suddenly, her face scarlet, her blue eyes flashing like stars.

"How dare you ask me such questions, sir?"

"How dare I? Because I love you myself, and have from the day you were a free woman; because love like mine gives a man rights."

"I deny it. You have no rights over me."

"There is a package of letters in my desk, and a memory of words in my heart which contradicts that. Ruby Gray, you can trifle with other men—but not with me. By ten thousand looks, smiles, and caressing words, you are my promised wife, and I solemnly intend to marry you."

Ruby was dumb with wrath. Her face turned white as the crests of foam that were melting back into sea-water on the beach. She could have dashed her white hand into the insolent man's face; but was compelled to curb her passion and temporize, for in substance Gray had told the truth. The man had thousands of those vague, half-spoken promises, which she was in the habit of lavishing on admirers without a thought of redeeming. More than that, she had committed herself to this man in writing, and that is the most galling shackle a reckless woman can forge for herself.

"You are silent, you do not recognize the bond," he continued, lazily reaching forth his hand for a spray of verbena she was just arranging in the vase, and crushing the fragrant leaves between his fingers, he dropped into exquisite enjoyment of their perfume. "What has come over you, dear one?"

"Stop!" burst forth the angry woman, whose temper broke bounds at last. "Stop, I will not permit this; you shall not make use of a few idle words and meaningless looks to chain me to a single obligation."

Young Gray rolled the verbena leaves gently in his palm, and inhaled a long and delicious breath; then he said, very quietly,

"Ruby, you have seen Preston Moreton."

"It is false! But if I had, what then?"

"Only this—you cannot marry him, or any other man."

"How will you prevent it?"

"I will show him your letters written on black-edged paper, and with a widow's cap on your head."

"You would not be so base?"

"Don't trust me, dear."

Ruby Gray was burning with wounded pride and indignation. If ever one human being hated another, she hated the man who sat so compla-

cently gazing out of the window within a yard of her; but she knew that he was capable of doing all that he threatened, and constrained herself with an effort that made her faint.

"Indeed, I will trust you in everything—why not? Who is there that should hold my welfare so near at heart? I have not forgotten, and shall not forget, that you were my husband's brother."

"That is taking a sensible view of the matter, Ruby. I always have given you credit for being a woman of sterling judgment, up to a good many things that ordinary females never learn. Give me your hand, darling, and let us make up."

She gave him her hand, which was deadly cold; for concentrated rage had sent all the blood to her heart, where it was burning like fire.

"Poor bird! how it struggles," he said, patting the hand. "Now tell me when this wedding shall take place. I am getting very impatient."

"So am I of the bold game you are playing."

She spoke coldly now and with cutting scorn, that made itself felt even on his case-hardened nature.

"You think I do not love you," he said; "that it is the great share of my father's wealth that I covet."

"No, I do not think that. Was not your portion equal to that of my husband? Is not your mother rich? Still I am sure that you feel no real love for me."

Gray drew a deep breath. He had been in terror lest the ruined state of his fortunes had reached her; but these last words relieved him.

"With equal fortune, then, and more in expectation, what but the truest and deepest love that man ever felt for woman, could so long have chained me at your feet?"

"I do not know what it is; but this I do know, persecution like this does not spring from love."

"Persecution! This is a bitter word, sweet one; but you are out of temper this morning, so I will take my boon and betake me to the village. There must be some way of amusing oneself there, I fancy. Boating, fishing—they don't let you shoot birds, I suppose, while they are making their nests; but it will go hard if I cannot stand the place as long as you stay here."

Ruby smiled a little maliciously; but she protested against his leaving her so soon; became suddenly interested in making him acquainted with the Van Lorns; and managed to keep him

a full hour, thus giving Billy Clark time to reach the village, and engage every vacant room for the imaginary party, of which he was the monied agent.

At last she looked at her watch, and discovered that farther delay would keep him beyond the next train to New York; complained that the sun was giving her a headache; and took leave of him in the garden, putting a rosebud, red as coral and green as emerald, into his button-hole before he went.

Gray was right. Ruby would have flirted with her worst enemy, if nothing more attractive had been in the way.

CHAPTER VII.

GRAY was a good walker, and for a change he rather liked the country. So he engaged the boatman, who had brought him over from the Point, to continue his course up the bay, and land him near the Wheaton farm-house, for the curving rise of land in that direction broke upon him as something so near to Paradise, that he longed to explore it. A small wharf had been built for vessels a little to the right of Wheaton's farm, and to this the boat took her course. The scene was, indeed, beautiful as he approached the shore; drifts on drifts of red apple-blossoms swelled over the orchard; the garden was purple and golden with tulips and daffodils; the lilacs and snow-balls tossed their great blossoms in the air; and a laburnum-tree on the terrace dropped golden racemes from all its slender branches, as if a shower of gold-dust had curdled into blossom there. The old house itself, with its profuse draperies of honeysuckles, cinnamon-roses, and Virginia-creepers, was a picture in itself, which Gray would have liked to examine closer; but a foot-path led from the wharf up through the wheat-field by one end of Mrs. Clark's house, and, cutting through the locust-grove, led to the turnpike some rods beyond. This path the boatman pointed out; so, leaving the farm-house to the right, the young man made the best of his way through wheat-field and meadow toward the village. Sometimes he would pause and look about him, drawing long, pleasant breaths as he gazed; sometimes he would stoop to rescue a dandelion or buttercup from under his feet, and curl the delicate stems around his finger as he went along. For moments together he would cast off all selfish thoughts, and feel like an innocent boy going home from school. Once he absolutely climbed a fence for the pure pleasure of sitting on the

top rail, and looking down on the billowy verdure of the orchard. I do not think you could have induced him to shoot a robin, during that one pure hour of his life, for any consideration whatever. Gray was sitting on the fence, swinging his feet lazily against the rails, as school-boys will, when something in the meadow next the wheat-field caught his attention. About the center of this sloping meadow was a little pond, around which the emerald grass fell luxuriantly, sweeping the water like a fringe. In the center, tall rushes, sweet-flag, and tufted cat-tails, started through the water like a fairy island, and a few lily-pods floated dreamily, here and there, on the blue of the waters.

This pond was one of the loveliest objects imaginable, sunk as it was in the bosom of a meadow all snowy and golden with daisies, lilies, and butter-cups—for the sunshine lay full upon it, and the waters sparkled like rifts of diamonds in the surrounding greenness. It was not this sylvan beauty that young Gray looked upon, but a young girl, fresh as an April morning, who was gathering rushes on the brink. She stood with a quantity of long, green rushes in her hand, watching a couple of cat-birds, who had built a nest somewhere among the flags, and were greatly troubled by her presence. The girl was bareheaded, and the sunshine wove itself in and out of her rich hair, lighting it up with wonderful beauty, as she stood leaning forward, with unconscious grace, to get a clearer view of the birds.

"By Jove! she's a beauty!" exclaimed Gray, springing from the fence knee-deep into the grass, and forgetting all the pure thoughts which had come back to him with the bright air of the morning. "I haven't seen anything so fresh these ten years! Wonder if she'll stand a nearer view!"

The sound which he made in the grass was so slight, and the birds were so clamorously noisy in their terror, that Amanda Clark was quite unconscious of any approach till the young man stood beside her and spoke. Then she dropped the dress, which had been gathered up from her feet with one hand, with a little cry of surprise, and turned upon him almost as much frightened as the birds were by her own presence.

"I think we are terrifying the poor things out of their wits," he said, gently. "Why can't they understand that we mean them no harm?"

"I—I suppose—that is, I came upon them unexpected. So few people ever think of the pond, and that makes them wilder than common," she said, flushing rosily under his eyes.

"I'm sure I would not hurt one of them for the whole world."

She broke off suddenly, and shrunk back scarlet with shame. Gray was looking down at her feet. She forgot that the long grass concealed all imperfections in her coarse shoes, and was half smothered with a sense of shame. He must have seen them broken at the sides, and laced up with pieces of twine; besides, she had no stockings on. But no; his next words gave her an infinite sense of relief.

"You are dropping your rushes; let me gather them up for you."

She looked down and saw that he spoke the truth—the heavy grass befriended her. The skirt of her pink calico-dress fell upon it, hiding her shoes altogether—and very pretty was that rose-colored dress surrounded by so much green; an artist could have chosen no better color for her.

"May I ask what you are gathering these for?" asked Gray, really curious.

"Oh! I can make lovely baskets for flowers and fruit. If I had anything to sit on, you should see."

"I passed a rock out yonder. It is half buried in the grass, but you can see a gleam of gray above the greenness. Suppose we go there?"

Amanda made an effort to gather up her dress; remembered her shoes with a fresh pang of shame, and dropped it guiltily.

Gray, with half the rushes in his hand, turned toward the rock, and she followed, allowing her dress to trail on the grass. The rock was not large enough for them both to sit upon; so the young man threw himself at Amanda's feet, and gave her the rushes to begin with. She went to work dexterous and with natural grace, dropped inch by inch of green braid into her lap; then rolling and curving it into a shallow basket-shape, fastened it together with spikes of the strong runner that rose in tufts around the rock she sat on. All this time Gray had been lying at her feet, supporting himself on one elbow, and gazing in her fresh, young face, as only such men can gaze, with a certain snake-like fascination that has poison in it. He would not have dared assume this attitude with a city-bred girl, or with one of his own class, wherever educated. But Amanda, in her romance and her inexperience, thought nothing wrong of it; though wild, pleasant lights came into her eyes whenever they were bent to his, and the color on her cheeks grew warmer and redder every moment.

"There!" she exclaimed, holding up her basket with pretty triumph, "it is finished. Oh! how I wish the strawberries had not been picked, I would fill it for you. But William would have them for Miss Zua; and, after all, she gave them to the sick man. I saw her a feeding him."

"And who is Miss Zua, pretty one?"

"Miss Zua! Oh! the young lady down at the house there. She is Mr. Wheaton's only daughter, and so pretty."

"What, does this neighborhood produce nothing but beauties?" asked Gray, fixing his bold, bright eyes on Amanda's face with undisguised admiration.

Amanda laughed and shook her head, quite conscious of all he meant to imply, but embarrassed and pleased as a girl of her habits might well be; for she had been long expecting, in a dreamy way, some splendid man with bright eyes and a diamond-ring on his finger, to come and throw himself at her feet just as this superb fellow was lying; and she could not keep the glory of it from breaking out in her eyes, and smiling on her lips.

"Oh! Miss Zua is a real beauty—great, black eyes, hair with a gloss on it, and such a color."

"But I do not like large, black eyes, nor the hair that matches them. Now I'll wager a pair of gloves, that you are the prettiest of the two."

Amanda opened her eyes in genuine astonishment. She had thought herself rather good-looking, when her hair was combed and the pink dress on; but anything like that fairly took away her breath.

"Oh! you have no idea how handsome Miss Zua is! I am no more to be compared with her, than"—"chalk's like cheese," she was about to add, but checked herself, remembering the high romance of the occasion, and exchanged the chalk and cheese for "than this is like a chip-basket."

"Still I have my own way of thinking," said the young man, smiling. "Don't tell me that Miss Zua can show a hand like that."

"Is it anything particular?" said Amanda, looking down at her hand, quite unconscious of the way in which it had got into the clasp of that larger and whiter palm, and becoming conscious that it was shapely for the first time.

"Particular? Why, girl, it is a model for a sculptor."

"Is it?" murmured the girl, wondering vaguely what a model was. "I dare say. But,

dear me, there comes brother William back from town; I wonder if he made out to get all them rooms. Queer, wasn't it?"

"What was queer?"

"Why, that the lady over at Mr. Van Lorn's should have wanted him to do such a thing?"

"The lady at Mr. Van Lorn's, what has she to do with rooms?"

"That was the very question I asked brother William, when he came to me running up from the boat and asked, as a particular favor, that I should tell Mr. Wheaton that mother wanted him to go over to town for something very important. I wouldn't do it till he told me what it was all about. I knew there was something curious going on when he slid into the boat, and kept so close to the shore going over. My belief is that the lady, handsome as she is, has taken a fancy to our William—and no wonder, for he is a born gentleman, if I do say it. What did she come over here for in the night, with her dress all drabbed with dew, and ask him to walk down to the shore with her, if there wasn't something in it? What did he sly off and cut over to Van Lorn's this morning for? I don't understand anything, if she hasn't seen William somewhere, perhaps sailing by moonlight on the waters of the bay, or wandering along the road—but it's no use. I can tell her that William is a true knight, and wouldn't give up the shadow of Miss Zua for fifty like her, though she has treated him so mean about the sick man."

"What sick man are you speaking of, pretty one?"

"Oh! that gentleman from New York, who broke his leg falling out of a buggy. He was going over to Van Lorn's."

"Indeed; and what was his name; perhaps I know him?"

"Preston Moreton, Fifth Avenue Hotel. I saw it on a piece of square paper that he gave to William."

Gray drew a sharp breath, and a gleam of sneering triumph shot into his eyes. Amanda saw it.

"You know him, and don't like him," she said, quickly. "No, nor do I. He's a snake in the grass for brother William, or I am mistaken; a snake that's charming Miss Zua away from one that loves her better than his life."

"Still he goes over to Van Lorn's after the other lady?"

"But he don't love her; that's all on the other side, if anything. Then, again, there is no love in hiring all the rooms over at the hotel for people that are never coming, and

paying for 'em in advance ever so much money. I know, for he had the lady's little pocket-book crammed full of greenbacks."

"But, perhaps, the lady really has friends coming."

"Billy thinks not. He only saw her a few moments in Van Lorn's garden, and she was quite flurried and beside herself with anxiety, he said; looked beautiful, too, with a little cap hovering over her head like a butterfly, and blue-ribbons streaming from her dress, all in a flutter like herself."

Young Gray listened with a malicious smile on his lip. He could hardly refrain from giving some demonstration of the little pleasure Amanda's talk was giving him. So Preston Moreton had come down to cross his path, and broken his leg in the process. Gray was glad of it. He only hoped it was a compound-fracture, and that the bones would be long in knitting. This accounted for the widow's flurry when he came; for her restless manner and almost rude reception of his visit.

"The vixen!" he thought; "so she hopes to block me out with her money. It would serve her right, were I to secure an invitation from this Van Lorn, and watch her little game from under the same roof. I would, too, only that a little freedom seems just now desirable. One does not meet a girl like this every day."

While Gray fell into these thoughts, Amanda, struck by a sudden idea, stole softly from the rock, and was on her knees, on the brink of the pond, searching for something in the grass. She was very busy for some minutes, which Gray observed, and was rather glad of, for he wanted a little time to mature his plans; so he lay still, with his eyes half closed, thinking deeply. After awhile Amanda came slowly back, arranging a star of daisies in the center of her basket, which she surrounded with a crowd of sweet-scented violets, edged with a garland of butter-cups.

"My basket need not be empty when I give it," she said, with a pleasant blush. "The flowers are pretty, if they are wild."

Gray reached out his hand and took the basket, thanking her with his eyes.

"The creature has taste; no artist could have arranged them better," he thought, as the fragrance of the violets floated around him, and she stood looking on pleased as a child.

"I did not know that meadow violets were so sweet," he said.

"Oh! Miss Zua and I planted them years ago, when we were play-children," answered Amanda. "But I must go now; mother has

hung out the cloth for dinner, and William is going home."

Gray looked toward the little wooden house, from whose chimney a wreath of blue smoke was curling upward, over the rosy drifts of apple-blossoms that tangled themselves over the brown roof, and saw a white towel hanging from an upper window.

"Is that your home?" he asked, remarking silently how humble it was.

"Yes, that is my home," answered Amanda, thinking of some book she had read. "Humble, but—but—"

"Honest!" suggested Gray, smiling.

"Yes, honest—for we are that," was the rather proud answer.

"And who lives there with you?"

"My mother!"

"Is she a widow?"

"Yes."

"Not very rich, I should think."

"No; poor enough. She takes in washing!"

"And you?"

Amanda burst into tears, these questions were torturing her.

"I—I ought to help her, and do not," she answered, crimson with excitement.

"Of course not, it would be unnatural; beauty and toil go rudely together. Good-morning. Thank you for the basket. To-morrow I will call and ask your mother to do some washing for me."

Away he went toward the locust-grove into the highway, and with a rather long walk into the village. After taking a brief survey of the two hotels, he selected the most promising. He went in and asked the landlord if a young person had not just been there, and engaged rooms for a party of gentlemen coming down from the city.

"Yes," the landlord said; "and paid for them, too. Was he one of the party?"

"Yes; his friends might not present themselves for some days. Meantime one of the rooms might be prepared for a parlor, one for his sleeping-chamber, and another for a dressing-room; that would about cover the whole, he fancied."

"Yes; they had but three rooms vacant. Would the gentleman walk up?"

Charles Gray walked up stairs with great composure, and took possession of the rooms which his sister-in-law had paid for. Just at that time it was a great convenience, for his funds were at a very low ebb.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEMUEL DRAYTON'S POCKET-BOOK.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

LEMUEL DRAYTON was the only son of his doting parents, and was considered—by himself at least—the smartest young man in Meadville.

His personal appearance was somewhat striking. He was rather tall, lank, and inclined to feel encumbered with his hands and feet. To a close observer, it was evident that Lemuel was not quite decided as to whether his extremities were mates or not; for he was always observing his feet to see if they both were of a length; and he measured and compared his fingers so frequently, that you felt inclined to inquire if he had changed hands with anybody.

He was sandy-haired, with eyes and complexion to match. When Nature planned Lemuel's personal appearance, she did not believe in contrasts, but in a simple uniformity.

Lemuel had been brought up on a farm, and at twenty-two had never been thirty miles from home. At this epoch in his history, he sold a colt, which his father had given him, for seventy-five dollars; and with the possession of this sum of money his ideas of life grew very much wider. He began to realize how circumscribed his existence had been, and to have aspirations for something broader and more extensive generally.

After giving the matter much serious thought, he decided that he ought to travel. He passed many a sleepless night in profound cogitation before he spoke of it to his parents.

And one morning, at breakfast, he horrified his mother by exclaiming, as he transfixed a huge potato on his fork,

"I am going to Bosting!"

His mother sprang from her seat, upsetting the tea-urn all over her clean gingham apron, and the back of the unlucky cat, and flew to the side of her son.

"Lemmy!" she cried, "are you crazy? You're a-going to have another spell in your head, I know! You was took afore a-talking strange! Zebulon," to her husband, "you'd better harness the old mare and go after Dr. Jones. I'll make you some catnip-tea as quick as I can, Lemmy, and put a mustard draft onto yer stomach!"

"Don't be spoony on a feller, old lady," re-

plied Lemuel, with all the careless indifference becoming in a man of his property. "When a man has got money, it's nothing strange that he should want to visit furren parts. Don't they allers go to the Continent in all the novels? I guess, if you had as many greenbacks as I have got, you'd want to see a few sights!"

"Oh, Lemmy, my dear son! you can't be seris?" cried Mrs. Drayton, in great distress of mind.

"Yes, I'm as seris as ever Parson Brown was to a funeril. I've heern tell of Bosting, and I'm bound to see it! There's a powerful lot of great sights there! There's the Airtherkneecum, and the Bunker Hill Monument, and the State House, and something they call the Hub of the Universe. It's a great name, and I reckon it's worth looking at. I expect it's one of the principal lions!"

So Mrs. Drayton, understanding that Lemuel was in earnest, proceeded, with a heavy heart, to get his wearing-apparel in readiness for the proposed trip.

The news of Lemuel's intention had spread all over town; and the next morning, when he was ready to start for the depot, quite a delegation of friends and neighbors had assembled to shake hands with him, and bid him farewell—for Meadville was a backwoods place, and going to Boston was looked upon as a great and perilous undertaking by the simple-minded country folks.

Lemuel was resplendent in a suit of homespun-gray, with steel buttons; and as he had spent nearly all of the previous day in polishing these same buttons, they shone and glittered like so many full moons.

His vest was of scarlet velvet; his neck-tye had long done service as a green-and-yellow ribbon on his mother's Sunday-bonnet; and his collar set up around his neck, unyielding as fate. On his arm he carried the "baled basket," full of cheese and dough-nuts; and agreeably to his mother's advice, he had taken along with him the old gun, which had been his grandfather's. He would need something to defend himself with, Mrs. Drayton said. The old gun had been destitute of a "lock" for twenty years; but Mrs. Drayton said most

people was afraid of fire-arms, and if anybody

attacked him, he could show them the gun and they'd be likely to leave.

His money was deposited in his father's old red-leather wallet, and carefully pinned into the left-breast pocket of his vest; and every few moments our hero betrayed the consciousness of being a man of property, by tapping the pocket, to assure himself that the wallet was safe.

The cars drew up to the platform, and amid shouts of well-wishing Lemuel got on board, and plumped down into the first vacant seat which presented itself.

He felt of his pocket to see if his wallet was there; felt of his dickey to see if Mary Ann's embraces had caused it to wilt, and then looked around on the passengers. One gentleman, he decided at once, was a pickpocket. There could be no doubt of it. Pickpockets always had black whiskers, he had been told, and some rings on their little fingers. This gentleman had black whiskers, and a very handsome ring sparkled on his fourth finger. He occupied the seat in front of Lemuel, and was reading a newspaper.

Lemuel decided to keep his eyes open for this man, and to feel of his pocket every five minutes to be sure about the wallet.

At the next station, a very handsome young lady got in. Lemuel thought he had never seen such an angel; Mary Ann Hinks was positively ugly by comparison. Such a stylish, gray-hat, with a scarlet feather; such a very red-and-white complexion, and such a pair of saucy, blue-eyes, and such an enormous head of hair—all in curls down over her shoulders.

She paused beside the seat of Lemuel, and laid a daintily-gloved hand on the back of the seat.

"Is this engaged?" she asked, in a sweet voice.

Lemuel did not quite comprehend her, and answered, blushing and stammering like the veriest school-boy,

"Engaged? Wal, no, I hain't exactly, though Mary Ann Hinks has took quite a shine to me; and I bought her a bussom-pin last spring of a pedlar; but then that hain't nothing."

"Of course not," returned the lady. "May I sit down?"

"To be shure! Set right down! don't be afeared of crowding me! I guess I can stand it, if you can. Be you engaged, may I ask?"

"No," simpered the young lady, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth.

"You hain't? Wal, now, that's curis! 'Spect yu've had a sight of beaux, though. Pritty

gals allers does." And here Lemuel felt of his pocket, and looked at the black-whiskered stranger on the next seat.

"Why, how you talk!" said the young lady.

"Do I? Wal, I'm a man of truth, and whatever I say I'm in airnest about. I'm a man of truth, if I be a man of property."

"Oh! so you are wealthy?"

"Sarting! or else I shouldn't be a-traveling for pleasure. I've got seventy-five dollars in here," tapping his pocket.

The young lady endeavored to look suitably impressed, and inquired, "What shall I call you, sir?"

"Lemuel's my name—Lemuel Drayton. And yours?"

"Mabel Orne."

"Mabel! That's a good deal like a novel-name. I read one tother day, where the gal's name was Mabel; and she killed two babies and an old woman to git some property. I hope you hain't like her!"

The young lady coincided in his hope.

Lemuel looked at her attentively; and before they had traveled many miles together, it flashed over him that he was in love.

"Look here!" said he, placing his arm over the back of the seat, "why can't you and I make a bargain? I hain't engaged, and you hain't engaged, and we're both of us as good-looking as the next one; and I've got two cows to home—a red one and a brindled one—both of 'em the master-hands to turn out the butter that ever you seed! And butter's forty-five cents a pound, and I rum, if you'll have me, you shall sell all the butter them two cows makes, and no questions asked as to where the money gets to! And you shall dress in silk every day, and in satin, too—by jingo!" And at this stage of his declarations, our hero felt of his pocket.

He grew pale with dismay, and started to his feet instantly.

"He's got it!" shouted he; "stop him! Catch hold of him! don't let him escape! I knowed he was one of them fellers the minnit I sot eyes onto him! Help me hold him, somebody! quick!" and he seized the astonished gentleman with black-whiskers by the shoulder, and went on shouting and gesticulating.

"Seventy-five dollars! gone like a streak! Sarch him! I demand that he be turned inside out, rite on the spot! Conductor man, here! you jest see after this fine gentleman, if you please!"

"What's he done?" asked the conductor.

"Done? Hain't I jest told ye? He's picked

my pocket of fayther's red-leather wallet, and seventy-five dollars that I sold my colt for! That's what he's done! Sarch him!"

The train reached a way-station, and Mabel got out; but Lemuel was so nearly distracted with the loss of his pocket-book, that he did not observe her departure.

Quite a crowd had collected around our hero and the suspected individual, who seemed to take matters very coolly for a person in his condition.

"If the gentleman wishes to search me," said he, "he is at perfect liberty to do so. Go on, sir."

"Won't you strike me, nor grab hold of my throat, nor nothing?" queried Lemuel.

"I'll not molest you," said the gentleman—"proceed."

The search was short; but it developed nothing beyond a few papers—a tooth-pick, a knife with a pearl-handle, and a black pocket-book containing eight or ten dollars.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the gentleman.

"Sarting I am; but it's mighty queer where that wallet went to!"

"The gentleman whom you have just had the honor of searching," said the conductor, "is the Rev. Dr. Truffant, of Boston—one of the most eminent clergymen in the place."

"Oh, my gracious!" cried Lemuel; "a minister! Marm would be the death of me, if she should find out that I called a pickpocket a minister! I mean a pickpocket a minister!—hanged if I know what I do mean, anyhow. I'm so frustratimid, I can't seem to tell tother from which."

"It's my opinion, that if you've lost any money, the girl that sat on the seat with you has got it," said the conductor. "She looked something like that kind of a character."

"She?" exclaimed Lemuel, in profound amazement. "She? why, she was as pritty a gal as you'd see in an age; and I was about as good as engaged to her."

There was a general laugh at Lemuel's expense.

"You needn't laff!" said our hero, defiantly. "I know I never seed her till this morning; but there's such a thing as love at first-sight——"

"Especially when the object is a red-leather wallet, with seventy-five dollars in it," said the conductor. "It seems the young lady believes in love at first-sight, also."

"Wal," said Lemuel, disconsolately, "the money's gone; and if she's got it, I'll never believe in nobody agin. I wish I was to home with marm—I don't feel well. I won't go to

Bosting. I'll go back in the next kears that is going that way! Conductor, jest you hold up a minnit while I git out."

Lemuel was informed that he could alight at the next station, two miles ahead; and he accordingly did so. The return train came along in a few moments, and by noon our hero was safely landed in Mendville again.

He made his way to his father's house with lagging steps, and a dejected air generally.

Mrs. Drayton was feeding the chickens in the front-yard, when she saw him coming. She dropped the dough-dish and spoon, and fled to the house in the wildest alarm.

"He's killed!" she cried, pitching head first into the arms of her husband; "he's killed, and I've seen his ghost! It's a-coming up the road, with them same gray-kerseymers on that I spun and wove myself, and the red-vestkit that Miss Grant made, and the gun and baled basket, and all! Jest as he went away! Oh, Lemmy! Lemmy!" and Mrs. Drayton seized the dish-cloth under the impression that it was a handkerchief, and wiped the tears from her eyes.

Just then Lemuel entered.

"Oh, good gracious marsy! he's come!" cried the nervous old lady; and immediately she dived under the bed, and peeped out from a hole in the coverlit.

"Lem, what are you back for?" asked Mr. Drayton.

"I've seen enuff of the world! Consarn Bosting! and consarn the whole world intirely! I've had my pocket picked, and I don't keer nothing about nothing!"

"Your pocket picked!" exclaimed Mrs. Drayton, triumphantly. "I said so! I knowed you would! It was beat into me!"

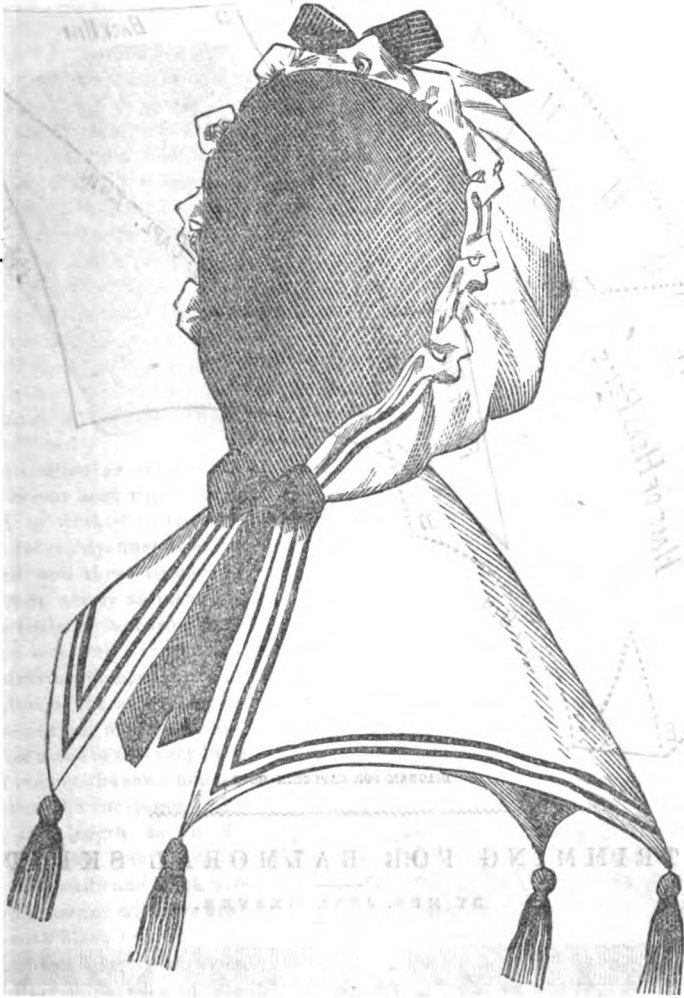
Lemuel threw his hat down on the table, and out rolled the missing red-leather wallet.

"Gracious Peter!" ejaculated he, "it's here! it hain't been filterd! The gal was an angel, after all! Huray! Hail Columby! happy land! Come, marm, let's have a little dance!" and Lemuel seized his mother around the waist and swung her about in great glee, upsetting the churning of cream.

"I remember it all now, as slick as can be," said Lemuel. "I was drendful feared I should lose my money, and I took it out of my pocket and put it into my hat! Consarned fool! I guess it's jest as you say, marm, that I hain't fit to go into these furrin parts. I'll stay to home and put my money into the bank, and marry Mary Ann Hinks. I've seen enuff of the world!"

CAPUCHIN HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS exceedingly comfortable and cozy hood may readily be made by strictly following the accompanying diagram. For material, cashmere, flannel, or silk, may be used; or to make a very pretty and dressy hood for the opera, use sky-blue, or rose-colored Florence silk, covered with black dotted lace; edging this with a black trimming lace, instead of the velvet ribbon seen in the design, which is the most effective finish for the cashmere ones.

The one-half of the head-piece is given, and denoted by the dotted lines in the diagram, where the number of inches is correctly given for the half of the head-piece. The half of the

cape is shown by the straight lines, and number of inches given. Follow these explanations and the diagram, and you cannot fail to have a well-fitting hood. It is always best to cut out of some old muslin, and fit to the size of the head. In the front piece, where the short parallel lines are seen around the face, slits are to be cut and worked in button-hole stitch, for the ribbon to pass through, which draws the front to fit the face; they are two inches apart, and sixteen in all around the entire front—by that we mean sixteen groups, two together, as seen in the design. The whole is very pretty as well as useful.

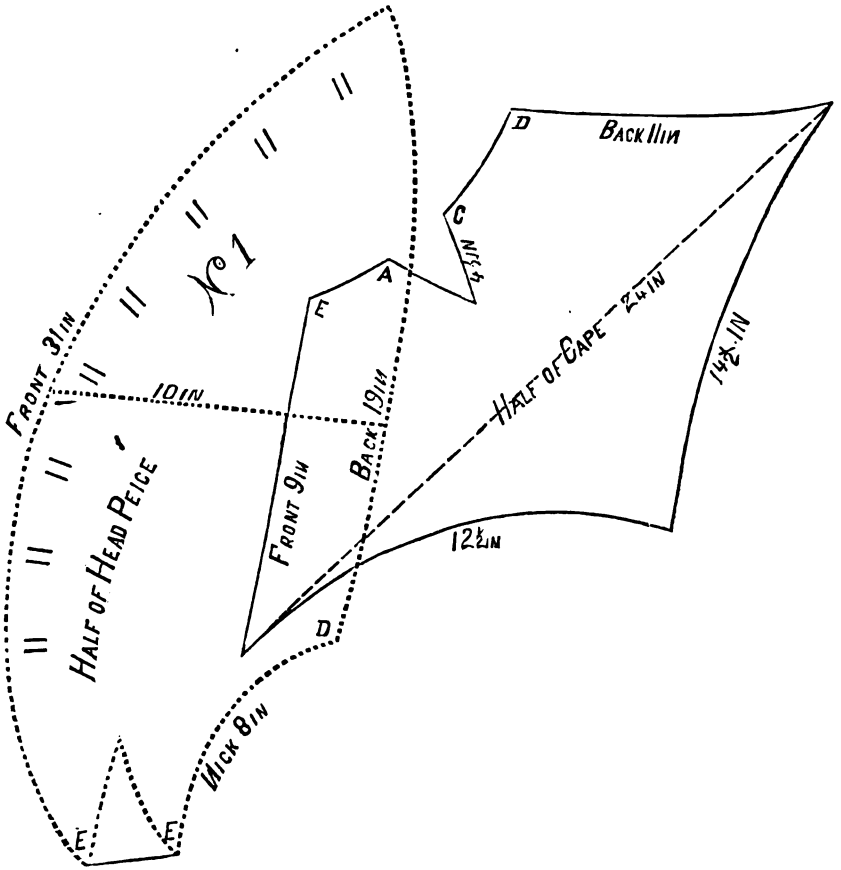
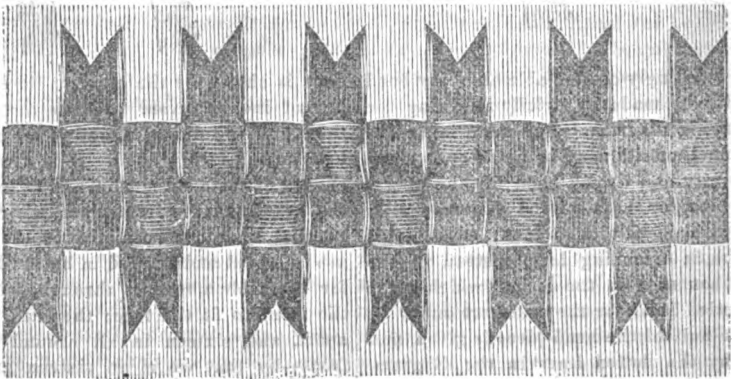


DIAGRAM FOR CAPUCHIN HOOD.

TRIMMING FOR BALMORAL SKIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



New designs for trimming Balmoral skirts; the latest and prettiest. It is done with blue and black ribbon, half an inch wide. The above is one of

TRICOT PELERINE FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



stitches, and eighteen remains; with these crochet five rows plain upward.

The back part begins also with the under point. Make a chain of three stitches; increase one stitch after the first and before the last stitch in the first line of every row, until in the twenty-three rows there are forty-seven stitches. After working five rows straight upward leave the seven middle stitches untouched for forming the cut for the throat, and crochet with the twenty stitches on each side, separately, five rows, when, twice, one stitch is decreased, one behind the other, for the throat. The re-

MATERIALS.—Five or six ounces of Berlin wool; a long tricot hook with a knob.

Our design is worked in tricot with Berlin wool and a tolerably fine hook, so that five stitches broad and three stitches (rows) long, give a square of nearly an inch. This quality is suitable to little girls of from five to seven.

With coarse wool and a large needle it would suit older children; then, of course, the number of stitches must be increased, and by reducing the number of stitches and rows it may be made to suit very little children. Of course, the same number of stitches must be increased or decreased in the length as in the breadth. A bright color for the foundation, with white and black border, may be chosen; or white or gray foundation, with black border.

Work the back and front parts, also the girdle and epaulets, separately. Each front part must begin at the under point. Make two stitches, crochet on them for the front edge of the outer side quite straight up, and at the opposite part to the shoulder side increase in the first line of every row one stitch, close for the outer edge stitches, consequently in the twenty-fifth row there will be twenty-six stitches. In these crochet five rows plain, then decrease in the next three rows to form the throat part—in the first row four, in each of the other two rows two stitches, so that in the whole the work has been decreased eight

maining rows are worked plain. The finished back is now overcast and sewn upon the shoulders to the front part; then crochet four rows of double stitch round the outer edge of the two pieces just sewn together, in which always work through the whole stitch and make the necessary increase at the corners, so that the border does not drag. The first of these four rows is worked with black, the second with



white, the third again with black, the fourth with the same wool as the foundation. On the front straight edge of both the front parts join on one row with the same wool as the foundation, and on that part on the right side make a button-hole. Before the narrow lace border of white wool is made, work the epaulets. For each of these make a chain of four stitches; crochet all one side quite plain upward, on the

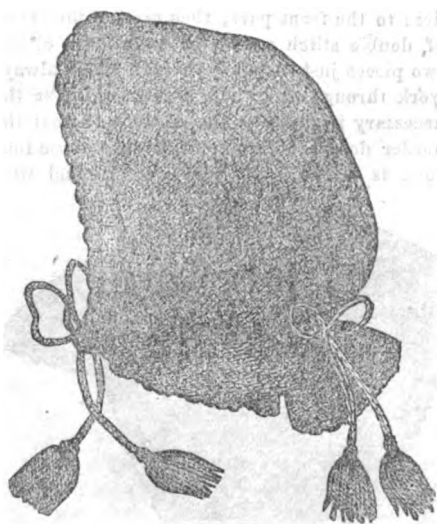
other always thickly at the outer edge. Increase one stitch until, in the sixth row, there are nine stitches. With these crochet fifteen rows, and then, on the same side and in the same manner, decrease the five stitches that were increased until four remain, which finishes the epaulets. These will, with the exception of the straight, long sides, be surrounded with a small border of four rows, in which—not at the corners, but in the middle—there must be an increase of a few stitches, which forms a little point. The epaulet is then overcast and sewn to the bodice, so that the shoulder-seam is in a line with the middle point at the outer edge of the epaulets. Then the lace row round the outer edge of the bodice is worked as follows: One double, then * three chain, one double in

the first of the three chain, one double in the third following stitch of the border, so that with the lace scallop two stitches of the same are passed over; from * continue repeating.

For each of the little belt parts, which are sewn to the under ends of each front part under the lace row, and tied together behind, make a chain of six stitches, and crochet twenty-two rows straight upward. The outer edge of the strip must be worked with one row of black and one row of white in double stitch round, and at the cross side of one part in the last row make the button-hole. The back part must also be fastened to the button, and one of the lace scallops may serve as a button-hole, or an extra loop made.

KNITTED CAPOTE FOR CHILDREN UNDER TWO YEARS OF AGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

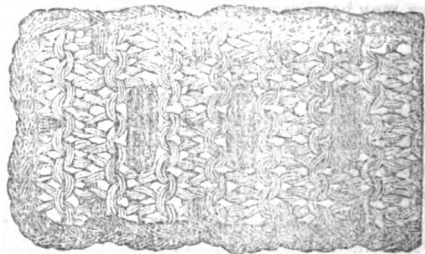


MATERIALS.—Three-quarters of an ounce of Shetland wool; quarter of an ounce of blue Berlin wool; tolerably fine wooden needles.

Cast on eighty-six stitches loosely, and knit rows forward and backward. In the first sixteen rows increase one stitch at the beginning and end of each row; in the next sixteen rows work one row, increasing the next row without. Then knit seventy-six rows without increasing, and, lastly, thirty-two rows. Decrease in proportion to the increase in the first thirty-two rows. Cast off loosely.

Double the knitting in half, so that the two

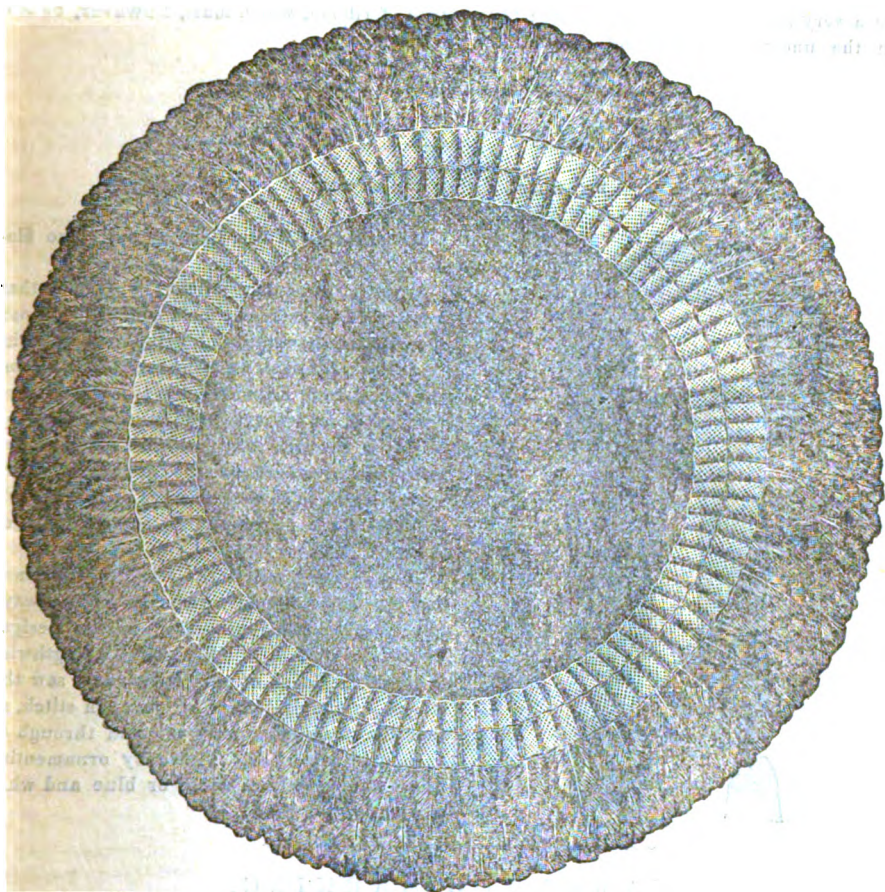
outer edges of the seventy-six perpendicular rows meet; sew the outer edges of the division together, and draw the thread firmly, that the outer edge may not be puckered. For the trimming represented in No. 2, in the proper size, crochet with the colored Berlin wool, first along the join at the double knitted part, a line of chain-stitch scallops, consisting alternately of three chain, one double, passing over with the three chain three rows of knitting. Now fold back the knitting, so that the border is formed, and is a portion of the already knitted Capote. Work a similar line of chain-stitch scallops, working through all the four layers of the knitting; then carry the chain-stitch



scallop all round the outer edge of the Capote. The turned-over piece must be ornamented with a pattern in blue wool; and a curtain, about two inches broad, is formed by drawing fine crochet chain of Berlin wool through the Capote. The ends are ornamented with blue tassels, and another cord and tassels fasten the Capote beneath the chin.

MAT WITH FEATHER EDGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Small pheasant's, peacock's, or hen's feathers; green velvet, goffered ribbon or braid; glazed calico, pasteboard, etc.



Cut a round piece of cardboard. Cover the under side with green glazed calico, and the upper side with velvet; the latter within three-

quarters of an inch of the outer edge. Then take a strip of gauze cut crosswise about two inches and a half broad, sew the two ends together, and then sew it firmly round the outer edge of the pasteboard, and turn it back upon the edge of the pasteboard, so that the edge is inward, consequently does not show where it was joined to the pasteboard. For the feather part, take the feathers and place them in lines closely upon each other, sticking the quills in the gauze, commencing half an inch from the outer edge of the gauze. The feathers must lie reversed, so that the last lie upon the back. Our small cut gives a portion of the gauze stripe covered with feathers in the proper size. Cover the space of half an inch all round, and gum the quills together: then gum one or two lines of feathers, with the ends cut very short, upon the right side, without sticking them through

the gauze, and sew the gauze over a pad filled with scent upon the foundation, about one inch from the outer edge. Close to this scented pad place a very full goffered green sarsnet ribbon upon the uncovered remaining part of the gauze, and sew it at the outer edge so as to fall upon the inner feather line. Two narrow rows of silk or woollen braid may be used instead of ribbon, which must, however, be sewn together.

CROCHET COMFORTER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—White Berlin wool; blue filoselle; crochet-hook.

A chain of eighty stitches worked rather loosely will be sufficient for a comforter. Upon a foundation the required length, crochet for the

1st row: Like the first line forward of a common tricot row; returning, the two first stitches are worked off separately, as usual, by drawing back the thread. Then crochet seven chain, loop the thread round the needle, work off separately the two next stitches of the preceding line, seven chain, and so on to the end of the row.

In this manner work six lines forward and six backward, in which the loops always fall reversed, as represented in the design. Then draw double blue filoselle silk lengthwise through the loops of this stripe, and sew the stripes in a spiral form, stitch upon stitch, so that the filoselle appears to wind through in a slanting direction. Finish by ornamenting the comforter with a white or blue and white woollen, or silk tassel.

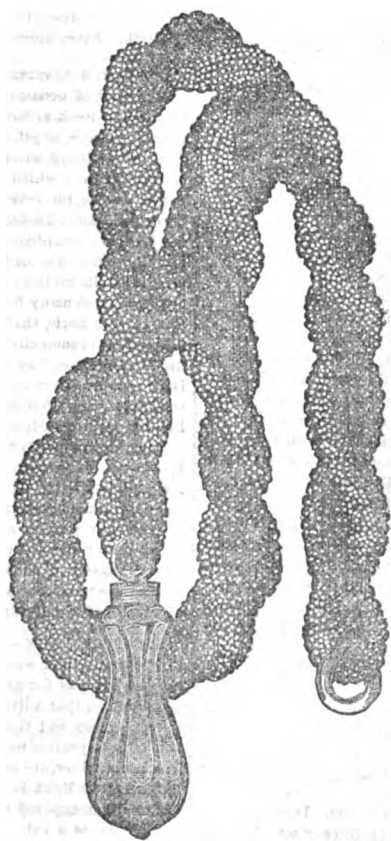
NAMES FOR MARKING.

Fanny

Minnie

BEAD BELL-PULL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—White and black pound beads, (in the whole two pounds;) strong white and black cotton.

Any colors may be chosen—blue and white, red and white, etc., to suit the room, according to taste.

For the bell-pull, make a chain of twenty stitches with milk-white beads strung upon strong white cotton, and close them in a ring; upon these crochet twenty double stitches, at each stitch pushing up a bead close in front of the needle, so that it is fastened tightly in with the stitch. Always arrange in such a manner that the beads all turn outwardly, and lie close to each other, whilst the crochet stitch is fastened in the front of the bead inside the hollow

line of beads. Work spirally in this manner, fastening each stitch so that the size round always remains the same; work closely also that the thread may not show between the stitches. The design represents a bell-pull about two yards in length, for which both the white and black rounds must be each about three yards long. The black is worked in the same manner as the white, and the two are first sewn, then neatly twisted together. It is better to put a cord in at the beginning of the crochet, and work round it to strengthen the bell-pull.

A ring is fastened at the top to attach the pull to the wire, and an ornamental glass or metal handle is used at the bottom.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

GRASSES THAT CAN BE GROWN.—The taste for cultivated grasses, we are glad to see, is improving. We can remember when nobody thought that grasses could be ornamental. But now anybody, who has a bit of lawn, even the tiniest, can greatly beautify it by planting there some one of the new foreign grasses. Let your piece of ground be only the smallest bed, say in front of your dusty town-house, yet you can make it charming by setting out some ornamental grasses. If you live in the country, even in a village, and much the more upon a farm, you have greater scope, because more ground. Take the Pampas grass, for instance—that giant grass of South Brazil, whose flower-stems grow from ten to twelve feet high even in this country—and how it sets off a bit of lawn! Though the native of a tropical climate, it can be easily cultivated in our gardens, where a solitary specimen or two will be quite sufficient, unless the garden be a very extensive one. It likes a cool clay soil best of any, and the flowers come to perfection in September or October; they look like beautiful plumes of silvery white feathers; the leaves are narrow and tremendously long; they are, indeed, sometimes six or eight feet in length, and of rather a dull green color. When this grass is raised from seeds, they should be sown early in March, in pots, which should at first be kept in a warm pit, and moved into a green-house when the plants are well up. The soil should be kept very moist at all times. In the following November the plants should be shifted, but still kept in a green-house; and about May, when they are over a year old, they may be removed to the open border. It is very necessary, however, to form, whenever this grass is planted out, a trench all round it, like a little basin, in which some manure should be placed, and water poured freely in at all seasons, if the weather is the least dry.

The feather-grass is another very beautiful specimen of the grass family. It can be ordered from almost every seedman's shop, but its being so common does not make it the less graceful. It grows naturally in Germany, on mountainous spots, where it is fully exposed to the heat of the sun. Old Gerarde mentioned this grass two hundred years ago, and says it was worn in those days by gentlewomen, instead of a feather, in their hats. It certainly is very like a feather, for its awns are thickly set with fine diverging hairs. It should be divided in the spring, and can be very easily propagated. It likes an open situation and light soil, especially soil of a chalky nature. Its botanical name is *Stipa Pennata*.

The rough-spiked, hard grass of the Levant is by no means wanting in beauty among a collection of grasses; some persons assert that our wheat has been gradually raised from species of this genus. It is an annual, very hardy, and blooms in July. It should be sown in October in tolerably rich soil—thinly sown. The tussack grass, and different varieties of the *Arundo*, are also worth growing. The *Arundo Donax* is a noble-looking plant from South America; it should be grown in masses in a moist place, for it is akin in its nature to a reed. It is propagated by parting the roots early in the spring, before the plant begins to grow. The stems die off in the autumn, and then the bed ought to be well mulched (covered) over with short manure or dry fern-leaves, to save the roots from frost.

But all grasses are beautiful. A well-kept lawn, or even a bit of grass-land in a front yard is one of the most satis-

fying things the eye can rest on. Grass clothes the whole earth, weaving its fairy tassels with the wind, climbing up the steep mountain-passes where man's foot can never tread, fastening its slender roots between the shelving crags, and shedding its quiet beauty over the resting-place of death. Everywhere grass is beautiful.

ONE OF THE NOVELTIES introduced, this season, in Paris, in the way of ornaments, is that of wearing round the throat and neck several rows of chains, either of gold or silver, or pearls, or jet, or beads of some sort or other, gradually descending, so as almost to cover the bare space left above the lace which forms the tucker. This fashion, joined to the immense quantity of beads worn on trimmings, shoulder-knots, girdles, and generally over the dress, gives a semi-barbaric look to modern evening toilets, not altogether in accordance with the proverbial good taste attributed, in matters of dress, to French women. There are, in fact, so many foreigners from all nations domiciled, this year, in Paris, that foreign habits and ways have been adopted in French circles quite as much as formerly these used to be imposed by them on others, and the consequence is an evident deterioration in the style of dress. One of the eccentric ladies of fashion in the higher walks of Parisian life, the Princess Metternich, is notorious for liking to introduce some new style, and then, when she sees it adopted by others in her set, discarding it altogether, so as to remain always aside of the field. At the Tuileries, lately, she wore a massive range of silver work, ending in a delicate fringe round her neck; and at the ball of Baron Hansmann six or eight rows of gold chains, fastened by a brilliant butterfly of rubies, diamonds, and emeralds. Many ladies wore necklaces of the same sort, in various materials, of which imitation pearls are a favorite one.

SEASONABLE DRESS.—We adapt our dress to spring, summer, autumn, and winter, but often with very little success, at least as far as comfort is concerned. It seems to be forgotten that a little extra looseness of dress will produce coolness, and that a thin covering in the heat of the sun fails to protect us from the heat. Thin, dark clothes, in a hot summer, are especially uncomfortable; and a black hat, however light, is in some places enough to roast the brains when exposed to the full power of the sun's rays. Remember, as a rule, that light-colored clothes keep the heat in the body when the air is cold, and, when the sun is warm, keep the body from reaching the heat better than dark. Remember, also, that a woollen or cotton covering keeps the skin at an equable temperature better than linen.

THE MR. CARMEL (III.) Democrat says:—"Peterson's Magazine does more to cultivate the taste and inform the minds and hearts of the wives, daughters, and sisters, whom it reaches, than any other agency that we are acquainted with."

ILL-HUMOR is more often the result of indigestion than of anything else. Take plenty of exercise, and do not eat too much, and you will escape many an attack of spleen and bad temper.

IN REMITTING FOR THIS MAGAZINE, adhere strictly to the directions we give. Otherwise, if the money is lost, we cannot send the Magazine.

GOING A-MAYING will recall to the old the time when they were young, and will rekindle in the young the love for fresh air, flowers, green grass, and sunshine.

AN ENTIRELY NEW FASHION has recently been introduced in Paris; it is the adoption of complete Breton costumes. Some have as yet but partially adopted them, and wear the jacket belonging to the costume only; but more daring ones have accepted the entire dress with the exception of the cap. At a fashionable reception, lately, the hostess wore—first a short petticoat of dark-blue cloth, bordered with embroidery of various-colored silks, and above that, a second skirt, in the same style, with this difference only, that the embroidery was edged at both sides with a wide band of black velvet. The bodice was low, with immense arm-holes simulated by embroidery and velvet; the sleeve was quite plain at the top, but opened at the elbow to allow a white, full sleeve, which fastened at the wrist, to be seen. A *guimpe*, made of tucked mainsack muslin, with a plain, turned-back collar, concealed the shoulders.

Promenade costumes are made in the same style, both in cloth and cashmere, and to these a loose paletot to match is invariably added. The Langoste costume, which is black, the embroidery being worked in very bright colors, the arms of Brittany on the pockets of the large jacket, and a profusion of silver *grelots* ornamenting it, is one of the most picturesque and fanciful of all Breton dresses, and it is reported that even this will be adopted in time. As yet these costumes, although very appropriate for promenade toilets, (because they are short, and are composed of dark, substantial materials), are only to be seen in carriages and reception-rooms, on account of their extreme novelty; and for the present there is but one shop in Paris where they can be procured. For some length of time it has been well known that gentlemen, belonging to the upper circles, have worn the Breton costume for sporting and at friendly gatherings; and now the ladies, following their usual course, intend to imitate them. Hats are worn with the Breton costume; the Parisian bonnet would harmonize but ill with it.

OUR APRIL NUMBER.—The Waupin (Wis.) Leader says of our last number:—"Peterson's Magazine is received, as usual, far in advance of its contemporaries. The opening engraving, 'The Opera-Box,' is very pretty, and the literary matter is excellent. It is bound to maintain its position as the leading Ladies' Magazine." The Whitehall (N. Y.) Times says:—"Peterson's is conceded by all who have perused its pages, for the past year, to be the Magazine for the times. The embellishments in the present number are superb."

IT IS NOT TOO LATE to get up clubs for this Magazine. Back numbers can be supplied from the beginning of the year.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Tent on the Beach, and other Poems. By J. G. Whittier. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This new poem by Whittier is founded on the pleasant fiction, that three friends go to spend a week or two in a tent, pitched on the sea-shore, during the heats of summer, and that, while there, the time is beguiled by the reading of various poems. These latter are Whittier's more recent fugitive pieces, "The Wreck by Rivermouth," "The Changeling," "The Palatine," etc., etc., thus adroitly strung together as Boccaccio strung his tales. The descriptive passages in the newer and narrative portion are particularly good. The volume also contains various other poems and lyrics, national and occasional, among them, "The Mantle of St. John de Matha," and the stirring "Lans Deo." In his peculiar walk Whittier has no superior. There is a martial ring in many of his poems, Quaker as he is, which no other American writer as yet has rivaled. The volume is neatly printed and bound. Price, \$1.50.

Venetian Life. By W. D. Howells. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—A delightful book. Venice is here delineated with the accuracy of a photograph, but with a warmth and color to which no photograph can pretend. The chapters entitled "Arrival and First Days in Venice," "Churches and Pictures," "The Balcony on the Grand Canal," and "Some Islands of the Lagoons," are particularly charming. Travelers, who have been at Venice, will appreciate the book especially; while those who have never seen Venice, will wish to start for it forthwith. In its way it is as great an addition to our literature as Story's "Roba di Roma." The volume, like all the publications of Hurd & Houghton, is well printed. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Recamier. Translated from the French, and edited by Josephine M. Langster. 1 vol. 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Madame Recamier was a famous beauty during the First Empire; and this is her life, as written by her adopted daughter. She appears here as a woman of marvelous tact, great sweetness of temper, forgetfulness of self, and durable affections. Some of the most eminent men of her day, among them Chateaubriand, were her fast friends; and the volume is full of their letters. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

The Papacy; its Historic Origin and Primitive Relations with the Eastern Churches. By the Abbe Guette, D. D. Translated from the French. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—The author of this work is a French divine, reared in the communion of Rome, but now holding conclusions different from those maintained by that church. He writes well, and evidently has genius. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Cox, of Western New York, furnishes an introduction to the book. Price, in cloth, \$1.75.

Ecce Deus. Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ. With Controversial Notes on "Ecce Homo." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The author of this work differs, in some important points, from the writer of "Ecce Homo," a book which, as most of our readers know, has made a sensation recently in the religious world. "Ecce Deus" does not pretend, however, to be only a reply to "Ecce Homo." Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

The Market Assistant. By J. F. De Voe. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—This is a sort of hand-book for housekeeping. It contains a description of every article of human food sold in the public markets of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, including the various domestic and wild animals, poultry, game, fish, vegetables, fruits, etc., etc. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 ro. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The second of the popular series of the "Author's Edition of Dickens." Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the only American publishers who pay Dickens anything for his novels. There are twenty-five illustrations in this volume. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

The Initials. By the Baroness Tautouss. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new and neat edition of one of the very best novels of the day. We think we have read "The Initials" half a dozen times. Where is there a character more charming than that of Hildegarde? Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

The Last Warning Cry; with Reasons for the Hope that is in Me. By the Rev. John Cumming. 1 ro., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—This is the last of a very famous series of works: "The Great Tribulation," "The Great Preparation," and "The Great Consummation." Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Another volume of Ticknor & Fields' neat and popular "Diamond Edition of Dickens." The illustrations show a great advance on those in the "Pickwick." Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

CHOICE FLOWER-SEEDS.—Ladies, if you want an elegant flower-garden the following season, send for a DOLLAR, or Two DOLLAR collection of choice annuals. Also for a DOLLAR collection of choice vegetable seeds for the Kitchen-Garden. Mailed free on receipt of price.

Address, JOHN S. IVES, Salem, Mass.

GOOD PENS GIVEN AWAY.—Samples of "Adams & Co.'s Celebrated Golden Pens," used and recommended by the principal banks, offices, and commercial houses of Boston, will be sent *free* on receipt of a stamp for postage.

Address, ADAMS & Co., 12 Broomfield St., Boston, Mass.

THE NATIONAL EDITION of the "Waverley Novels," five volumes, octavo, bound in cloth, is sent, pre-paid, for \$15.00. This is the cheapest edition of Scott's novels to be had.

Address, T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philada., Pa.

OUR "WASHINGTON" Mezzotint, or either of the "BUNYAN" Mezzotints, will be sent, postage paid, for \$2.00. Any two will be sent for \$3.00; or the whole three for \$4.50.

Address, C. J. PETERSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE AMERICAN TEA COMPANY offer great inducements to the public. See advertisement on cover.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

THE BOUQUET.—Each player, in his turn, supposes himself a bouquet, composed of three different flowers. Each one must name aloud, to the leader of the game, the three flowers of which he considers himself composed.

The leader of the game writes down the names of the three flowers, and adds to what he has written, without informing the other, the names of any three persons of the company he may choose.

He then asks the player to what use he intends to put the three flowers he has chosen. The player tells him to what use he means to put them, and the leader of the game applies it to the three persons that he has written down.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

Haricot Mutton.—Take a piece of mutton, the middle of the neck is the best to select, remove all skin and fat; boil some butter in a frying-pan, and place therein the chops, and fry them until they present a light-brown color; arrange them in a stewing-pan with button onions, turnips, and carrots, neatly cut and overlaid; and upon these pour the boiling butter left in the frying-pan, to which some water must have been added; season this mess discreetly, cover it close, and let it simmer gently until the vegetables are reduced to a state of pulp. Stew in a little water, in a separate saucepan, the rough pieces, the skin and fat above alluded to, and with these make the gravy, which, when ready, mix with the chops. Remove by careful skimming all particles of fat.

Ragout of Veal.—Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan. Cut the veal in chops. Use bones and all—the ends and trimmings; may use from the loin or neck. Put them in the pan and stir till brown. Dust in a little flour and stir; add half a pint of broth and stir again; salt and pepper; add a bunch of seasoning. For the ragout, take six sliced potatoes and put them in the pan with the veal, and boil. This is a very nice dish, and a cheap one.

Bouillon.—A kind of French soup or stew, prepared as follows:—An earthen pot, made to hold from one to seven pounds of meat, is provided. A sufficient quantity of lean meat, usually part of the leg or shoulder, is put into this vessel, which is then filled up with cold water, the proportion being five pints of water to a pound and a half of meat. It is to be then placed on the hob. When it begins to simmer, the scum which is thrown up is carefully removed from time to time, three-quarters of an hour being allowed for this purpose. A carrot, half a parsnip, a turnip, an onion, a little celery, and any other vegetables in season, are then added, together with salt, pepper, and spice. After these additions, the pot remains covered at the fire, and is kept there simmering for six hours more, hot water being from time to time supplied in the place of that which has evaporated.

VEGETABLES.

To Stew Peas.—Take a quart of shelled peas, a large Spanish onion, or two of middling size, and two lettuces, cut small; put them into a saucepan with half a pint of water; season them with a little salt, a little pepper, mace, and nutmeg. Cover them close, and let them stew a quarter of an hour; then put in a quarter of a pound of fresh butter rolled in a little flour, a spoonful of catchup, and a small piece of butter as big as a nutmeg; cover them close, and simmer gently an hour, often shaking the pan.

Batter for Frying Vegetables or Fritters.—Moisten a little flour with water, and add to it a small quantity of salt, a tablespoonful of olive-oil, and a spoon and a half of French brandy. Beat up the mixture thoroughly, and when you are ready to use it, beat into it the white of an egg previously beaten to a strong froth. This batter may be used for frying sweet *entremets*, in which case sugar must be put instead of salt.

Old Potatoes to look like Young Ones.—Wash some large potatoes, and with a small scoop made for the purpose, pot as many diminutive ones as will fill a dish; boil them in two or three waters about three minutes each time, the water being put to them cold; then let them steam till tender; pour a white sauce over them, and serve with the second course. Old potatoes prepared thus have been mistaken for young ones at the best tables.

Potato Chips.—Wash and peel some potatoes, then pare them, ribbon-like, into long lengths; put them into cold water to remove the strong potato flavor; drain them, and throw them into a pan with a little butter, and fry them a light brown. Take them out of the pan, and place them close to the fire on a sieve lined with clean writing-paper to dry, before they are served up. A little salt may be sprinkled over them.

For a Dish of Rice.—Take half a pound of Patna rice, washed in salt and water; then put in two quarts of boiling water, and boil it briskly for twenty minutes; then strain it into a cullender, and shake it into a dish, but not touch it with your fingers nor a spoon, and to be served up in a dish by itself.

Watery Potatoes.—Put into the pot a piece of lime as large as a hen's egg; and how watery soever the potatoes may have been, when the water is poured off the potatoes will be perfectly dry and mealy.

DESSERTS.

A Cheap Family Pudding.—One pound of flour, one pound of suet, chopped fine, three-quarters of a pound of molasses or sugar, one pound each of carrots and potatoes, well boiled and mashed together, half a pound of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs; spice, flavoring, and peel optional. Mix the whole well together with a little water; it must not be too stiff, and certainly not too moist. Rub a basin well with dripping, and boil for eight hours.

A German Pudding.—Boil twelve good-sized potatoes, peel them, and crush them thoroughly. Put them into a saucepan, with salt and a little lemon-peel; put it on the fire, and stir all well whilst you add a piece of fresh butter and a little cream and sugar. When quite hot, take the saucepan from the fire, let the mixture cool a little, and then add a tablespoonful of orange-flower water, four whole eggs, and the yolks of four more. Mix all well together, and put into a mould which has previously had a slight coating of butter and bread-crumbs. Bake it, and bring it hot to table.

Arrow-Root Pudding.—Mix a tablespoonful of arrow-root in two of cold milk; pour it into a pint of boiling milk, in which dissolve a teaspoonful of white sugar; stir it constantly, and add a little mace, or any other kind of spice, and four eggs. Bake it half an hour in a dish lined with paste. If it is preferred to look clear, substitute water instead of milk, and add one more egg.

Fritters.—One egg, and a cup of thick, sour milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt; stir thick, and dip with a spoon into the hot lard.

SUPPER DISHES.

Florentines.—These are very delicious, and form a pretty dish for supper. Roll puff-paste to a thickness of the eighth of an inch, and lay it on a thin baking-tin. Spread over it a layer of greengage, or any other preserve or jam, and bake it in a moderate oven. Take it out, and when partially cool, having whipped some whites of eggs with sugar, put the whip over the preserve, and strew some minced almonds all over the surface, finishing with sifted sugar. Put it once more into the oven until the whip is quite stiff. The florentines should be of a pale color, and a few minutes after the paste is finally removed from the oven it should be cut into diamonds, and when served up, placed on a *serviette*, or an ornamental paper.

To Stew Apples.—One pound of sugar boiled in one quart of spring-water and skimmed, one pound of the largest lemon pippins, cut in quarters and the cores taken out. Have the syrup boiling: when you put them in let them stew till they are quite tender, then add the juice of two large lemons, and the peel cut small; give them a few more boils after the lemons are put in. If you want them to keep all the year, the syrup must be well boiled after the apples are taken out. As you peel the apples fling them into cold water.

Apple Trifle.—Scald as many apples as, when pulped, will cover the dish you design to use to the depth of two or three inches. Before you place them in the dish, add to them the rind of half a lemon, grated fine, and sugar to taste. Mix half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, and the yolk of an egg; scald it over the fire, keeping it stirring, and do not let it boil; add a little sugar, and let it stand till cold, then lay it over the apples, and finish with the cream-whip.

Blanc-Mange.—Dissolve by boiling an ounce of isinglass in a pint and a quarter of water, so that when the solution is complete it may measure a pint; then add the whites of four eggs, with two spoonfuls of rice-water, to prevent the eggs from coagulating; sugar fit to the palate, and add such condiments as you please. Strain the whole through a jelly-bag into a basin. When cold, cut into what shape you please, and garnish it with flowers, etc.

Wheat Cream.—To a pint of cream put a very little sugar, keep stirring it over the fire till the sugar is dissolved, and then take it off; but keep on stirring it till it is about the warmth of new milk, after which pour it through a fine colander into a dish containing three spoonfuls of lemon or orange-juice, a little grated peel, and a little marmalade, chopped small, with two spoonfuls of white wine. This should be prepared the evening before it is wanted.

Orange Compote.—Cut the oranges into small pieces, boil them in water until they are quite tender, and then remove them into cold water. Make a syrup with one glass of water, and four ounces of sugar, and put in the fruit. Let it simmer gently over a slow fire for half an hour, and serve it cold.

White Cake.—One cup of butter, with two of loaf-sugar, beaten to a cream, the whites of seven eggs, beaten to a froth, added; mix one cup each of flour and corn-starch, and one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; beat all quick, but thorough, and bake immediately.

Caledonian Cream.—The whites of two eggs, two spoonfuls of loaf-sugar, two of raspberry-jam, two of currant-jelly; all to be beaten together with a silver spoon till so thick that the spoon will stand upright in it.

BREAKFAST DISHES.

Boeuf à la Napolitaine.—Take four or five pounds of the thin flank of beef, rub it thoroughly with two ounces of coarse sugar, half an ounce of saltpetre, and one pound of common salt, throwing on a little grated nutmeg after it is rubbed. Let the meat lie for four or five days in a dish, turning it every day. After this, roll it very tightly, and tie it up across and across with tape. Stew it with peppercorns, cloves, and one or two allspice, in as much water as will just cover it, then take it out and press between two boards with a heavy weight, and let it remain so until quite cold, when the tape may be removed.

Tête Marbrée.—Half a pig's-head, (if fresh, so much the better,) the ears and a foot or two, to be boiled in as little water as possible, till the bones will slip out. Take out the head, remove the bones from it, and boil them in the liquor till it is reduced. Cut the meat when cold into squares, season it to taste, add the liquor; when boiling, put it into a mould, let it stand until it is quite cold. This can be made with pigs' feet only. The stronger the liquor is the better.

Breakfast Jelly.—Boil one ox-heel in a gallon of water till reduced to a quart, then chop the meat of the heel fine, and put it again into the stewpan with the liquor, adding a teaspoonful of vinegar, and one of parsley, chopped fine; salt to taste, and let it all boil together for fifteen minutes; pour it into a mould, and when cold, turn it out for use. It is eaten with a little pounded white sugar, mustard, and vinegar mixed together, without which it would be insipid.

Motted Beef.—Take three pounds of beef well salted, pick out any gristle or skin that may be in it. Pound the meat carefully in a stone mortar with a little butter until it becomes a fine paste. Season it by degrees, as you are beating it, with black pepper, allspice, or pounded cloves, mace, or grated nutmeg. Put it in pots, pressing it down as closely as possible, and covering it to about the thickness of a quarter of an inch with clarified butter.

Croûtes de la Croquemitaine.—Put into a stewpan three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, a little grated tongue or beef, pepper and salt. When quite hot, put in four eggs, well beaten; stir all the time until the mixture becomes quite thick. Have ready a slice of bread toasted and buttered; spread the mixture on the toast, and send it to table very hot.

Ham Toast.—Melt in a stewpan a small piece of butter till it is browned a little. Put in as much finely minced ham as will cover a large round of buttered toast, and add as much gravy as will make it moist. When quite hot, stir in quickly with a fork one egg. Place the mixture over the toast, which cut in pieces of any shape you may fancy.

An Omelette.—Beat thoroughly six eggs; chop some parsley, a very small piece of onion, and a little ham very small; beat all together and fry.

Fricandellans.—Mince the lean of cold lamb or veal very finely; soak a large slice of crumb of bread in boiling milk; wash it and mix it with the minced meat, also a beaten egg, some boiled chopped parsley and thyme, a little grated lemon-peel, pepper and salt. Make it into small, flat cakes and fry them in butter or lard. Serve them up dry on a *serviette* or with good gravy.

SANTARY.

Salve for Chapped Lips and Hands.—Take two ounces of white wax, one ounce of spermaceti, four ounces of oil of almonds, two ounces of English honey, quarter of an ounce of essence of bergamot, or any other scent. Melt the wax and spermaceti; then add the honey, and melt all together, and when hot, add the almond oil by degrees, stirring it till cold. This is superior to glycerine for chapped hands, sun-burns, or any roughness on the skin.

Cure for Headache.—Put a handful of salt into a quart of water, add one ounce of spirits of hartshorn and half an ounce of camphorated spirits of wine. Put them quickly into a bottle, and cork tightly to prevent the escape of the spirit. Soak a piece of rag with the mixture, and apply it to the head; wet the rag afresh as soon as it gets heated.

To Cure a Wen.—Wash it with common salt dissolved in water every day, and it will be removed in a short time. Or make a strong brine of alum-salt; simmer it over the fire. When thus prepared, wet a piece of cloth in it every day, and apply it constantly for one month, and the protuberance will disappear.

To Cure Chilblains.—Rub the part affected with brandy and salt, which hardens the feet at the same time that it removes the inflammation. Sometimes a third application cures the most obstinate chilblains.

To Cure Diphtheria.—Take a common tobacco-pipe, place a live coal in the bowl, drop a little tar upon the coal, draw the smoke into the mouth, and discharge it through the nostrils.

Cure for a Cough.—A patient, who, for nearly two months, could not pass a night in quiet without large doses of laudanum, has been cured of a most harassing cough by suet boiled in milk.

To Clean Zinc.—Rub clean lard on it with a cloth, and rub dry with a clean cloth.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF BROWN FOULARD SILK, with a petticoat of the same color. The jacket is tight fitting.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF BLACK SILK, over a petticoat of cherry-colored silk. The under-body is of pink silk, and the pelum-jacket has no sleeves.

FIG. III.—EVENING DRESS OF GREEN SATIN.—The skirt is trimmed with bows of satin ribbon, with jet fringe at the ends, and has a very long train. The loose Venetian sleeves are lined with white satin.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED SILK.—The body of white muslin is worn under a pink silk jacket.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF CHENE SILK, trimmed with pipings of green silk. The pelum can be worn with the dress or not, at pleasure, as it fastens on under the belt.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE DRESS OF BLACK SILK, over a blue silk petticoat. The tight sleeves are of blue silk, with black silk lozenges on them; and the loose sleeve is of black, lined with blue.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The chene silks are remarkably elegant this spring, but enormously high. Even the pretty foulards, which one used to think made a very nice and comparatively cheap dress, now cost as much as chene and summer plaids used to do—a good foulard costing about twenty-eight dollars. Summer pelums, mohairs, alpaca, crepes, etc., are cheaper, but not so dressy. Organdies,

piques, etc., are in various patterns; but stripes seem to be the prevailing style.

SKIRTS, VERY MUCH GORED, are universal. In some instances the material has all the effect of being pasted to the figure, as there is neither pleat nor wrinkle in the upper part of the skirt; it is, in fact, an exact copy of the style worn during the First Empire. The trains of dresses have attained the length of a yard and a half, and even more, and this exaggeration renders the moving about a crowded ball-room a matter of extreme awkwardness and perplexity. Crinoline has not absolutely disappeared, but it is now reduced to three circles of steel at the lower part of the skirt, and these circles measure from two and a half to two and three-quarter yards in circumference. Above the cage a well gored, narrow white petticoat is worn, and above this is a second white petticoat, which is elaborately trimmed. As the fashion of long trains necessitates the frequent exhibition of the petticoat when moving about a room, this second skirt is frequently ornamented with Valenciennes lace and rich embroidery. These under garments prove very costly; so the more moderate substitute for those rich decorations, is a trellis-work formed with fine white braid, and a star embroidered in satin-stitch in the center of every lozenge of the trellis-work. This ornament is braided and embroidered in the flounce of the petticoat, and is very easily worked. Petticoats for evening wear are made within an inch as long as the dresses; and it should be borne in mind that the train of a skirt now measures at the very least three-quarters of a yard.

Some skirts are trimmed with a sash kind of piece, which widens as it descends from the waist, and is cut round at the ends; there are several on the skirt, lengthening as they approach the back. Some of these sashes end in points, trimmed with tassels, some are triangular, and others ornamented with a rosette.

THE WAISTS OF DRESSES are made quite plain and high usually, though those which are cut square in the neck are popular with young ladies.

SLEEVES will be wider as the warm weather approaches; and we shall soon have our graceful, old-fashioned Pagoda sleeve back again.

SHORT WALKING DRESSES are now indispensable on the street, and the style is as varied as the tastes of the wearers. In all cases the paletot should correspond with the upper skirt. In many cases the skirt is cut sufficiently long to cover the petticoat entirely, and prettily trimmed.

SACQUES and PALETOTS are short and loose, and cut in various forms. The round "Cardinal Cape," of the same material as the dress, has been revived, but is not yet very general; in fact, it does not look as well as a sacque with a short dress.

THE MARIE ANTOINETTE BONNET is the most worn; but with its large, round crown, is not stylish-looking if not very tastefully trimmed.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—SUIT OF BLACK VELVET, FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The collar is quite large and pointed.

FIG. II.—A YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE AND CHERRY STRIPED FOULARD, trimmed with ruchings and rosettes of cherry-colored silk.

FIG. III.—RUSSIAN COSTUME FOR A LITTLE BOY; the under-dress is of crimson cashmere, and the upper one of lawn-colored cashmere. Striped stockings, and high boots.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF BLUE SILK, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is trimmed in diamonds of darker blue silk, joined with flat, white buttons; and the pointed jacket, without sleeves, is also of the darker shade of silk. The sleeves are of the color of the skirt, and there is a white silk vest.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF GREEN SILK, trimmed with black velvet, for a little girl.



Painted by G. Jones

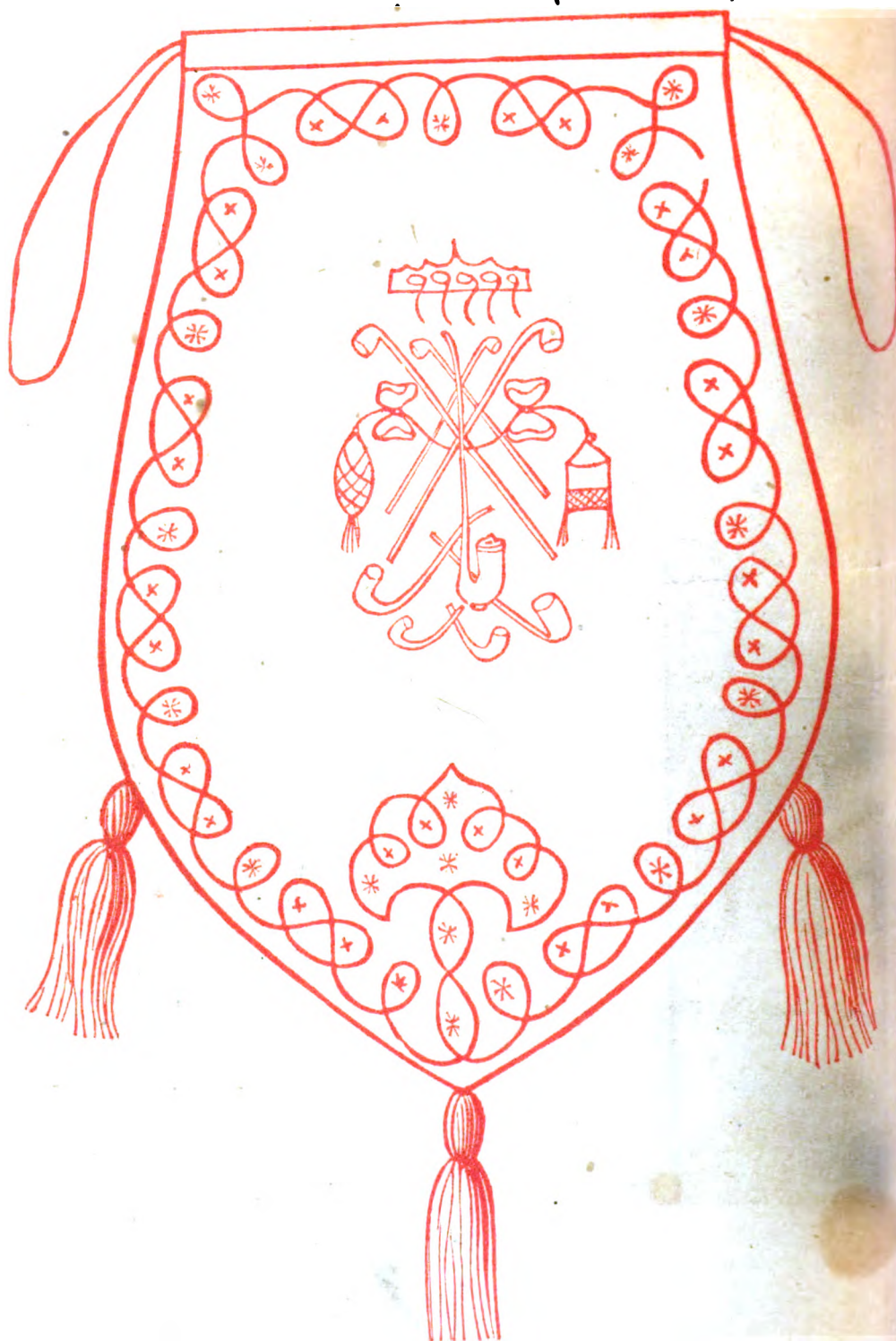
Engraved & Printed by Wm. Smith

THE FLOWERS IN THE WOOD.

THE FLOWERS IN THE WOOD.



MAGAZINE.



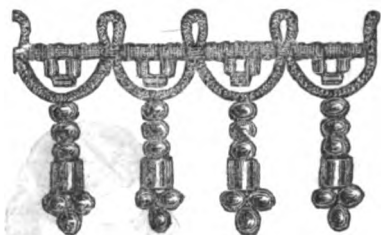
ORIENTAL TOBACCO POUCH, IN CHAIN STITCH.



THE LARK.



CHILDREN'S COSTUMES FOR A FANCY PARTY.



JET TRIMMING.



HOUSE DRESS



JET TRIMMING.



WALKING DRESS.

Fanny

NAME FOR MARKING.



WALKING DRESS.

Catherine

NAME FOR MARKING.



CARRIAGE DRESS



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER IN SATIN-STITCH.



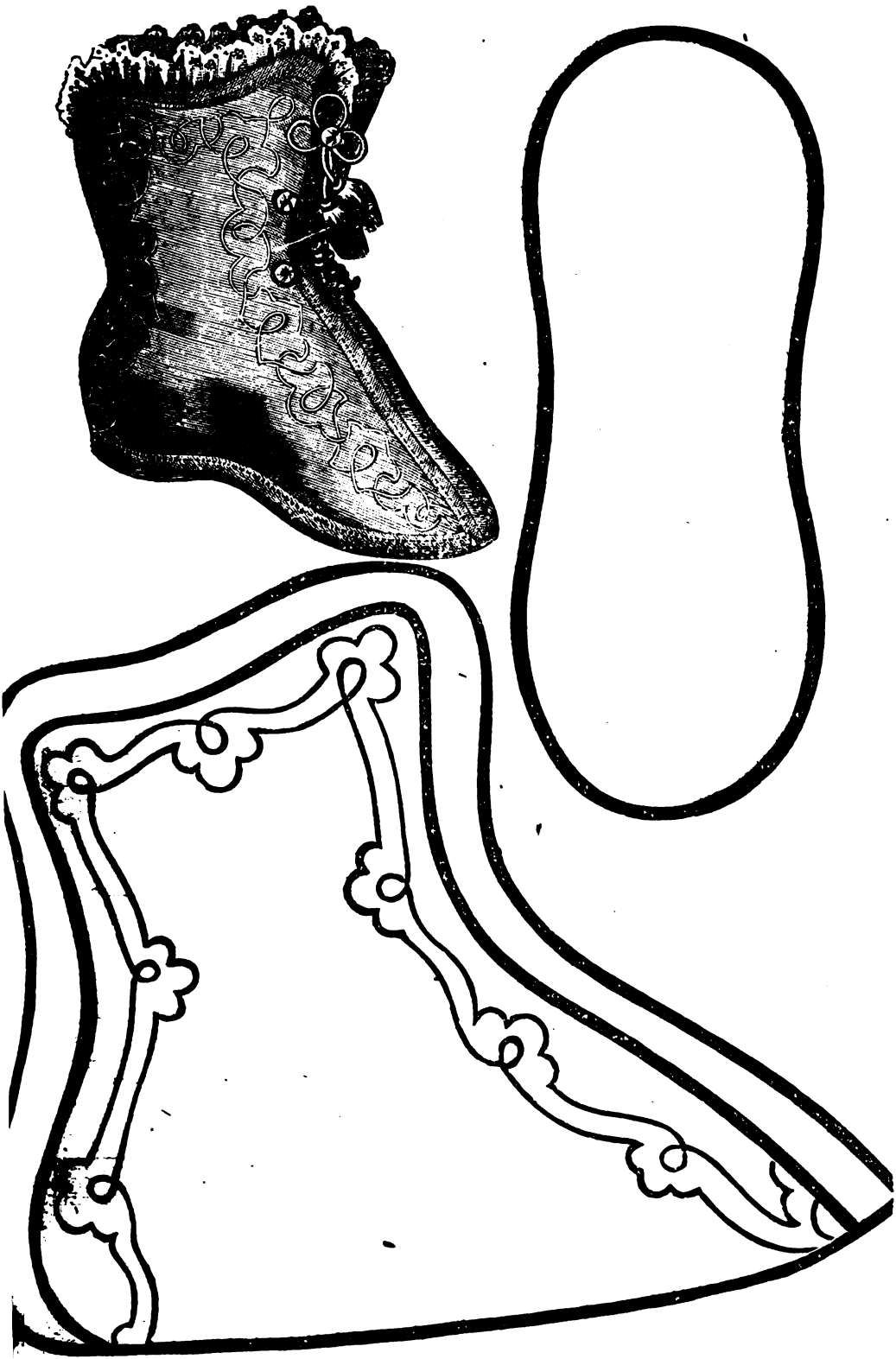
NAME FOR MARKING.



COLLAR TO MATCH HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



PILLOW-CASE INITIALS.



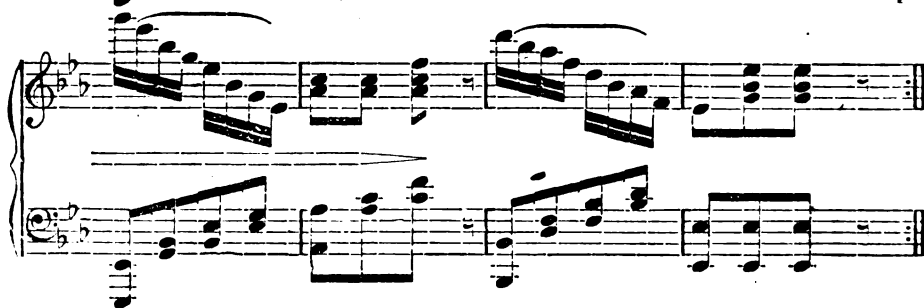
INFANT'S BOOT—PATTERNS FOR HALF OF BOOT AND FOR SOLE.

To Miss Fredericka Knobelach.

THE BLUFFTON POLKA.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO.

BY JULIUS L. BÜLCKEN.



THE BLUFFTON POLKA.

con spirito.

ff Ped. * Ped. * *p* Ped. * Ped. *

f Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Grazioso.

p *f* 8va.....

8va.....loco.

ff Ped. * Ped. * *p* Ped. *

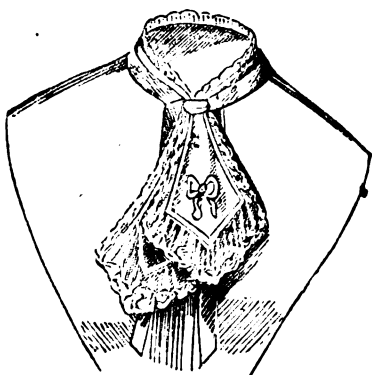
Ped. * *f* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * *fff* FINE.



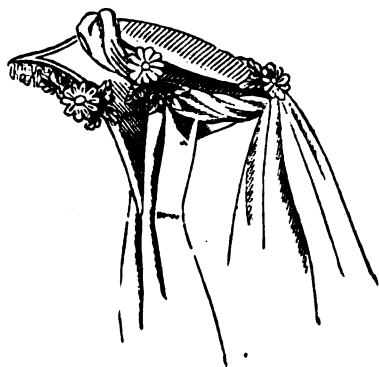
YOUNG LADY'S BONNET.



YOUNG LADY'S HAT.



COLLAR AND CUFF.



BONNET.



BONNET.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1867.

No. 6.

MARION'S STITCHES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

"I CANNOT have such work made with these night-gowns, and I will not!" said Mrs. Hedgar, standing to examine the garment the seamstress, Marion, had finished the evening before. "I shall take this hem all out and do it over again myself; and it is too bad!"

I suppose most persons have noticed it in themselves and in others, that when one is in a fretting mood, it is easy, indeed, to find something to fret about. It was so with Mrs. Hedgar that morning.

She seated herself and picked it all out—all the stitches set by the faithful, capable Marion, in many an hour. The stitches were regular, set with a just judgment as to the pains it was best to take with a garment like that, and in that house, where so many other garments were piled waiting to be made, and so many others were hanging and lying, needing to be repaired or remodeled.

The frown was deep when Mrs. Hedgar began, much deeper when she ended.

"There," said she, having picked out the last stitch, folded the garment, and laid it on the pile of sewing to be done, "it is done. It is too bad that I had it to do! It has made my head ache ready to split; and I'm so nervous and discouraged about my work that I don't know what to do. But there is one thing, I will have it done as I want it, or I will not have it done at all."

When little Louise would put on her night-gown that evening, she ran her hands through one rent and another in the sleeves, until, tired and sleepy as she was, she could no longer bear it. Then she was cross; she jerked one sleeve, pulled another, made the rents larger in both one and the other, saying, "That she didn't care; she was glad she tore it; she wished she could tear it all to pieces, old thing!"

Upon this, the little placidity that had come uppermost in her mother's breast, as she sat

reading her agreeable book, all vanished, driven by the swift-gathering anger.

"Louise!" she called out from her room, "Louise, don't let me hear another word out of your head—not another word. If I do, I will come and punish you severely, you naughty girl! the naughtiest girl I ever saw," her anger swelling with each phrase, and beginning to take the hysterical stamp her little children and all in the house dreaded; "the very naughtiest girl! Go to bed—into bed with you!" wrathfully approaching the child. "You knew I was tired to death, and had sat down to get a little comfort out of my book—if there is any such thing as comfort in the world for me—and you must begin! There," roughly covering her child, "let me hear anything more out of your head, if you dare. I should think you were old enough by this time to understand how much mother has to trouble her, and to try to be a better girl."

Turning her aggrieved shoulders, with aggrieved steps, with an air altogether aggrieved, she went back to her own chamber and her easy-chair; not to resume her reading, but to sit with frowning, flushed features, counting the miseries she had had to endure that long, long day.

She did actually count them, beginning with "those stitches of Marion's," and she found there had been twenty.

"Coarse," "vulgar," "weak," "foolish," "hateful!" do you say? Yes, when she was in a fret, in a passion; and especially when her anger became hysterical. At other times she could be a lady, and was. She could at times even be a Christian; but, ah, me! how she was piled ordinarily with burdens of her sins; and how rarely she came humbly to that only place where such burdens can be unloosed, at the foot of the cross of Christ!

And are there not many like her?

DICK DENISON'S MISTAKE.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"So you've accepted Dick Denison, Mary?"

"Of course, auntie. Didn't you suppose I would?"

Mrs. Morgan put down her sewing, and turned her eyes toward the window with a deep sigh.

"Well, yes," she replied, thoughtfully, "I can't say but I did; yet I'm sorry for it."

Mary glanced up from her embroidery with a deepening flush in her cheeks, and a quick flash in her blue eyes.

"Why, auntie?" she said, half indignantly.

Mrs. Morgan considered a moment before she replied; and then her lips trembled, and her kind eyes filled with tears.

"One reason is, I'm unwilling to give you up, child. You've been very dear to me through all the long years we have lived together, and I shall miss you sadly; but I'm not selfish enough to think only of my own happiness—my fears are for you, Mary. I'm in doubt whether Dick Denison will make you happy."

Mary's tears had gushed out freely at her aunt's first words; but they dried on the instant at this implied doubt of her lover, and she interposed eagerly,

"What fault do you find in him, aunt? He's temperate, and industrious, and good-hearted."

"But he's jealous, Mary!"

The girl blushed, and dropped her eyes for a moment in evident confusion; then she said, with an effort,

"But he'll get over that; he won't be jealous after—after——"

"After you are married, you mean?" added her aunt, kindly. "I don't know about that, child; marriage doesn't change a man's nature—and Dick Denison is very jealous and exacting. I've noticed it ever since he's been visiting here; but more particularly last night. He was on thorns while you were singing for young Lathrop, and hadn't self-possession enough to conceal his feelings."

Mary smiled, glancing down at the diamond betrothal-ring that encircled her finger.

"Well," she continued, "it is done, past recall now; and I believe I'm half glad that Dick loves me well enough to be jealous. You know I like to be loved a great deal, auntie!"

"Yes; and I know that you deserve to be;

but calm, reasonable affection, the 'perfect love that casteth out fear,' is better than hot-headed jealousy, Mary. But, as you say, it is done past recall now; and I won't cloud your first sunshine by my misgivings. Dick's a good fellow, and loves you with his whole soul, and I trust you will make each other very happy. But just here, my dear, allow me to give you a word of advice, and then we'll drop the subject forever. Knowing your husband's one failing, as you do, never trifle with it; be discreet, prudish even, rather than arouse his suspicions. Above all, avoid Lawrence Lathrop. Indeed, I would advise you to cut his acquaintance at once."

Mary flushed a little, and bridled her pretty neck, showing plainly enough that the true metal was there; but the moment after she answered meekly,

"I'll mind what you say, auntie. As for Lathrop, he and I parted for good last night; and now I mean to do my best to make Dick happy. I promised him as much last night when he put this ring on my finger—and I'll keep my word. A pretty ring, isn't it, auntie?" she added, holding up the flashing diamond with fond pride; "there was only another one like it in the city—and old Squire Darwin bought it for Carrie. This cost Dick a pretty sum, I know."

"Yes, more than he can afford to expend for such a trifle," replied Mrs. Morgan, gravely. "He would have been wiser if he had bought a plain ring, and saved his money to set up house-keeping with."

"Yes, I know; but he said he meant to be extravagant for that one time," broke in the girl, eagerly; "and he did it to please me, because he knows I love beautiful things so. Don't blame him, auntie."

"Oh! I've no thought of blaming him; and if I had, it would be all the same to you," laughed her aunt, as she arose and left the room.

Mary bent her lips, and kissed the great, lustrous diamond; and then went on busily with her embroidery. She had need of it in a few months—for just before Christmas she and Dick were married; and went to housekeeping as cozily and happily as a pair of robins in a little vine-wreathed cottage, on the suburbs of the city.

For twelve months their happiness was per-

fect. Dick was a model for all husbands, and Mary a pattern for all wives; and the baby, for, of course, so complete a household was not without its baby, was just the sweetest, rosiest, dearest little cherub that ever gladdened a mother's heart. Dick was content to his heart's core, yet his old failing was strong within him. His wife saw it, when they were out spending evenings together, and her fresh beauty chanced to call forth some little admiration; but it caused her no trouble; on the contrary, she rather liked to see the great fellow sit glooming on her, with his fierce brows lowered, and an expression in his face which said as plain as words, "that handsome little woman's my wife, let any man look at her if he dares."

This self-same woman, being as discreet as she was handsome, managed her cards so skillfully, and conducted herself with such marked delicacy, that her jealous lord had never been able to find a solitary flaw in her character; and a twelve-month went by, and the honey-moon was not on the wane.

Another of Dick's peculiar characteristics, was love of dress and display. It was this weakness, or whatever we may term it, that led him to purchase the diamond betrothal-ring; and which, on more occasions than one, had left him a light purse, and an uneasy consciousness of having committed an unpardonable folly. In this respect his wife was just his opposite; although her love of beauty and completeness amounted to a passion, she never suffered it to lead her out of the path laid down by prudence and economy.

"No, Dick, no; I don't need a new silk this season," she urged, as they were overlooking their wardrobe one fine spring afternoon; "I shall have this lavender-silk turned, you see; and my black one's as good as new. I don't need one, really; we must be economical now, you know, since we've got baby to provide for."

"Ay, ay, wife; if you're content, I am," sighed Dick, strolling from the room, and down the street.

But his face belied his words—he was not content; at every step he was thinking of the pretty hat, with its long, drooping plumes, he had bought for Mary, and how shabby her old silks would look beneath it; and grumbling in his heart because of his poverty. Presently he was passing Stewart's windows, and chancing to glance in, a very marvel of loveliness caught his eye—a silk, blue as the bosom of a May sky, and lustrous as light itself. He fancied Mary wearing it, with her curls down, and her

blue eyes all aglow, and his heart fairly stood still. He stepped in, and the obliging clerk had it before him in an instant.

"Just see, sir, it will stand alone; and such a color—only one more in the market like it, and that went off to-day. Shall I fold it up, sir?"

"But the price?" faltered Dick; "what of that?"

"Oh, a mere trifle! Only a hundred and fifty, trimmings and all."

Dick's eyes dilated, but he was not the man to back out of a thing when once in; so he bought the silk, and went home without a dollar in his pocket. Mary unfolded it with eager hands, and when she caught sight of its beaming lustre, she screamed, and laughed, and clapped her hands like a child; and then fell to hugging and kissing her husband till the great, silly fellow was ready to cry for joy. But the instant his back was turned, her face sobered.

"Oh!" she burst out, "poor, good Dick; what does make him so foolish? I shan't wear it half a dozen times this season, as little as I go out—and to think of the money, oh, dear! We shall be ruined, unless I can devise some plan of retrenchment; here's nurse's hire, and the coal-bill—both due, and not a cent. Oh, dear!"

But the dress was made up, and trimmed very elaborately, in obedience to Dick's fancy; and on the coming Sabbath evening Mary was to wear it to church. On Tuesday afternoon, Dick sat at the open window of his room in the City Bank, in which he and Lawrence Lathrop were brother-clerks. It was warm and sunny—the air sweet with the odor of roses and lilies; and leaning on his elbow, with the slanting sun-rays falling round his head, the young husband fell into a dream of the past, and the happy days of his courtship. Then his eyes grew soft and almost tearful, as his thoughts came back to the busy, happy, little wife, and cooing babe that awaited him at home. He glanced up quickly at the western sun, impatient for his release; and just then, a figure passing below, attracted his attention. He started, looked more closely, and then flushed to his temples. Mary's figure—Mary's new hat with its sweeping plumes, and Mary's blue silk-dress. He recognized the very trimming on the skirt; and he could have sworn to the golden hue, and graceful droop of her waterfall. But what was Mary out for, and in her new frock, too? She had said she wouldn't wear it until he could accompany her. He felt hurt that she had

forgotten her promise. But at that moment she came opposite the bank, and paused. She meant to call for him—that was why she had worn the new dress. He started up, and hastened down to join her; but at the door, he found young Lathrop ahead of him. His first impulse was to rush past him and overtake his wife, who had started on again at a loitering pace; but a second thought struck him, and that thought was a suspicion, born of an old, jealous wound that had once rankled in his heart. He drew back in the shadow of the open door, and watched them. He saw his wife move on for a square or two, then pause again; and then Lathrop hastened on, joined her, and the two passed from his sight. What in God's name did it mean? He went back to his desk, with a restless pain at his heart. We will do him the justice to say that he suspected no ill; but he was puzzled beyond endurance. What right had his wife to be walking with this man—her old admirer and suitor? An hour or so went by, and then Lathrop returned. Dick rose up from his blotted book, and confronted him, as he passed through the hall.

"Will you tell me what your business was with the lady you joined a few moments ago?" he asked, in a civil but constrained voice.

The young man eyed him for an instant in cool amazement, which gave way to a flush of passion.

"I'll teach you how to meddle into that which don't concern you, if you don't stand out of my way," he replied, hotly, as he passed on to his own room.

Dick snatched up his hat, and made a rush for home. On the very threshold he changed his mind, and determined, instead of being frank and honest with his wife, to say nothing of what had happened, but to wait and watch for results. She met him in the passage, flushed and breathless, as if from a walk; but she put out both her hands to welcome him as usual, and held up her lips for his kiss. He took her hands, but did not kiss her.

"You look tired, Mary," he said, carelessly. "Have you been out?"

"Only a little way," she replied, evasively; "but don't stand here—come in and see baby."

He held her hands, looking straight into her eyes.

"First, Mary, tell me where you've been," he said, sternly.

She flushed painfully, and her lips began to quiver.

"Don't ask me now, Dick," she importuned; "you shall know all soon—only trust me a little."

He dropped her hands, and turned from her with a cold, hard face.

"You're a fool for your pains, sir!" screamed a poll-parrot, from its cage near by—giving expression to a phrase that some person had taught it.

Mary went into her own room, and, catching up her baby, burst into tears.

"What can be the matter with Dick?" she sobbed; "I never saw him look so before. I must tell him everything, I suppose—and then he'll put an end to it all. Oh, dear! 'tis too bad."

At supper, when Mary met her husband again, she wore her brightest smile, and strove by all her arts to amuse and please him. But he was gloomy and silent—pleaded a headache—went to bed early, and left the following morning without bidding her good-by. Mary was deeply hurt, and her pride was touched besides.

Wednesday afternoon came, and Dick Denison, scarcely looking like himself—so deeply had the suspicions of a single night told on him—took a seat by the window, and set himself to watch for the blue silk-dress; not much expecting that it would appear, however. They wouldn't have the audacity to meet again so soon, he said. But in the course of a few moments, he saw Lathrop go out; and yielding to an impulse wholly unworthy of his manhood, he stole down and followed him. Only a few squares, and on the corner of a quiet street, there was the veritable blue silk-dress, the plumed hat, and golden-waterfall. The sight seemed to turn his very brain to fire; and he rushed after them like a madman. But striking into some by-street, they eluded him; and an hour after he returned to the bank, dripping with perspiration, and half beside himself with baffled rage. In the hall adjoining his room, he encountered Lathrop.

"Stop, sir!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, seizing him by the arm.

The young man faced him with a look of genuine alarm; he had begun to believe that Dick Denison had in truth gone mad.

"For God's sake, Denison," he began, "what has possessed you?"

But Denison did not heed him; his eyes, wide and wild with horror, were fixed upon a ring that glittered on Lathrop's finger. Releasing his arm, he grasped his hand with a grip like steel.

"What's this?" he gasped, his face white and haggard, "my wife's ring—I'd swear to it amongst a thousand—and on your hand, sir."

Your life shall pay for this insult; your life—do you hear?"

Lathrop, fully believing himself in the hands of a man bereft of reason, suppressed the angry retort that rose to his lips; and wrenching his hand free, beat a precipitate retreat to his room, closing and locking the door after him. Poor Dick fairly foamed with rage.

"You sneaking, cowardly villain!" he shouted, "I'll have at you yet. I'll make you pay for this."

Then seizing his hat, he rushed down to the street, and toward his own cottage. His wife met him at the door-way, in her prettiest dress, her face all smiles and good-humor. She had wisely determined to bear him no malice for his unmanly moroseness the evening before; but her first glance at his face made her quake with terror.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried, clasping him in her arms, "what has happened—what's the matter?"

He threw her from him with a suppressed oath; and then his passion found vent in a terrible outburst of accusations and reproaches. She heard them all, standing before him as white and still as sculptured marble. When he had finished, she said, quietly, but with a steel-like gleam in her blue eyes,

"And you believe all this, Richard Denison?"

"Yes, and more," was the savage response.

"Very well; I shall not trouble myself to change your opinion."

She was turning from him; but he seized her hand, and drew her back.

"You *daré* not even deny it," he went on, his voice hoarse with mad rage. "You turn from me without a word of explanation. Great God! that I should come to this—to call a woman my wife who does not scruple to take her betrothal-ring from her finger and bestow it on another man!"

"'Tis false, sir, and you know it," his wife replied, startled out of her lady-like calmness.

"Prove it so, and I'll acknowledge myself a fool and a liar," he cried, impetuously. "The ring is gone from your finger—where is it? Produce it, and I'm satisfied."

A quick flush rose to Mary's cheek, and she darted past him and into her own chamber; but returned a moment or two after with a white, affrighted face.

"I did put it there, Dick," she said, forgetting everything else but the loss of the ring; "but it is gone—I can't find it nowhere."

He laughed in her face, a bitter, taunting laugh.

"I thought as much. Didn't I see it on his finger with my own eyes? Don't try to deceive me—your game's up. I'm your dupe no longer. Get out of my sight; I hope never to look upon your false face again. I have loved you well, but my hate is stronger than my love. Away! out of my sight, before I forget that you are a woman and I a man."

Mary obeyed him without a word; and fifteen minutes later she was on her way to her aunt's, with her babe clasped convulsively to her bosom. Dick Denison went into his own room, and took down his silver-mounted revolver, and after examining it carefully, to assure himself it was in good shooting trim, he left his desolate house, and bent his steps in the direction of Lawrence Lathrop's lodgings. His face had a strange, wild look, and his eyes wore the baleful glare of sheet-lightning. But Mr. Lathrop was not at home, the porter said; he took the evening train for Boston. Dick ground his teeth with angry disappointment.

Then he went into a restaurant, and calling for half a pint of brandy, swallowed it at a single draught; after which he soon forgot his trouble in a drunken sleep. The morning found him weak and pale, with a terrible misery in his head, but feeling grimly resolute. He would never take back his wife again; and as soon as he had settled accounts with Lathrop, he was off for the Continent. Accordingly, he wrote an advertisement for the sale of all his property at auction, and having deposited it with the daily paper, he spent the remainder of the day hanging round the bank, in hopes that Lathrop might return. But he did not; and the evening closed in chill and rainy. Guided more by the force of habit than anything else, the miserable man sought his own home; but he found it dark and desolate. No pleasant lights, no loving face to welcome him. He entered his wife's room with a heavy step. There stood the baby's crib, and Mary's work-basket, and her slippers pushed beneath a chair—a thousand little things called up her image before him. For the first time he felt the true sense of all he had lost; and throwing himself into a chair, strong man that he was, he shook and sobbed like a very child.

"You're a fool for your pains, sir!" screamed the parrot from his cage.

"I know I am," poor Dick responded; "but, I can't help it."

Then remembering that the bird was his wife's, and a great pet, his heart being softened, he took pity on it.

"You're hungry, no doubt, poor fellow!" he

said; and making his way to the pantry, he succeeded in finding a handful of crackers.

"Here, poor Poll!" he said, "I'll feed you for your mistress' sake, though she's broke my heart."

The bird pecked at his hand voraciously, and something dislodged from the wires of the cage, fell to his feet with a sharp tingle. He stooped and picked it up, and a hot flush of shame burned to his very finger-tips. It was the diamond betrothal-ring—the self-same one he had accused his wife of giving to young Lathrop. He stood like one bewildered, holding the gleaming thing in his hand, and at the same instant there came an impatient ring at the door. He tottered out, and stood face to face with Lawrence Lathrop.

"I believed you to be a madman yesterday, Dick Denison," he began; "I know you to be something worse to-day. I am here, at your wife's request, to make an explanation, sorely enough against my will, sir. I was summoned to her aunt's house immediately on my return to-night, and from her own lips I heard of the infamous charges you had brought against her."

"The lady who met me at the door of the City Bank, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, was Miss Carrie Darwin. She chanced to wear a silk dress, bought at Stewart's, from the same pattern as your wife's; she also owns a diamond ring, the counterpart of your wife's. She and myself—Miss Darwin, I mean—are betrothed, and have exchanged rings. I still wear hers upon my finger—do you see?"

"Yes, yes, I see," gasped poor Dick.

"Then, sir, one thing more, and I'm done. Your wife—a true, tender woman, worthy of a better husband—had been out, as you perceived, on one of those afternoons; but she hesitated about telling you where. Hear the reason. She had been giving music-lessons secretly, for a week or so, to help you along, as she said, because you had expended so much for that fatal blue-dress; but she feared to let you know, lest you should object to it. Now,

sir, are you satisfied—are you convinced that you are not a man, but a fool and a brute?"

"Yes, I'm convinced," the poor fellow replied, creeping back to the desolate sitting-room.

The rain beat against the windows, and the wind whistled mournfully; and the pain at his heart became intolerable, as he sat there, pondering over the bitter work of his own folly. She would never come back to him again, and from henceforth life would be a curse. The best thing he could do would be to take the revolver, with which he had intended to shoot young Lathrop, and blow his own brains out. But he must see her first, and beg her to forgive him, that very night, no matter how bitterly she reproached him. He was starting to his feet, but the opening of an outer-door arrested him; and the next instant, a tremulous hand touched his shoulder. He looked up. There she stood at his side, with her babe in her arms.

"Dick," she said, her blue eyes filling with tears, "I've come back to you again."

He went down on his knees at her feet.

"I've found the ring, Mary," he gasped, holding it up.

"Oh! where? How did you find it?" snatching it from him, with a glad cry.

"In the parrot's cage—he must have stolen it; but Mary, can you ever forgive me?"

She kissed the ring, and put it on her finger.

"Yes, that was the way," she said. "Poll was out that day, and roamed all over the house—she stole it from the window where I laid it."

"But, Mary," urged poor Dick, still on his knees, "you haven't answered me yet. I know I've been a fool—can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, Dick," she replied, at last, dropping a soft kiss on his brow. "I shouldn't have come back, if I hadn't meant to do that. Come, get up now, and take baby; and don't you ever doubt me again."

Dick obeyed very meekly; and all the while the wicked parrot screamed maliciously,

"You're a fool for your pains, sir!"

THE LARK.

BY E. BENJAMIN.

The Lark, on restless wing, the dawning day
Proclaims, in notes harmonious to the ear;
And as he soars to Heaven's bright gates away,
The welcome advent of the glad New-Year.

The new-born year's first sun, e'en the first ray,
Calls up the Lark to herald it on high;
Obedient to the call, his cheerful lay,
He carols forth, while mounting to the sky.

Hark to his clear notes as he gladly sings,
While floating lightly in the cool, thin air;
Swiftly, with spreading tail and outstretched wings,
He mounts to Heaven to spread the tidings there.

Higher and higher still he wings his flight;
A speck in Heaven's blue vault he fades away;
And fainter, fainter, from the ethereal height,
Descends the airy wildness of his lay.

A LONG JOURNEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MARGRET HOWTH,' ETC., ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 353.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIS HAND UPON HIS THROAT.

THE warm, unclean winds stole inland from the coast; unseasonable chills followed; the air was full of creeping, ague-breeding miasmas; certain species of insects disappeared; and others, heretofore unknown, became numerous as the flies in Egypt. Whether these signs boded the approach of the plague or not, the effect was the same in the villages and smaller inland towns. A vague alarm and foreboding spread; the reports of the mortality in Europe increased with every step they made of progress; and when the first few cases of the disease actually appeared in the sea-board cities, every little hamlet through the great West fell into a state of terror, which made ready a ploughed and prepared field for the pestilence, if it came.

Meanwhile, Lamorce went on his way, heedless of the agitation about him, or, if it forced itself on his notice, only smiling at it. He clung to his work with a fresh tenacity, now that his feet came almost daily into the very foot-prints of the man he pursued. Yet, curiously enough, since he knew of Berry's death, he experienced a sense of relief and quiet new to him.

Dead, she was his; the stain of these later years had dropped from her, and, in his fancy, she slept in the grave pure as if she had gone there from his arms when she was a child. But none the less was his purpose clear as to the man who had wronged her. The world must be rid of him.

These Lamorces had but few ideas in their brains, perhaps; but those that were there had a rank growth, and their roots never mouldered out.

This was nowhere more apparent than in his feeling for his old love, Mary Corson. Since he had dissembled it that night three years ago, and thrust her off with jeers, he had not heard nor named her name. Yet there was not a waking hour, perhaps, in that time in which she had not been beside him a more real, living presence, than the people with whom he ate and talked.

When he came back to New York, after

leaving the Headlands, weak both in body and mind, he found out where she lived, and kept watch on the house for a week. She was out in the country somewhere with Mrs. Sherrard. When she came home one Saturday evening late, she brushed against a man sitting on the gate-step; though in the darkness she could see that his clothes were miserably worn, and that he suddenly held out one hand as she touched him with an imploring movement. In old times she would have rated herself soundly for alms-giving without searching inquiry; but there were gray hairs in her head, and marks on her face, which suffering had brought in the last three years. She was a wiser and less reasonable woman—so she dropped a coin into the outstretched hand, and went in.

Lamorce (for it was he) sat there until late that night without moving. What passion or dream the touch of the coin, which burned in his hand, wakened within him, God only knows.

Toward midnight, he got up and looked long and steadfastly at her closed window, and then walked slowly away, never to come again.

"If I could but have looked into her eyes, or touched her hand! But there will be blood on mine some day;" and for the first time Lamorce felt a loathing for the work he had set himself.

He had a clear idea of his future course. Without questioning, he had accidentally fallen on Corson's traces while near the Headlands. A farmer, some twenty miles off, had mentioned a Ralph Bathurst, who had lodged overnight in his house some two weeks before; a "painting fellow, who proposed to go through Pennsylvania on a portrait-making tour"—an expedition, as Lamorce justly concluded, undertaken as more apt to avoid him, than any concealment in the large cities would be. He was secure of finding him, "portrait-makers" attracting then more notice in those inland towns before these days of photographs.

"It shall be a fair stand-up struggle for life in the sight of God and man. But it is he who will die." Afterward—but that useless fragment of life which would follow mattered little.

With this security in being able to put his hand on his prey whenever he chose, Lamorce

lingered in New York for the week of which we spoke. Then he followed. His victim was slowly traced from the Jersey farm-house into Pennsylvania, through Lancaster to Harrisburg, taking the smaller towns in succession; (Bathurst, for Corson had retained this last alias,) had stopped in Harrisburg for several days, painting the likeness of a Dr. Jarvies. "From this place," Jarvies told Lamorce, "Mr. Bathurst started directly for the Southern cities via Pittsburg and the Ohio river. He informed me that he had written for his sister to join him in Louisville, if I remember rightly. They should be there by this time, if they went on without interruption."

No instinct warned Lamorce of the blow that waited for him when he heard of the sister—he only wished, impatiently, there had been no woman in the case. Then he went back to his hotel to prepare for an early start.

"He has already four days the start of me," he muttered, looking at his small valise. "But he has gone round two sides of an angle. I can cut it by striking the Baltimore road, and so down to Louisville as quickly as he will reach it by river."

It was early autumn when he crossed the outskirts of the Virginia mountains, every peak of which has since gained a name and history of a battle-field in our civil war. Then they were only dyed by the crimsoning foliage, and the brown creek and river waters turbid with the recent freshets.

In Europe, during the last three years, Lamorce had scarcely noted whether the landscape before him were the bristling sea-rocks of the North, or the sullen barrilla marshes of Murcia; but since his sister had lain down to rest from his vexed memory, his eye and ear had awakened out of their torpor. Crossing the mountains now, he climbed almost unconsciously up beside the driver, when the day's journey began, and sat there silent, puffing his segar, and missing not one of the glimpses of far sleeping vallies, or pungent woodland scents, from the unbroken forest that shut in the road. It is not for me to say whether He who held this poor, diseased heart in His hands, may not have striven to prepare it for the trial that was to follow, by this contact with a great and solemn nature.

It was near nightfall when they reached the end of the route he had taken to gain the Baltimore and Ohio road, then just completed. He struck it at Cumberland. As the coach on which he traveled slowly crept down the hill in sight of the dingy old town, the smoke of a train of

cars, sweeping through an opposite defile of the mountains, wavered over the evening sky.

"That is the last train till morning," said the driver, cracking his whip-lash toward it. "You'll have to stay overnight in Cumberland, sir," with more respect in his tone than he used toward any other passenger, for his eye was old and well used; and Lamorce, with his gentle voice and grave reserve, received his due, in spite of napless hat and stained clothes.

He lowered his tone when they came nearer the town. "D'ye see that buildin' with the white pillars to the porch a-front? Shet up—the shutters. That's Looftland's cottage. They have it there."

"The plague, you mean?"

"Unless he's dead. 'Twas a man as come from Baltimore day before yesterday—brought a child, a babe—just went an' took boarding at Looftland's, concluding to stay awhile. Well, he was struck down last night, an' they soon made out what 'twas as ailed him. When I left this mornin' with my team there wasn't a soul in Looftland's—and the town is makin' ready, as you see."

He pointed with his whip down into the street, in which there reigned an unusual stillness; while through the darkening twilight he could see great fires of the bituminous coal, wet with tar, throwing out their blood-red flames and volumes of oily smoke from every corner. The effect was ghastly; the heavy cloud of smoke hung close about the houses, drifted and swirled by the wind; and the faces of the passers-by grew livid in the flaring light made by the tar.

"It's a great disinfectant, tar is," said the man. "We've a stirrin' city council this year, sir."

"Do you mean to say," said Lamorce, his eye beginning to glitter, "that the man is left to die yonder, because they suspect he has the cholera?"

"I mean to say he ought to be thankful that he's left in the city limits at all. As for bein' left to die—he's the doctor; it's not likely anybody 'll submit to run the risk of their own lives to nurse him, and carry back the infection to town. He's got his child for company."

"You told me she was an infant. Stop!"

The hot blood was not cooled in Lamorce's veins, however slowly he forced it to beat. He sprang from the foot-board to the road without another word, and, leaping the fence, struck straight across a corn-field to the white-painted house pointed out as "Looftlands." The driver stared after him with whip uplifted.

"Ef you ketch the infection, you'll not be allowed to come into the city," he shouted after him.

"Curse the city!" muttered Lamorce.

"There goes a brick," said the driver, as he whipped up his team. "I like fellows who can do a stroke of work like that."

Lamorce's step rung on the pine boards of the porch with the peculiar hollow sound that an empty house gives back. Going round with angry haste into the back building, he found a door unlocked, and mounted the stairs, stumbling in the dark. A low moan guided him to the apartment where the traveler lay. One glance was enough.

"Cholera!" he muttered, and then searched for the remedies before going to the patient. To be just to the physician, they were there, and had been applied during his occasional visits. But fear is more contagious than the plague, and the case, he judged, was slow but hopeless. In consequence the man was alone.

Lamorce went to work.

His men used to say he was as gentle a nurse as a woman. Certainly, he never had busied himself about disease or death with such womanish feeling as to-day. The hot, indignant tears actually came to his eyes when he saw how young the fellow was; how constantly his glassy eyes turned to the little child that lay asleep on his feet on top of the bed-clothes.

"The cowards! cowards!" Lamorce muttered, in a tone worse than any oath.

It was a slow, creeping attack of the disease; careful nursing would have baffled it at first; might do so even yet. He worked faithfully. In an hour, the fresh air sweeping through the room, found no impurity to carry away; and the traveler lay on a bed hot as glowing coals. Lamorce knelt beside him, chafing his cramped legs and arms with powerful, even strokes, until the sweat broke on his own knotted forehead.

Something strangely familiar in the stranger's face kept alive the furious heat of pity and anger in him. Some time, he knew not when, the frank, genial trick and turn of this man's face had been very dear to him.

The night passed swiftly. The night in which he toiled to save this man's life, and did save it, was but a moment of time when he looked back at it afterward. It was the hour before dawn, and the history it held seemed to have absorbed all of his life, the essence and meaning of so many empty years.

The man revived. The fatal blue tinge disappeared; the wrinkled skin of the hands softened and began to gain its natural color; his

eye turned at last intelligently from the crimson streaks over the gray sky to Lamorce's face. It was a weak eye, irresolute and unsteady, but with a great power of affection in it.

"Will I live?"

"Yes. Keep quiet and sleep. I will attend to the rest."

"They left me here to die."

"No matter—you live now."

"You have saved me, if I live. But the pain here is intolerable," touching a point on his forehead.

Lamorce quietly brought the drink prepared in prospect of threatened congestion, and put it to his lips. "Now be calm. I will take care of you and your child. If you want to live, put all care out of your mind."

A sudden pain flashed over the man's face. Then, for a moment, he was quiet, and seemed to sleep. Richard watched the morning light steal into the room, up the wall. By its light he perceived that the apartment had just been occupied by its tenant when he was attacked. His trunks were partly unstrapped, books, dressing-cases, were scattered about the floor in the corners; a picture was turned with its face to the wall.

A slight motion from the bed made him turn; the man was lying with his eyes fixed on the child. Richard saw their expression.

"It will be a rough road yet," he said, scanning his medicines anxiously.

"Come nearer."

Lamorce obeyed.

"She was to join me here—you understand?"

"Yes. Don't think of that now."

"If she comes—for God's sake, listen, man! If I am dead, tell her the words I say to you. She knows nothing."

Lamorce put down the spoon and bottle and listened earnestly. "I will forget nothing," he said, gravely, perceiving the meaning of the man at last to be no sick vagary.

"The child is mine—give it to her. Tell her I wronged its mother. She was pure—she came to me because she loved me. You need not tell my sister how selfish I was—she knows me of old," a queer, melancholy smile coming over his face. "Tell her if there's any chance for me hereafter; if I ever was a better man than she knew me, it was that woman who made me so. She would have left me in Seville; gone out without a roof to cover her, loving me better than her own soul, for the sake of her unborn babe. It should not be born in sin, she said."

The flakes of foam spotted his blue lips—he

gasped for breath. Lamorce caught his arm; the story was near akin to the one which had driven him out to wander a vagabond on the earth; it was damping the natural, manly impulse which had strung his nerves with such a fresh, brave thrill, and rousing his morbid madness—fiend, call it what you will. His face began quickly to harden and gray out of that of the eager, good-fellow, who had just bent his strength to rub the limbs of the dying man.

"Stop. Let me hear no more of this," gruffly.

He struggled to rise. "You forget, it is my sister who is coming, and I think I will never see her. I want her to love my child and its mother. I never knew what love was until there in Seville. To see all she would have given up for that unborn baby! I grew meaner in my own eyes, day by day, watching her. This was the woman I would not marry! But I married her then. She was such a silly thing! My sister thought her ignorant. She was grand and simple—few outlines about her character, but they were beautiful. I tried to be different—God knows I've tried. I've given up all my whims, and saved for the child. Tell her there's something invested in Wallet's Saving Bank. I sold my watch—I sold even my dress-suit, and put the money into the bank. I've only that cheap *robe de chambre* in which to receive callers, in case I should get well," nodding toward a gaudy, coarse dressing-gown, that hung on the bed-post.

"I painted that. It is the last I ever shall paint," glancing at the picture. "It is for my girl. It is her mother's face."

"You wander, sir," said Richard, conscious, somehow, that this vague way of talking was his habit.

"I did what I could. I tended her faithfully. When she grew homesick, I brought her back to the States, knowing that I put my head in the lion's jaws. I have been dogged for years, hounded like a beast of prey. But I never told her—it would have hurt her."

Lamorce had started to his feet, and stood leaning over the bed, glaring into the pallid face.

"God in heaven! who are you? Who was this woman?"

The man raised his head with a feeble dignity

"She was my wife." Then he pointed to the picture, laying back exhausted as Lamorce went blindly toward it and turned it round.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

In the fresh light of the early morning, the face he had loved so well in all its first won-

derful beauty; yet in her eyes, looking down on her babe, an awful hunger and tenderness, which told that, through unknown depths of pain, she had earned her blessing above all women.

Berenice.

And this man? There rung out on the morning air so wild and inhuman a cry, that passers-by on the road glanced up at the plague-stricken house, and hurried on, thinking that if the spirit of the pestilence itself could find a voice, it would utter some such warning sound, deadly and terrible. Lamorce stood over his victim, his knees shaking, his eyes blazing in their haggard sockets, his hand trembling as he dragged the wet cloths from Corson's head, thrust back the damp, auburn hair, and glugged his eyes on the weak, handsome face of the man whom he had run to cover at last.

Then he paused. Why, he knew not. Perhaps, unlike Cain, the voice of God called to him before he slew his brother.

The child had awakened, and, creeping down from the bed, came over and stood looking up in his face. He saw her in a dream. The freckled little cheeks were red and feverish; the yellow hair tangled; the blue eyes heavy with sleep; the lips trembling, ready to cry. It was the very face of the child who used to come to waken him in the morning. She put up her hand with a fretful cry and caught his coat.

Richard Lamorce thrust it down.

He was choking for breath. He found himself in the porch, striding up and down like a tiger balked of his prey.

"God!" he cried, "to find him *that—that!* A driveling, dying wretch, that I dare not touch."

Afterward, in a moment, he heard Ralph call him once or twice. "Water, water!" he moaned. Water is the agonized cry of all cholera patients—the need of it is beyond all words to describe.

Lamorce went in and gave it to him; lifted up his head until he should drink. After he had done that, looking again on the face of the man, and knowing who he was, a sudden palsy fell on him. He sunk down in a chair beside the bed, his head fallen, gnawing at his mustache. Then it came to him how utterly lost all these years and this awful striving had been.

God had put out a finger and thwarted him. When his victim was in his grasp—helpless in his grasp—He had raised up something in his own soul that stood between them, and conquered him.

As he sat, stunned, the day dawned. The little girl, Berenice, heedless of all around her, went about washing her face, and doing for herself those little offices which it is so pitiful to see a motherless child perform for itself. After awhile, she came up to Ralph, and giving him both her hands, said her morning-prayer, to which he listened anxiously, correcting her once or twice. It was the prayer all children learn, beginning, "God bless father." But Lamorce noticed that the mother's name was in it still, and after it came, "dear Richard."

"I taught it to her. It's just the same Berry knew herself," said Ralph, turning his head uneasily. "I believe she said it since she was a baby—'dear Richard!' Dearer than I ever was! She called for him at the last."

Dick Lamorce raised his head quickly. An odd flash of triumph and pity came into his face, as he looked at the man who had cheated him of his birth-right, and now owned himself defeated. He stooped forward and brushed the flies from about his face.

The morning crept on. The child went out to play; the men were left alone together. It became evident to Lamorce that the danger of congestion of the brain was imminent. He had as much skill, and twice the experience of ordinary physicians.

Great care for an hour or two might save this man. So, to let him alone, was to let him die—not murder, nor assassination, he told himself again and again; simply to suffer nature to take her course, and rid the world of this monster. But, now that he had seen the man, he could not think of him as a monster; he was puerile, whimsical—worthy of scorn. Yet there was good in him; one could not be ill-natured with so affectionate, simple, jealous a fellow. No wonder Berry had come back to the old, strong, true love.

"She called 'Dick' at the last, did she?" and his eyes were full of tears.

Yet there were times when all the long passion and pain of his hate for this man, found its culmination in that hour.

Consider how he had starved his life; consider all that he had given up to gratify that one aim. The hour had come; it needed not to stretch out a hand—only to sit passive, and his end was reached. Consider that he was alone; no human eye to see, no human hand to come between him and this his victim, who had deserved his punishment.

If it had been the temptation of a moment, to be cowed by a swift, fierce impulse of generosity! but for two hours the man he meant to

kill demanded each moment patient, menial service at his hands to keep him alive.

It was given. No tithe was left unpaid. At its end, Richard Lamorce looked out with galled eyes and sunken features into the high day, knowing that he who conquers his own spirit, has fought a harder battle than he that conquers a city.

It had been given in vain. Ralph Corson had droned out his last, long story; he would look unsteadily about the world for his place in it no more.

He still breathed, however, when the doctor, a smooth-shaven, fair-haired old man, arrived, who stooped and looked close into his eyes.

"No meaning; no 'speculation' there! Congestion, eh? It often ends so. Poor fellow!" He glanced over the medicines. "You have done all you could. A college of physicians could do no more."

But he did not offer to help Lamorce to perform the last offices to the poor body, when that was all there was left to do. He composed the limbs decently, tenderly—even thinking the child might remember its dead father. For himself he could not affect grief, there was a certain relief that all was over, that his hands were clean. As he finished, he heard the old doctor's step and soothing voice with a woman's outside.

"It is his sister," he thought; and he went out hastily from an opposite door. He would give her the messages when the force of the blow was spent.

He found the child outside, digging in the clover. "Come," lifting her in his arms. "Berenice, come! Say, 'dear Richard.'"

They buried poor Ralph that afternoon; some laborers having been found willing to risk the danger.

The doctor found Lamorce somewhere about the grounds. Little Berry lay asleep on his knees.

"You will follow your friend to the grave?" asked the doctor. "I must apologize; but it has been determined to leave his body near the house. I am sorry—consecrated ground is in the city limits."

When the time came, therefore, taking the child by the hand, he stood by the door-step to let the coffin pass, closely following the veiled figure behind it.

They buried him on the hill-slope, near a clump of sycamores. It was a clear autumn day; the fresh, warm light and air fell around and in the yawning grave. It was a great calm and peace—Lamorce felt that; he scarcely

heard the murmured prayer, or the slow, retreating footsteps, when all was over. He saw only that the grave which held the temptation of his life was closed at last and forever—he knew that he had conquered himself. A restless, confiding little hand lay in his—"Berenice, Berenice." The name was redolent of all loving memories. A spring-like warmth stirred itself in his heart, and as it wakened the solitary thought, which more than all others had brightened his life, the thought became suddenly real; for at the other side of the grave, coming toward him, was Mary Corson.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OLD HOME AT THE HEADLANDS.

THEY sat, side-by-side, in the yellow, hazy light of the September afternoon. To the townspeople they were mere waifs or estrays, coming and going with this breath of the pestilence. So they were left alone there, and forgotten.

The story had been told—how, neither of them remembered—few words had sufficed; but it was over, and Richard Lamorce and Mary Corson both knew, that into that miserable depth they should never look again together.

Here was all that had come out of it: the wide, sunny, autumn day; the soft rustle of the syamore-leaves overhead; the bees droning over the covered grave which broke the russet-stretch of clovered-meadow; the child sleeping under yonder sumach-tree, its berries of red velvet gathered in her hands.

Nothing more—only these two, sitting alone; and outside of this crimson clovered-field, a world in which neither had a home, nor a future.

Lamorce's eyes were tired; he could not see the world beyond, nor even that wretched past. The years gone; the hate and the fury, and the pain which had been their life—all this had dropped from him, leaving only a sense of exhaustion, and the love for which soul and brain and body cried with desperate and perilous thirst.

He looked at the thin, pure face; at the eyes which had grown strangely patient and spiritual in her long pain and humiliation.

Nothing came between this woman and his hold of her now. The blood of her brother was not on his hands—God had hindered that.

He got up and came to her, leaning against the bole of a tree, resting his head on his arm.

"Mary, I have been on a long journey, and the end of it is here. God only knows how tired I am. Will you give me rest?"

She rose and put her hand in his; but she could say nothing. Yet, knowing the ill that she and her's had wrought in his life, she believed that the love she gave him would some day atone for it all.

So they two stood together, watching the sun go down behind the low, quiet valley, while some wood-bird sang clear and loud overhead. Behind was the covered grave; and before them, in the meadow, Berenice, smiling and asleep in the pleasant evening light.

Twelve years later. Again a September sun slanting his late afternoon rays upon masses of brown clouds, stacked in the eastern horizon; the dusky-red fire burns through them, making them appear like mountains of crimson and luminous dust. Directly overhead the natural color of the day is a chilly-blue; for there are no mountains here to ward off the early winter winds. The sea beneath the cloudy rampart is heaved and angered by them even now; sends in the evening-tide a vast sheet of curving, curdling foam. The long band of salt marshes, varying in color from umber to clear emerald, glitter in the cool evening air. Here and there patches of rose-colored or purple-blossoms creep out of the marsh, down on to the very sand-beach. A ship, with shadowy-white wings, paints itself upon the blue distance; inland, the cloud of light smoke rises cheerily from the windows of the homesteads of the Headlands. It has grown solid and affluent in its old age. Mellow apple and peach-orchards, gardens, a vineyard, stretch out from it like hands, gathering under its warm roof all the comfort and beauty which the earth would yield. Its windows are lighted from within. Two boys—sturdy, thorough little fellows, are plodding up from the beach, laden with seines and baskets, looking behind them, now and then, to shout to a raw-boned, old fellow who is landing the boat, evidently wanting to impress their familiarity with him upon the ears of all by-standers. Both of them have just caught sight of a lady's head on the other side of the fence—a finely-moulded head, with shining braids of black-hair; the eyes dark, kindly and shrewd. Along the creeks and inlets, near the Headlands, where Dick Lamorce used to swim, and crab and fish, these boys, who bear his name, are as well known to the fishermen as he was; and bear their cuffing and petting with a like cool indifference.

"They're right chips off of the old block." Dill, who usually has them in charge, says proudly, "There's not a drop of blood in 'em that's not Lamorce."

In which he is right enough; they are short and heavily built, like their father, with the same simple, dogged, generous face, yet gentle, grave eyes.

"God forbid!" Dill says, "that they should ever look into some days of their father's life I knowed on. But it was jess the black drop burnin' out o' the blood—there's none as pure nor red now."

"He's a hard swearer, Mr. Lamorce," Jane will hint, doubtfully, for she has "joined class" lately, and is narrowing the borders of her charity.

"Don't talk like a fool! You've got to use hard bit reins when you drive Jerseymen, as Mr. Lamorce knows well. He's as God-fearing a man as lives—let him talk of the devil as he pleases."

It is only to his wife that Dill discusses the Lamorces. He would as soon talk of them to the men thereabouts, as a prime minister would chatter abroad of the royal family; for Lamorce, living almost as simply as themselves in the old homestead, is like a king among these people. They refer all their disputes to him. "He is juster nor the law," they say.

He tries to be. Those old days when "the black drop was burning out of his blood," have only left a gnawing, eager desire to wipe them out—to atone for them in every moment of this full, helpful, sincere life, which he lives now.

Even the rare bursts of passion which break out in the oaths that shock Mrs. Dill, are subjects of grave anxiety with him when they are over.

"It is the boys I think of, Mary," he says, gravely. "I wish they could be altogether like you."

At which she only laughs.

Mary Corson is too earnest a thinker not to feel how the true, simple instincts of Lamorce have been the salvation of her own more artificial, shallow nature; how, in the daily mysterious bond between husband and wife, as much as in the discipline of those years of loneliness and pain, she has learned to know his God as her God; and, like him, to meet the world with earnest, helpful hands, rather than her old puny, vain criticism.

There is an atmosphere about every house—that of the Headlands is curiously healthy and bright. It seems natural to the boys, coming in to-night from their day's holiday, to find open, lighted windows, great fires, music, a good little feast, some new amusement to make their days heartsome. They don't see that both father and mother will it to be so. "It is so

late for us," Richard often says to his wife, "we have to make up for all the happiness of those years lost."

They have a few good friends; but Mary would find it lonely, it may be, if it were not for Berenice. She is their only daughter. The boys were twins, and after them they had no other children.

Mary follows her to the beach when she walks out; sits near her as she studies; creeps into her room at night to know if she sleeps easily and well. She has a boding terror in her heart when she looks at her. Yet Berenice is lithe and firmly knit; a hardy, happy little maiden, sound in lungs as in temper.

She has her mother's peculiar, rare beauty. She stands now at an upper window, watching the lengthened shadows of the boys and their mother as they cross the sands. Mary, looking up, sends one of the boys running to bring her to meet them.

"Sister is alone," she says, anxiously. They all call her that; the name suits her. Mary never forgets that the child is motherless; she never loses a sense of atonement to be made; she wonders often whether if she were her own, if she would feel for her a tenderness so uneasy, deep, and longing.

Mary watches, not without pride, too, her girl's free, dainty tread, as she comes down between the trees, her hands clasped behind her, her head, with the sunlight glittering through its golden curls, turned to one side, an amused smile on her lips as she looks down at little Dick gesticulating over his fish. Suddenly her face flashes into a splendor of beauty, and she springs forward; while Dick tugs after in his solid fashion. Mary understands. "Father is coming," she cries.

Then they meet him on the beach—the Lamorce we knew. And yet—The pain of that evil past fell from that day long ago—but even its traces are gone now. A grave, kindly, powerful face, such as old Peter Lamorce's prophetic eyes might have foreshadowed in his boy's long ago—to his own sons' it is the truest and tenderest on earth. They cling with their fishy hands to his, while Mary and her girl make an outside escort. A silly, happy party, laughing at trifles, as people do whose hearts are warm and light.

Lamorce wears the same old-fashioned cut of brown clothes, but the cloth is delicately fine, and the shirts are ruffled. Some of old Peter Lamorce's courtly French habits are hinting themselves in Richard as he grows older.

They go into supper after the boys come back,

with cheeks as shining from soap as their eyes. Then they drop off to bed, after a final confidential chat with Dill over the back-gate.

"Let us go into your room, Berenice, a little while." Both Mary and the child know what that means. When "father" is troubled, one of Berry's songs will charm him quiet always. So they go up softly. It is a little room, overlooking the sea. Lamorce had set it apart for the child, and furnished it with a care bestowed on no other part of the house. There were only pure, delicate tints in it—pearl and white.

The child knew that it had been her mother's; she knew that for it and herself there was in Lamorce's mind some deep, unuttered meaning.

Over the fire-place, looking out toward the sea, was a single picture; the only one the room contained—the Madonna and child.

Her mother. In the happy, sweet little maiden's heart there was a quiet twilight-corner, where even Mary's anxious eye could not penetrate; out of that all the grace, and strength, and melancholy of her life would grow. In it she had shined this mother, pure and mysterious as a spirit.

She glanced up at it as she placed Lamorce's chair; and stooping, clasped his forehead with her cool, dewy hands.

"Dear Richard," she whispered—she had

a habit of calling him that, when she saw him grave as to-night. She had guessed why it brought the quiet, loving look into his eyes.

Then she sang for them. She had a sweet, simple voice, simply trained; but her song always came like the benediction to the day. As the notes floated out into the evening air, Lamorce put his hand upon Mary's anxious face, turned watching up to his. There was a world of love and content in the touch.

She gave a sigh of relief. Mary's life was spent in watching; to keep the eyes about her clear and happy.

While they sat there, the sun went down. The light rested, like a halo, upon the mournful, unutterable love in the mother's pictured face. It seemed to Lamorce that her eyes followed Berenice, as if to receive from her a blessing. His own filled with tears as he looked at the child; and he thanked God that out of the long, miserable past, there remained to them this pure and tender memory.

If out of the rank strength and untimely heats of his earlier life, God had caused to be brought into the world a growth, healthy and helpful, for whose beauty and charity men could be thankful—Dick Lamorce's eyes in his great humility were slowest to see it.

THE END.

SUMMER HOURS.

BY MRS. F. M. CHESBRO'.

In the air the sound of bird-notes;
On the breeze the breath of flowers;
O'er the sky the silver cloud floats—
Thus steal on the Summer hours.

Daisies spring up in the meadow—
Sunshine on the water gleams;
By the brook-side droops the willow—
Now steal o'er us Summer dreams.

Swallows twitter, 'mid the branches,
In the tree-top's lofty bowers;
Softly o'er our waking senses,
Steals the dreamy Summer hours.

With the bird-note and the blossom;
With the blush on sky and flower;
With the deep, calm, blue of ocean,
Comes the sunny Summer hours.

Comes with these the blest assurance,
Earnest of a better life;
Peace for us, and sweet deliverance
From the thralls of bloody strife.

Through the air melodious swelling,
Sweet with music's holy power,
Freedom's joyous song is ringing,
In this glorious Summer hour.

THE BEAUTIFUL GUEST.

BY EMILY A. W. YINTON.

A BEAUTIFUL guest came last night, little Maud,
And left a sweet gift for you;
An arbutus-wreath, pink-and-white, little Maud!
The sweetest that ever grew.

As our guest passed out at the door, little Maud,
A glimpse of a blue-bird's wing

Came with th' sunshine on the floor, little Maud,
And I heard a robin sing.

Shall I tell you her name? Can't you guess, little one?
Sweet Spring! how you smile, my Maud;
We shall find where her fair feet press, little one,
When we walk in th' woods abroad.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

A SHELL of costly wood, in which is laid the still, beautiful form of a lovely young bride. The expressions of dying agony has passed from her face now, and in looking at her, none could guess the fearful way in which death had met her. The white robe has been laid over her carefully, concealing the deep wound from which has ebbed, in a steady stream, her life-blood. Her hands, raised wildly but a short time before, imploring for mercy are passive now, and in their clasp have been laid, with careful tenderness, pure white flowers. Solemnly, and with breathless interest, the band of mourners gazed upon that cold, lifeless form. I gazed, too, and I am the only one amongst all that funeral-train in whose heart there mingles a feeling of thankfulness with those of awe and terror; to the others this is merely violent and mysterious death, for they know only the present—but I read this scene by the aid of the past.

A cold shudder passes through my frame as memory carries me back, through what seems to be a blank space, to the time when I was young and beautiful. Yes, I was beautiful, and I do not hesitate to say it now, for years have passed since then—years of toil and loneliness, and of strange, wild terror, leaving their marks perceptibly upon my face and form, and well nigh obliterating every trace of beauty. I tremble as I think how narrowly I escaped the fate of this young bride. Had it not been for that mysterious feeling, unaccountable to me, but firmly rooted in my mind, which I received as a warning, and acted upon, I knew not why, I might long ere this have met the fate which consigned her, in her first flush of happiness, to an early grave.

We often have strange feelings—call them presentiments, or what you will—for which we can assign no reason; but if, in after years, when their unspoken prophecies have been fulfilled, we look back upon them, we recognize that delicate action of mind upon mind, which gives us the clue to the thoughts of another. Years have gone by since I passed through that strange ordeal, which stands out against the rest of my life as the whirlpool which so nearly drew me into death—yet those years, unmarked by any especial event, are dim and misty; while

the occurrences of a few months, far back in the distance, are as vivid in my recollection as though stamped upon my heart in letters of iron.

I was naturally of a nervously sensitive temperament. My father was an artist, and the means of support, which he furnished for his family, were gained from the creations of his highly-wrought imagination embodied on canvases. My mother was of a highly poetic nature, and she seemed to have an intuitive perception of those inscrutable workings of the heart, which are usually hidden from common mortals. These two beings appeared to have been moulded for each other, and to have but little in common with the rest of God's creation. Is it strange that I, their only child, should partake somewhat of their sensitiveness? From the earliest time that I can remember, wild, singular fancies would pass through my mind, and I would, sometimes, even see figures before me that were entirely invisible to others. I mention all this to account, in a measure, for the thought which entered my brain and lodged there, and which haunted me so fiercely that I sometimes doubted my sanity.

At the age of sixteen, I found myself an orphan. A few dollars only were left to me after I had paid the expenses of my father's funeral, who had survived my mother about half a year. I was not permitted to give up entirely to this bitter grief, which seemed as though it would overwhelm me, for I was poor and must devise some means of support. I had inherited a portion of my father's talent. I could paint pictures of the scenery around me, and I could also take tolerably good portraits; and I knew that I could find sufficient employment of this kind to live upon in my native town, where my expenses were so trifling. I accordingly engaged board, at a very low price, with a plain, quiet couple, who had no children—and here the weeks sped on without interruption. My time, when not occupied in sketching views, or taking likenesses, was passed in my own apartment—and I had that perfect quiet which accorded so well with my feelings.

Several months had gone by in this way. The warm sunshine had melted the snow from the hills, and released the ponds from their icy

chains; the clover was dotting the fields with red-and-white, and shedding an odor of freshness into the pure air; in short, the time had come when the inhabitants of cities would leave the hot, pent-up brick houses, and seek the freedom of the country. But what had I to do with these fashionable strangers? I cared not to mingle in their gayeties; and if I did, they would not be likely to notice a poor young girl toiling for her daily bread. How little I then suspected of the closely-written page assigned to me in the book of fate, to be unrolled during this season, which was to cast a dark, mysterious shadow over my whole life.

From my window I watched the beautiful ladies as they passed, elegantly dressed, and full of spirits; or listened to the joyous laughter of the children, and wept over my own loneliness, as my fingers vainly essayed to shadow forth, in all their beauty, the fairy scenes and radiantly lovely images which my soul conceived.

One day I had wandered through the shady path to the edge of the woods, and had seated myself on a jutting rock, to sketch the view before me of an old-fashioned, rustic-looking farm-house, with a sloping, moss-covered roof, that seemed almost to reach the ground, with a pretty little pond in front, canopied with a large, weeping-willow, which threw light shadows into the water, admitting the sunshine through the crevices of the foliage. I was all absorbed in my work, when I was suddenly awaked to consciousness by the sound of a voice near me.

"I think you must have dropped this pencil, I found it at the foot of the hill."

I looked up, and encountered a pair of pensive-looking eyes fixed upon mine in a way that betokened interest in me. I recognized one whom I had often noticed tripping lightly up and down the steps of the hotel, in company with others from the city. There was none of that haughtiness in her face which I had supposed to be a part of all fashionable people; but there was a gentle sweetness about her which attracted me irresistibly. I thanked her for the little service which she had so kindly rendered me, and then she asked permission to see my picture. She was soon sitting beside me, and we were conversing as though we had been old friends. I told her my whole sad story, and she wept with me. She knew well how to sympathize, for she had seen much sorrow—her own parents were sleeping where the flowers blossom and the birds sing; and it seemed now, after the months of loneliness I had passed, as though God had sent an angel

to cheer me. We walked home together, and she promised to come to see me in the evening.

I entered my apartment wondering why she had been attracted toward me; but I glanced at the little, square glass, and was satisfied. I knew that I was very beautiful—yet I do not consider that I was vain; I received this as I would any other of God's gifts. It was not at all my pride that I had inherited my father's large, dreamy, hazel eyes, full of expression; and my mother's hair of that rich, dark-golden hue, which we so seldom see; nor was the fair transparency of my skin, with that delicate flush in the cheeks, the work of my own hands; the full, red lips, with the many dimples playing around them; and the small Grecian nose—all was the gift of God, and I was responsible for the use I made of this gift of rare beauty.

My new friend, Edith Willoughby, called in the evening, and her brother came with her. He was a splendid-looking man, just the one to captivate the fancy of a girl who had so much of ideality about her as I possessed. He was very tall and dark, with the thick, glossy hair waving over a haughty brow, and great, deep black eyes, which seemed to have a world of mystery concealed in their liquid depths. He resembled the picture which my imagination had drawn of Italian bandits. From the first moment that I beheld him, I felt, instinctively, that he was, in some way, to be connected with my destiny.

The evening was delightful to me. I was in society more suited to my taste and mind than I had met since my parents had left me. I forgot that I was poor, and dependent for my plain living upon my own exertions, and that they were wealthy, and accustomed to moving in fashionables circles; but I talked as freely as though this barrier had never been raised between us. And after they had gone, I found that there was a ray of hope in my heart which had not been there for months. But it was not with unmixed pleasure that I thought of my new friends; there was a mysterious feeling which arose in my mind in connection with Rowland Willoughby, which I found it impossible to define, but which became fearfully developed in the course of our further acquaintance.

A day or two had passed since this, when one evening Mr. Willoughby called, and invited me to go with him to see a fine bridge which had just been completed; his sister, he said, could not accompany us, being otherwise engaged. That evening I shall never forget; the moon poured down a flood of ghastly light upon

our faces, and as I glanced at my companion, I noticed a strange, wild look in his eyes that made me start involuntarily. From that moment the one terrible idea, that he would seek to kill me, which has haunted me so fiercely through life, took possession of my mind, and fastened itself there with such strength that no reason could shake it. What gave me the impression I cannot tell, but it caused me to shudder; and it was with the greatest effort that I could restrain myself from screaming. My hand trembled upon his arm so that he noticed it, and turning his great, piercing eyes upon me, he asked,

"Are you cold, Miss Pillsbury? You look so pale, and you seem to be shivering."

"No," I replied, the warm blood rushing to my cheeks, as I felt that he must be reading my thoughts.

"You looked so pale," he said, "a moment ago; but I suppose it must have been only the cold, white hue of the moonlight."

We walked on almost in silence. That unaccountable dread which had seized me became more and more painful at every step. I tried to argue with myself—what reason could Rowland Willoughby have for entertaining so fiendish a design? There could be no reason; yet this conviction in my mind was stronger than all the philosophy which I could bring to bear against it; that wild fear had fastened itself upon me, and I could no more shake it off than I could shake off the atmosphere that surrounded me. Tremblingly I proceeded until we reached the bridge; it was a wild, lonely scene, not a human being besides ourselves was within sight. On our right, was a dense, dark woods, where the wind rustled softly and mournfully among the trees, like the muffled steps of midnight assassins. On our left, was a high, rugged hill, which seemed, to my excited imagination, to be frowning upon the foul deed about to be committed there. Before us was the bridge of massive stone, with no railing to protect the dizzy passenger from falling into the river, plunging on in its course below. I saw his design clearly now, and a fearful feeling of weakness and utter inability to help myself came over me. I thought I should faint, but with a desperate effort I restrained myself. I clasped my hands firmly together, and stood resolutely in the center of the bridge.

"Miss Maud," said my companion, "come with me, you will not be able to see well there."

A shiver ran through my frame as I glanced at those strong arms, and a vision rose before me of a vain, desperate struggle—a fearful

falling into the river, a girlish form, and a white, deathly face upturned in the moonlight, floating helplessly on the water; and the eyes, from which death was rapidly shutting out sight forever, catching a faint glimpse of a demon-like look peering at her from over the bridge; and then my fate would be sealed, and wrapped in a mystery as impenetrable as the silence and solitude around us.

"No," I said, as quietly as I could; "I feel very dizzy, and I prefer standing in the middle of the bridge."

"But you can have such a fine view over the river here," he persisted. "Come, and I will hold you—you will not be afraid while I am beside you?"

It seemed as though he were mocking my fears—I trembled in every limb. It is impossible for me to picture the feelings which tortured me at that time. I think I could have met death bravely had he come in his natural form; but to be pushed into eternity to satisfy the fiendish desire of another—this idea sent such a thrill of terror through me as I fervently hope no human being may ever again be called upon to endure.

Presently my companion seemed struck with my paleness, and proposed that we should return home. I looked at him suspiciously, and wondered how soon his devilish scheme was to be executed; but we had left the bridge and gone part of the way home. I never, for one moment, doubted his evil purpose—that wild, fearful idea had become a settled conviction in my mind; but I supposed that, for some reason which I could not understand, he had postponed the execution of his design. I was not surprised, then, when he told me that he must have dropped his handkerchief while on the bridge, and requested me to return thither with him. Some might recognise in this merely a lover's plot to prolong our walk; but to me the proposition was fraught with an entirely different signification. I read the whole scheme as plainly as though it had been painted and laid before me. His courage had failed when he had the opportunity of carrying out his design, and now he had resorted to this means to decoy me back again to the scene of danger; and I resolutely refused to comply with his request, alleging fatigue as an excuse. Of course, he would not leave me; although, hoping to escape from him, I begged him to go back and look for his lost possessions, assuring him that I was not in the least afraid to walk the remaining distance alone.

I can remember no time in my life when I

experienced such an intense feeling of thankfulness, as when I reached my home that evening. I sat in my apartment until the misty, twilight shadows of early morning were beginning to gather around, trying to account for my strange fear, and endeavoring to persuade myself that it was merely the effect of my active imagination; but it was of no use, that fierce, improbable idea had taken possession of my mind, and no philosophy could overturn it.

When at length I retired, my slumbers were broken and uneasy, disturbed by strange, wild dreams—one horrible idea seemed to pervade all these sleeping fancies. First, there was a pretty little butterfly fluttering about my head, but I was afraid, and sought to escape from it; then it changed suddenly into a small, black worm, which kept crawling toward me, while I was spell-bound, and sought in vain to retreat from it. It grew gradually larger, until it assumed the appearance of an enormous snake, and it wound its coils around me slowly; and its green eyes, looking exultingly into mine, held me with a fascination from which I could not break away. Its scales, of a vivid green-and-yellow, were horribly beautiful, changing and brightening in the sunlight. Suddenly, as I gazed into those malicious eyes, the color changed into a coal-black, and the orbs, which had so haunted me, were peering steadily into mine; then the whole head seemed to change to that of Rowland Willoughby. I tried to scream, but I was paralyzed; a strong hand held me, and I could not escape; those brilliant scales became daggers, and one was pointed at my heart. I writhed under the gaze of those great eyes, and I seemed to be falling, falling slowly. I knew not where I was going; that strong arm held me, and that dagger was steadily piercing my heart.

I awoke to find myself panting, and the cold perspiration was standing on my brow. That terrible idea, which had first formed itself in the evening, had now even a deeper hold upon my mind; my dream seemed to form a part of it, and from that time the snake and Rowland Willoughby were firmly connected together in all my thoughts.

Both Mr. Willoughby and his little sister came to see me very frequently. That one singular idea which had so unaccountably arisen in my mind, in regard to the former, seemed to increase in force every time I came in contact with him; and yet there was a certain fascination about him which caused me to watch for his coming, while I trembled at the thought. He was constantly inviting me to go to church

with him, or to accompany him in a walk or drive; but I invariably made some excuse for declining his invitations, unless his sister went with us. He would bring me boxes of confectionery and baskets of fruit; but I felt sure that the rosy-cheeked peaches had been secretly sprinkled with arsenic, and that the tempting French *bon-bons* were impregnated with the same deadly poison. Consequently I never allowed an article from his hands to pass my lips.

One evening the gentleman and lady with whom I boarded were going out, and I feared that Mr. Willoughby would call upon me in their absence. I could not endure the idea of being alone in the house with him, and I accordingly begged his sister to come and spend the time with me. We had been together about an hour, when her brother called and said that a friend had come from a distance to see her, and he added,

"I will stay with Miss Maud until her friends return."

I shuddered at the thought, but I could do nothing. Edith went, and I was left alone with the only person in the world of whom I stood in any fear. I believed that fate had decreed that Rowland Willoughby was to be my murderer, and that his evil design would be accomplished, despite all that I could do to defeat it. He presented me with a magnificent bouquet; but I held it as far from me as possible, fearing that if I should attempt to inhale its sweetness, I should be made a victim to some secret poison concealed in the petals of the flowers—and I hastened to place it in a glass of water.

I knew that Mr. Willoughby loved me—he showed it in every look and action. I had carefully avoided encouraging him in any possible way; and yet my very indifference, and even rudeness, had seemed but to make him more infatuated. I tried to reconcile his love for me with that terrible desire which nothing could convince me did not exist in his mind; but here I was lost in a mist. I felt confident of these two facts, but I knew not how to connect them. On this particular evening his talk seemed more than usually love-like; I feared a proposal of marriage, and did my best to parry it. In my embarrassment I overturned the candle, and we were left in total darkness; this mishap, so trifling in itself, happening at this time, completely paralyzed me. I thought of my dream; everything I touched seemed, to my excited imagination, to have the cold, slimy feeling of that snake; and I fancied that I saw two green eyes peering at me. All the frightful

stories I had ever heard, of foul deeds committed in the dark, rushed through my mind; and I seemed to see a lifeless body, with the blood flowing from her heart, being carried hastily out, and secretly buried in the garden. It was all in vain that I tried to find a match; I sank helplessly into a chair; and had I known that my life depended upon immediate flight, I could not have made the effort. Presently my companion succeeded in relighting the candle, and then he seemed struck with my appearance.

"Are you ill, Maud?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" said I, springing up, for now that I could see around me, my courage returned; "but I thought I had better be quiet while it was so dark, or I should probably get into mischief."

He regarded me very earnestly, and seemed to be rather speaking aloud his thoughts than addressing me. "Maud," he said, "do you know that you are very beautiful?"

"Of course, I do," I replied; "but we will not talk about that now. I am going to sing to you—shall I?"

He seemed surprised by my coolness, but assented to my proposition.

I struck up a lively air, and changed quickly from one song to another until he seemed bewildered; but I had an object in view, and I continued to sing, comparing my situation with that of the woman of whom I had once heard, who racked her brain to compose a wild, improbable story in order to arrest the attention of a maniac, who was sharpening his knife the while for the purpose of cutting her throat. Every time he moved his hand I supposed he would draw forth a dagger; but with a powerful effort I controlled my voice, and continued to sing until my friends returned. At first my tunes were light and trifling; I watched his eyes, and they seemed uneasy and wandering—evidently I was not interesting him—and I changed quickly to a strange, wild air; those great black eyes seemed to grow larger—they gleamed as though lighted by an internal fire, and he fixed them upon me with such an intense gaze that I shuddered; my voice grew tremulous, and I took up a low, sad tune, and sang it with all the pathos that I could command. The fierce, fiery light gradually died out of those dark eyes, and they seemed to soften; and now they rested upon me with a subdued expression beaming forth from their liquid depths.

That night I thought over my prospects. Should I remain where I was, I felt certain

that I should be murdered; yet where could I go? At length I remembered a friend of my father's, who resided in the city—and in my desperation I resolved to apply to him. Anxious to relieve my mind in some way, I arose immediately and wrote a letter to Mr. L——, informing him of the death of my parents, and asking him whether there was any likelihood of me finding employment of the kind that was suited to me in the city; and telling him, as a reason for making these inquiries, that I needed a change. This letter I mailed secretly; and in a few days I received a kind reply, containing a warm invitation from Mr. L—— and his wife to come at once to the city, and make their house my home until I could decide in regard to the future.

I said nothing about leaving to any one until the evening before my departure, when I told my landlady that I was going to pay a visit to some friends in the city; but I left upon her mind the impression that I should soon return; my object in doing this was to prevent her from inquiring particularly my address, which, of course, I wished to keep secret.

I wandered off to the church-yard to visit, for the last time, my parents' graves. I sat there several hours weeping, and wishing that I might have been laid with them, and thus saved from the strange and bitter experience which I was passing through; but it had been decreed that I was to struggle on alone, and I tried to feel submissive. It was getting late, and plucking a rose-bud from either grave, I turned my face homeward. As I left the church-yard, a familiar form loomed up before me; a chill, like the winter's blast, ran through my frame. I had laid my plans so carefully, and thus far had carried them out successfully; but was I to be defeated when I was on the point of effecting my escape? I had not seen him alone since the evening that his sister had been called away from me so suddenly, by the arrival of her friend; and I fancied that I had seen him for the last time. He noticed that I was trembling; and attributing it to the cold, he drew my shawl more closely around me, but I shrank from his touch.

"Maud," said he, "I have been wishing to see you alone."

"Have you?" said I, with an attempt at playfulness, which was sadly at variance with my feelings. "Well, then, let us hurry home, for I think that you can scarcely see me here, unless you are gifted with an owl's vision. "Come, Mr. Willoughby, let us play tag!"

And I started to run, but he caught me and

held me back. I remembered my dream, and the strong hand that held me there—and breathlessly I waited for the dagger to be plunged into my heart.

"Maud," said he, "I have something to tell you, and you must and shall hear it! I love you with all the fervor of my soul!"

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, lightly; "this is a mere summer fancy, and will pass away as soon as you return to the city."

A dark frown gathered on his brow, which made me tremble more violently than before, as he replied, with dignity,

"This is no time for trifling. I consider that the charms of the city belles are as nothing compared with yours; all that you lack is money, and I have plenty of that. I offer you my heart and my fortune, all that I have, if you will be my wife. Refuse me this request, and you will break my heart."

I could no longer jest with him, there was too much earnestness about him now for that. I dared not refuse him, for I felt if I did, a dagger would be plunged into my heart. I loved him with a strange fascination, yet I could not marry him with that horrible thought that he was going to murder me, ever uppermost in my mind. I replied evasively,

"This is very sudden, Mr. Willoughby. You must give me one day to consider the matter."

"Then you are not sure that you think enough of me to say 'yes' now? Oh, Maud! if you only knew how madly I love you—but I will not press you. I will call for your answer to-morrow evening," he added, as we reached my room; "and remember, dearest, the supreme power which you possess over the destiny of another."

He held my hand tightly for a moment, pressed it to his lips, and was gone.

When he called the next evening to receive my answer, I was many miles away. I could not see his look of despair and reproach, but I could *feel* it; but there was no more sunshine in my heart than there was in his; our happiness or misery seemed linked together, yet we were doomed to live apart, and bear alone our weight of sorrow.

My friends in the city were very kind. After I had visited them, they found me a boarding-place, where I was accommodated with a small room in the attic at a very low price; and through the influence of Mr. L—I received employment sufficient for my support. But I never rose to any distinction in my art; there was something strange and wild, and indefinable about my pictures; that one idea, which had

blasted my chance of happiness, seemed to start forth in one shape or another upon my canvas; and the beautiful ideas which blossomed in my soul fell so far short of my anticipations, when my pencil brought them forth, that I could only compare them to early fruit, withered and decayed, ere it reached perfection. But I cared not for eminence—my greatest wish was to be unnoticed, and this wish I could fully realize here. I was very quiet—greater happiness I did not look for in this world. When I say that I was quiet, I refer merely to externals—no one knew of the one torturing thought that was burning constantly within me. It is true that I had left Rowland Willoughby, and he knew not where I had gone; yet a vague fear that he would some time find me, and that, in spite of all my precautions, I should one day become his victim, never left me.

Time passed slowly with me, for my life was so very monotonous; and in this way weeks, months, and years went by, leaving their traces upon my face and form. I was no longer beautiful; that one fear that weighed so heavily upon my mind impaired my health, and took away my strength. From a plump, rosy, beautiful girl of sixteen, I had become a thin, pale, sallow woman, whose age it would be difficult to determine. But why should this trouble me now? Very few saw me, and none cared for me. I had no motive for wishing back the beauty and youthfulness of my girlhood; and I rejoiced to find age coming upon me, for I felt that so much sooner would I be released from the life which was a burden to me, and join the sainted ones in heaven.

My little attic window looked out upon the rear of an elegant mansion, situated in the most fashionable portion of the city. It had stood vacant for some time, and I wearied of looking at the closed windows, and the somber brownstone; and I wished that it had some occupants to break the dreary stillness. One day, to my great satisfaction, the house was opened, and I could see a number of women sweeping and scrubbing; somebody, then, was going to live in it—this was a comfort to me. I soon after learned from the Irish servant, who attended to my room, that a newly-married couple were coming there.

Several weeks passed away, when one morning, as I sat by my window, I caught a glimpse in the opposite house of a lovely young girl, evidently not more than seventeen or eighteen. "This then," I thought, "is the bride;" and as I sat and gazed upon her, my thoughts roamed back through a long, blank space, to the time

when I was equally young and beautiful—and I sighed as I compared my lot with hers. She looked happy, and probably had all that she could desire to make life pleasant; my prospects had been cruelly blighted ere I had begun to taste of pleasure. Presently another form appeared by her side. I started, and looked again—it was the same, only older, and with a somewhat sadder expression; that same form which had haunted me for years, whose image I could never forget, was within sound of my voice—this was the bridegroom.

My room seemed to be suddenly filled with a chill, damp air—and a thick mist passed before my eyes. I left the window and laid down. I could not paint that day, for my fingers trembled, and I saw strange images, with wild, restless black eyes, gleaming with fiery light, constantly before me. So I laid there upon the couch until day had deepened into twilight; still I had no heart to undress myself—and thus the night passed away.

A dreamy indolence had come over me. I found it almost impossible to return to my former employment; but there I would sit in my little window from the first gray of early morning until the evening shadows shut out all external objects from my view, my eyes wandering from my canvas to the one house which had now so deep an interest to me, and I watched eagerly for every glimpse of those two forms that were ever in my mind. It was intense agony to me to see them; yet I could no more leave that window than I could leave the one fearful thought that was consuming me. I had no fear of being recognized; for the pale, bony skeleton that I then was bore no more resemblance to the beauty of my girlhood, than do the brown and withered remains of a full-blown rose to the bright pink bud just opening through fresh, green leaves.

One night I was pacing wearily up and down in my little room, while everything around was still as death; suddenly a piercing shriek broke upon my ears. I ran quickly to the window,

and looked out; all was dark and quiet, and I persuaded myself that that shriek was merely the effect of my overwrought imagination; still I could not sleep, but I continued to pace my room until morning; then was brought to light a sad, fearful tragedy, which almost froze the blood in my veins when I heard it. A few months before I had envied that young bride her happiness; now she was lying, cold and white, unconscious of the hushed tread, and the few whispered words of the awe-stricken ones who moved almost noiselessly about her.

A dagger, stained with blood, identified as having belonged to Rowland Willoughby, was found beside the murdered woman. The crimson stream had flowed freely, leaving a ghastly form and a still pulse. Officers, sanctioned by law, entered that house; and he who had hitherto been accustomed to having his commands obeyed and his wishes gratified, went out with them unresistingly.

At the funeral a strange feeling of sickness came over me—and then is a long blank space of which I can remember nothing; it seems as though I had slept it away. When I awoke, I inquired about *him*; but I received no definite answer. I caught snatches, however, of a strange, weird story about a Willoughby who lived two generations back. He had loved passionately a beautiful young girl—had wooed and won her; but only a few years of unmingled happiness had passed, when she was one day found still and cold. Then I heard a whisper about a certain kind of insanity, which kindles in its victim an intense desire to murder the one whom he best loves. All this I caught in disconnected sentences; and when I begged them to tell me where *he* was, they uttered, scarce audibly, the words, “insane asylum.”

I still occupy my little attic-room; and I sit quietly working with my paints and canvas as before; but my face daily becomes paler, my figure thinner, and my hands more transparent. All this makes me feel that my release is near at hand, and I try to await my time patiently.

TO A FRIEND.

BY FRANK MAURICE FIELDING.

THE once bright cheek is pale and worn;
Thine eyes are dim with care;
And gleaming 'mid thy "raven locks,"
Is many a grief-bleached hair!

I cannot gaze on thee unmoved;
My heart grows sick with grief;
I turn away to hide the tears
That spring to my relief.

As oft in richest fruit are hid,
Worms gnawing at the core;
In thy rich heart, Grief's canker worm
Will revel evermore!

And, oh! in Heaven alone is found,
A balm for grief like thine;
The cold and speechless, tearless grief,
That high, proud souls enshrine!

ANOTHER MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I WENT out to buy a pig! The statement is not romantic, nor is the practical realization of it in any way poetical; still it was upon that very transaction that an exceedingly important crisis in my life turned; consequently I set it down, regardless of consequences.

I went out to buy a pig!

The energetic woman who held sway in the kitchen, and domineered over Tim, the boy, and "did for me" generally, resolutely declared that it was impossible for the wheels of our little republic to roll any longer without the assistance of a Mosaic outcast.

The sour milk accumulated in such quantities, and so much "stuff" of all sorts, that she was driven to her wit's ends; "put wrong end up every way," as she pithily expressed it.

It was quite painful to a tender-hearted person to think of her being kept in such a position; and I promised that if the presence of the unsavory, but useful quadruped, could be of the slightest service toward restoring her equilibrium, that she should be solaced by porcine music before the morrow's sun reached his meridian.

So, early the next morning, I ordered Tim to build a house for our new inmate upon the most approved plan; and Tim, being a willing soul, though bandy as to his legs, set to work with such courage, that by noon the dwelling was ready, even to straw.

Then out I sallied, followed by my henchman—at least I think he was, though, probably, he would not have known what the name meant; and I am sure I don't, but it sounds well—and sought the abode of old farmer Topwell, down below the village.

"Want to buy a pig!" said the worthy old gentleman, when I had made known my errand. "Dew tell—I want to know."

Then he asked me a number of questions, which did not appear to me to have any direct bearing upon the matter in consideration. He wanted to know what I did before I came to live on old 'Squire Grave's place; how I came to do it, and if I liked to do it; and about what age I was when I began.

As soon as I conveniently could I got him back to the subject; and the old man took me out into his barn-yard, where there were any

number of the desired animals, from which to make a choice.

I wanted to get away; and not being able to understand why, besides paying for my pig, I must throw in a compendious history of my life for the old gentleman's benefit, I picked out a half-grown white chap, that had a peculiarly impudent look pleasing to me, and said,

"I'll take that fellow; and I'll give you three dollars for him. Yes or no?"

"Yaas," returned the old man, spitting out a bit of straw he had been feeding on; "but I didn't reckon you'd be so derved quick."

I paid the price; left Tim to exercise his genius in alluring the new possession home, and went my way; my friend Topwell accompanying me to the gate, and improving the short walk to the best of his ability; but when he got to the President, and began to show me what he'd do if he was in Congress, I got off with all speed.

Now I supposed my troubles were at an end; and I went into my sitting-room and sat down to my books, with the satisfied feeling of a man who had done a fine stroke of business, and felt some pride in the possession of my new vassal.

I was not deeply versed in country life and its mysteries. That spring I had heard of a place to let in this quiet village; and having been recommended a change, and wanting to finish my book in quiet, I had rented it and settled down here.

It was a pretty old place, sufficiently removed from the village to be agreeable, with a green lawn in front, an orchard in the rear; and at the left of the house, a long sweep of shrubbery leading into a grove, which was the most acceptable resort for warm weather that could be imagined.

Why the owner of the house had not set it in the wood no mortal could tell—but he had not. He had chosen to put the end to the street, so that the front was toward the trees; but so near the limits of the land that only a small kitchen-garden separated the dwelling from the next neighbor's yard.

Well, I had not been the owner of that pig more than three hours before he got me into difficulty—it was not for nothing that he had an impudent mug.

My sitting-room was in the end of the house, that looked down upon the street, across a vista of sloping lawn dotted with great maples, having windows that opened upon a broad veranda, which was green woodbine, and altogether as pleasant a little retreat as one could desire.

I heard a noise—some one mounting the steps at a rapid pace; and I looked up from my book to encounter the gaze of a tall, gaunt woman in a sun-bonnet, and to hear such an explosion that I could only sit still and stare.

"'N I jest came to say I won't stan' it! I ain't a goin' to be staumped on by nobody! Maby your pig's a quality pig, 'n I don't say he ain't; but quality or n' quality, I won't hev my gharden-patch tore up, 'n so I tell yeou fair and square. I was rose nigh Milbury, Massachusetts, and I ort tu kneow the law; 'n I'll have no pesky pig a routin' me rout of house and hum, quality or n' quality, 'n so I tell yeou."

She stopped with a jerk, like a machine that had suddenly given way from long and incessant use.

I comprehended, of course, that my new pig had already got into mischief; that faithless Tim had made too much speed in building his pen, or else he was a pig of genius, whose resources were proof against bars and boards.

"Has my pig got into your garden?" I asked. "I am very sorry; I'll——"

"In my gharden?" she began with a snap, as if the kink in the machine had just got right! "Jist come and look—my lettis a sight, 'n my beets, 'n my rooty-beggars! 'S more 'n mortal woman could bear—'n I won't."

"I'll send my boy at once——"

"Send!" interrupted she, with great scorn. "I tell yeou yeour pig's a eatin' up my gharden."

"And I am going to have him got out," said I, very mildly.

"Oh! air yeou? I didn't kneow but city pigs was 'spected to root reound their neighbors yards; but I tell yeou I was rose nigh Milbury, Massachusetts, in the——"

"Tim!" I went to the door and shouted.

A voice from the end of the hall made answer, "'Tim's gone to the village about that harness."

"Not a head of lettis 'll there be," continued my assailant, shaking her sun-bonnet fiercely; "'n oh! them rooty-beggars! Mebby y' 'spected to keep a manygay to cassort reound yer neighbors promises; but 'twan't the way we did 'n Maby——"

"I'll go and drive him out," I cried, quite wild to escape her tongue. "Just show me where he is; and, for heaven's sake, be quiet!"

"Mebby yeou wouldn't be so quiet 'f 'twas yeour rooty-beggars——"

"The devil take the rooty—what-are-theys?" I exclaimed. "Is yours the next house?"

"Yaas, mine; 'n paid fur! Here, yeou needn't go 'way reoun the road; Hester 'n me—we've got a gate between you 'n me, fur we've allers ben good friends, 'n I do' want no quarrels; but it did rile me when I see that pig——"

We were in her garden by this time, and I saw my vicious pig busily at work among her vegetables in the most aggravating manner.

I ran after the pig, and the pig ran, and the long woman ran, talking all the while—and she and I ran bump against one another; and the pig leaped over a quantity of tumblers and broken bottles that had green things under them; and the woman and I grew more furious than ever—and the pig enjoyed it.

I verily believe he was one of the original swine that the devils went into; and I should think at least a dozen must have settled in his particular carcase.

At last I landed on all-fours in a heap of weeds near the house; and as I picked myself up I heard somebody laugh—such a wicked, musical laugh.

I looked in time to catch a glimpse of a young face glancing down at me from an upper window, so full of good-natured fun that, furious as I was, I could not help laughing, too.

Just then the woman, "rose near Milbury," called, "He's cleared, 'n gone into yeour yard."

"Let him stay there," said I. "How did he get in here?"

"'S 'spected there's a board off summiers——"

"I'll see he doesn't trouble you again," I said, hastily, to get rid of her; "and to-night I'll bring you some beautiful garden-plants;" this last I said because I had seen the face at the window.

The woman looked somewhat appeased, and a little ashamed.

"'S 'nough to make a body a little gritty, yeou must allow," she began.

"Oh, yes!" I said. "If the pig troubles you again kill him; I don't want to be a nuisance to my neighbors."

"Wal, that's fair! I was a sayin' to Miss Ray on'y yes'day, sez I, 'Miss Ray,' sez I, 'folks calls him stuck-up; but yeou can't allers tell by the looks of a toad how 't'll jump,' sez I. Miss Ray, she's a stayin' with me, yeou know, 'n has the school, I sez."

"I'll bring the plants to-night," said I; and off I went, feeling as a man who had been half drowned under a mill-dam might; and thinking that if that pretty woman I had seen at the window was Miss Ray, she must be having a hearty laugh at my expense at the present moment.

Tim appeared upon the scene and captured the pig; and I think, if the truth must be told, that Tim "caught Jessie"—at least, that was the way he expressed himself later to Hester, as I overheard from the dining-room porch; and if catching Jessie meant being dreadfully rated, I think Tim was right.

That evening, with a basket on my arm containing my peace-offering, I walked up my neighbor's tidy green yard.

I had been several weeks in the place—but Miss Ray I had never seen. Indeed, I learned from Hester that she had only lately returned to her post after a vacation.

My enemy of the morning was sitting on the porch, with a very pretty little girl beside her; and she herself looked so neat and rejuvenated, I scarcely knew her.

Somebody was singing in the room beyond—a quaint, old-fashioned melody; and I made a sign to my neighbor not to interrupt it.

It was a wonder to me that she could keep still, but she seemed under a sort of spell herself; and if the thing had been possible, I should have thought I saw the tears standing in her green eyes.

After a little the song ceased, and I made my salutations and my peace-offering to Mrs. Hodgson, as well as the voluble assurances of welcome she poured out gave me an opportunity.

Then the singer came quietly out on the veranda, and my hostess made us acquainted after her own peculiar manner.

I have a theory in regard to faces like everybody else in this age of isms—and Miss Ray's face pleased me.

It was calm and serene, with a peculiarly reticent expression, which showed that if one wished to get at the mind and thoughts beneath, it would be necessary to take a little trouble, and be able by tact, or the power of kindred sympathies, to strike the key-note in the right way.

A low, clear voice she had, too. I can only describe it by quoting something I remember to have read in some woman's book, written in regard to a sister woman.

"It sounded like drops of water falling on a crystal floor."

A pleasant, quiet manner, with a certain appreciation of humorous things, which showed a natural love of fun hidden somewhere under the restraints of a monotonous life—a woman who ought not to have been condemned to wear out her youth teaching tiresome and rebellious childish ideas; only one could not help thinking what a blessing it was that they should be under such care. Why to have the voice trained after that silvery organ, would have been benefited enough by itself, in this land of unmusical throats.

Lois Ray—I thought the quaint, old-fashioned name suited her exactly; so did her dress of some dark, thin material, relieved by little knots of bright ribbon, and made long and full. I defy Cleopatra herself to have been graceful in any other sort of raiment.

She was perfectly at her ease; not a trace of fidget about her; not a commonplace uttered, although she talked about every-day things. There was the difference between her conversation upon such subjects and that of an ordinary woman, as there is between a list of prices-current and one of Tennyson's little poems of work-a-day life.

My wonder was how she lived with Milbury; but I soon discovered that Milbury was quite another woman in her presence; not that her voice could be less discordant, or her phraseology more civilized—but it was Milbury at her best.

Why she lived there when there must be other places to be found I learned later; but I shall tell you now, because it will give you a very clear idea of Lois Ray's character, and the motives which regulated her life.

Miss Ray had been a teacher in the seminary of the town for a year past, and Milbury's little daughter was under her care; a docile, studious creature, with her mother's energy inherent in her nature, but fortunately turned in a different direction.

The girl ceased coming to school, and Miss Ray went down to make acquaintance with the mother and learn the cause of the trouble. Milbury now told her griefs. She owned the place where she lived on very nicely; but she had been disappointed in her garden and in some money, and she really could not afford to pay the child's tuition.

"You see I kind o' 'xpected to get boarders," she explained; "but I hain't managed it, though I got a proper harnsome chamber; and I guess I kin fix victuals with a'most anybody."

It did not take Miss Ray long to deliberate—she believed she saw her duty clear; she be-

came the occupant of Milbury's "harnsome chamber," and the girl's hopes of an education was extended.

It was so like Lois—I have written that name, because now it comes natural to me. I think it is the sweetest one that the whole language contains. I dare say there is one equally plain that sounds just as sweet to you.

From that evening our acquaintance grew rapidly, until it became that pleasant, familiar daily intercourse which comes about so unconsciously between two persons of kindred tastes, thrown together in the quiet of the country.

Of course, Miss Ray had only the evening at her disposal—but I saw her then; Saturday was a bright exception, because there was no school. After a time I got in the habit of walking up the quiet street about the hour that she would be on her way home from her incarceration, as I called it, in her yellow jail.

Yet I do not think she felt it as such; she was too much occupied in enjoying every stray gleam of sunshine that rested for a little on her monotonous path; too busy searching for every pale blossom of peace that might chance to bloom in her way, to have leisure to make herself unhappy by mourning over the pleasures and the happinesses that did not come within her reach.

Even Milbury and I got on capitally; and she did me the honor to avow that she did not consider me "half so stuck-up," as she had at first supposed me.

With all her gentleness, Miss Ray had a happy faculty of keeping the creature subdued; and she was usually too busy hunting up something to do, being possessed with a devil that impelled her to work in and out of season, to trouble one greatly.

"Pray, what are you doing now?" I asked, one bright afternoon, as I entered Lois' little parlor, and found her surrounded by Latin books, which she was down on the floor assorting, while a great Lexicon, placed too near the edge of the table, menaced her.

"Hunting up old learning," she answered. "Please move that great book, Mr. Gore, before it falls."

"You would take all your learning at one fell swoop, then," I answered. "But what does it all mean?"

She had piled up her books by this time and risen from her humble attitude.

"Only that Mr. Edwards wants me next term to take the beginners in Latin under my charge, as his assistant, who has taught them, is going away."

"I am sure you have quite enough to do now," I said; "you will get no thanks for working harder."

"Well, I shall like the extra money better," she replied, laughing pleasantly.

She had been turning over the pages of one of the books, and added,

"Dear me, I seem to have forgotten all about it. I shall have to study."

"Will you let me help you?" I asked.

She gave me such a bright glance of thanks, though coloring a little.

"But it would be so tiresome to you."

"Will you let me judge of that?"

"Yes; if you promise to tell me frankly."

So it was agreed that I should help her, and I found the mere idea of the plan very pleasant.

"Now, I suppose, we may go for our walk," I said; "this important negotiation being amicably concluded. You promised to take me to the water-fall this afternoon."

"And we will go. Would you mind little Annie being one of the party? I promised her a treat to-day, and this would be the greatest possible one."

"By all means; but what a blessing that she does not inherit her mother's eloquence—there would be no hope of hearing the water-fall."

What a pleasant afternoon that was, and yet there would be nothing to repeat to you; although I recollect every little incident, and can hear the splash of the waters as they fell from the mossy rocks into the pool below, as distinctly as if it had been only yesterday that I stood there.

We had two such pleasant, sunny months, and yet I suppose there would be very little to set down, even if I wished to describe their every incident.

We walked and drove, and studied the Latin books for awhile each evening. Lois was as conscientious about that as everything else; and it was Milbury's great delight to hear Virgil read—she said it was as good as a treat, even if she did not understand what a word of it was about.

"But she was rose near Milbury; and some of the scholars lived in their house and studied such books—and it was like the old time agin."

Even Milbury had her little romance; and what Harold Skimpole would have called "unconscious poetry," somewhere hidden away in her scraggy anatomy.

The two months passed, and there came a change. It was not any sudden or marked thing; no misunderstanding—yet it was there.

I visited at the house still; the lessons went

on; we had our walks occasionally as of old—but there was a change.

It was in Lois herself; and yet I find it difficult to show you in what it consisted. A looker on, however observant, might not have noticed any alteration—but I felt it. Indeed, it was wholly a matter of feeling, but none the less real.

She was as kind and friendly as ever; but gradually something grew up between us that took her further and further away; and yet there was nothing to which I could give a name, and so ask an explanation.

Milbury was always present when I went there in the evening; little Annie walked with us; and the school duties seemed to grow heavier, because, not seldom now, she made them an excuse for not seeing me. There were school essays to be looked over, copies to be set—anything, everything, and yet never without a show of reason.

I tried to think when it began, but I could not. My neighbors had not invented any wonderful stories in regard to me; indeed, I could flatter myself on being somewhat of a favorite. I puzzled my mind to no purpose.

It seemed to me, as I looked back, that the last day of perfect sunshine I remembered had been when Lois made me a visit. She and Milbury, and the little one, had come in great state to drink tea with me—and my Hester had distinguished herself upon the occasion.

When I tell you that I counted no less than five kinds of cake on the table, you will comprehend that she put her whole soul into the affair; for everything else was in keeping, and that Milbury might reasonably expect never to hold up her head again where culinary laurels were concerned.

That had been a delightful evening. Milbury went off to gossip with Hester, and little Annie was utterly lost in the wonders of a new story-book.

We talked; Lois sang to me. Yes, surely it was after that day the cloud had begun to rise.

I showed them the house at Milbury's request. I suppose she was in hopes to discover that her friend's genius failed somewhere; but Hester came triumphant out even of that trial—for the goddess of order might have held her court in the darkest closet.

They even peeped into my bed-room, because there was an engraving of a picture I had told Lois of hanging there, and she wanted to see it.

Milbury sailed about with considerable freedom, and rather sniffed at the variety of things I considered necessary to my comfort, although

she was in a state of too great complacency and satisfaction really to disapprove.

There was a picture-case lying on the table, a portrait of the only sister I ever had—dead, poor thing, years ago. I had often talked to Lois about her; but I never showed this picture to any one, because it gave a very poor idea of what had been a lovely face.

But Milbury seized it without a scruple.

"Here she is," cried the horrid animal. "Look, Miss Ray—this the young lady to be!"

I took it hastily out of her hand. I did not explain—there are certain feelings one cannot talk about. I could not even have said whose picture it was just then.

But that was a trifle; Milbury was not actually offended. She had the sense to hold her peace; and Lois, having admired the engraving, led the way out of the room.

But one thing did happen, which I remembered; and I connected it with this change.

Little Annie ran home to bring a book we wanted to consult for something; and when she returned, she brought back a letter for Miss Ray, that one of the neighbor's had good-naturedly left on his way from the post-office.

I remembered how a sudden color shot into Lois' face when she saw my eyes fixed on her. I saw the superscription on the envelope, too—it was a man's hand.

So, as the days went on, and we drifted further apart, it became a settled thing in my mind that the letter was from a friend dearer than all others. I recollected, now, many an odd little speech of Milbury's, which I did not heed at the time, but they had an under meaning now.

So I made up my mind to go away from my quiet little home—there was nothing to keep me there any longer.

More and more our friendship had gone back to the formality of a first acquaintance. Even the lessons and the readings were given up.

Some friends of mine came to stay for awhile near the town; and as I owed them all sorts of attentions, I was with them a good deal; and that seemed to put an end completely to everything that had been so pleasant.

They were gone away at last, and I determined to go also. I had been sitting alone in the twilight till I had grown desperate with solitude. I would go at once—to-morrow.

Should I go in to bid Miss Ray good-by? At first I thought not—I might make a goose of myself. I would send her a package of new books I had just received, and a friendly message.

Then I changed my mind; and without giving myself time to argue the matter, took my way toward her house, walking as rapidly as if I was in the utmost haste.

I went in the little parlor, and there she sat in the twilight. I had heard her singing to herself, as I walked up the path, one of her favorite sad, old songs that so exactly suited her voice.

She sat quite still, but greeted me with a sort of breathlessness in her voice, as though my sudden entrance had startled her.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "did I frighten you?"

"I think not. Oh, no!"

"I have come to say good-by," I continued, still beset by that odd feeling of haste, as if I must speak fast, and go, for fear of being late.

"You are going away," she said only.

"Yes, to-morrow! Won't you wish me a pleasant journey, and good speed?"

"Indeed I do," she answered; "I am sure you know that."

I had meant to hold out my hand, to say good-by, and be off. I can't tell you how it happened—instead of that I was begging her to tell me what had come between us, telling her that I loved her; for I suppose you know I had been quite mad during those past weeks.

Never a word she said in answer to my pleading, and I added, desperately,

"I beg your pardon, I never meant to do this; I know you don't love me. Say good-by to me at least; I shall not trouble you again."

Something stopped me—it was her voice; she had only spoken one word—it was my name.

It all came right then; she had loved me and been afraid it was a feeling unsought. That picture she had believed—you know what.

So she had seen the necessity of preserving her secret and her woman's dignity. She had not wished to be cold or angry.

But I was sitting by her now; the confessions were over, we could laugh, could jest.

I held out my hand, and with a recollection of the Latin lessons when had I played master, I said "*An dabis?*"

Very softly the white hand was laid in mine, and the dear voice answered,

"*Dabitur!*"

Then there was a noise at the dining-room door, and there stood Milbury.

"Wal," said she, "I don't know Latin; but that's as plain as Elder Pike's preachin'. I beg your pardons, and I know I shouldn't ort to; but I'm dreadful tickled."

She disappeared, and we heard her out in the yard, making a great commotion among her chickens, by way of relieving her feelings.

"And your journey?" Lois asked.

"I think I will put it off," I said.

"But you seemed in such haste," returned she, teasingly.

"Are you sure it will answer to wait?"

"Could you be ready to start to-morrow?" I asked.

That was turning the tables; but it led to a little discussion, and finally it was settled that it should not be so many weeks, after all, before the journey was actually undertaken.

The next morning I met Milbury on my lawn. "It's all purty," said she, with her face quite distorted with pleasure; "but I want to know where my cohempensahition is—a carryin' off my boarders."

"You shall have the pig," said I; "our acquaintance began over him, you remember."

Milbury was satisfied—I am sure I was.

MY FRIEND.

BY ELLA HOWARD.

THEY told me she was cold and proud,
And on the low looked proudly down;
The timid shrunk from speaking loud
With fear that they might cause her frown.
She lived alone, apart from all,
Nor sought the homes of high or low;
Refused the thought that aught could charm
Her life's long heritage of woe.

But once, with fond excess of love,
She shrined an idol in her heart;
Her cup of bliss, ere quaffed, was filled
With tears, that all unbidden start.

Her days fell into saddest years;
The star of hope grew pale and dim—

Bereft of love's sweetest joys and fears,
Her heart slept in the grave with him.

Why wonder, then, that she is cold?
Why hope to see her smile once more?
In vain: a love like that of old
Shall light her life no more—no more.

The gold now hers she freely gives,
And craves the blessing of the poor;
To do the will of God she lives,
And asks of Him but one thing more;

That when her soul's last prayer is given,
She may be pure and free from sin;
Her widowed-heart may find in Heaven,
Her earthly love, her guide to Him.

MRS. PRETTIMAN'S SKELETON.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

"EVERY family has a skeleton in the closet," is a society aphorism which nobody denies; for, even as we admit it, we hear the skeleton in our own closet faintly rattling its bones in confirmation of the ghastly truth. Thackeray, who devoted himself to the study of the social fabric, and who knew by heart certain phases of living, wrote novel after novel illustrating an admitted fact, whose truth is deeper than the satire, whose sadness is profounder than the cynicism.

Yet, if any one could escape the suspicion of possessing such an undesirable addition to one's family *menage*, surely it had been Mrs. Prettiman. Laughing, rosy-bright as a June morning, surely this little lady ought to stand acquitted of having any secret trouble to mar her social joys.

She was the mistress of a charming villa standing on the outskirts of the city, a "thing of beauty" for every beholder. Roses trailed pink-and-white clouds of blossoms over Gothic porch and balcony, trim gardens stretched on either side; and the passer-by would be very apt to think, here is the very place to spend one's days in peace and quietude.

It is well to be deluded sometimes—a happier state of affairs in some instances, at all events—but I am one of those who hold that the plain, unvarnished truth is best. I must, therefore, as a veritable chronicler, admit that the Prettiman household was by no means so near a Paradise within as it promised to be without.

And yet these words might apply to many another abode beside the one in question. "Come and stay with us awhile," requests some friend. We go, and for a time ejaculate, "Charming!" How convenient and graceful are all the surrounding; what well-behaved children; what super-excellent servants. All at once, in a moment of forgetfulness, somebody or another leaves the closet-door ajar, and there within is grinning the unsuspected skeleton. Awe-struck, yet with well-bred composure, we affect to be blind. Let us go home again. Does anybody suspect the skeleton in our closet there? Well, well, we are used to its aspect, at all events, and its familiar grin strikes us with far less horror than the one concealed in the closet of our neighbor!

Without further prelude, however, I will in-

form you what was the skeleton that dampened the joys, chilled the heart, weighed down the spirits of one little woman, who was by nature one of the brightest, sweetest, most cheery of mortals. Mrs. Prettiman had a—grumbling husband.

"Oh! is that all?" you exclaim; "I was prepared for something horrible, such as you read of in the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' or the other Radcliffe romances!" My dear madam, pass on, you need not stop for my story. I perceive you have that greatest of blessings, a better half, who does not grumble. You, therefore, cannot sympathize with my simple, homemade heroine, whose sorrows, believe me, are yet much sincerer than the Rosa Matilda's, concocted to order out of impossible materials, spiced with unnatural horrors!

Do not imagine, however, that Mr. Prettiman was that very ordinary and everywhere-to-be-found husband, the man who grumbles sometimes. Not he, indeed! Grumbling was the very pivot of his existence. By long and persevering cultivation, he had sublimed it to an art. Grumbling with him was the essential oil that greased the whole machinery of society. Perhaps you will infer from this that Mr. Prettiman was an exceedingly unpleasant person, whom every one avoided. By no means; many people called him a "delightful fellow;" for, to be honest, Mr. Prettiman did the main part of his grumbling at home. He had plenty of polite phrases for the use of society, and was full of quip and jest there, so that you would never have suspected him of being a grumbling husband.

Nobody knew how Mr. Prettiman had first acquired the habit; in fact, I doubt if he were aware himself to its possession. It probably originated, however, in the conviction, on this gentleman's part, that he was the best-abused man in the world. From his earliest years, everybody and everything had united in a conspiracy against him. Seldom, indeed, did any one use him well: he was a martyr, whose sufferings were inflicted by himself.

And, sooth to say, no one ever yet found a grumbler who was not the victim of his own wrongs. "The world is all against us," we cry. Nonsense! Man or woman, be brave; gird

up your loins, and do your duty; and you will be surprised to find what noble rewards are in store for those who try to deserve them. Look out for roses, and you'll find them blooming just beside you. Insist upon thorns, and you'll find them pricking you every step of the way.

I have depicted Mrs. Prettiman as a sunshiny little lady, whose dimpled cheeks showed that nature had meant her for smiles rather than tears. But as she emerged from bridehood into wifehood, from thence glided into motherhood, the dimples did not show themselves as often, and the pretty roses paled and paled on the round cheek, until they bid fair to leave it altogether. People began to say, "How much Mrs. Prettiman has changed since her marriage. I do wonder if Mr. Prettiman is such a nice man at home as he seems in society."

Let us see him at home and find out. Mrs. Prettiman comes down to breakfast with rather a troubled brow; the spring campaign is before her. The house and premises generally need to be cleaned and put in order; the children and herself need numerous additions to their wardrobes. Mrs. Prettiman sighs,

"If one could only do without clothing; or if things wouldn't wear out so, how delightful it would be," she soliloquizes.

She finds Mr. Prettiman engaged in his newspaper. (Mem. Husbands that grumble are usually newspaper devotees.)

"Breakfast is ready, father; you'd better come now while everything is nice and hot," remarks Mrs. Prettiman, in conciliatory accents.

"Better come now. Yes, yes, it may suit you; but I'm busy reading."

"You can read afterward—can't you?"

"Oh! needn't read at all. Guess if you had such a family to support as I have, you'd find out how necessary it is to read the newspaper the first thing. Must know what's going on in the business world."

(Mem. The gentleman at this moment is deeply engaged in perusing the details of a wedding in high life.)

Mrs. Prettiman, without further comment, sits down to the table, and proceeds to breakfast with only Bessie and May, two bright-eyed little darlings, to keep her company.

Mr. Prettiman, who always revels in being as late at meals as possible, finally lays down his paper and takes his place.

"Of course, they've eaten everything up by this time!" is his first comment. The appearance of the table confuting this assertion, he ungraciously adds, "They have left something for a wonder;" and then proceeds to find fault

in every conceivable direction. The table is "half set," because some one article fails to be just at hand. Bessie and May are the most wasteful of children, because they have failed to dispose of a bit of bread-and-butter lying on their plates—and so on.

Mrs. Prettiman observes, as she drops a lump of sugar in the gentleman's cup,

"Oh! this puts me in mind, dear, we're out of sugar."

Mr. Prettiman affects to be thrown into a perfect paroxysm of wrath and dismay.

"The sugar all gone! Impossible—there must be a mistake! It must have been stolen or given away." He would be brought to "beggary and ruin," if things went on at this rate. "Of course, he couldn't be at home to look after things." If he only had "somebody that would go into the kitchen once and awhile."

This is all very pleasing to a wife's ears, certainly; especially one who tries to do her duty, and who is conscientiously careful of everything committed to her charge.

Mrs. Prettiman, with troubled brow, suggests, they have had "considerable company lately;" and that "cake and desserts run off with sugar very fast."

"Ah! whose fault is that?" retorts the grumbler. "I didn't invite anybody. Of course, you will have people here to put me to expense. I never expect to be the gainer by it."

"But you wouldn't live a hermit's life?" returns the little lady, beginning to show signs of fire; for she had been brought up to consider hospitality one of the duties of living. "A person had better be out of the world than in it, if they are to do without society. Besides, Mr. Prettiman, I can't be put off any longer. The house and premises must be set in order; and the children and myself provided with spring clothing."

This is the signal for a grand outburst from *pater familias*. "Where is the money to come from for all these expenses?" Does she expect to get "blood out of a stone?"

"But what is she to do?" questions the little woman, in despair.

"Why, do without, of course;" the same as he does.

Regarding this argument as a clincher, Mr. Prettiman returns to his newspaper, Mrs. Prettiman cries quietly a bit; then, wiping her eyes resolutely, kisses the children, and declares in an undertone, "I will have the decencies of life, at all events."

The consequence is, that Mr. Prettiman's credit being good—he always paying his bills

after a terrible grumble—Mrs. Prettiman obtains the needed supplies, as is apt to be the case, at disadvantage; and until the bills are presented, has the Damocles feeling of a sword suspended over her head—for she knows the result.

Mr. Prettiman, at first sternly and savagely, ignores the remotest intention of ever paying the bill; the articles were “not bought for him,” he “knew nothing about it,” etc., etc.; at last winds up by producing his receipt-book, settles with the tradespeople, and congratulates himself upon being a model husband and father.

I have not enumerated a tithe of all the ingenious method, resorted to by the leading gentleman of my story to harass his wife and family.

How he would persist in believing that everybody was in league against him to surreptitiously dispose of his property; and in the most ferocious manner would demand where such and such an article had been “hidden away.” How he would insist upon hoarding up his pet treasures, newspapers, as well as bills that had been duly paid, but for which Mr. Prettiman held himself liable—so great was the depravity of tradesmen—to be called upon to settle over again at any moment. Again he would take a fancy to certain articles of apparel which had seen their best days, and which his wife protested against as not fit to be seen. In vain did this poor lady embroider slippers in dainty needle-work, to adorn the pedal extremities of her liege lord. He insisted in shuffling about in an impromptu foot-gear of his own, cut out of defunct boots, declaring that to be much more comfortable; “Never mind the looks—there was nobody to see him.” At which the poor little woman, opening her eyes mildly, referred to the halcyon days of courtship, and ventured to inquire if she had been “nobody” then?

Of course, in view of all this, you will not wonder at Mrs. Prettiman's paling roses and infrequent dimples. But then came a time for reform, when Mrs. Prettiman grew stern and determined.

Little May's birthday was close at hand. She was a summer child, and had come into the world when at its brightest, in the fair month of June. Mrs. Prettiman, whose chief delight was to make home lovely to her household, always held a little *fete* in honor of the day.

“Oh, mamma! isn't it delicious to think my birthday comes next week?” declares little May.

Mamma smiles, and sighs, “Yes.” May must

have her *fete*; but then the ordeal to go through with before then.

Mr. Prettiman has little faith in birthdays. “Nobody ever took any note of his when he was a child.”

His wife suggests that it is “So pleasant for children to look back and remember these festal occasions.”

“Yes, very pleasant. But then the money it costs to keep them is a great deal pleasanter.”

“Oh! but you know, we have strawberries of our own—and they're beauties, too.”

“Yes, I ought to know. You got in debt for the vines; knew nothing about it until the bill was brought in.”

“Oh! but you know it was a very small amount, and I'm sure you seem to enjoy the strawberries wonderfully. You told a friend of yours, in my presence, that you had never bought any that tasted as well.”

Mr. Prettiman, finding his guns spiked, beat a retreat, with the parting assertion that he's “not master of his own house.”

Left to her own desires, Mrs. Prettiman does the best she can for May. She makes dainty cakes, and plans and arranges as only a mother can who wishes to make her children happy.

She has dresses for her little ones, to be sure. Those same white-spotted muslins have seen good service; but nicely put up, they'll look “almost as well as new.” But May petitions for a pair of new boots. “Red-morocco, please, mamma, dear; they'll look so nice with my white dress.”

Mamma orders the boots—the cost is slight, surely. Mrs. Prettiman thinks there will be no grumbling at these when she has given up several pet ideas in reference to May's *fete*, which could have been carried into effect at a small outlay.

She orders them sent to Mr. Prettiman's store, down town; he will pay the bill, and bring them home. Little May watches eagerly for papa; and as soon as he opens the gate, runs to meet him.

“Oh, papa! you have brought home my new morocco boots!”

“Not I, indeed! I sent them back.”

Oh! the reproachful look a child's face can wear. I pity the heart that can disappoint a child's faith, when it asks for that which it is right and reasonable to possess.

Mrs. Prettiman was busy in arranging the last details of the little *fete*, which she had meant should yield such simple pleasure, when May came wearing an aspect that it was hard for a mother's eyes to meet. No tears—not

that; but such a grieved look—more than tears by far.

"I must wear my old boots, mamma. Papa sent those you bought back again."

A red flush dyed Mrs. Prettiman's cheeks; the light of quick decision came into Mrs. Prettiman's eyes. She did not remonstrate with her husband—what use? Would it not be the old story of "the child wanted the boots as much as a coach wants five wheels?" while the distant prospect of "beggary and ruin" would be set before her in consequence of this alarming bit of extravagance..

In the pleasures of her birthday *fete*, May forgot her sorrow almost. Though ever and anon, when her eyes fell upon her little black shoes, somewhat worse for wear, the grieved look came back again. But if May forgot, her mother remembered. It is always just such brisk, smiling little women as Mrs. Prettiman, that stand most fire and decision when forbearance ceases to be a virtue. So, if any Benedict peruses these words, whose wife seems particularly meek and patient, and whom he fondly believes loves him well enough to "put up with anything," let him take warning; for the day of reckoning will surely arrive.

The next morning found Mrs. Prettiman remarkably busy, even for her. Whatever her work was, she said nothing about it. When Mr. Prettiman came home that night, his wife met him with a countenance to which his marital experience furnished no counterpart. Usually there had been a look of conciliation, almost entreaty, in the sweet large eyes, as if she had said, "Do not scold me; I do the best I can." But to-night, the expression was calm and self-assured; the head carried, not proudly, but as one who means to assert herself, who knows well her resources, who is ready for battle, and means to return "with the shield, or on it."

"Mr. Prettiman, I have been very busy to-day. I wish you to come and see the result."

The gentleman began his usual prelude, "Haven't any time now; never have any. Something to put me to expense, I dare say."

An expression on his wife's face stopped him, and for once he followed her lead. This was to an unfrequented part of the house. Mrs. Prettiman entered a small octagonal room, heretofore unused.

It was scrupulously clean, the floor nicely sanded. Upon the mantle was an array of pipes—pipes that Mr. Prettiman was forever mislaying in all parts of the house; for he was a prodigious smoker, and was forever accusing

his family of "hiding" from him with malice prepense. On a table at hand were newspapers, carefully filed; also receipt-books, bills yellow with age, etc. On hooks that had been driven into the wall, were hung a collection of seedy garments, old hats, etc., dear to the heart of the lord and master of the household. On the hearth reposed old boots, and the identical, so-called, slippers, that he delighted in.

Mr. Prettiman surveyed the surroundings and was speechless, simply because, for once, he had nothing to say.

Solemnly, as if she had been the ghost in Hamlet, or some other apparition sent with direful warning, Mrs. Prettiman beckoned toward the door.

Mr. Prettiman, turning his eyes thither, read in large letters, the following inscription,

"MR. PRETTIMAN'S GRUMBLING ROOM."

The lady motioned to a chair, the gentleman, in blank amazement, took it; and then, as the lady took one, also, regarded her fixedly.

It struck the gentleman forcibly, as he did, what a pretty wife he had. The lady was dressed with scrupulous care, and yet, with an easy, picturesque grace—such as artists like. The gentleman was not an artist, but he liked it well; and said within himself, "What a remarkably pretty woman I've got for a wife."

Mrs. Prettiman, with the same grave, self-assured aspect that had characterized her throughout these proceedings, began to speak as follows:

"Mr. Prettiman, as you know, I am not given to speeches; throughout our married life I am not aware that I have made one. I find, however, that you mistake forbearance for weakness, and am now about to put an end to the delusion. I am going to make a speech for the first, last, and only time.

"I have been your wife, sir," she went on, "for eight years. During these eight years I have striven faithfully for the welfare of yourself and your children; faulty I have been often, but still faithful to the best interests of those committed to my charge. We have been blessed in basket and store. You were called a poor man when we married; the world calls you 'well-to-do' now. Had I been the reckless, extravagant spendthrift you so often tax me with being, this had not been the case. Now for your record. During these eight years you have blamed me often, praised me scarcely, or if so, with a reproach that annulled the praise. You have found fault incessantly. Constant dropping, they say, wears away a stone. I am less than a stone; and constant grumbling is

eating, like a canker, into the best years of a life, that, but for this, might be all sunshine. The end must come. I have now set apart a room where you may grumble to your heart's content. Since you have made grumbling your profession, as it were, you are welcome to consider this apartment your office, and practice your profession within its walls. But understand, Mr. Prettiman, that from thenceforth, fault-finding—unnecessary, captious fault-finding, such as has made my life miserable—shall be carried on outside of these four walls."

With a slight wave of her hand toward said inscription, a slight inclination of her pretty, womanly head, the lady passed out.

What reflections passed through Mr. Prettiman's mind in the solitude that ensued, none ever knew. What visions he saw, or what memories of ignoble words spoken, of unbecomingly deeds done, came to him with reproachful aspect, and upbraided him, as his wife had never done, none knew. But Mr. Prettiman emerged from that salutary solitude a decidedly wiser and better man. I do not say that from thenceforward he ceased to grumble; but it was done after a fashion so much more subdued, that one hardly recognized the old time-worn habit.

Whether he followed his wife's advice, and

disposed of his grievances to the four walls set apart for him, making them the confidants of the numerous disasters that were always clogging the wheels of his destiny, deponent saith not. But it can be deposed, that the roses and dimples came back more charming than ever to Mrs. Prettiman's cheeks, and she became her own sweet-smiling self once more. Her one speech had worked wonders; thereafter a mild remonstrance answered the purpose.

In conclusion, I would advise mothers, wives, and daughters, to set apart a room for all masculine grumblers who exceed legitimate bounds. Of course, it is the privilege of every one to indulge in a good, thorough grumble once and awhile; but it must be the exception not the rule. As for the ladies—oh, well! you know it is their prerogative of which no true man would deprive them, to find fault. Fair play's a jewel! You take your rights, gentlemen; permit us our *privileges*. Every good, manly fellow that may read these words, will concede the case at once, and cease grumbling thenceforward. Otherwise, ladies, resort to Mrs. Prettiman's remedy. A most effectual one; for if the skeleton that had haunted her home did not leave it, it at least stayed within bounds, and was rarely known to find its way out of its own apartment.

MARY.

BY EMILY SANBORN.

THE May-moon lights the old stone-bridge;
The fringing willows kiss the stream;
And I, a pilgrim to this shrine,
I sit, and clasp a broken dream.

Ten years of heavy cares and woe,
Have left their impress on my brow;
And I have wandered far and wide,
But Mary, Mary—where art thou?

The music of the water-fall—
The breezes whispering to the night;
The moonlight shadows—'tis not these,
That greet my ear and aching sight.

It is my lost, my Mary's voice;
I see her form of beauty rare;
Upon the arching bridge she stands,
And beckons me to follow there.

'Twas thus she stood, that hallowed eve,
That eve, so sacred to our love;
To-night she looks with spirit eyes,
Upon me, from her home above.

The band of hopes and brightest dreams,
Which clustered round me for a day,
Are withered now, and mournfully,
I onward take my weary way.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

BY M. EDESSA WYNNE.

My soul, come back from the dismal night;
Come back, my soul, and bring
The promise of another Spring—
Come back with light!

My soul, come back from the wild, wide waste
Come to thy home of rest
Ere dust lies deep on a moveless breast—
My soul, oh, haste!

The shore lies deep in the angry sea;
The olives all o'erflown;
Shut in my ark, I pine alone—
Come back to me!

I sent thee out on a vain, vain quest—
Come to me, trembling one!
For truth from the haunts of men hath gone—
Come back and rest!

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 377.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD Mrs. Gray had fallen once more into complete destitution. For a little time her son had cared for her; but the duty soon became irksome, and her sad, weary face a reproach which he had no courage to endure. So he pacified what little conscience was left to him with a determination to give his mother all her old luxuries whenever he should marry the widow; and convinced himself that the best way to accomplish this, was to follow up Ruby Gray and secure her and her wealth at once.

So he sent a note to the patient old lady, promising to return with capital news in a few days; and betook himself, as we have seen, to Long Island, quite satisfied that his mother would take care of herself somehow until his return.

But poor Mrs. Gray had exhausted all her resources and all her strength; she, once so proud and powerful both from her wealth and personal character, was now more helpless than a child. She was too old for work, too delicate for begging; and so she sat down in her weary want, and prayed God to let her die.

I will not describe to you how much this poor lady suffered; how, day by day, hour by hour, pure animal craving gnawed away her strength and overwhelmed her pride. How her mother's love strove to throw off the conviction of her son's unworthiness, which coiled closer and closer around her heart, as the serpent girds and crushes all life out of its victim. He would come back in time—surely he had not left her to perish! She had nothing to busy herself about; no food to cook, nothing but pure water to drink. This was unneeded, fortunately, in that bland June weather; and all she could do was to sit by the window and see the flowers bloom around her all the weary day, and feel the cold moonlight stealing over her like a shroud when she crept into bed. Sometimes these flowers awoke her imagination, and mocked at her hunger. When she looked at the grapevines, reddening over with the first leaf-buds, longing thoughts of the

purple clusters that would, by-and-by, hang among them, made her eyes bright and sharp with yearning greed. But even then the natural refinement of this woman made her ashamed of the animal want which was torturing her, and she thanked God in her heart that no one was by to witness her sufferings.

A few weeks before this, Mrs. Gray had dismissed her last servant—a faithful and attached girl, who had plead hard to be “kept on” without wages, and went away heart-broken and wounded when her generous request was denied. But the poor lady had no choice; for she knew that the girl must not only stay without wages, but without food. She could find the strength to suffer herself, but not to endure the humiliation of a witness; for her son's sake, the extremity of her distress must be concealed. So, with seeming hard-heartedness, she sent the girl away without the explanation which would have wounded her, but saved a faithful servant from a feeling that she had been treated with ingratitude and something like injustice.

The girl went away, and through the influence of a friend already in service at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, got a situation there. She soon learned to forgive her old mistress; and as her resentment wore off began to comprehend that no unkindness could have been meant by her discharge; and a vague sense of the truth came to her heart, wounding it with self-reproach. The duties of a hotel-servant do not admit of much visiting; but one day the mind of this girl became so disturbed with thoughts of her old home, that she seemed absolutely haunted by them. That evening she obtained an hour to herself and went, with breathless anxiety, which she could not have accounted for, toward the little dwelling in which she had seen more happiness than usually falls to the lot of a girl whose home is changed so often by the will of others. Theodore had come with the girl, and waited in the street for her. Helen found the iron-gate partially open, and went into the back enclosure, where the soft air was stirring among the flowers, and sweet

adors floated dreamily on every breath, such as only come from the flowers when night-dew is upon them. Everything was dark about the house. A window was open, and through it fell the light of a new moon; but everything within was still as the grave. Helen rang the bell, but no one answered. Then she waited awhile and tried the door. The night-latch was up, and she went into the dark hall, frightened by the darkness and the solitude.

"She used to sit a great deal without light," thought the girl; "it may be that she is at home, still as it is."

With a quick, cautious step, Helen mounted the stairs, the door of Mrs. Gray's room was open, and gleams of moonlight came faintly through, and with them, a low sobbing breath, which brought Helen's heart to her mouth. She entered the chamber, and there, upon a low, white bed, which looked cold and dreary as a tomb, lay the form of her mistress; upon the pillow masses of gray hair rested dimly; and upon that pinched face the pale moonbeams fell in chilly whiteness, making the locked features deathly. While Helen looked the drawn mouth began to move, and the two hands were thrown out eagerly.

"Give me more; what is one spoonful? Why do you keep the tureen back; it is brimming full—pieces of meat floating in it, too. Why does the soup turn to water, when you put it in my mouth? Water, water! Oh! I am so tired of water! Do not carry it away. One spoonful—only a spoonful!"

Then the woman fell to moaning and sobbing in her sleep. Her hand dropped heavily down, and her face was wet with tears, shed in that sleeping agony of hunger.

Now Helen understood it all. No fire—no light—no food; nothing but an empty house, moonlight and flowers, around a famishing woman. Tears, sharp and painful, came into that good girl's eyes. She longed to fall upon her knees and ask pardon of that gentle lady for ever leaving her; but even then she remembered the sensitive pride of her mistress, and dared not arouse her. But a generous heart was at work in that honest bosom—and that is enough to brighten the most ordinary mind. She thought of Theodore, and resolved to consult him. Down the stairs she glided, and out upon the pavement, where she joined Theodore, pale and breathless.

"I have seen her—she is at home. She is sick. Oh, Theodore! she is suffering so!"

This was said with a burst of tears that startled the kind fellow she addressed.

"Is she so very sick?" he inquired.

"Oh, Theodore! she is all alone in the dark, and crying in her sleep."

"Crying in her sleep?"

"Oh, God! forgive that young man. He is killing her!"

"Killing his own mother!" exclaimed Theodore, shocked to the soul; for he, too, had a mother living whose memory was ever with him. "That is a crime, Helen, which we ought not to ask even the good God to forgive."

"I know it—I know it; and she kept it all to herself—kept it from me; and now she lies there, white as a sheet, moaning for something to eat, with no one to hear her."

"Moaning for something to eat, Helen?"

"Yes, Theodore, it is just that; and I could think hard of her. That handsome wretch—oh! I could tear him to pieces! His own, own mother!"

"If she is suffering like that," said Theodore, speaking in a quick, nervous way, "you and I must do something more than talk."

"I know it. But what?"

"Get her something to eat."

"I dare not offer it. She is such a lady."

"But we must do it carefully."

"How, Theodore—how?"

"She would not like us to know how bad it is with her; but we must do something."

"Yes, Theodore, we must do something. What if I go to the proprietor, get some wine and things, and put them by her bed while she is asleep?"

"That would do for once; but we could not manage it often."

"That is true. What can be done?"

"I'll tell you what," cried Theodore, all at once. "There are ladies in our hotel kind as angels—I know which they are. They saw her once. We will go to them."

"That is it, Theodore; I know who you mean. Come, walk faster. We must do something at once."

Theodore quickened his walk, and the two reached the hotel almost on a run. Up stairs they went; knocked at a parlor-door, and came in upon the three friends, who were reading and working together around a table in the center of the room. Theodore and his companion were too much in earnest for any regard to ceremony. In short, broken sentences, which often interrupted each other, they both spoke at once, and told, with the eloquence of true feeling, what they had seen. Directly the ladies were all in a state of generous excitement; they remembered the lady, and each

gentle heart warmed toward her. While Theodore and Helen stood by, they held a little council, and then, in a flutter of kindness, announced their decision. Helen was to resign her place, and go back to the old home as if young Gray had sent her. She was to provide comforts for the lady as if from him; and the expense should be divided among those three, so long as the lady might require it. It was not likely that young Gray would trouble himself to ask questions, or that he would ever explain the facts to his mother; thus they might minister to her wounded heart while rescuing her from physical distress.

In half an hour after he entered the room, Theodore and Helen were in the street; the man with a roll of money in his hand and a basket on his arm; the girl with a bottle of wine and a paper of crackers under her shawl. A short time after, these two stole into the little basement kitchen, which had not been used for weeks, kindled a fire, put a tea-kettle over it to boil, and prepared a dainty little supper, which might have tempted even a pampered appetite.

"Have we got everything—sugar, milk, butter, and——"

"Everything," cried Helen, cutting the kind fellow short. "Don't I know exactly what she wants? Haven't I lived with her, rich and poor, for five years? I tell you, the sight of Helen will do her almost as much good as all the rest, nice as it is."

"Well, come along, then," answered Theodore, taking up the tray between his hands. "I will carry this as far as the door; you take the lamp."

Helen took the lamp, and the two went softly up stairs, smiling as they went. Helen left the light outside of the door, and, taking the tray, placed it on a little table near the bed. Then she stopped to listen, for Mrs. Gray was muttering in her sleep.

"How full the market is! whole sides of beef, chickens, piles on piles of vegetables, butter, eggs; but not for me—not for me. They cannot understand how I want them. Ah, me! Ah, me!"

Helen trembled violently; there was desolation in that voice, a mournfulness that sent the tears in a tumult to her eyes. She took the slender hand which lay all withered and thin on the counterpane. With the delicate instinct of a kind heart, she pressed her lips upon the hand, murmuring,

"Oh, dear lady! Helen is with you."

Then those locked features moved with a sudden spasm of consciousness, and the wretched

lady started up in her bed with a sharp, hysterical laugh.

"First it was a dinner—soup, fish, everything; then a market full, full; now it is my old Helen. When will I stop dreaming?" she said, shading her wild eyes with one hand and looking at the girl. "You look real as life; and so did they."

"But I am real as life, Mrs. Gray," said Helen, gently, for she had received her instructions. "Shall I bring the lamp in? Your supper will be cold."

"My supper! My supper! Did you say supper, Helen?"

"It is all ready. There, let me fling a shawl over your shoulders—that will do nicely. Now shall I pour you out a nice hot cup of tea?"

"Tea? No, no! give me that."

The poor lady threw herself half out of bed, and snatched at some cold chicken and a piece of biscuit, which she devoured ravenously, laughing over it with greedy delight. In a few moments it was gone, and she looked hungrily for more.

"Here is another piece; but you must be careful and not eat too much; when people have been sick it is dangerous," said Helen.

"Sick! Have I been sick, then?"

"Yes, you have been sick."

"But I am hungry; give me more."

"In the morning—yes. Now take a cup of tea."

"A cup of tea—what, warm? Where did you get the fire?"

"The fire! Oh! where I get everything else from, Mrs. Gray."

"From my son?"

Those large, wild eyes were in an instant flooded with light. Without heeding the tea or the food she had so craved a moment before, she threw up her hands, buried her quivering face in them, and shaking from head to foot in an ecstasy of thanksgiving, cried out,

"My son! my son! Thank God! thank God!"

Then a rain of tears came pouring through those poor, withered fingers, and she settled down in bed, sobbing weakly, like a worn-out child.

"Take some of the tea, or a little wine," said Helen, filling the cup with her trembling hands.

"Not now—not now. I'm not hungry; my heart is too full—too full."

Helen sat down the cup, and began to smooth the gray hair from that delicate forehead.

"How light your hand is, Helen. It is like the old times, isn't it?"

"I thought you would be glad to have me back," was the kind reply.

"Glad! Oh! so glad! The loneliness was terrible of late."

"Poor lady!"

"But who sent you, Helen?"

Her eyes were wistfully expectant, her voice full of tender anxiety.

"He, of course. Who else?"

"He did—he did; and I was almost thinking hard of him. You would not believe anything so bad of me, Helen?"

"I never did think anything bad of you."

"I know it; you were always a faithful, good girl, Helen—and he liked you."

"That was kind of him," answered the girl, with a degree of bitterness which fortunately escaped the lady.

"Oh! he is naturally kind—I always knew that; but people will mistake his manner. I, his own mother, did it sometimes—but how unjust it was. He does not forget his mother; I would not have any one think he did for the world."

"No one shall think so, if I can help it, dear lady."

Mrs. Gray started up eagerly.

"Helen, you shall have my shawl. Dear, dear, I can't give you that, it—it is go—That is, I thought a great deal of that shawl; but you shall have something."

"I only want to see you strong and well, dear lady!"

"Oh! it will come. I was hungry—that is, my heart was hungry for news of my son. You have brought it, and now I think my appetite is getting strong again. Give me a little more, Helen; not tea—something to eat."

"He would not like it if I gave you too much at once."

"He—who?"

"Mr. Gray."

"My son, my dear, good son! Of course, if he wishes it, I will not ask. But you had better take the things down stairs, they tempt one so."

Helen took the tray into the hall, where she found Theodore, with his eyes full of tears. He had been listening to the poor lady's words, and they made a child of him.

Before Helen had reached the top of the stairs, Mrs. Gray called her back.

"Just save one bit of bread, I—I should like it. Not being well all day yesterday, and the day before, you see I could eat nothing, and so the reaction makes one craving."

Helen brought a piece of biscuit from the tray and gave it into the eager hand, which

clutched upon it like the claw of a bird. The poor lady turned her face to the wall, and in a moment the bread was gone.

"Do you feel like sleeping again?" asked Helen.

"No; my heart is too full of thankfulness!"

Mrs. Gray turned slowly and fixed her unnaturally large eyes on the servant. The food had made her eager and restless: her hands were growing warm; her lips had a tinge of color stealing into them.

"Sit down on the bed, Helen. Now tell me about him. Is he well? Does he look happy?"

"Yes, dear lady, he is well, and he always looks happy."

"Then I don't want to be unreasonable, Helen; but why did he not come and see his mother? It is—I don't know how many weeks; but they seem like years since I have seen him."

"I think he is very busy; that is, not very well."

"Is my boy sick, then? Oh, Helen! how could you deceive me by saying that he was well and happy?"

"I—I don't know. It wasn't in my heart to hurt your feelings, I suppose."

"But is he sick?"

"Not now; that is, not much. He will be quite well, I dare say, when he comes back from the country."

"The country! Has my son gone into the country?"

"Only a little way; the air, you know."

"Oh, yes! I understand. He was afraid of frightening me by his pale looks, and so would not come. I have grown so nervous, Helen, that his very step makes me tremble all over. He sees it, and wishes to spare me, the dear, good boy."

Helen did not answer; if she had, the truth might have broken out, for her cheeks were hot, and her honest eyes full of shame for the man who felt none for himself. She busied herself in arranging the pillows and spreading up the bed-clothes.

"Helen, my good girl."

"Well, what can I do?"

"Give me just one bit of biscuit more, Helen—I have such an appetite; sick people often have, you know."

Helen could not resist those appealing eyes. She went down stairs for the biscuit without a word. When she came back, Mrs. Gray was lying with both hands folded on her bosom, and a soft, piteous smile creeping up to her lips. She was thanking God for the goodness of her son, who lay that moment upon a settee

in that country hotel, smoking luxuriously, and smiling in the triumph of his shallow heart, because he had so cleverly outwitted his artful sister-in-law. On a table, close at his elbow, stood a little rush-basket, full of daisies, buttercups, and blue violets, which had just begun to droop for want of water. Once or twice he glanced at this basket; and then his lips parted wide, and the smile upon them passed off in a cloud of smoke, which floated in and out of his hair in fantastic wreaths, clouding his handsome head. Thus the son was lying while his mother suffered and prayed.

CHAPTER IX.

A PONY-CARRIAGE came sweeping down the lane leading from the highway to Mr. Wheaton's house. Two splendid little cream-colored horses tossed their white manes to the wind, and seemed ready to fly if urged forward by a touch of that small hand on the reins, or a vibration of that richly-mounted whip in the air. Ruby Gray sat in the pretty carriage, graceful, piquant, and lovely as Venus in her shell. Her dress was perfect, from the delicately-fitting boot to the gauntlet-gloves and coquettish little hat, with its fringe of shining jet and its tuft of feathers, changing from purple to green in the sun.

On she came, sweeping down the slope of the hill like some fairy vision, with a tiny little South American Indian-boy in the seat behind her, dressed like a footman of the old country, and looking so gravely conscious of his high position and gorgeous dress that his presence there was an exquisite burlesque, whether the lady intended it or not.

"Here, take the lines, Theo," cried Ruby Gray, springing out of her crimson nest, and flinging the reins to the boy; "and mind, no nonsense with the horses, they will stand quietly enough if you let them alone."

"I always do let them alone," answered the boy, in Spanish, the language she had used in addressing him. "Why should the seignora doubt it?"

Nothing could be more innocent than the boy's face. He seemed grieved to death that she could suspect him of mischief, and turned away his head with a touching gesture of grief.

"Well, well, mind they don't become restive, just as you begin to get tired of waiting, that's all," answered the widow, laughing till her white teeth showed again.

"Theo never is tired," answered the boy,

still more profoundly grieved. "It is the horses that want to go, they have so much life."

But Ruby Gray did not wait to hear these plaintive words; she was at the front-door, with the ponderous, old-fashioned knocker in her hand; a servant opened the door.

"Is Miss Wheaton in?"

"Yes, Miss Wheaton was in; but engaged just now. Would the lady step into the parlor?"

Ruby opened the parlor-door for herself and went in, holding her breath, for she was somewhat agitated, and her color came and went naturally—an unusual thing with her. The room in which she found herself was one of those unique apartments that have grown so rare under the innovations of modern improvements. A wainscoting, some three feet deep, ran around it; the windows, three in number, two looking out upon the front-door yard and the lane beyond, one commanding a view of the old-fashioned flower-garden, were of moderate size, and filled with small panes of glass, which were harmonious with the whole room. The fire-place, in which was an open Franklin stove, occupied one entire corner of the room; the mantle-piece was of dark wood, and the space above it, to the ceiling, was also of dark, empaneled wood, one panel of which formed the door of a little cupboard, in which some choice specimens of old china were kept. The furniture, like the room, was rich and old-fashioned. Chairs that might have come over in the May-Flower, the mahogany was so black, stood against the wall, their fluted backs and purple-velvet cushions, rich in themselves, and rare from antiquity. Upon a table, in one corner, stood a huge punch-bowl, of such rare china as can only be found in old curiosity-shops, large enough to serve a regiment, and resplendent in rich coloring. Some good pictures hung between the broad wainscot and the ceiling; and some antique faces on the mantle-piece; and tables were filled with fresh flowers. There was a modern easy-chair and sofa in the room. Ruby chose the sofa, for it was close by the door of that sick-room, and she heard a murmur of voices within that made her heart beat with unusual violence. But listen as she might no words reached her. A vague, low confusion of sounds rose to her ear now and then—but nothing more. Still she felt certain that there was a female voice. It was that of a young person full of sweetness and persuasion. The color grew hot and red in Ruby Gray's cheeks; for once she felt the keen agony which she had inflicted on so many others. All her being was stirred with jealousy. What right

had Zua Wheaton in the room with that man? Sick or well, it was improper, unfeminine, shameful."

Ruby quite ignored the memory of her own visit there in the night, and never once condemned herself, because it was Moreton alone who had brought her under that roof. She was too full of condemnation of Zua for any thoughts of that kind.

While she sat waiting, disturbed, and almost with tears in her eyes, a man's voice in the hall aroused her. A moment after the door opened, and Mr. Wheaton came in—and instantly the old nature of that woman broke out through the jealous anguish that possessed her. With the man she loved lying within twenty feet of her, this woman unconsciously aroused herself for a new conquest. Indeed, so completely was the coquette ingrained in her nature, that I really think she would have laid herself out to fascinate Billy Clark, if "metal more attractive" could not have been found in her neighborhood.

But Mr. Wheaton was no mean object even for her prowess. True, there was a little silver in his hair, and some faint lines on his white forehead; but, above and beyond that, he was a man of noble presence, tall, well-proportioned, high-bred. His eyes, of a dark-bluish gray, had lost nothing of their expression; his mouth, and all the lower portion of his face, might have been cut from marble by some great sculptor, so perfect was the form and expression. The whole presence of the man took Ruby Gray by surprise, and all her old nature came out in wonderful force.

"Mrs. Gray, I believe," said Wheaton, coming forward. "I came in to apologize for my daughter. She is just now engaged with a sick guest, but will have the pleasure of seeing you the moment she can be spared."

"Oh! I am prepared to wait. Some one told me on the way that an accident had happened to—to a gentleman who was on his way to Mr. Van Lorn's, an acquaintance of mine, too. I hope it is nothing very serious."

"A broken limb, I believe."

"What, so bad as that? I am so grieved!"

"Yes; it must be painful to his friends."

"Yes, very. Even I, who know him so slightly, was so shocked. "It is a terrible thing to see a strong man suffer—I do not think it is in me to endure the sight. Your daughter must be very courageous—very superior."

Mr. Wheaton smiled. He was proud of his child, and took no pains to conceal it.

"Yes, my Zua has courage enough for any

duty. It was she who first found the wounded man."

"How fortunate! How noble!"

"I doubt if she thinks it anything more than a fortunate accident. For my part, I cannot imagine any woman doing less in an emergency like that."

"Oh! but I am afraid many of us might have fallen short. For my part, I can endure anything better than a sight of pain. In my own person I am sure of fortitude; but in another——"

Here Ruby gave a pretty little shudder, and settled back among the sofa-cushions, as if desolated by the very idea of human pain.

If Mr. Wheaton understood this graceful bit of acting, he was only amused by it; for he smiled pleasantly, and fell into sudden admiration of the beautiful picture she made with her clasped hands and drooping eyelids, which just revealed a sapphire brightness underneath. Ruby being satisfied with her pose, and conscious of the admiration, sat motionless awhile, then slowly lifted her eyes to Mr. Wheaton and claimed his sympathy by a look that brought a glow of brightness all over her face.

"Do I keep you—am I in the way of pleasanter engagements?" she said, plaintively.

"Pleasanter? Impossible!" he answered, with a spontaneous burst of admiration.

"I fear my visit is ill-timed; but I have heard so much of your daughter, and feel so certainly that we should love each other."

"I am sure of it," answered Wheaton.

Ruby arose from the sofa, and prepared for a new position. She went to the window and leaned against the frame, looking out upon the orchard.

"What a paradise you have here!" she said, again clasping her hands. "Oh, how beautiful! I can now understand how men, capable of ruling others, content themselves with nature only."

Next to his daughter, Mr. Wheaton was proud of the old family-farm. He went to the window and looked out, not upon the orchard—that was a familiar object—but upon the little nest of a carriage, and the cream-colored ponies, that made a pretty picture in the lane; and then his eyes fell upon the Indian-boy, and he laughed.

"You have a strange servant there," he said.

Ruby laughed, too; the great charm of her coquetry lay in its eternal changefulness.

"Oh, yes!" she said. "A wonderfully attached creature that I love like a pet-animal—not that he is one in fact. There never was

anything so sharp and clever; I really think he adores me."

"Is there anything very singular in that?" said Mr. Wheaton, looking down upon the glowing face and upturned eyes, now so close to him that he could not, if he wished, avoid them; for Ruby had a way of gliding softly up to a man when she conversed with him, as if moved by some impulse of sympathy, until her face came directly under his; then she would lift those wonderful blue eyes and creep, as it were, into his protection with an appearance of childlike unconsciousness, which was sure to attract almost any man until he saw it practiced on some one else, when the effect was entirely different. But just then, Mr. Wheaton, cold, stately and wise as he was, felt the thrall of her artful loveliness in its full power.

"It seems," said Ruby, "as if I had been here all my life; as if I never wanted to go away again."

Mr. Wheaton was tall, Ruby scarcely more than medium size; of course, his fine eyes drooped downward, and rested full upon the sweet face. He did not speak for a moment, and then only said,

"You are very lovely; too lovely for any thought of wasting life in a country farmhouse."

"Is this wasting life, or is it making the best of it?" answered the widow, sweeping her hand so as to take in the room, and thus changing the position of her head.

"If I were a young man, or had a son, perhaps—"

"Don't talk of young men," cried the widow, with a pretty pout of the mouth; "I cannot bear them."

Mr. Wheaton's eyes flashed. Somehow in her eager protest against youth, Ruby had laid one hand on his arm—she was so childlike, you know. In a moment it was in his own firm clasp.

That instant the door opened, and Zua came in—but she saw nothing. Mrs. Gray was settling her hat with the hand, which was yet warm from that sudden clasp; Mr. Wheaton was looking out of the window, with a hot flush on his forehead.

"Oh, Miss Wheaton! I am so delighted to see you at last," cried the lady. "Mrs. Van Lorn was coming with me; but there was some trouble with the servants, so she bade me use her name for an introduction, and charge you to like me very much, audacious as I am to come alone."

"Mrs. Van Lorn is very kind," said Zua,

smiling. "There was no need of a personal introduction; her friends are always ours."

Zua was perfectly polite; but Ruby's childlike manner did not quite take her by storm, as it had her father.

"I—I came for another reason. You have a friend of mine—an acquaintance, rather—under your roof, and I wish to thank you. I mean Mr. Moreton. I hope he is recovering."

"He is much better, thank you; but a case like his must have time, the doctor says."

"Oh, of course! But he has no fever? nothing dangerous has set in, I hope."

"Nothing. He is quite calm, and as well as the pain of a broken limb permits."

"I wonder," said Ruby, putting a finger to her lips—

Zua stood quietly waiting to hear what her visitor was meditating over.

"I wonder if it would be a terrible thing if I asked to see him? He is an old friend, you know."

"If he would like—if he wishes," answered Zua, forcing back the blood that she felt rushing to her face.

"My dear Miss Wheaton, it seems so inhospitable for an old friend—for in trouble even an acquaintance should have a friend—to be standing on ceremony about visiting a sick-room."

"I—I do not know. Mr. Moreton is easily excited; we are ordered to keep him quiet."

"But I am like a mouse; he never will mind me."

"I will ask him."

"Oh! I would not ask you to enter his room. Of course, a young lady who never knew him would shrink from that," said Ruby, so sweetly that no one but a sensitive rival would have guessed at its venom. "I see a nice old lady in the hall behind you, perhaps she will take my message—being a widow makes some difference, you know."

"I will take the message myself," said Zua, with dignity. "It will be no strange thing for me to visit the gentleman's room."

"Indeed! I beg ten thousand pardons. Madame, etiquette is not so rigid in the country, then, and I may hope to escape criticism. How very good you are!"

While Ruby was speaking, she took a survey of Zua from head to foot, and her spirit rose to meet the contest which threatened them; for that rich complexion, that raven hair, and the exquisitely-formed features—inherited as Ruby saw then from the father—were of such rare beauty, that she felt the contrast like a

challenge. The dress, too, was perfect in its simplicity—pure white, with a crimson rose or two in the hair and on the bosom.

"I will return in a moment," said Zua, annoyed by that searching look; and she left the room.

"How very beautiful your daughter is," cried Ruby, with enthusiasm, taking her old place by the window; "but no wonder."

She whispered the last words, as if to herself; but they rose with subtle flattery to the proud man's ear.

"It flatters me that you think so."

"Flatters! Oh, sir! who would dare to flatter you?"

Wheaton laughed.

"I think you might find courage enough, Mrs. Gray; only it is not worth your while."

"Me? Oh, dear! I never could flatter any one. The feeling springs to my lips, and out it comes. There never was so foolish a creature in that respect."

"Foolish! that is no word for such lips."

"Who is it that flatters now?"

"Mr. Moreton will be happy to see you, Mrs. Gray."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Ruby, looking at Mr. Wheaton. "I hope it will be in my power to console him a little. May I beg of you, Miss Wheaton, to show me his room?"

Zua had not moved from the threshold; she stepped back, and allowing her guest to pass into the hall, opened the door to Mr. Moreton's room. Ruby passed through, touching the door with her hand, as if she would have shut Zua out, but dared not. There was no cause for fear; the young girl asked to be excused, and walked into the garden with a quick, proud step, as if some one had wounded her.

Ruby Gray changed utterly as she entered that room; the roses faded on her cheeks, the self-confident manner vanished into natural timidity. There was no power of fascination left to her then; but she was in fact natural and childlike, as real love makes any woman.

"Oh! Moreton, I am so sorry—so very, very glad, to be sure, that it is no worse."

She went up to the bed on which the young man lay, and placed both her hands in that he held out to her. He felt the little hands tremble through the gloves, and was touched by her emotion.

"You are kind to come when a fellow needs his friends most," he said, dropping her hands from his clasp with a sigh. "Sit down and tell me what has happened since they chained

me down here. Nothing that is not pleasant, I hope."

"I cannot tell; I hardly know. From the hour I heard of this I have thought of nothing else. It seemed like an evil omen that you should be hurt on the way to me."

"An evil omen! Oh! I hope not," said Moreton, glancing through the open window, where he saw Zua walking in and out among the roses.

Ruby followed his glance, and grew pale as snow. He could turn his eyes toward another woman when she was by—the thought made her tremble.

"You—you are pale; you are changed," she said, with a quiver of pain in her voice.

"Pale, of course I am; and changed, too, as horrible pain can change a man. Do you wonder at that, sweet Ruby?"

She smiled, and made an effort to deceive herself. Now, that she was thoroughly in earnest, there was no use for her art but to blind her own intelligence. She would not believe that he had ceased to love her.

"But with your friends, with me, for instance, is there no change; are you exactly the same?"

"Exactly the same! As if anything on earth that breathed the air ever was exactly the same two days together."

"But I speak of feelings."

"And they change most of all; here is a proof. For the first time on earth, Ruby Gray, you seem to be in earnest, natural as the flowers out yonder. This would surprise me if I expected stability in anything; but when a coquette becomes sincere, even for an hour, I think it is not impossible that the leopard may change his spots."

"A coquette, Preston! Why will you call me by such hard names? Why will you think such things of me?"

Tears trembled in the woman's voice, her beautiful lips quivered. Yet ten minutes before you have seen her by the window, looking into Mr. Wheaton's eyes, as if there did not exist another man on earth. Still she was honest in saying, "Why will you think such things of me?" She had only meant to fascinate this man for a moment—in fact, had not thought of it. Habit had become second nature to her—that was all.

Moreton rose upon his elbow and looked at her keenly. A cloud came over his face, and he settled back to the pillows holding his breath. At last he spoke,

"If it displeases you, of course I will not do it."

"It pains, it troubles me, Preston. With you I would have no faults."

The cloud settled heavily over his face now; so heavily that it seemed like a spasm.

"Are you hurt? Oh! how could I let you move?" cried Ruby, bending over him in real sympathy. "Oh! how pale you are, my poor, poor Preston!"

Quick as thought this woman, given up for once to her impulses, bent down and pressed her beautiful lips to his forehead. She felt him shrink suddenly, and thought that some motion of hers had angered his wound.

"Oh, forgive me! I did not mean to hurt you," she pleaded, with tears in her eyes. "Everything I do seems to give pain; and I so want to comfort you."

Preston looked by her through the window with keen anxiety in his eyes. He saw the white dress of Zua Wheaton fluttering upon the terrace, but her back was toward them.

"You are kind, indeed, Mrs. Gray; you always were kind to me; but I am not so very ill! Only chained down here, you know, with a pang darting through me now and then like a spear. This is a sort of thing that time alone can cure."

"But you are lonely; you must be sad."

"Lonely, am I? No, I rather think not. They let me read now; then there is a queer little fellow that comes to me sometimes from the garden, the most absurdly amusing creature you ever saw; and his sister, a strange, bright girl; beautiful, too, in a certain way; full of originality, and kind-hearted as a creature can be. She always wears roses in her hair; and with *such* shoes—but there is nothing to laugh at in the girl. I wish you could see her and take to her, Mrs. Gray."

"Mrs. Gray—this is the second time you have called me that. When you prayed to call me Ruby, did I refuse?"

Moreton laughed; but a flush of color came into his face. He made no direct answer to

her reproach, but went on about the girl, who had evidently excited his interest in no small degree.

"She is affectionate as a child, brim full of romance, and ignorant of the world and its ways beyond all belief. She has a sweet voice, too, perfectly uncultivated, but with a world of power in it. I wish you could see her."

"I will, if it pleases you. Indeed, I am ready to accept or reject anything at your desire."

"That is promising too much; but it will be a kind thing if you interest yourself about this poor girl. Her mother is a washerwoman, somewhere in the neighborhood, and her name is Clark."

"Clark—why that is the girl—I—I have seen her, Preston."

"Seen her! When?"

"The—the night you were brought here—I will not conceal it. I will conceal nothing now; but the news reached me, and I went wild. All day I had been watching for you with such sweet hopes, such anxious longing for your presence, that at last suspense made me faint. I was like a child waiting for its mother; like a flower asking the night for its dew. When the night fell, and you did not come, I sat down and cried; you will not believe it, Preston—but I did. Then it was that I heard of your fall, and where you lay suffering. My little boat lay at the foot of the hill, I got into it and came over. First I went to the washerwoman's house, where I saw the girl you speak of; then I persuaded the woman's son to bring me here. I saw you; I was in the room with you, my darling; I—"

"Halloo, old boy! well enough to see company I find. Will you let a fellow in?"

The voice came from a window close by. Ruby turned her tearful face, and saw young Gray leaning half into the room, with a half smoked segar in his hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SADNESS.

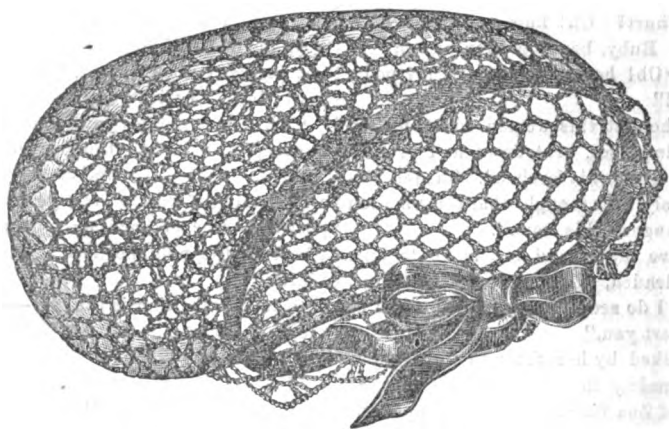
BY S. E. EVERETT.

My heart is filled with strange unrest;
I'm sad, I know not why;
This world seems all a weariness,
From which I fain would fly.
It is not that I envy those
By fortune more caressed;
Nor is it strife with worldly foes,
That brings this wild unrest.

My friends are true, the world is kind;
My wants are well supplied;
Nor can my wishes be defined,
Or tell what I'm denied.
Yet strange it is, my heart is sad;
The days are long and drear;
And oft I wish their measure had
Fulfilled their courses here.

CROCHET NET NIGHT-CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



BEGIN from the middle, and work round in separate rows, consisting alternately of one double-treble and five chain—in these increasing alternately as required, now in the middle of the chain, then in the two upper threads of the double-treble of the preceding row.

For the first double-treble, crochet always three chain, and close each row with one single in the third of these chain; after which, at the beginning of the next row, sufficient single stitches must be worked to reach the middle of the next scallop. Begin the net with seven chain; close them in a ring with one single. Round this work five double-treble, separated by the five chain, which, in the second row, are doubled, so that there will be ten double-treble worked alternately in the chain-stitch scallop, and in each double-treble.

The third row has fifteen double-treble, after which the second under double-treble must be passed over.

The fourth row contains twenty-three regularly divided double-treble; whilst the fifth and

seventh rows are worked quite plain, without any increase.

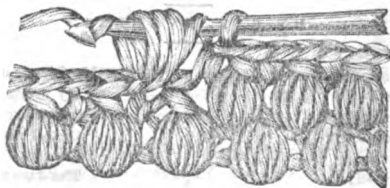
The eighth row, lying between, has thirty-four double, at which, as well as at the third row, the second under treble is always passed over.

After the eighth row, which contains forty-nine double-treble, work nine rows without increasing or decreasing. Then work the little lace for the outer edge.

1st row: * In one double-treble of the preceding row work two double-treble, five chain, again two double-treble, then five chain, with which pass over one double-treble of the preceding row. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

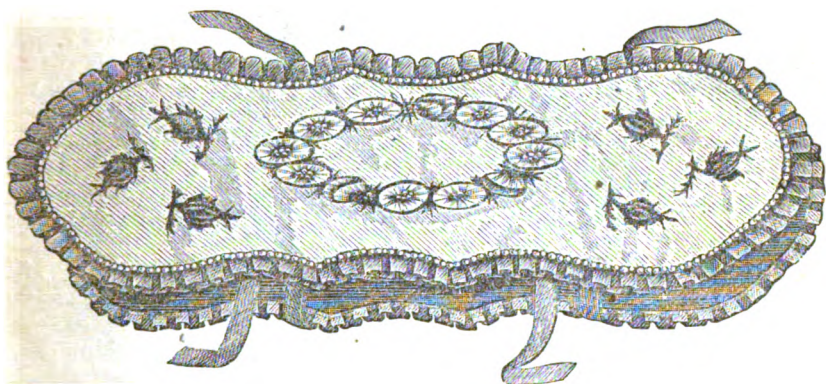
2nd row: * Again in the middle chain, between the double-treble, two double-treble, five chain, and two double-treble; then three chain, one double in the middle of the next under chain, and then three chain, and repeat from * to the end of the row, which finishes the net. The India-rubber cord, or band, the length of which must depend upon the size of the head, must be drawn through the little lace edge.

A NEW BORDER IN CROCHET.



GLOVE-CASE.

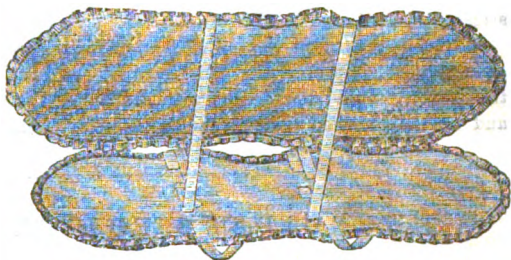
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Some white silk or satin; pink ditto for lining; six yards of pink satin or taffetas ribbon; two shades of pink embroidery silk; two shades of green.

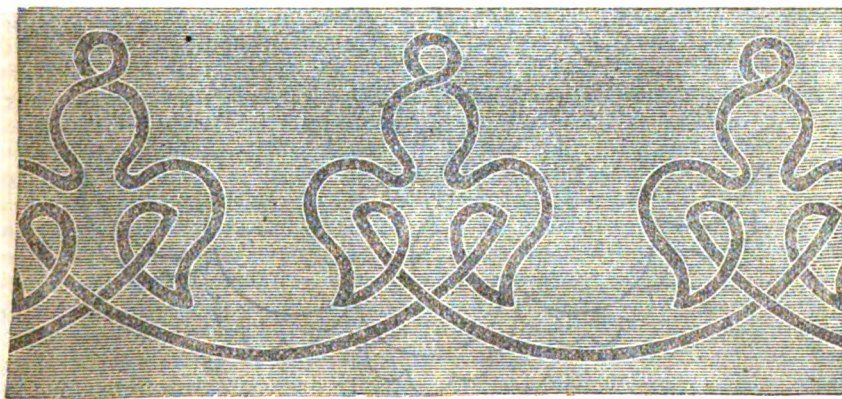
Cut out of pasteboard two pieces shaped as seen in design, and somewhat larger every way than the glove the case is designed for; cover these neatly with the pink silk. Cut for the outside the white satin or silk, as the taste may suggest, and embroider the rose-buds in pink,

using the green silk for the leaves. The design calls for a wreath of convolvulus, but the one kind of flower for the ornamentation will be found both prettier and more simple. Quill the ribbon and dispose of it around the edge,



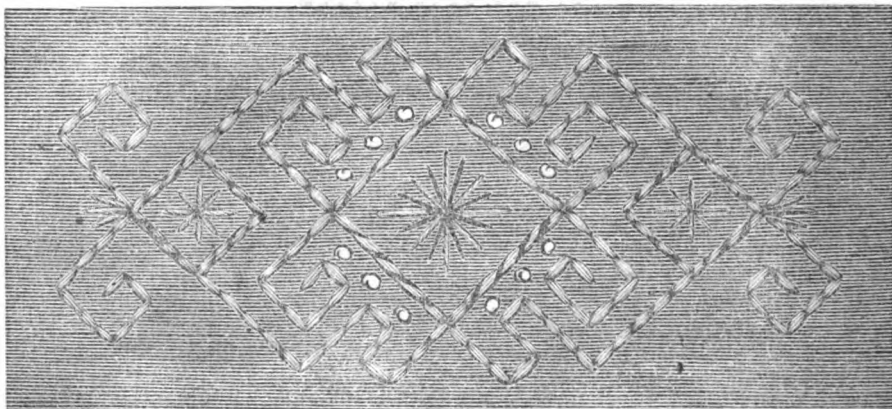
adding a row of white wax beads, in imitation of pearls. Make the straps of ribbon as seen in the interior of Glove-Case in the smaller of the two cuts; not forgetting to add some sashet powder between the lining and pasteboard.

BRAIDING BORDER FOR PIQUE SKIRT.



DESIGN FOR SEGAR-CASE WORKED UPON LEATHER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Leather, silk of two colors and sizes; gold cord, and beads.

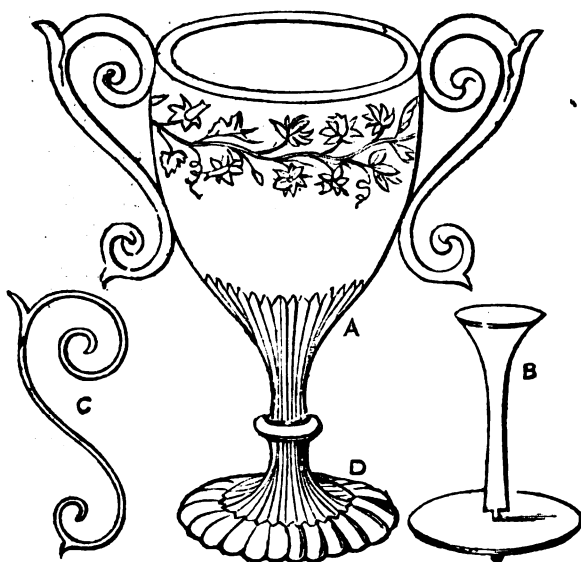
Velvet may be used instead of leather for a ground-work, if preferred. If leather is used the pattern should be pierced with a stiletto, and the silk worked through the holes. Gray leather, worked with green and black silk, and fine gold cord and beads, will make a very pretty case. The stars should be of gold cord, the dots gold beads, and the large part of the pattern green silk, over portions of which the black silk is worked.

EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL BLANKET.



ONLY AN EGG-SHELL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



NO.—1. VASE, OR "VIOLET-CUP."

Few of our readers who have not seen specimens of the work we are about to describe, would believe that such a number of charmingly pretty little treasures could be made from common, neglected egg-shells. A few experiments, however, made in accordance with the hints we are about to give, accompanied by the exercise of very little ingenuity, will not fail to show how varied and pleasing the results may be; in fact, an almost endless variety of fairy vases, cups, and urns, may be fashioned from the pure, white, Parian-like material nature has modeled to the hand so cunningly, needing only deft fingers and good taste to complete the work so well begun, and render it admirably available for our purpose. The annexed cut (Fig. 1) represents a vase or "violet cup" made from the shell of a pullet's egg. To make such a one, a large, well-shaped white egg should be selected, and a small orifice carefully broken at the larger end, through which the contents may be poured into a cup or other convenient utensil put aside for domestic use, (we use the shell only,) and any loose membrane which may hang about the interior carefully removed. The shell must now be neatly cut round, until sufficiently

far down, with a sharp, short-bladed pair of scissors, clipping very cautiously until the margin is quite even and true. A narrow binding of thin gold paper must now be gummed round, and turned in over the cut edge of the shell, taking care to nip the paper, here and there, in order that it may be attached evenly and fit free from creases. When the bordering is finished, and the gum used in attaching it is quite firm and dry, the "socket-piece," A, may be commenced. This should be composed of white wax, such as is used in the manufacture of wax flowers. From this, when thoroughly warmed and softened, a cup-shaped stem should be formed round B, as at A. Into this the pointed end of the shell should be securely gummed, and the edges accurately fitted by moulding. B is the core used to give stability to the foot-stalk. It is made from a common, round button, with a piece of deal or other soft wood fashioned, as shown in the cut, to fit firmly in the hole in the center of the button, where it should be fixed with a drop of gum, cutting off flush any portion of wood which may project beyond the bottom surface. When fixed in its place in the center of the stalk and covered

with wax, the small end of the egg-shell would rest on the head of the stick, whilst the button would rest on the ground in the center of the foot, D, forming, so to speak, a foundation on which all the mouldings and ornamental patterns have to be made. A narrow-bladed pen-knife, one or two crochet-needles, with the barbs removed, and some narrow pointed slips of hard wood, will be found very useful and efficient instruments for the purpose, warming the knife point or needles, as occasion may require, in a cup of hot water. The handles of the vase are first made of twisted bonnet-wire with its covering of thread on, as at C. These, when properly



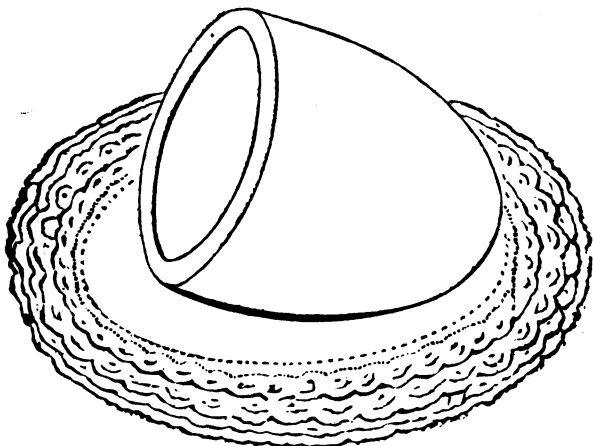
NO. 2.—URN-SHAPED VESSEL MADE FROM GOOSE-EGG.

fashioned, are suspended from threads, and dipped in molten wax, allowed to cool, redipped, and so on until stout enough to cut and mould with the tools. When finished, small, flat surfaces of attachment must be cut with the knife, and the handles secured to the vase with thick, strong gum. The main stem of the wreath, surrounding the vase, is made of white silk, and the leaves and flowers of neatly-cut rice-paper, which are readily fastened on with gum, applied on the point of one of the needles. Such little tendrils as may be required are easily made by twisting a very slender strip of wax round a moistened needle, and then carefully

drawing it off in the form of a cork-screw. Fig. 2 is a sort of urn-shaped vessel, made from the large end of a goose-egg, with both the foot and cover fashioned from pieces of egg-shell. The foot, E, has a small hole made in its upper surface, in which the end of the upper shell, or body of the urn, rests. A round collar of wax, either plain or ornamental, surrounds the joint, as at F, and affords a hold for the gum. The flowers are of rice-paper, as in Fig. 1, and the little ram's-heads and the pine on the cover are made from moulded wax. Vessels thus constructed are admirably adapted for holding violets or other small flowers. A crocus-root, put with damp moss in one of them, shoots up and flowers charmingly. When the violets or other cut flowers are placed in them, the ends of the stems should be thrust in the orifices of a bit of fine sponge; this, when deposited in the bottom of the vase, and saturated with water, keeps the flowers fresh for some time, doing away with the fear of the water being upset, or the ornamental work of the vase injured. Some ladies may wish to draw or paint figures or flowers on the shells. For pencil drawing no preparation is needed, but when paintings in water-colors are about being made on them the colors take better if the shells are previously washed in a little soda or potash-water, in order to remove the oily matter usually covering the surface, when, after being thoroughly cleansed in clean, cold water, and then dried, the coloring process may be proceeded with as on ordinary paper. Fig. 8 represents the position in which the egg-shell is attached to an ornamental or embossed card, after having a rustic cottage or Swiss chalet placed in it. These so-called "fairy cot-shells," when tastefully turned out of hand, are perfect little gems, and would command eager purchase at bazaars or fancy fairs. To make these the shells, after being bound with gold paper like the vases, should have a little nicely selected "fern-leaf moss," (so called from the shape of its fronds,) which is to be found about the roots of fir-trees and in old shrubberies, placed in the extreme end of the shell, so that the fern-like fibres may lay nicely; then paint in water-colors, on a bit of thin Bristol board, a miniature cot or Swiss chalet, in proportion to the size of the interior of the egg-shell, and, when finished, cut it out on a board with a sharp penknife, and with one of your needles place it, with a little gum, well back in the small end of the shell, arranging the moss on each side so as to droop forward like larch-trees. A liliputian bridge and rustic hand rail may be

fastened in like manner across the middle distance, and the moss fronds opened out and gummed back to the sides of the shell at the foreground. A little figure, painted in gay colors, may be introduced with advantage. If the arrangement is properly made, the cottage appears as in perspective, and the moss as an elfin grove of feathery pine-trees and ferns.

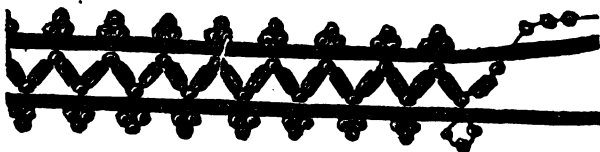
The designs and hints which we have given are intended rather to point out the road to a graceful and easy art, than to lay down an arbitrary set of rules for following it out, as we feel sure that the leading principles of construction here given will enable our fair readers to fabricate a host of charming little novelties from the shells of eggs.



NO. 3.—POSITION OF EGG-SHELL WHEN ATTACHED.

JET TRIMMINGS OF CORD AND BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THESE trimmings being still very fashionable, we give above a new and pretty design for one; and in the front of the number, on opposite pages, two other designs: all remarkable for the beauty and simplicity of their

manufacture. Any lady with a piece of black silk cord, and some beads and bugles, can readily follow these designs, and make a pretty trimming for her dresses at very little expense comparatively.

INFANT'S BOOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

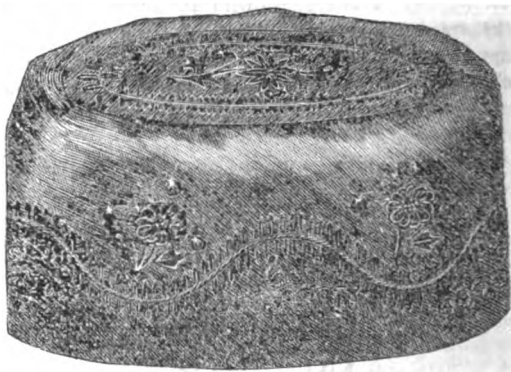
IN the front of the number we give three engravings (all on the same page) representing an infant's boot; the half of the boot, full size; and the sole, full size. This little boot may be made of cloth, felt, or velvet, and simply bound

and stitched round, or braided. A little cord with tassels fastens it in front, and a little quilling of pinked silk may be put round the top of the boot. When completed, it is as pretty as it is economical.

GREEK SMOKING-CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

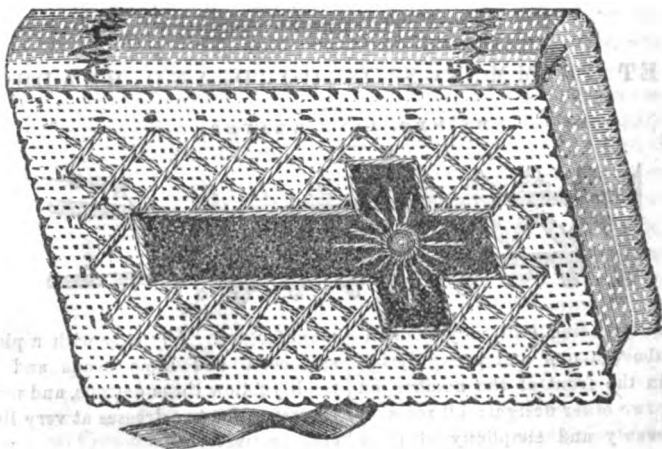
THIS is one of the very prettiest designs we have seen for a Smoking-Cap. It is made of cloth or velvet, and ornamented with fine silk braid, gold cord, and embroidery. Cut out the top piece about three inches less in size than that made by the circumference of the border of the cap. Fit the lower part or border to the size of the head. Ornament as seen in the design, (any other pretty braiding pattern may be used.) Line with silk slightly wadded, full in the border to fit the center-piece. Our pattern calls for emerald green velvet for the cap itself. The center of the waved vine is of gold cord, as also the little pattern in the lower part. The leaf-like pattern, crossing the gold cord, may be done either in fine silk braid,



or with colored floss silk or crimson. The bouquet in silk embroidery of black-and-white silk exclusively.

TEXT ALBUM.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Perforated cardboard; lilac velvet; lilac filoselle; gold cord; gold thread; one pearl bead.

No. 1 represents the Album closed. The cover—the front side—has a cross of lilac velvet surrounded with gold thread, and in the middle is placed a pearl bead, surrounded with gold threads to represent rays.

The ground of both sides of the cover is worked over with gold crosswise, and is fast-

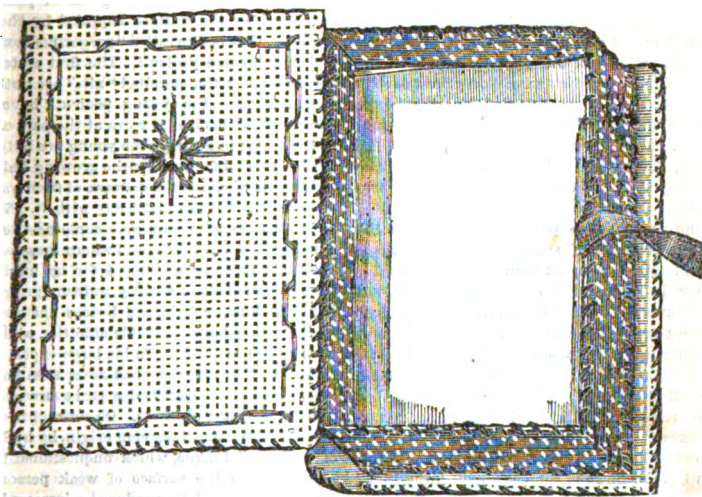
ened with ribbon strings. No. 2 shows the inner arrangement. A loop of ribbon is put under the texts to raise them out of the Album.

The upper cover, where the little case opens, is separate; the under one, however, is cut out with the back of the book and joins it. Both are three inches high. The breadth of the upper cover is two inches and a half; that of the under, including the back, three inches and a quarter. For the case to contain the leaves,

cut two equal parts of two inches and three-quarters long, and half an inch broad, and two parts of two inches long, and half an inch broad.

Stitch both parts round with lilac filoselle, with which work the ornamental part round the edge of the upper cover, consisting of two stitches lying close together, as well as the cross stripe of the bent back, according to the design. The two small parts for the case must be sewn together crosswise, and sewn all together to the under cover with lilac silk in

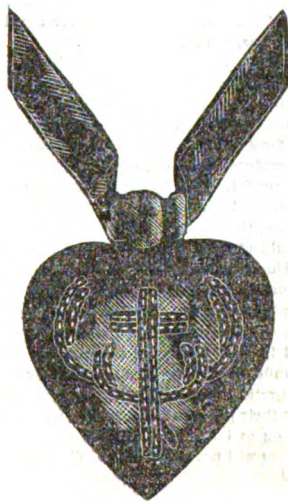
such a manner that two and two stitches follow closely upon each other, and form an ornamental part like that upon the upper cover. Lastly, only join the book back at two places, and so that it remains moveable. Gum on to the inside of the case a white sarsnet ribbon, three-quarters of an inch broad and six inches long, half an inch from the back, to raise the leaves, and fasten similar ones to the inside of both covers to close the Album. The size of the text-leaves must be regulated by the size of the case.



THE "SUIVEZ MOI" NECKLACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Long streamers of reins, commencing at the back of the neck and terminating considerably below the waist, are very popular both for morning and evening toilets. The handsomest description of lockets are now suspended on velvet instead of short, gold necklets, as formerly. We here give a design, by which any one so inclined can make an ornament of this variety at but little cost and trouble. Cut out a double heart in cardboard and cover both with crimson velvet. The upper side is adorned with an anchor worked in jet beads, which must be drawn and embroidered on the velvet before the two sides of the heart are seamed together. A small loop of crimson velvet is sewn between the hearts, and when finished, it is suspended on a long piece of crimson ribbon velvet, which is tied in long falling loops at the back of the neck.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE TRUE AND FALSE IN FICTION.—We are so often offered stories for this Magazine that violate the true principles of fiction, we are so frequently called on to notice novels of the same description, that a word or two on what is true art in literature, and what is not, may be wholesome and welcome.

The entire "sensational school," then, of which Miss Baddon is so conspicuous an example, is as false in art as it is in morals, and false in art because it is false in morals. Of course, in so speaking, we do not mean to say that novels should be didactic, and carry a moral on their face; for that would be as great an error in another direction. We do not use the word "morals" in the narrow, conventional sense at all; but in that wider sense, which has been recognized in all time. Murder and adultery have always been considered crimes. It is as much false art in literature, therefore, to elevate murderers and adulteresses into heroines, as it is to choose monsters for subjects of the sculptor's chisel, or the painter's brush. Nor is it true art to enlist the sympathies of the reader on the side of a criminal, and then, at the close, compromise with insulted justice by dismissing him to punishment. This is the way in the "Guy Livingstone" school of fiction; and it is only one degree less vicious in art than the other school.

A late writer, in one of the English quarterlies, has stated the case correctly. "The base of all artistic genius," he says, "is the power of conceiving humanity in a new, striking, rejoicing way; of putting a happy world of its own creation in place of the meaner world of common days; of generating around itself an atmosphere with a novel power of refraction, selecting, transforming, recombining the images it transmits, according to the choice of the imaginative intellect. In exercising this power, painting and poetry have a choice of subject almost unlimited." What is thus said of poetry holds good equally of fiction. Sir Walter Scott instinctively acted on this idea. Shakspeare also obeyed the same rule. Whatever he touched he ennobled. The strongest argument against his having written "Timon of Athens" is conceded to be the repulsiveness of the story. We rise from the perusal of any great master in poetry or fiction with elevated sentiments, with heroic impulses, with longings for what is better and loftier than common life. Whatever epic or novel does this for us is, so far forth, true in art; whatever novel or drama fails to do this, is, to that extent, false.

A French critic, Joubert, has said this in different words. "Fiction has no business to exist," he writes, "unless it is more beautiful than reality. Certainly the monstrosities of fiction may be found in the booksellers' shops; you buy them there for a certain number of days; but they have no place in literature, because in literature the one aim of art is the beautiful. Once lose sight of that, and you have the more frightful reality." Of course it may be said, indeed it is said, that whatever is possible in real life is a legitimate subject for fiction. Truth, we are told, is always in place. This is something like inviting one's friends to an entertainment, and then taking them into a dissecting-room to study anatomy. An execution is, perhaps, necessary in its way; it is certainly a fact; but civilized people have ceased to make a show of the gallows. Whatever is morbid is unfit for fiction. We do not deny that some of the ablest novelists of the day err more or less against this canon. But their practice cannot make wrong right. We have fallen on evil times; false taste creates false taste. But such times will not last forever. The departure of our

writers from true art will, to the extent of that departure, affect their permanent position in literature. They may be popular now—they will not be so hereafter.

FALSE HAIR AS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.—The newspapers, lately, have been full of sensation articles as to "Chignons being a cause of disease." A London physician of eminence, Dr. Tillburry Cox, has just set the matter in its true light. In a paper read before the Harveian Society he discussed the influence of parasites in the production of diseased conditions of the skin. It has been asserted, first, that false hair contains the germs of pediculi, which are developed by the warmth supplied by the human head; secondly, that bodies called "gregarines" exist in false hair, and may become pediculi. The first statement is wholly incorrect; but the so-called "nits" are nothing but empty shells, whence the young pediculi have escaped. The female pediculus lays her ova at the part of the hair close to the scalp; in six days the young are hatched, the empty shell is carried forward by the growing hair, and as this is cut from the head at the distance of from one to two inches, no true ova are brought away with it. The inference is clear that no false hair ever contains the materials from which pediculi develop, and where these are present their existence must be accounted for by uncleanness. The second statement is equally untrue: gregarines are only found in Russian hair, which does not enter the English market; they have vegetable affinities, and never give rise to any form of insect. In his large experience of diseased states, Dr. Fox stated he had never seen them once on the hair. Lastly, he described a real source of danger as yet unnoticed by any observer. On some of the light-brown or reddish false hair, of German origin, he had found a species of "mildew" fungus, which unquestionably would, if implanted upon the surface of weak persons, give rise to "ring-worm," and he produced microscopic evidence, and instanced cases in which he had apparently seen mischief result in this way. Cleanliness is a great preventive of evil, and such hair should be subjected to proper processes to insure protection against the production of disease. While the great majority of the statements that have been made recently about "Chignons," are wholly untrue and absurd; there is no doubting the fact that, without proper precaution, the use of false hair may give rise to certain uncomfortable conditions of the part next which it is worn, but that even this source of evil may be remedied.

OUR READERS WILL have noticed that every number of "Peterson" contains the same amount of printed matter. The present number, for instance, has as many pages as the January number had; and each future number will contain a similar quantity, at least. This is in striking contrast to some of the other ladies' magazines, which swell out very big at the beginning of the year, but in summer collapse frightfully. As the *Elberton Gazette* says:—"For the same amount of money, 'Peterson' furnishes more interesting reading matter than any magazine we receive."

OUR COLORED PATTERN, for this month, is an "Oriental Tobacco-Pouch," which is to be worked in chain-stitch, in red. It may, however, be worked in any other color, if preferred. This is the only Magazine, remember, that gives these colored patterns regularly! Some of our contemporaries publish weak imitations at the beginning of the year, but seem to dread the expense of continuing them in every number.

PAYING ENGLISH AUTHORS.—It is often said that American publishers reprint English books without paying a cent to their authors. This, however, is not always so. We happen to know, for example, that T. B. Peterson & Brothers, uniting with Harper & Brothers, have paid Mr. Dickens a thousand pounds each for the advanced sheets of "The Mutual Friend," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Little Dorrit;" or four thousand pounds for the four. Moreover, when "The Mutual Friend" was paid for, gold was over two hundred; so that that one novel cost the American publishers nearly twelve thousand dollars in greenbacks. Harper & Brothers used the novel in one of their serials. T. B. Peterson & Brothers reprinted it in book form. These are really the only firms in America that have any equitable right to be considered the author's publishers.

HOW TO GET MEASURED FOR BOOTS OR SHOES.—If you want a shoe to fit you comfortably, next time you are measured for a pair stand upon a piece of paper, and get the shoemaker to trace with pencil the outline of each foot; each foot, we say, because two feet are never alike in size and shape, though they belong to the same person. They are more than right and left—they are unlike. Do not suppose that you can be measured for a pair by the most careful measurement of one. Insist on having the outlines as well as the girth and length of each foot taken; and then, if the maker is an honest man, he will send home a pair of boots which, with their turned-in toes, will look unpromising when off; but when once on, will prove not only the most becoming, but the most comfortable you ever wore.

NIGHT-CAPS should be dispensed with altogether. By shutting out the air and keeping the head at a feverish temperature, they relax the skin and induce a tendency for the hair to fall off, which is greatly aggravated if the body be in an abnormal condition, either from specific diseases or general neglect of the skin. In the place of night-caps, ladies, to keep their hair properly confined during sleep, should wear a net with meshes sufficiently large to admit the finger.

"**THE FLOWERS IN THE WOOD**" is, we think, an unusually elegant illustration. It is a scene, too, that, at this period of the year, may be observed at almost any picnic. It is hard to tell which is the prettier, the wild flowers that grow in the wood, or the more cultivated ones that are gathering them.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sybil's Second Love. By Julia Kavanagh. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A really good love-story, fit for idle reading at Newport, or Saratoga, is positively a luxury in summer-time. We can recommend this as a treasure of its kind. "Nathalie," an earlier fiction by the same author, was almost as fascinating, in its day, as "Jane Eyre;" and "Sybil's Second Love" is the best novel, at least the most pleasing, which Miss Kavanagh has written since. The character of Sybil is most naturally and graphically drawn. The reader falls in love with her at once. Mrs. Mush, Miss Glyn, Blanche, Dermot, and others of the actors in the story, also stand out well from the canvas. The book is neatly printed, but the proof-reader has not done his duty, for it is full of typographical errors. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

The Old Patroon. By James A. Maitland. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A novel by a well known writer, the author of "Sartaroe," "The Watchman," etc., etc. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another volume of the popular "Author's Edition of Dickens." The illustrations are very numerous, and very good also. We consider this fiction the most dramatic that Dickens has yet written, or is, indeed, likely to write. As a vivid picture of the stormy times of the first French Revolution, the novel surpasses *Thiers*, and is equaled only by *Carlyle*. It has, therefore, a merit above that of ordinary romances. Price, in cloth, \$1.25; in paper covers, \$1.00.

The Rector's Wife. By the author of the "Queen of the County." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The "Queen of the County" was one of the pleasantest novels of its kind we ever read. The present story, by the same author, is nearly, if not quite, as good; and very much better than "Lords and Ladies," another tale from the same pen. We believe this edition is reprinted from advanced sheets. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The third of the series of "The Diamond Edition of Dickens." The illustrations continue to be the drawback to the success of this enterprise: they give American faces and figures, not English ones—a very serious defect. The type, as we said before, is also objectionable; no eyes, but very young ones, ought to read it. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Back-Bone; Photographed from "The Scalpel." By Edward H. Dixon, M. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: R. M. Devitt.—A series of racy essays, originally written for a medical journal, but not restricted to medical themes; on the contrary, all conceivable subjects are discussed, from tobacco to theology, from quacks to fashionable dresses. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

The Tollers of the Sea. By Victor Hugo. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new edition of one of the most remarkable novels which has been published in this generation. The book is exceedingly well printed, on thick paper, and is particularly valuable on account of two engravings from original pictures by Gustave Dore. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

Joan of Arc. Translated from the French by Sarah M. Grimké. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Adams & Co.—A very excellent biography of this celebrated woman. The volume is embellished with a photograph, taken from the portrait in the Louvre, and with a map of Northern France, the scene of her heroic exploits. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

Christie's Faith. By the author of "Curry's Confession." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A story of English life, by a popular writer; not a first-class fiction, such as "The Tollers of the Sea," but still a very readable novel. Price, in cloth, \$1.75.

Black Sheep. By Edmund Yates. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Whatever Mr. Yates writes is well written, and this novel pleases us even better than his former ones. It is a cheap edition, in paper covers, price fifty cents.

How to Make Money, and How to Keep It. By T. A. Davies. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton.—A sensible treatise, adapted to the wants and understandings of all classes, and really a very valuable guide to business success. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

The Rich Husband. By the author of "George Geith." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We believe this novel is reprinted from advanced sheets. It is a story of English life. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

The Lion in the Path. By John Saunders. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Hilton & Co.—A very readable novel, a cheap edition. Price, in paper, seventy-five cents.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, as will be seen by their advertisement, offer to sell teas cheaper than ordinary dealers. We see no reason why the enterprise should not be a successful one, advantageous equally to seller and buyer; for teas, bought and sold as this Company buys and sells them, can surely be sold at a lower price than teas bought and sold in the ordinary way, and having to pay three or four profits. The best way to test the question, however, is to order a lot of teas from the Company.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS, in seven volumes, octavo, bound in cloth, a very handsome edition, sent, pre-paid, for \$20.00. Address,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philada., Pa.

J. W. BRADLEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC SPRING SKIRT seems to be universally in demand. Always ask, at a store, for these skirts, and decline to buy until the "Duplex" is got for you.

THE "WASHINGTON" Mezotint, or either of the "BUNYAN" Mezotints, will be sent, postage paid, for \$2.00. Or any two will be sent for \$3.00; or the whole three for \$4.50. Address, C. J. PETERSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE FLORENCE SEWING-MACHINE gains every day in popularity. We are continually told that it is the best of all the sewing-machines.

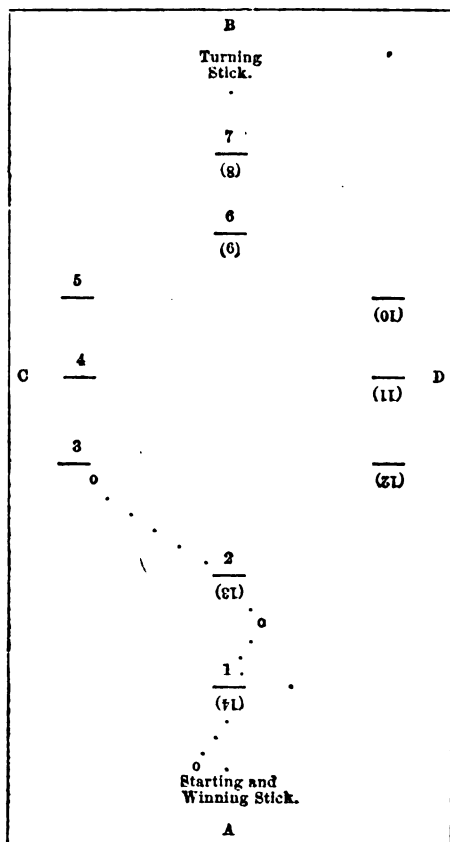
THE GAME OF CROQUET.—NO. I.

GENERAL LAWS OF THE GAME.—The game of Croquet has become so fashionable, and yet it is played so differently in different places, that last summer, at the suggestion of several persons in England, a committee of players was appointed to draw up rules for it. These rules have been published, and as thousands of our readers play Croquet, we have thought it would be useful to reprint them here. But first we must make some observations on the general laws of the game.

The best number of players for general purposes is four, two playing against two; and for matches, six. The game of eight unquestionably takes too long to play. Even a game of six, with good players, occupies the best part of an afternoon. Where there is only one ground, and more than four desire to play, it is a good plan to divide the candidates into two sets, one set commencing at the starting and winning-stick, the other at the turning stick, so that what is the starting stick to one party, is the turning stick to the other. The two games go on simultaneously: the two sets of players interfere scarcely at all with each other. Occasionally a ball, belonging to the other game, lies in the way of a stroke, when it must be taken up while the stroke is made; or the striker in one game has, perhaps, to wait a moment, while the striker in the other game makes his stroke. But this does not happen often; and the slight inconvenience resulting from it is far outweighed by the increased excitement attending the shorter game.

As regards the ground, it often happens the best that can be obtained is small, inconvenient, and anything but level. In such cases, all that can be done is to make the best of a bad job. But where space can be got, and money is "no object," the ground should be level, and of well mown and well rolled grass, not less than thirty yards, nor, for general purposes, more than a hundred yards long, and from twenty to sixty yards wide. This proportion of five to three between length and breadth is the one most approved. The ground should have its boundaries well defined before the play begins.

The hoops may be arranged, as every one knows, in various ways. The plan of the original game is as follows:



This plan is still much used, and, being less difficult than the improved arrangement, with a hoop, stick, or cage in the middle, is recommended for beginners, or where it is desired not to lengthen the game.

Difficulty is sometimes experienced in setting out the hoops. The following directions will be found to simplify matters:

A and B are intended to be the exact middle of the breadth (shorter side) of the ground. Measure the distance from A to B, and cut a piece of string one-tenth of the length. Thus, if the ground is fifty yards long, cut a string five yards long. This bit of string will serve to fix every hoop and stick accurately at the required distances apart. From A to the starting-stick should be precisely the length of the string; the same from starting-stick to hoop No. 1; the same to hoop No. 2. Similarly arrange the turning-stick and hoops Nos. 7 and 8, at the other end of the ground. The only hoops now to fix are the side-hoops. These should be parallel to the center line, and two strings from it on each side, the string falling at right angles to the length, or longer sides (C and D) of the ground. The easiest way to get the side-hoops in position is, when taking the first measurement from A to B, to mark the point half-way between. Then the hoops 4 and 11 can be at once placed two strings from the half-way point, in a straight line toward C and D; and the hoops 3, 5, 10, and 12, each one string from 4 and 11.

The numbers appended to the hoops show the order in

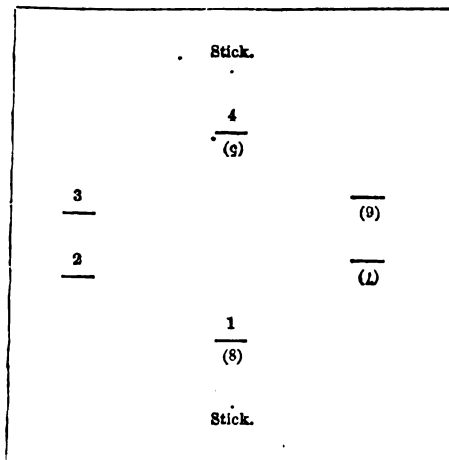
which they are to be run. This explains itself without comment.

The "improved" arrangement, as it is called, is set out in much the same way; but the hoops 4 and 11 are taken out, and at the central point of the ground a hoop, cage, or stick is placed. (See diagram.)

Here the order of running is three hoops and a stick, four times repeated. The game, played in this way, has the disadvantage of being longer than the other; but it is more scientific, and more in accordance with the spirit of the game, as it brings the balls more frequently together at the middle of the ground, leads to more Croqueting, and gives the players who are behind a better chance of improving their position.

The disadvantage of this plan is, that it lengthens a game which is already too long. Popular games, such as whist and billiards, derive a portion of their interest from the rapidity with which they are brought to a conclusion. The excitement culminates toward the finish of the game. If a player knows it will be three hours before he reaches the winning-stick "in order," it naturally follows that his interest in the game is not so great at starting as it would be were the result less distant. For this reason it is, perhaps, best to give up "stick in the middle," at all events in domestic play, and even further to shorten the game by removing some of the hoops. At all events, try with fewer hoops, and if you do not like it, return to the old plan.

With a view to shortening the game, a series of experiments were instituted, and it was found that a most interesting game results from six hoops, or even four. For four balls, two being partners against two, six hoops, thus disposed, are recommended:



The game played on this plan by four good players averages three-quarters of an hour, which is quite long enough.

This plan, too, has an advantage where the ground is small, and especially where it is short, as the length of six strings (see explanation of setting out the hoops on the preceding page) suffices in the place of ten.

For six balls a capital game may be played with only four hoops, hoops 2 and 3 (see last diagram) being taken out, and a hoop placed half-way between them; the same with hoops 6 and 7; so that the four hoops correspond to the four corners of a diamond. And, where time presses, or where others are waiting to play, this plan is well adapted for four balls, the game lasting about half an hour.

Having thus, so to speak, cleared the way for the laws propounded by this English committee, we shall proceed, in our next number, to give those laws in full.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

"RUSSIAN SCANDAL" is the name of a new parlor, evening game. It is played as follows: Somebody writes down on paper a very short account of something that has, or is supposed to have taken place. The paper is folded up and put aside. The writer then leaves the room, taking with him one of the party. When the scribe is a young gentleman, it frequently happens that the one selected to go out is a young lady. We shall call the writer A, and the person who left the room with him B. A tells B, to the best of his belief, the story as he wrote it down, then he comes in again, leaving B outside. Some one else, called C, then goes out, and B gives her (or his) version of the story to C, leaving C behind. D then hears C's version, and in like manner passes it on to E, till, perhaps, a dozen or more have been alternately auditors and informants. The last recipient comes back, and once more writes down the story after it has percolated through these various strata of confusion, forgetfulness, imagination, flurry, stupidity, and other every-day virtues. Then the original document is opened, and the two papers read aloud to a breathless audience, as identical accounts of the same occurrence.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Green Pea-Soup.—A peck of peas will make a tureen of very good soup. In shelling them, put the old ones in one basin, and the young ones in another, and keep out a pint of them, and boil them separately to put into your soup when it is finished. Put a saucepan on the fire with a little water; when it boils, put the peas in, with a little salt, and let them boil till they are done enough, i. e., from twenty to thirty minutes, according to their age and size. Then drain them in a colander, and put them into a clean gallon stewpan, add three quarts of plain veal or mutton-broth, (drawn from meat, without any spices or herbs, etc., which would overpower the flavor of the soup;) cover the stewpan close, and set it over a slow fire to stew gently for an hour; add a teacupful of bread-crumbs, and then rub it through a tamis into another stewpan; stir it with a wooden spoon, and, if it is too thick, add a little more broth; have ready boiled, as for eating, a pint of young peas, and put them into the soup. Season with a little salt and sugar. Some cooks, while this soup is going on, slice a couple of cucumbers, (as you would for eating,) take out the seeds, lay them on a cloth to drain, and then fry them, and fry them a light brown in a little butter; put them into the soup the last thing before it goes to table.

Asparagus-Soup.—Make a good stock of three quarts of liquor, in which a leg of mutton, or beef, not oversalted, has been boiled, to which add a few beef-bones, and any pieces of cold meat, from which all fat and skin has been removed—the remains of a cold tongue form a most charming addition to your stock, as do also fowl-bones. Then break off all the tender part of a bundle of green asparagus, take half a peck of fresh-gathered spinach, a large handful of parsley, the same of spring onions, and, having well washed them in two waters, drain, and proceed to boil them in more than a quart of water, with a little salt, and a tiny bit of butter. When the asparagus is done, strain off this liquor till wanted, bruise the asparagus well, add it to the liquor, and pass all through a hair-sieve. Pour it into a soup-pot, and add your cold stock, from which all fat has, of course, been removed; season with salt, white pepper, or Cayenne, according to taste; mix a small quantity of flour, and a spoonful of white sugar, into a smooth paste, add it to the soup, stir well till quite hot. When

about to boil it is ready to serve. This is a very nice spring or early summer-soup, and to the careful housewife, who studies the important subject of stock, not at all expensive.

Coloring for Soups.—As soups often require coloring, prepare "browning" for that purpose as follows:—Take a couple of onions and bake them; remove the outer skin and put them into your soup; it will brown and give it a good flavor. The shells of green peas dried in the oven brown, but not black, equally well answer to brown soup, and will keep the whole winter well in a bag hung up in a dry place. It will be found much better to use either of the above to brown soup, in place of the carmel, or brown sugar, used by many cooks, for if too much is added it gives a sweet taste to the soup. These are apparently trifles, but most necessary to attend to.

FISH.

Salmon—to Boil.—Scale and clean your fish, taking care that no blood is left inside, lay it in a fish-kettle with sufficient cold water to cover it; throw in salt in proportion to the quantity of water which the size of the fish may require; but be sure not to use vinegar in dressing either salmon or trout—it destroys both color and flavor. Let the kettle quickly boil, then take off the scum, and let the fish simmer gently till done. Eight minutes to each pound of large, thick salmon, and six to thin fish, is the general time allotted; but experience only can teach the precise moment when it is fully cooked, which is, when the meat separates easily from the bone. Of the two evils, it had better be over than underdone, since underdressed salmon is particularly indigestible, and, to some delicate stomachs, almost poisonous in its deleterious effects. If, when the fish is thoroughly done, any delay should occur, do not on any account allow it to remain in the kettle; by such treatment it will become watery, insipid, and colorless. Drain it, and while waiting for the table, keep it hot by means of warm cloths. Serve on a hot napkin, garnished with lemon, or parsley, or fennel; but to the last-mentioned article many people have a thorough aversion. Send up with it plain melted butter, and a bottle of any good fish-sauce, or lobster, or shrimp, or anchovy-sauce, as it is preferred. Many people never eat salmon without a cut lemon on the table, they consider a sprinkle of the squeezed juice greatly to improve the flavor; but real lovers of fish generally care more for the pure flavor of the salmon itself, with only a little plain melted butter. Cucumbers, when in season, thinly sliced, are seen on most tables, as an appropriate accompaniment to boiled salmon. In choosing your fish, feel with the finger and thumb if the belly be firm and thick, red gills are by no means an infallible sign of freshness.

Pickling Salmon.—Take a fine salmon, split down the back, and cut into square pieces; put into an unglazed pan a layer of salmon and a thin layer of salt, alternately, until the pan is nearly filled; fill up with vinegar, tie it down closely with brown paper, put the pan into a saucepan of boiling water up to its rim, let it boil for twenty minutes, and in three days it is ready for use.

DESSERTS.

Bombay-Pudding.—This Indian pudding is a very nice, delicately-flavored one, and is well suited for an invalid, being extremely nourishing. To a good, sweet egg-custard add a little butter, some grated nutmeg, and a glass of wine or brandy; have ready a finely rasped cocoa-nut, and mix all well together. Having lined a dish with puff-paste, pour in the custard, and bake it a light brown color.

Pommes au Syrop.—Prepare as many apples as are required, stew them, and dish them up in syrup, with a piece of currant-jelly on the top of each apple. Stewed pears, also pippins, stewed with sugar, and flavored with lemon-juice, are useful and economical sweet dishes.

Cream-Pudding.—Boil a quart of cream, with a blade of mace and half a nutmeg, grated; let it cool, and beat up eight eggs and three whites; strain them well, and mix a spoonful of flour into them, also a quarter of a pound of almonds, blanched and beaten fine, with a spoonful of orange-flower or rose-water; then, by degrees, mix in the cream and beat all well together; take a thick cloth, wet it and flour it well, pour in the mixture, tie it close, and boil half an hour; let the water boil fast; when it is done, turn it into the dish, pour melted butter over, with a little sack, and throw fine sugar all over.

Silly Lurn Pudding.—Cut out a piece from the under side of the cake so as not to injure the upper crust, replace it, and let the cake soak for three hours in boiling milk in a basin that will just hold it. Mix one egg, well beaten, with a glass of wine and a little spice and sugar. Having removed the piece of cake previously cut, stir in these ingredients, still being careful not to break the crust; replace the piece, put some butter on the basin, fill it up with bread-crumbs, and boil three-quarters of an hour.

Orange-Custards.—Boil till tender half the rind of a Seville orange; beat it fine in a mortar, put to it a spoonful of brandy, the juice of a Seville orange, four ounces of loaf-sugar, and the yolks of four eggs; beat all well together for ten minutes; pour in a pint of boiling cream by degrees; keep beating till cold, then put them in cups, and place them in an earthen dish of hot water till set, stick preserved orange on the top, and serve either hot or cold.

Cocoa-Nut Pudding.—Break the cocoa-nut and save the milk; peel off the brown skin, and grate the cocoa-nut very fine. Take the same weight of cocoa-nut, fine white sugar, and butter; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and add five eggs, well beaten, one cup of cream, the milk of the cocoa-nut, and a little grated lemon. Line a dish with rich paste; put in the pudding, and bake it one hour. Cover the rim with paper, if necessary.

Solid Custard.—One ounce of isinglass, two pints of new milk, one dozen of bitter-almonds, pounded, the yolks of four eggs, sugar to taste. Dissolve the isinglass in the milk, add the pounded almonds, put the mixture on the fire, and let it boil a few minutes. Pour it through a sieve, then add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten; sweeten to your taste. Put it on the fire until it thickens, stir it till nearly cold, and put it into a mould.

Gâteau de Pommes.—Boil one pound and a half of lump sugar in a pint of water until it becomes sugar again, then add two pounds of apples, pared and cored, the peel, and a little of the juice of two small lemons; boil this until quite stiff, and put it into a mould. When cold, it should be turned out, and before being sent to table should have custard or cream poured round it. This *gâteau* will keep for several months.

Cream-Pudding.—Beat up four eggs a little; strain them; add a teacup of fine white sugar, the rind and juice of a lemon, and a pint of cream. Line a pudding-dish with puff-paste; put in the above. Bake half an hour.

Sago Jelly.—Boil a teacupful of sago in three pints and a half of water till quite done; when cold, add half a pint of raspberry syrup. Pour into a shape which has been rinsed in cold water, and when served pour a little cream round.

Snow-Cream.—Put to a quart of cream the whites of three eggs, well beaten, four spoonfuls of sweet wine, sugar to taste, and a bit of lemon-peel; whip it to a froth, remove the peel, and serve in a dish.

Caledonian-Cream.—The whites of two eggs, two spoonfuls of loaf-sugar, two of raspberry-jam, two of currant-jelly; all to be beaten together with a silver spoon till so thick that the spoon will stand upright in it.

Indian Corn Blancmange.—Stir one tablespoonful of corn gradually into one quart of boiling milk; pour into a mould, turn out when cold.

CAKES.

Rice Cake with Butter.—Take four ounces of butter, eight ounces of sifted sugar, five eggs, four ounces of flour, and four ounces of ground rice. Put the butter to melt into a small saucepan, the flour, rice, and sugar in a basin, to which add one whole egg, and the yolks of the remaining four, reserving the whites to be whisked. Mix the contents of the basin well with a spoon for two or three minutes, then beat the whites to a strong froth, and proceed to mix them with the butter, add a small quantity of the whites at first until it becomes smoothly united. The remainder of the whites should then be added, and gently though thoroughly mixed. Bake in a papered tin, in a moderately-heated oven. Four or six ounces of currants may be mixed with the batter previous to adding the whites, if desired.

A Good Pound-Cake.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, and mix with it the whites and yolks of eight eggs, beaten apart. Have ready warm by the fire a pound of flour, and the same of sifted sugar; mix them, and a few cloves, a little nutmeg, and cinnamon in fine powder, together; then, by degrees, work the dry ingredients into the butter and eggs. When well beaten, add a glass of wine and some caraways; it must be beaten a full hour. Butter a pan, and bake it a full hour in a quick oven. The above proportions, leaving out four ounces of the butter and the same of sugar, make a less luscious cake, and to most tastes a more pleasant one.

Quem-Cakes.—Mix a pound of dried flour, the same of sifted sugar, and of washed clean currants. Wash a pound of butter in rose-water, beat it well, then mix with it eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and put in the dry ingredients by degrees; beat the whole an hour; butter little tins, teacups, or saucers, and bake the batter in, filling only half. Sift a little fine sugar over, just as you put it into the oven.

A Superior Soda-Cake.—One pound and a half of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one-quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, (not broken,) five eggs, one nutmeg, one pound of currants, a little lemon-peel cut small, cold milk enough to mix into a stiff batter, one teaspoonful of soda mixed with a drop of water, so that it will mix with the other ingredients, put in just before the cake is put in the oven. Butter the pan.

Tea-Cakes.—Rub five four ounces of butter into eight ounces of flour, mix eight ounces of currants and six ounces of fine sugar, two yolks and one white of eggs, and a spoonful of brandy; roll the paste the thickness of an Oliver biscuit, and cut with a wineglass. You may beat the other white, and wash over them, and either dust sugar or not, as preferred.

Almond-Cakes.—Take two ounces of bitter and one pound of sweet-almonds; blanch and beat them with a little rose-water and the white of one egg; add half a pound of loaf-sugar, eight yolks and three whites of eggs, the juice of half a lemon, and the rind grated. Mix the whole well together, and bake it either in one large pan or several small ones.

Lemon-Puffs.—Bruise a pound of double-refined sugar, and sift it through a fine sieve. Put it into a bowl, with the juice of two lemons, and mix them together. Beat the white of an egg to a very high froth, put it into your bowl, add three eggs, with two rinds of lemon grated. Mix it well up, and throw sugar papers; drop on the puffs in small drops, and bake them in a moderately-heated oven.

Rich Buns.—Mix one pound and a half of dried flour with half a pound of sugar; melt a pound and two ounces of butter in a little warm water; add six spoonfuls of rose-water, knead the above into a light dough, with half a pint of yeast; then mix five ounces of caraway comfits in, and put some on them.

Little Short-Cakes.—Rub into one pound of dried flour four ounces of butter, four of white powder sugar, one egg, and a spoonful or two of thin cream, to make into a paste. When mixed put currants into one-half, and caraways into the rest; cut them, and bake on tins.

French Rolls.—Rub an ounce of butter into a pound of flour; mix one egg, beaten, a little yeast, that is not bitter, and as much milk as will make a dough of a middling stiffness. Beat it well, but do not knead; let it rise, and bake on tins.

Cup-Cakes.—Mix together five cups of flour, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, three eggs, well beaten, one wineglass of wine, one of brandy, and a little cinnamon.

Gingerbread.—Mix together three pounds and a half of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pint of molasses, quarter of a pound of ginger, and some ground orange-peel.

PRESERVES.

To Preserve Oranges.—Score or rasp your oranges very thin, cut a hole at the top and take out all the seeds. Put the fruit in cold water, and let it remain there twenty-four hours. Then boil the oranges till they are tender, four or five hours is generally enough; change the water two or three times. Again lay them in cold water for a day, then put them on a coarse cloth, with the holes downward, to drain. For every orange take one pound of fine loaf-sugar and half a pint of water; boil these to a syrup, and when clear put in the oranges and boil them a quarter of an hour. Let them stand in the syrup twenty-four hours, then boil them in it again for another quarter of an hour. Now take the oranges out of the syrup, and add to it the juice of as many lemons as there are oranges, and let it boil for a few minutes. Put the oranges into separate jars, cover them with the syrup; when quite cold, put brandy papers on the jars and tie them down close.

To Preserve Fruit for Years.—Fill wide-mouthed bottles quite full of gooseberries, or currants, or plums of any sort. Cover the mouths with paper tied lightly on, and pierced with holes. Put them to stand in a hopper of cold water, (the necks of the bottles to be quite out of the water,) there to remain for one-quarter of an hour after the water boils. Then take them out and let them stay till they are quite cold; after which tie them down as tight as possible with a bladder, and keep them in a cellar, or in a cool, dry closet, upon their heads. If, on the bottles becoming cold, they are tightly corked, and then well covered with resin to the neck, it will do quite as well as the bladder—always standing on their heads. Done in this way, the fruit preserves its flavor perfectly.

Red Currant-Jelly.—Having placed the currants in a stone-jar, let it stand in a saucepan of boiling water, and keep it over the fire until all the juice is drawn from the fruit. Turn it into a very fine sieve, and let the juice drain through; but be careful not to press the fruit, as this will prevent the jelly being clear. It may, in addition, be passed through a jelly-bag of fine flannel; but if allowed to drain for a long time, the sieve will be found sufficient. A pint of white currant-juice to three of red, gives a beautiful color to the jelly. One pound of fine loaf-sugar should be used for every pound of fruit, and the sugar and juice should boil together for about half an hour or forty minutes, great care being taken to remove the scum as it rises while boiling.

To Keep Red-Currants for Tarts.—To every pound of currants, picked from the stalks, put half a pound of broken or crushed lump-sugar; set them on the fire to just boil up. When cold put them in wide-mouthed bottles, pouring a little sweet olive-oil on the top. Put no corks in the bottles, but cover the mouths with bladder, and tie lead-paper over that. Keep them in a cool, dry place.

Preserved Lettuce-Stalks.—Peel large cos lettuce-stalks that have run to seed, cut them in pieces, boil them gently till tender, but not too soft, putting half a dozen whole red-peppers in the water; put them to drain; make a syrup and boil the stalks up in it just once a day for a week; then make a good rich syrup, well-skimmed and boiled, scraping in some best white ginger; pour hot over the stalks; keep in a covered jar.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF BLACK AND GOLD-COLORED GREYADINE.—The trimming is of bias gold-colored satin, studded with jet beads.

FIG. II.—SUIT OF BLACK VELVET, FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The trousers and jacket are trimmed with black galloon.

FIG. III.—HOUSE DRESS OF WHITE ALPACA.—The jacket is of red cashmere, trimmed with Cluny lace.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY OF BLUE-AND-WHITE STRIPED FOULARD SILK.—The Garibaldi jacket is of plain blue silk. Straw hat, trimmed with daisies.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN.—The petticoat, upper skirt, and jacket, are cut in a saw-tooth pattern, and bound with cherry-colored silk.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE DRESS, OR WALKING DRESS, AS PREFERRED.—The skirt is of blue summer poplin, made long, with straps depending from the waist, in which button-holes are made; on the skirt are buttons to correspond with the button-holes on the straps; by using these the house dress can be converted into a walking dress without trouble.

FIG. VII.—THE ABOVE HOUSE DRESS CONVERTED INTO A WALKING DRESS.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING DRESS OF GREEN FOULARD OVER A GREEN SILK PETTICOAT.—The upper skirt is cut in points, and trimmed with black cord and black jet tassels.

FIG. IX.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The skirt is very much gored, and has a ruffle around the bottom one-quarter of a yard deep. The front is trimmed with ruchings of silk and lace. Black silk paletot, embroidered in jet. Small black bonnet, trimmed with blue flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—No long dresses are now seen on the street; but in the house, and more particularly for evening wear, very long trains are worn. What the short walking dresses lack in style, they make up in convenience. A basque or loose sacque, (which is much the most popular,) like the dress, is considered indispensable. A very stylish walking suit consists of a blue-and-black striped silk skirt over a plain blue silk petticoat, the latter trimmed round the edge with a tress or plait of black velvet. Similar plaits are used to loop up the skirt in festoons. The short, loose jacket is of plain blue silk, to match the petticoat, and opens over a striped black-and-blue waistcoat. The sole ornament to the jacket is a shoulder-knot of black velvet, placed on the left side.

EVENING DRESSES OF SILK are made perfectly plain in front and at the sides, and are gathered in at the back in a bunch, instead of the large, flat fold so long worn.

WHITE DRESSES, especially tarlatan, are trimmed with numerous narrow flounces, some with only five, others ascending as high as the knee. When a very dressy toilet is desired, wreaths of leaves, or pretty small flowers, just above each flounce, is a great addition.

SMALL BASQUES are sometimes added to the waists of dresses—not so large as the peplum basques, which were so fashionable last year, but quite small, not over three-eighths of a yard deep, and cut in large points; these points can be finished with jet tassels; from some of these basques long-pointed, sash-like pieces depend. We have seen a stylish black grenadine with a Magenta-colored figure in it, the small basque of which was of Magenta-colored satin,

trimmed with jet. It was cut in points in front, and trimmed with jet tassels, and from the back three long straps descended nearly to the bottom of the skirt, the center one being the largest. This basque was about three-eighths of a yard in depth, and could be worn or not, as desired.

WHITE BODIES are still very much worn—those for evening wear being of tulle, or very fine plaited muslin, and trimmed with ribbons, or worn with corsets of silk. A wide sash either around the waist, or thrown around the skirt about the hips, with a ribbon for the neck, and bands for the hair, should all correspond.

MANTILLAS, SACQUES, AND PALETOTS, are cut and trimmed in the greatest variety of styles. The old-fashioned mantle *a la vieille*, under the name of the Maintenon mantle, is once more coming into vogue. It is round at the back, and has long, square ends in front, which are trimmed either with a pinked out frill of silk or with lace; and if a hood is added, it is invariably of lace. Very loose sacques, half tight-fitting basques and paletots, and small "Cardinal Capes," are all worn. Narrow sleeves are, up to the present time, more general than wide ones; but it is more than probable that ere the summer is over, the close-fitting sleeve will have been completely superseded by the flowing and more graceful, though less consistent Polish sleeve.

THE BONNETS, this season, are less attractive than usual. They are very small, and generally very unbecoming. The prettiest are of the Fanchon shape, which are much more graceful than the *Marie Antoinette*, with the large, round crown. The Fanchons are more like a pocket-handkerchief cut in two, the point being on the forehead, and the long, or bias part crossing just over the water-fall.

MOST OF THE VEILS, even those of real lace of the greatest price, are embroidered with white or black beads.

COLLARS are still made very small; they have square or rounded lappets in front.

NO BALL TOILET is considered complete without a neck-lace. These are made of crystal beads of all colors, with long pendant ornaments. The most elegant ladies leave their real diamonds in their casket to wear these ornaments of cut glass—such are the caprices of Fashion!

We very much prefer to all this showy tinsel the jewels of flowers, so fresh-looking, so perfectly imitated from nature, which were also very much the fashion last winter.

A **PARURE**, formed of dewberries, composed of tiny oval pearl beads, with golden-brown tinted foliage, and mounted upon ribbons of bright crimson velvet, appeared to us in very good taste. All kinds of small fruit and berries are also arranged in bandelets for the hair, necklaces, and bracelets, upon velvet or moire ribbons.

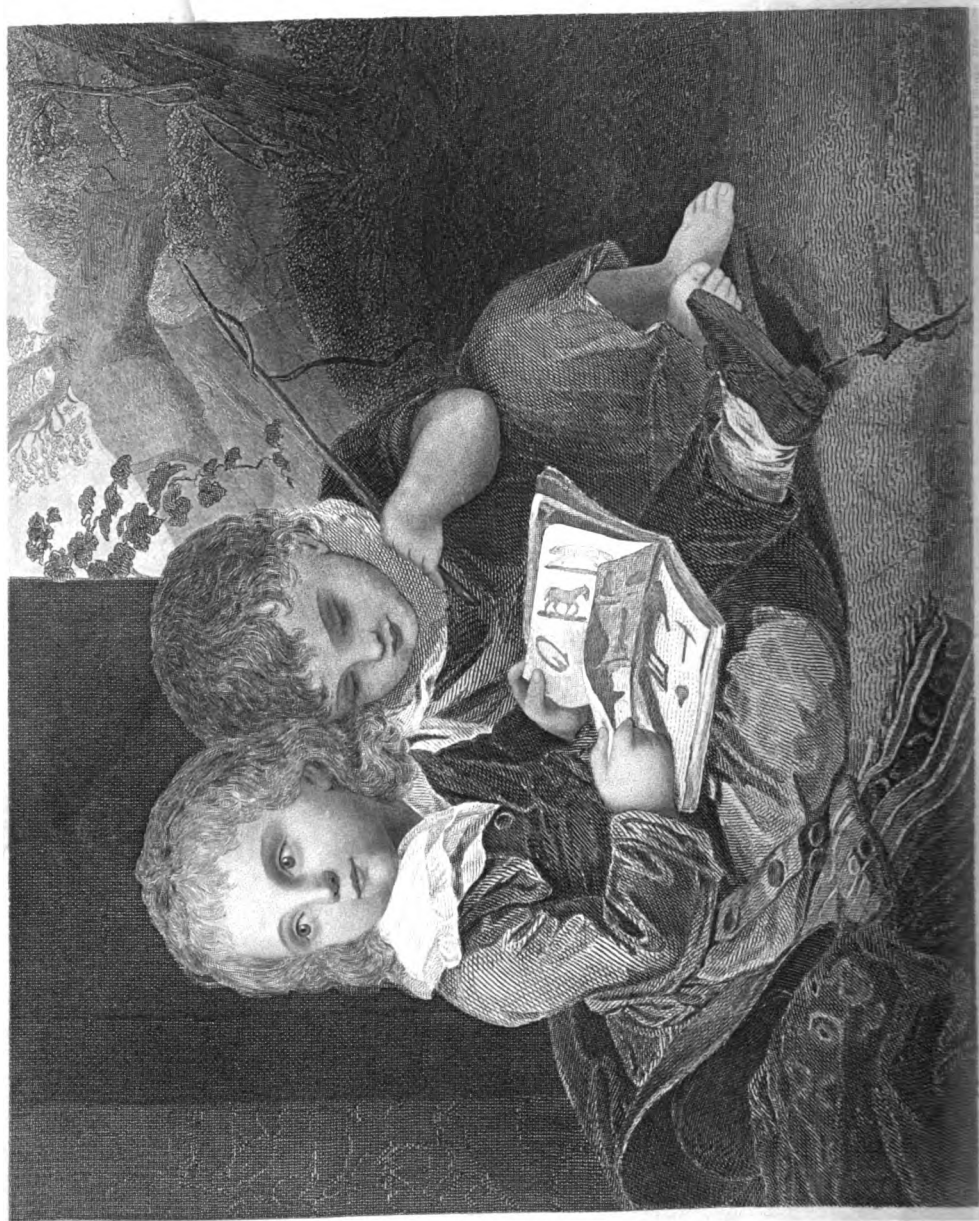
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—FANCY PEASANT DRESS, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The lower skirt is of crimson cashmere, trimmed with two rows of black braid, the upper skirt blue chintz. White lawn apron and cap, trimmed with black velvet and lace.

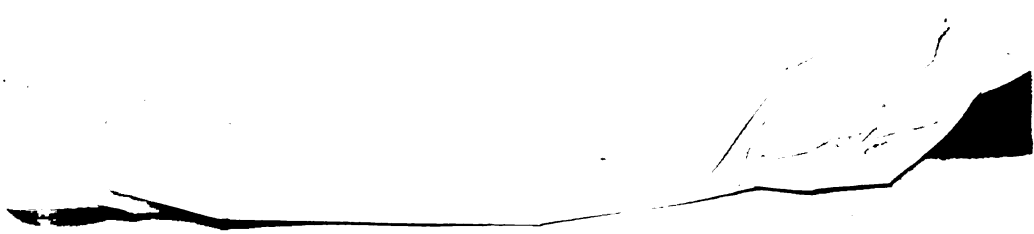
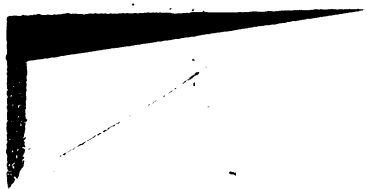
FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The plain under dress is of blue silk; it has a high waist and long, close sleeves. The tunic dress is of gray-and-black striped silk, and is trimmed with black velvet. The tunic dress can be used over any colored dress at pleasure.

FIG. III.—POLISH DRESS FOR A BOY.—The trousers and jacket are of brown cloth, the latter being trimmed with imitation fur.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is really nothing to chronicle with regard to the make of children's dresses. The cut and trimming of boys' clothes has undergone no alteration; and little girls are exact copies of their mamma's, except that hats are substituted for bonnets, though many children wear bonnets also.



MAGAZINE





MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS

TO THE

FIFTY-SECOND VOLUME.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1867, INCLUSIVE.

A Bold Stroke for A Wife—By Ella Rodman, 27, 104, 198, 350	Children's Fashions, (<i>Illustrated</i>), 82, 160, 238, 316, 394, 472
"A New Way to Pay Old Debts"—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - - - 50	Colored Design for Carriage-Bag—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 140
Alphabet for Marking—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 72	Cravat End—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 227
A Sea-Side Story—By Gabrielle Lee, - - - - - 125	Case for Embroidery Cotton, etc.—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 229
A Woman's Story—By May Carleton, - - - - - 179	Counterfeits—By Gabrielle Lee, - - - - - 257
Annie Brevard's Trousseau—By Mary Bayard Clarke, 207	Crochet Fringe for Curtains, Quilts, etc.—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 307
After the Story Ended—By Frank Lee Benedict, - 270	Carry's Coming Out—By Frank Lee Benedict, - 350, 436
At Bay—By the author of "The Second Life," etc., - 277	Crochet Cap-Basket—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 461
A Story of Christmas Eve—By the author of "Margret Howth, - - - - - 418	Crochet Insertion—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 462
	Crochet Edging—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), 464
Button-Hole Edge, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 74	
Bead Ornaments. Ear-Rings and Brooch—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 153	Designs for Neck Velvets—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 75
Bonnet Basket—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - 220	Design in Embroidery for Sugar-Case—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 153
Braiding Patterns: Pillow-Case Initials—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 302	Diagram of Paletot Gullée—By Emily H. May, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 384
Beanie—By Louise Chandler Moulton, - - - - - 346	Design in Beads and Feathers, for Screens, etc.—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 386
Braces for Boys—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), 387	Design for Garter—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 397
Braided Border for Pique Skirt—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 464	
	Edging, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 70, 220, 309
Captain Joe's Button—By Daisy Ventnor, - - - - - 44	Editor's Table, - - - - - 70, 154, 232, 310, 388, 466
Cape for Elderly Ladies—Tricot—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 63	Etageres for Brushes and Sponges—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 228
Colored Pattern for Green Pin-Cushion—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - - 71	

Embroidery, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	228	Linen Insertion—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	309
Edging in Button-Hole Stitch—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	307	Little Pansy—By Emma Garrison Jones, - - - - -	424
Edging of Waved Braid and Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	383		
Emery Cushion—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	385	Married By Mistake—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, 56, 137, 214, 239, 371, 447	
		My Uncle Ben—By Mary Montford, - - - - -	101
For Better for Worse—By May Carleton, - - - - -	23	"Major and Minor"—By the author of "Dora's Cold," etc., etc., - - - - -	111, 183
Fashions for July, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	81	My First Thanksgiving—By Gabrielle Lee, - - - - -	359
From Life—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - - -	131	Mat or Cushion in Mosaic Applique—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	382
Fashions for August, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	160	"Miss Briggs." A Romance—By the author of "Dora's Cold," - - - - -	429
Feather Fringe—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	226	My Last Night—By a New Contributor, - - - - -	443
Fashions for September, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	238		
Fashionable Ribbon Rosettes for Jackets, Caps, Dresses, Ball-Shoes—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	308		
Fashions for October, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	316	Needle-Case: Silk Mosaic-Work—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	71
Furniture, etc., etc., - - - - -	391	Name for Marking, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	71, 148
Fashions for November, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	393	Necklet, with Cross—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	72
Fashions for December, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	472	Night-Lamp Shade—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	150
		Number Three—By Daisy Ventnor, - - - - -	339
Georgie's Mistake—By Laura Gregory, - - - - -	65	Name for Marking Handkerchief—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	384
Garibaldi Waist in Blue Foulard Silk—By Emily H. May, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	303	New Design for Ornamental Comb—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	468
Galloon Trimmings, Ornamented with Beads—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	464		
		Our Arm-Chair, - - - - -	78, 156, 234, 312, 390, 468
Handkerchief Corner, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	75	Our New Cook-Book, - - - - -	80, 157, 236, 313, 391, 469
Harold's Ideal—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - - -	191	Ottoman in Patchwork—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	230
Housekeeping, etc., - - - - -	235	Ornaments for Jackets—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	400
Horticultural, - - - - -	236, 312, 390		
Hood in Knitting and Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	304	Patterns for Shoes, Pockets, Cushions, etc.—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	73
Health Department, - - - - -	468	Petticoat, with Patterns for Trimming—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	73
		Percy's Experience—By Emma B. Ripley, - - - - -	115
Jennie Rathburn's Life-Lesson—By Emma Garrison Jones, - - - - -	284	Paper-Knife, Ruler—Cork Applique—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	152
		Parlor Pets, - - - - -	463
Knitted Sole—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	306		
Knitted Jacket for a Child from Four to Twelve Months of Age—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	465	Review of New Books, - - - - -	77, 155, 233, 311, 389, 467
		Reel Holder—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	227
Linen Basket—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	147	Ruth and Naomi—By Frances Lee, - - - - -	229
Ladies' Dressing-Slipper—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	149		
Lady's Slipper: In Braid or Chain-Stitch—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	305		

CONTENTS.

III

Star for Ornamenting Dresses, etc.—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	230	Drifting Apart—By Letta C. Lord, - - - - -	55
School Apron for Little Girl—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	231	Dirge—By Hon. R. W. Scott, - - - - -	136
Striped Mitten—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	381	Dreams—By Mrs. F. M. Chesbro', - - - - -	197
Smoking-Cap: In Colors—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	460	Exiled—By Helen Augusta Brown, - - - - -	288
The Blotted Copy-Books—By Charles J. Peterson, - - - - -	38	From the Japanese, - - - - -	103
Tobacco-Bag—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	74	Forward and Back—By Mrs. E. L. Brewer, - - - - -	269
The Game of Croquet, - - - - -	78, 156	"His Will Be Done"—By Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, - - - - -	358
The Farmer's Daughter—By James H. Dana, - - - - -	224	In Hayting Time—By Leon West, - - - - -	43
Trimming of Melon or Gherkin-Seeds, for Collars, Cravats, Dresses, etc.—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	231	I Wander in the Meadows Oft—By Emma May, - - - - -	283
Toilet-Cushion—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	305	In Winter—By Mattie Winfield Torrey, - - - - -	380
Tricot Gauntlet, with Crochet Edge—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	306	I Leave Thee Now—By Lottie Linwood, - - - - -	442
Trimmings for Petticoats, etc., etc.—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	303	Jennie—By Helen Augusta Brown, - - - - -	150
The Skating Party—By Alice Gray, - - - - -	345	Just Over the Way—By Letta C. Lord, - - - - -	213
The Plymley Doings—By Emma B. Ripley, - - - - -	363	Just Below the Bridge—By Clara B. Heath, - - - - -	297
The Paletot Galilee—By Emily H. May, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	383	Just Two Years Old—By P. H. Peters, - - - - -	338
Trimming for Dresses—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	385	Love Song—By E. A. Darby, - - - - -	124
Tom's Revenge—By May Carleton, - - - - -	413	Lines for a Lady's Album, - - - - -	302
Tricot Bolster—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	450	Lost in the Snow—By Catharine A. Man, - - - - -	417
Velvet Bracelet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	152	Mary, My Mary—By Lillian Hope, - - - - -	223
Waste-Paper Basket—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	151	Mabelle—By Verona Coe, - - - - -	279
Waved Braids, with Crocheted Edge—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	380	Naming the Baby—By Emilie Lester Leigh, - - - - -	298
Watch-Pocket: Bead-Work—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	458	"No Rose Without a Thorn"—By Henry Vernon, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	423
		Our Lost One—By Miss S. T. Stoddard, - - - - -	37
		On the Death of a Child—By Edwin R. Martin, - - - - -	269
		Over the Way—By M. L. Matheson, - - - - -	298
		Requiescat in Pace!—To My Brother—By Elizabeth Bonton, - - - - -	187
		Retrospection—By Mrs. M. L. Matheson, - - - - -	223
		Summer—A Picture—By Emily A. W. Vinton, - - - - -	49
		Saturday Night—By Mattie Winfield Torrey, - - - - -	136
		Strive On, - - - - -	190
		The Miniature—By Harriet E. Benedict, - - - - -	64
		The Shadows—By N. M. Johnson, - - - - -	64

POETRY.

A Summer Picture—By J. Noel Paton, - - - - -	182
A Lover's Reverie—By Juliet Corson, - - - - -	250
A Brother's Portrait—By Horace B. Durant, - - - - -	345
A Wail—By Mrs. P. C. Dolc, - - - - -	362
A Simile—By Harriet M. Bean, - - - - -	380
A Glimpse of the Sea-Side—By Mrs. E. N. C. Huntington, - - - - -	428
A Cross to Bear—By Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, - - - - -	442
Climbing the Hill—By Julia May, - - - - -	297

The Golden Rule—By H. J. Vernon, - - -	64
The Home of Soul—By Horace B. Durant, - - -	110
The Lonely Grave—By Elizabeth Bouton, - - -	124
The Token—By Don Lloyd Wyman, - - -	146
The Porch of Pines—By Ellis Yette, - - -	208
The Reliquary—By Clarence Frederick Buhler, - - -	213
The Silver Wedding—By Ella Howard, - - -	223
The Rose's Complaint—By Mrs. Anna Dache, - - -	253
"Too Old to Kiss"—By Leon West, - - -	283
"There Are Angels Hovering Round"—By Sylvie A. Sperry, - - -	336
Then and Now—By Clara Augusta, - - -	343
The Lost Heart—By Lillian Fitzroy, - - -	358
The Little One is Gone—By Helen Augusta Brown, - - -	370
The Past—By Edwin R. Martin, - - -	370
"The Mistress of the House"—By Leslie Walter, - - -	379
The Water-Side—By Marie S. Ladd, - - -	428
The Old Year—By Mary V. Spencer, - - -	446
Unwritten Music—By Horace B. Durant, - - -	26
With, You Know Who?—By Rose Standish, - - -	223
When—By M. W. Mickles, - - -	259
Waiting for Thee—By Mattie Winfield Torrey, - - -	298
Woman's Eyes—By F. Yelland, - - -	362
Youth—By Lina Spencer, - - -	362

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The Picture Book.
 Fashions for July, colored.
 "The Butter-Cup Verdict."
 Fashions for August, colored.
 "Boys and Boat."
 Fashions for September, colored.
 "Love's Young Dream."
 Fashions for October, colored.
 "Minnie's Pet."
 Fashions for November, colored.

"No Rose Without a Thorn."

Fashions for December, colored.

Title-Page for 1867.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Toilet Cushion, Embroidered with

Crystal Beads on Emerald Green Velvet.

Design for Carriago-Bag.

Etagere for Sponge and Tooth-Brushes.

Pattern for Slipper.

Striped Mitten.

Smoking or Lounging-Cap.

FULL PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

The Old Mill.

The Family Picnic.

The Woodland Brook.

Horses Escaping from a Fire.

The Harvest Moon.

Lost in the Snow.

MUSIC.

Bird of Beauty.

Picnic Waltz.

Wearing of the Green March.

Maggie's Secret.

"Five O'Clock in the Morning."

The Friends We Love.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

July Number, Seventy-Eight Engravings.

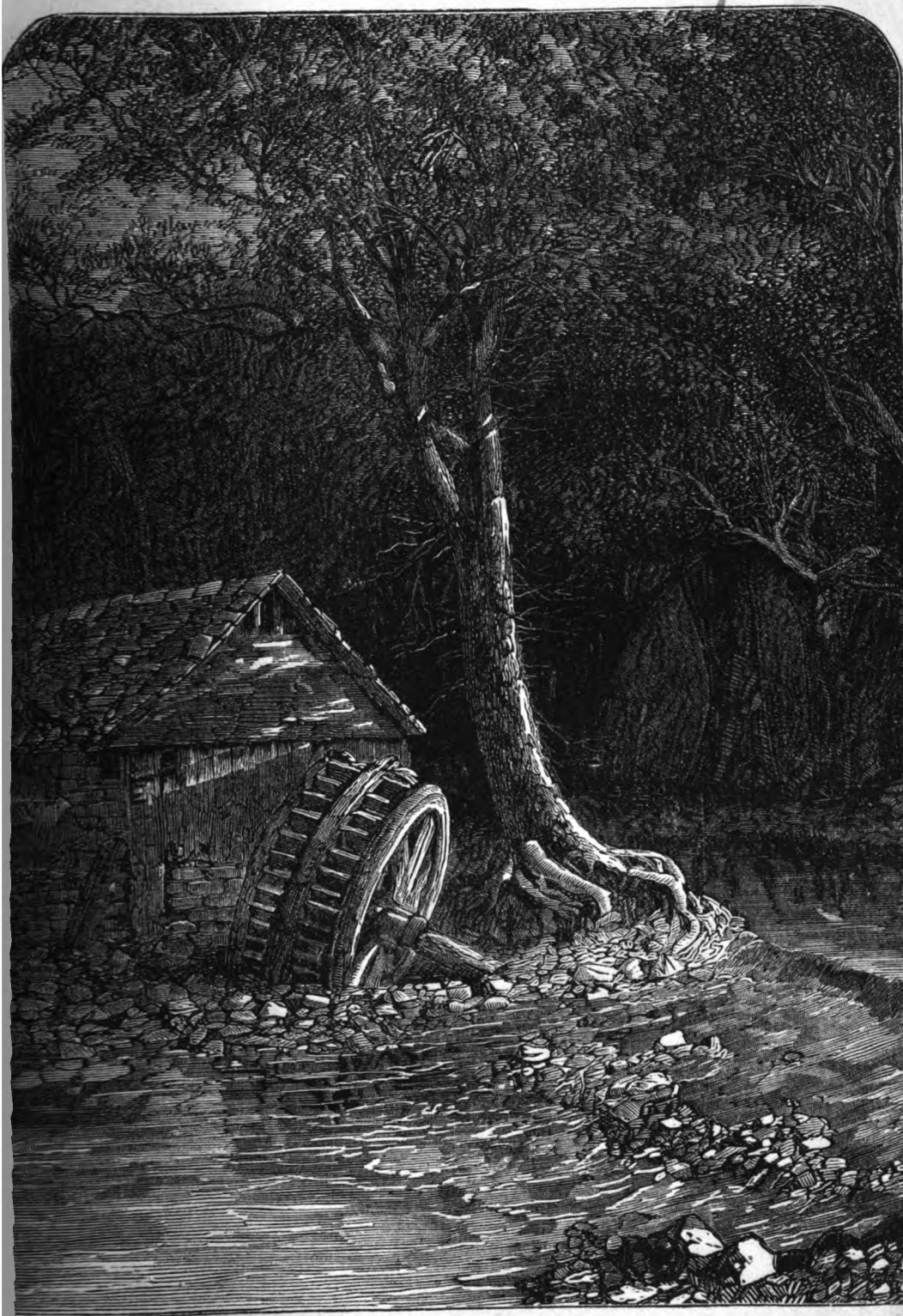
August Number, Fifty-Six Engravings.

September Number, Forty-Seven Engravings.

October Number, Forty-Eight Engravings.

November Number, Forty-Five Engravings.

December Number, Fifty-Three Engravings.



THE OLD MILL.

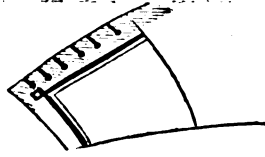




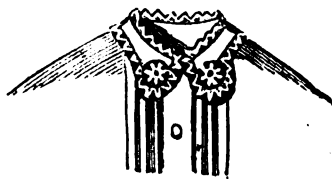
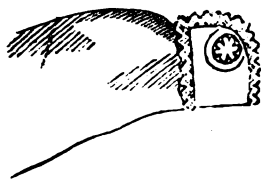
BRETON PALETOT FOR PROMENADE: HEAD DRESSES.



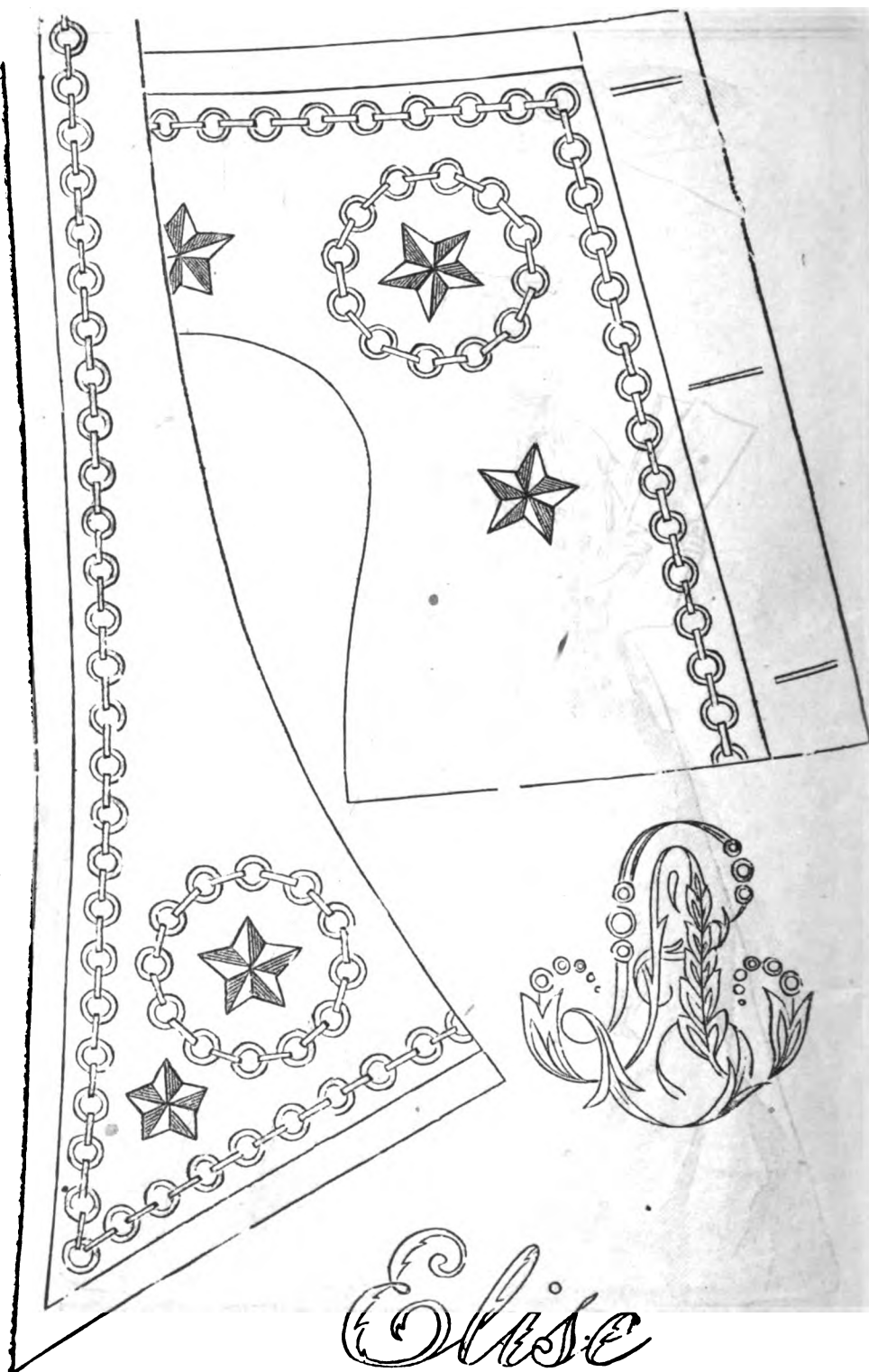
BRETON PALETOT FOR HOUSE: LOW-NECKED BODICES.



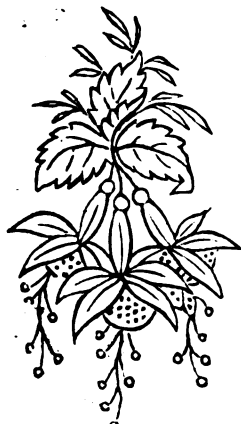
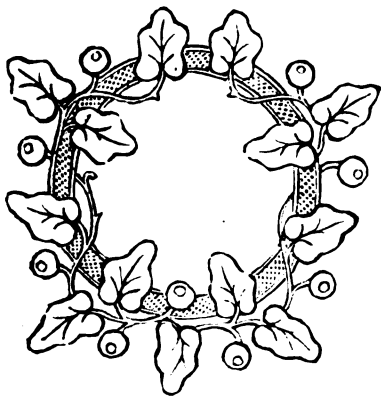
EVENING DRESS: COLLAR AND CUFF.



WALKING DRESS: COLLAR AND CUFF.



HALF OF COLLAR AND CUFF: MONOGRAM: NAME FOR MARKING



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER: BRAIDING AND CHAIN-STITCH PATTERN.


BIRD OF BEAUTY.

Published by permission of SEP. WINNER & CO., 929 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

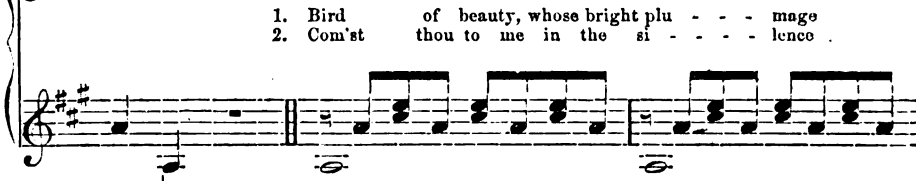
Moderato.

VOICE. 

GUITAR. 



1. Bird of beauty, whose bright plu - - - mage
2. Com'et thou to me in the si - - - - lence





Spark - les with a thou-sand dyes; Soft thy notes, and gay thy
Of my snow-clad home to cheer, Dost thou bear a mes-sage





ear - ol, Though stern win-ter rules the skies;
to me, From the friends be-lov'd and dear?



BIRD OF BEAUTY.

Soft thy notes and sweet thy car - ol, Though stern win-ter rules the
Dest thou bear a mes - sage to me, From the friends be-loved and

skies ;
dear ?

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Musical score for "The Merry Widow" (The Merry Widow). The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody consists of two phrases. The first phrase starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note B4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note G4, an eighth note F#4, a quarter note E4, and a half note D4. The second phrase starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note B4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note G4, an eighth note F#4, a quarter note E4, and a half note D4. The lyrics "La, la, la, la, la, la, la!" are written below the first phrase, and "La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la," are written below the second phrase.

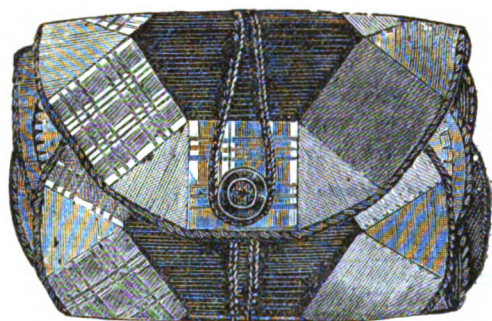
Handwritten musical score for "The Bird Song" by J. B. Williams. The score is written on two staves. The top staff contains the melody with lyrics "la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!" written below it. The bottom staff contains the accompaniment, featuring a series of chords and a final double bar line. The manuscript is dated "1894" in the top right corner.

3.

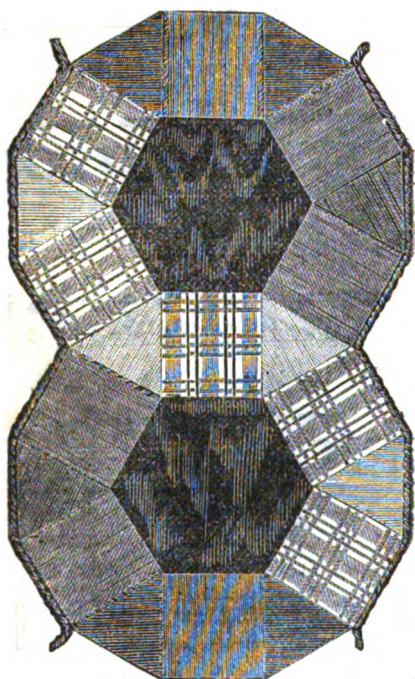
Where the Southern roses blossom,
By the prairie's spreading plain,
I have listened to thy warbling,
Charmed by the magic strain;
I have listened to thy warbling,
Charmed by the magic strain.
La, la, la, etc.

4.

Welcome for a leaf, sweet wand'rer,
Thou hast plucked and borne to me,
Bearing words of joy and gladness
Mingled with sweet melody ;
Bearing words of joy and gladness
Mingled with sweet melody .
La, la, la, etc.



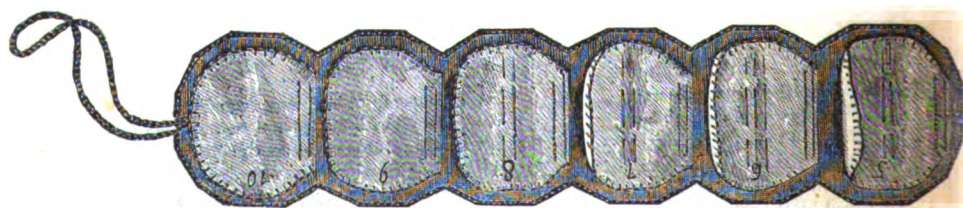
NEEDLE-BOOK, CLOSED.



TWO CIRCLES OF THE NEEDLE-BOOK: FULL SIZE.



NECK-TYE, WITH CROSS.



PART OF NEEDLE-BOOK.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1867.

No. 1.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.

BY MAY CARLETON.

"AND all is gone?"

"Why, no, sir; no, Mr. Fletcher—not all. There's that six hundred a-year, and that little place down at Dover, that you settled on your wife; you may save that out of the wreck. A trifle—a mere nothing, I am aware, out of such a noble inheritance as yours, Mr. Fletcher—but still something. Half a loaf, you know, sir, is——"

He stopped abruptly at a motion of Richard Fletcher's hand. He was a lawyer, and used to this sort of thing; and not much affected by the story, he had run down from New York to tell Mr. Fletcher; his rich client had speculated rashly, and lost—a common case enough. A week ago he was worth half a million; to-night he was not worth a sixpence—that was all. There were his wife's settlements, of course; but they were his wife's—and Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were two.

"I thought I had better let you know at once, Mr. Fletcher," the lawyer said; "it's sure to be in everybody's mouth to-morrow. And now, if I'm to catch the nine-fifty up-train, I had better be starting. Good-night, sir. Worse luck now, better next time."

"Good-night," Richard Fletcher said, mechanically. He was leaning against the low, iron gateway, his folded arms lying on its carved top, and the black shadows of the beeches shutting him in like a pall. Up the avenue colored lamps gleamed along the chestnut walks, blue, red, and green, turning the dark November night to fairy-land. The wide front of the stately mansion was all aglow with illuminations, and music, and flowers, and fair women; and fairest, where all was fair, its proud young mistress, Marian Fletcher.

Two men, stragglers from the ball-room, with their segars lighted, came down through the gloom, close to the motionless figure against

the iron-gate—only another shadow among the shadows—so close that he heard every word.

"Rather superb style of thing, all this," one said. "When Dick Fletcher does this sort of thing, he *does* do it. Wonderful luck he's had, for a poor devil, who five years ago hadn't a rup; and that wife of his—magnificent Marian—most lovely thing the sun shines on."

"Too lovely, my friend, for—she's ice!"

"Ah! To her husband? Married him for his fortune, didn't she? The old story, very poor, very proud; and sold to the highest bidder. Craymore stood to win there once, didn't he?"

"It was a desperate flirtation—something more, the knowing ones do say; but Capt. Craymore knows better than to indulge in such a luxury as a penniless wife. So Fletcher came along, made rich by a sudden windfall, and—she's Mrs. Fletcher to-night; and more beautiful and queenly than ever. I watched her dancing with Craymore half an hour ago, and—— Well, I didn't envy Fletcher, if he is worth half a million. Let's go back to the house, it's going to rain."

"Suppose Fletcher was to lose his fortune—what then?"

"My good fellow, he would lose his wife in the same hour. Some women there are who would go with their husbands to beggary—and he's a fine fellow, too, is Fletcher; but not the lovely Marian. There, the rain begins!"

The shadow among the beeches stood stiller than stone. A long, low wind worried the trees, and the rain beat its melancholy drip, drip. Half an hour, an hour, two, passed, but the figure leaning against the iron-gate was as still as the iron itself. But slowly he stirred at last, became conscious he was dripping, and passed slowly out of the rainy gloom, and up the lamplit-avenue, and into the stately home, that, after to-night, was his no more.

Another half-hour, and he was back in the glitter and dazzle and music of the brilliant suite of drawing-rooms, his wet garments changed, himself whiter than marble, and almost as still. He had not been missed; his radiant, three months bride shone there in diamonds, and lace, and roses resplendent—and who was to think of the rich Fletcher? “Only a clod,” whom she had honored by marrying. Capt. Craymore was by her side too fascinating to tell. How could she find time to think of anything so plebeian as “*mon Mare*” by his entrancing side?

But it was all over at last. The “lights were fled, the garlands dead,” and Mrs. Fletcher up in her dressing-room, in the raw morning light, under the hands of her maid. She lay back among the violet-velvet cushions, languid and lovely, being disrobed, and looked round with an irritated flush at the abrupt entrance of the master of the house. He did not often intrude; since the first few weeks of their marriage he had been a model husband, and kept his place. Therefore, Mrs. Fletcher looked surprised, as well as annoyed now.

“Do you wish to speak to me, Mr. Fletcher?” she asked, coldly; for after an evening with Capt. Craymore, she was always less tolerant to her *bourgeois* husband.

“Yes—but alone. I will wait in your boudoir until you dismiss your maid.”

Something in his colorless face—something in the sound of his voice startled her; but he was gone whilst yet speaking, and the maid went in. “Hurry, Louise,” her mistress said, briefly; and Louise coiled up the shining hair, and arranged the white dressing-gown, and left her.

Marian Fletcher arose and swept into the boudoir. It was the daintiest *bijou* of boudoirs, all rose-silk, and silver, and filigree-work, and delicious Greuze paintings smiling down from the fluted panels. A bright wood-fire burned on the marble hearth, and her husband stood leaning against the low chimney-piece, whiter and colder than the marble itself.

“Well,” she said, “what is it?”

He looked up. She stood before him in her beauty and her pride, jewels flashing on her fairy hands—a queen by right divine of her azure eyes and tinseled hair—his, yet not his; “so near, and yet so far.” He loved her, how well his own wrung heart only knew.

“What is it?” she repeated, impatiently. “I am tired and sleepy. Tell me in a word.”

“I can—ruin!”

“What?”

“I am ruined! All is gone! I am a beggar!”

She started back, turning whiter than her dress, and leaned heavily against a chair.

“Ruined!” she repeated. “A beggar!”

“Ugly words, are they not? but quite true. I did not know it until last night; Kearsall came from town to tell me. My last grand speculation has failed, and in its failure engulfed everything. I am as poor as the poorest laborer on his estate; poorer than I was five years ago, before this fortune was left me.”

There was a sort of savage pleasure in thus hideously putting things in their ugliest light. Rich or poor, she despised him alike. What need was there for him to mince matters?

“There are your settlements, your six hundred a-year, and the Dover farm, that crumb of the loaf is left, and remains yours. I am sorry for you, Mrs. Fletcher—sorry that your sacrifice of youth and loveliness, on the altar of Mammon, has been in vain. I had hope, when I married you, of winning some return for the limitless love I gave you. I know to-night how futile that hope has been. Once again, for your sake, I am sorry; for myself I do not care. The world is a wide place, and I can win my way. I give you your freedom, the only reparation for marrying you in my power to make. I leave here to-night; New York to-morrow; and so—farewell!”

She stood like a stone; he turned and left her. Once she had made a movement, seeing the white anguish of his face, as though to go to him—but she did not. He was gone, and she dropped down in the rose-and-silver glitter of her fairy-room, as miserable a woman as day ever dawned on.

A month later, and she was far away, buried alive in the Dover Cottage. All had gone; the nine days wonder was at an end; the “rich Fletcher” and his handsome wife had disappeared out of the magic whirl of society; and society got on very well without them. They had been, and they were not—and the story was told. Of all who had broken bread with the ruined man, there were not two who cared a flip whether he were living or dead.

The December wind wailed over the stormy sea, and the wintry rain lashed the windows of the Dover Cottage. Marian Fletcher sat before the blazing fire in the long, low, gloomy parlor, and Capt. Craymore stood before her. He had but just found her out, and he had run down to see how she bore her altered fortunes. She bore them as an uncrowned queen might, with regal pride and grand, cold endurance. The exquisite face had lost its rose-leaf bloom;

the deep, still eyes looked larger and more fathomless; the patrician mouth was set in patient pain—that was all. The man felt his heart burn as he looked at her, she was so lovely, so lovely. He leaned over, and the passionate words came that he could not check. He loved her. She loved him; she was forsaken and alone—why need they part?

She listened, growing whiter than a dead woman. Then she came and faced him, until the cowered soul within him shrank and quailed.

"I have fallen very low," she said. "I am poor, and alone, and a deserted wife. But, Capt. Craymore, I have *not* fallen low enough to be your mistress. Go!"

Her unflickering finger pointed to the door. There was that in her face no man dare disobey, and he slunk forth like a whipped hound, as on that night when she had parted from her husband, she slipped down in her misery to the ground, and hid her face in her hands. Now she knew the man she had loved; now she was learning to know the man who loved her. The one would drag her down to bottomless depths of blackness and infamy; the other had given up all for her—even herself—and gone forth a homeless, penniless wanderer, to fight the battle of life.

"Oh! truest and noblest!" her heart cried, in its passionate pain, "how I have wronged you! Bravest and best heart that ever beat in man's breast—am I only to know your worth when it is too late?"

It seemed so. Richard Fletcher had disappeared out of the world—the world she knew—as utterly as though he had never been in it. The slow months dragged drearily by; but he never came. The piteous advertisement in the Herald newspapers stood unanswered when the spring-buds burst; and she was alone in her worse than widowhood in the Dover Cottage still.

With the glory of the brilliant new summer new hope dawned for her. A tiny messenger, with Richard Fletcher's great, brown eyes, smiled up in her face, and a baby head nestled against her lonely heart. Ah! she knew now how she loved baby's father, when the brown eyes, of which these were the counterpart, were lost to her forever.

So, with the great world shut out, and with only baby Richard, and her two servants, life went on in the solitary cottage. The winds of winter had five times swept over the ceaseless sea; and little Richard could toddle and lisp; and in Marian Fletcher's heart hope slowly died out. She had lost him through her own

fault; he, to whom she had been bound in the mysterious tie of marriage, would never look upon her cruel face again.

She sat one stormy November night, thinking very sadly of the true heart and strong love she had cast away. Her boy lay asleep before the ruddy fire; the rain and wind beat like human things against the glass. She sat looking seaward, with weary, empty eyes, so desolate—so desolate, her soul crying out with unutterable yearning for the wanderer to come back.

There was a knock at the cottage-door, a faltering, humble knock. Through the deepening gloom of the rainy twilight she saw a man leaning wearily against the door-post—a man shabby and ill clad, with drooping head and dejected air. Her housekeeper opened the door, she could hear her harsh, high-pitched voice.

"This isn't an inn—we don't keep tramps. Go along with you; the village is only two miles off."

"But two miles is a long way this cold, wet night," a broken voice said; "and I am very poor and ill. If you have a woman's heart, pity me and take me in."

The house-door slammed in his face. The man turned despairingly away, walked a few paces, reeled, and fell to the ground like a log.

Marian Fletcher started to her feet—was out of the room and the house in a moment, out in the pouring rain beside the fallen man. Her two startled servants followed.

"Lift him up and carry him to the kitchen," she ordered, imperiously. "Martha, I will never forgive you for doing such a cruel thing. John, make haste."

Her man-servant raised the prostrate form, and with some difficulty bore him to the kitchen, and laid him on a wooden settee. The light fell full on his upturned face, bloodless and haggard and deathlike; and at the sight Marian Fletcher gave a cry that those who heard never forget, and, falling on her knees, rained passionate kisses on the marble face.

"At last! at last!" she sobbed, convulsively. "Oh, God! I thank thee!"

The servants gazed aghast. He looked up, and all her self-control returned.

"Take him to my room, John, and remove these wet clothes, and then ride for your life for a doctor. He is my husband!"

Yes, at last. After all those weary years of waiting her husband restored to her like this!

Restored, yet nearly lost. For many, many nights after that the watcher's lamp burned in Marian's chamber; and she sat by her sick

husband's side—sick almost unto death. Night and day you found her there, pale and sleepless as some ministering spirit, listening to his wild, disconnected talk—listening to her own name often and often on his lips. How she cared for him; how she prayed for him; how she loved him, only heaven and herself knew.

Her prayers prevailed. The heavy, brown eyes opened one still midnight-watch and fixed on her face, no longer in delirium, but knowing her with kindling light of doubt and joy.

"Marian," he said, faintly, "my wife!"

She was on her knees beside him, his weak head lying in her caressing arms.

"My darling! my darling! thank God! My dear, my true, my cherished husband, forgive your erring wife!"

His face lit with a rare smile; he drew the lovely face down and kissed it.

"It is true, then, what I heard—what brought me home. You *have* sought me? But if I am poor—poorer than when I went away?"

"Ah! do you think I care now? I love you, and we are rich. We will never part again, my dearest and best—I cannot live without you."

The happy smile made his face luminous; he drew her nearer, nearer.

"No, never again, my love, my love; and I do not come to you poor. In the golden land, California, I have retrieved the past, and return to you a rich man."

Her face clouded for an instant.

"I am sorry. I wanted to atone—how can I now? I have been your wife in the sunshine; I wanted to be yours in the shadow; and it seems it is not to be. I can never show you how I have repented now."

Her tears, her caresses, plead for her more powerfully than words. He sealed the pleading lips with husbandly kisses.

"My beautiful Marian!" he said, "my wife at last! Mine forever, forever. Mine FOR BETTER FOR WORSE."

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

BY HORACE B. DURANT.

THE soft, enchanting strain may flow
With dance, and song, and wine;
And gorgeous lamps fling out their glow
Where wit and beauty shine;
In princely halls they may forget
That pain or woe can be;
And dream this life away—but yet
Such have no charms for me.

Oh! give to me the simple notes,
From guileless hearts that rise;
The language of the soul that floats—
Just heard from Paradise.
Oh! let me hear each thrilling strain,
The rush of tuneful wings;
'Tis surely worth a life of pain
To feel the bliss it brings.

Awake! oh, Spring! with voice of song,
The cold, still form of death;
And breathe o'er all thy blooming throng
The incense of thy breath.
Come, golden-fruited Summer-time!
With drooping leaves at noon;
While streamlets babble like a rhyme
Beneath the skies of June.

Come, like a sigh within the hush
Of woe, oh! Autumn still!
Tinge all the woods with hectic flush,
And shroud each pensive hill;
Hang all thy drapery of dreams
O'er vale and mountain blue;
And whisper hope to lonely streams,
Where faded beauty grew.

Sweep all thy harp of wailing storm,
Thou Winter, cold and bleak;
Shout hoarsely in the tempest's form,
O'er surges moan and shriek;
Like surges roar through forests brown:
Sway all the groaning pines;
And let the monarch oak go down,
Round which the ivy twines.

Great orchestra of winds and waves,
Ye seasons, as ye glide,
Your mighty anthems are not slaves
To rank, or wealth, or pride.
Unwritten Music! Heart and soul
May claim ye for their own;
For them your strains in grandeur roll—
They feel your thrill alone.

Unwritten Music! Thou hast tears—
Ay, sometimes let them flow!
Thou hast the hopes of buried years,
The loved of long ago;
Thou hast the hands that we have grasped;
The lips that we have pressed;
Thou hast the forms that we have clasped,
And pillowed on our breast!

Thou living anthem! Free and wild,
Untamed by mortal art;
From thee Earth's longing, willful child
May learn life's nobler part.
Then let me hear each thrilling strain,
The rush of tuneful wings;
'Tis surely worth a life of pain
To feel the bliss it brings.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

ONCE upon a time, there were three maiden sisters, who lived as comfortably and contentedly as it is possible for maiden sisters to live. Strangers, who drove about the outskirts of the country town where the Misses Trafton resided, invariably asked who owned the very pretty dwelling, half cottage, half villa, with the lovely bay-windows and veranda, and well-kept grounds; and were as invariably answered that "three old maids lived there." Some of the younger ones sighed that so picturesque-looking a place should have fallen to the lot of three old maids: just as though old maids had forfeited all claim to the good things of this life; and the answer seemed, on the whole, to meet with general disapprobation.

Little this mattered, however, to the three ladies who were so comfortably provided for, and whose position in the society of Centertown rendered their notice an honor. They were long past the bloom of youth, and not one of them could, by any possibility, have ever laid claim to beauty; and yet there was something very pretty and touching in their affection for, and unbounded confidence in each other. There was such a variety, too, in their appearance and characters, that the usual monotony of three maiden sisters was quite done away with.

Miss Sybilla, the eldest, was a tall, angular lady, with very nice dark curls, that showed as yet but few silver threads; and a sensible sort of face, that her two admiring sisters pronounced "very intellectual." Miss Sybilla was the scribe of the family, and usually received and answered all the letters. She was also considered to possess great conversational powers, and to show to much advantage in receiving and entertaining company. In short, Miss Sybilla might be called the head and front of the Trafton sisters, as they seemed to prefer obtaining glimpses of life from beneath her sheltering wings.

Miss Pamela was an invalid—partly because she couldn't help it, and partly because there was a sort of *eclat* in being different from other people; her chief difficulty was in her head, which threatened to "split open" nearly every hour in the twenty-four, but which seemed to keep together pretty securely, nevertheless. The invalid always wore a white dress, summer

and winter; and kept a diary, snatches of which had been seen by stealth, and which elevated the two other sisters to such a degree that they declared, "if dear Pamela should ever be taken from them, they would publish that diary for the good of the human race."

But "dear Pamela" lived on, in spite of the threatened fissures in her head, and managed to subsist very well on thin, but frequent shavings of bread-and-butter, delicate slices of tongue, and libations of egg-nogg and whiskey-punch. These last were much recommended by Dr. Tormesbury for a delicate constitution; and Miss Pamela was certainly very ethereal-looking.

Miss Clarissa was an exceedingly stout damsel of forty, who, being of a practical turn, considered herself very inferior to her gifted sisters. She attended faithfully to the house-keeping department, and got up the delicious cakes and puddings that met with such enthusiastic approbation from those who were fortunate enough to partake of them. The greatest trial of Miss Clarissa's life had been in having too much flesh upon her bones; but the more the poor thing walked and starved herself the fatter she grew. She was also afflicted with an excess of color, that bordered on a purplish tinge; and the slightest allusion to either of these defects filled her sensitive soul with anguish. She waited like a spaniel upon Miss Pamela, and bowed down in admiring homage before Miss Sybilla's mind, little deeming that she, herself, was the main stay and balance of the family.

"The establishment" consisted of an elderly servant-woman and a small colored person, whom the former supposed to have been born for her especial torment. A man, who worked about the garden and grounds during the day, and retired to the bosom of his family at night-fall, seemed to partake of the general respectability and propriety, and to demean himself with great circumspection and decorum.

The three sisters had each her own separate room, into which none of the others ever thought of entering without knocking; being, therefore, separated at night, they met at the breakfast-table with mutual inquiries after each other's health and well-being. It was, "I hope you

rested well, sister Sybilla?" "Thank you—how did *you* pass the night, sister Clarissa?" and, perhaps, on rare occasions, "Did *you* sleep well, sister Pamela?" to which sister Pamela always shook her head, and looked like the woman who said, "*Sleep!* one of *my* noble race *sleep!* I never did such a thing in my life!" for Miss Pamela particularly prided herself on not sleeping; and yet, strange to say, she was generally the last one to hear anything that occurred at night. She seldom appeared at the breakfast-table, however; but preferred lying on her sofa, with a cup of chocolate, conning over some "opening thoughts" for her diary.

One pleasant morning in June, the three were sitting together around the breakfast-table, that looked very inviting with its old-fashioned silver and transparent china; while through the open bay-window came the real June odor of roses and honeysuckle, and beyond there was a lovely rural view of lawn and shrubbery.

Miss Sybilla was pondering over a letter that had just been received; and the two sisters looked expectant.

"From brother Isaac," announced the elder lady, at length. "He wishes to send Helen to us for awhile."

It is a custom with some people, on receiving any information, to look as though they never had heard anything so astonishing before, and never expected to again; and the two younger Misses Trafton now wore this expression of countenance to such a degree that Miss Sybilla felt justified in remarking,

"It does not seem to me at all out of the way that brother Isaac should wish his daughter to see something of her aunts."

"Certainly not," said Miss Pamela, promptly. "How old is Helen now?"

"She was seven when she left us," was the reply, "and that is—let me see—twelve years ago."

"Then she is nineteen," said Miss Clarissa, who had an arithmetical turn. "How strange it will seem to see the child again after so long a separation. Dear me! how well I remember crying my eyes out when she was taken away."

"How well I remember her racing through my poor head with those terrible shoes of hers!" exclaimed Miss Pamela. "I thought that child would really set me crazy."

"What I am thinking of," said Miss Sybilla, with a smile, "is those funny attempts of hers at learning to spell. The pictures led her astray, and she would spell, 's-h-a-d—codfish! S-h-o-t—bullet-bag!' and so on."

"She was a dear little thing," said Miss

Clarissa, tenderly, "although she *did* scream and kick at being washed and dressed; and I only wish that she could come back to us just as she went, with those heavenly blue eyes and golden curls."

"Do you not remember, Pamela," asked the elder sister, "that you were one day reading aloud some novel, in which the heroine was an orphan, and met with all kinds of misfortunes from having no one to take care of her, when Helen, who seemed to be absorbed with her dolls in another part of the room, edged herself up to us, and suddenly inquired, 'Didn't she have any aunts?'"

Breakfast cooled while the maiden aunts called up reminiscences of the little sunbeam who had gladdened their home for five years, and completely won their hearts with her sweet ways; and that she should now be coming back to them a woman, with a woman's talent, perhaps, for making idols and finding them clay, was a state of things that seemed difficult to realize.

Isaac Trafton seemed born for a traveler, as he had been a wanderer upon the face of the earth ever since his sisters could remember him, only coming home on occasional visits—on one of which he left behind him his motherless child of two years old for an indefinite period. On marrying a second time, and journeying to the far West, he insisted upon taking the little Helen with him, much to the grief of the faithful aunts, who dreaded all sorts of dangers for their tender charge.

"Brother Isaac" was not a good correspondent, and letters were few and far between, leaving his sisters with very little idea of his affairs; until this epistle, dated from Chicago, where he had resided for the past year, informed them that Helen would like to make them a long visit, if convenient to receive her. The advent of a young girl in a household of spinsters causes a sort of consternation, and a general feeling of not being equal to the occasion. How to interest or amuse her, or to make her feel that she has not taken leave of the human species altogether, are questions of grave import. Would she be grave or gay, pretty or ugly?

Miss Clarissa declared that so pretty a child would have no right to be an ugly girl; while Miss Pamela discouragingly remarked that the prettiest children were always ugliest when grown; and Miss Sybilla, ignoring the subject of beauty altogether, "only hoped that the child would have some intellect."

Catharine, who ruled the kitchen, and nearly

the whole household besides, highly disapproved of the interloper; and "Crissy," a corruption of Lucretia, looked forward to the arrival with that intense, but subdued delight in the prospect of something going on, which only a young African can experience.

The prettiest spare room, the one with pink cottage-furniture, and windows opening toward the hills, was put in readiness for the young visitor; and seeing the tasteful bouquet arranged by Miss Pamela, Crissy stole in surreptitiously with a huge peony, which she placed conspicuously on the mantle, and then stepped back a few paces to admire the effect.

The omnibus from the "Prospect House," quite a pretentious hotel, brought the young traveler to the Misses Trafton's door; and each aunt in succession, according to the law of priority, clasped in her arms a bundle of veils, shawls, and traveling-baskets, that seemed affectionately disposed, and quite overcome by the meeting.

When Helen's pretty face emerged into full view, the aunts were gratified to perceive that she abundantly fulfilled the promise of her childhood. Her features were delicately cut, like a cameo, and the tint on her rounded cheek had the effect of a light shining through alabaster. A golden curl, that seemed to have escaped from its fellows, just back of her left ear, gave a peculiar style to her beauty, and so impressed the appreciative Crissy, (who stood drinking in her charms all tea-time, instead of waiting upon the table,) that, at the first convenient opportunity, she managed to collect together enough refractory wool to make a pipe-stem arrangement in humble imitation of Helen's golden tress.

But it was a long time before the visitor was peacefully seated at the tea-table. There was so much to hear and tell; so many eager questions from the three aunts, who were all in a state of most unusual excitement, that the ordinary routine of life seemed in danger of being forgotten. Miss Sybilla made a little speech to her niece, in which she welcomed her return to the "dear haunts of her childhood;" and which was, in some respects, as figurative as that memorable one of Mr. Micawber's to David Copperfield; but Miss Pamela and Miss Clarissa looked highly appreciative, and were evidently persuaded that it was just the thing.

There was a quietness and reserve about Helen that rather puzzled her aunts, even in these first hours of meeting; a something that seemed to say, in spite of her respectful manner,

that she was no longer a child, and did not expect to be treated as such. Miss Pamela, who considered herself to possess some sort of a key that gained her admission into the innermost soul of those with whom she came in contact, suddenly beckoned her niece into a corner, and whispered, "Are you engaged?"

A bright rosy color mounted over every visible portion of the pearly skin, while a flash of indignation, perhaps, lighted up the dark-blue eyes; but the tone was composed and distinct in which she answered, "No, aunt—I am not engaged."

Aunt Pamela frowned, and made telegraphic signals that this was "strictly confidential"—she dearly loved a little mystery; but Miss Sybilla had heard enough to interpose her authority.

"I am surprised at you, sister," she remarked, in high displeasure, "for putting such notions into the child's head; of course she is not engaged, or brother Isaac would have notified us of so important a step. It is quite time enough for her to think of such things when she is twenty-five."

Helen was considerably amused, as "twenty-five" appeared to her in quite a different light from what it did to her maiden aunt, being set down in school-girl idiom as "awfully old;" but Miss Pamela was quite crushed by the reproof, and the housekeeping sister hastened to restore the general equanimity by a proposal to adjourn to the dining-room.

In spite of the tempting cakes and biscuit of Miss Clarissa's most popular description, the traveler ate very little, which inconsistent behavior for a girl of nineteen threw her anxious relatives into a state of consternation.

"When I was your age," said Miss Clarissa, frankly, "I could almost devour a loaf of fresh bread at a sitting; and as to resisting pickles, it was not to be thought of!"

"Perhaps," replied Helen, with a smile, "if I had my little, high chair here again, and my wicker mat before me, I might do better."

Crissy retired to the kitchen in a state of admiring rapture with the visitor, for which she was most cruelly snubbed by Catharine.

"Handsome is that handsome does," observed the kitchen autocrat; "and any young lady that turns up her nose at Miss Clarissy's waffles, and the best preserves brought out to do her honor—to say nothing of all the rounds of cream-toast that I burnt my face over—don't amount to much in my opinion, not if she was first cousin to the queen. I suppose her bein' so white has taken *your* eye; but as I ain't

black, I don't admire taller candles. If she don't eat slate-pencils, she must be in love."

That night, long after her sensible aunts were in bed, Helen sat dreaming in the pretty alcove-window of her room, and gazing on a bit of pasteboard in her hand, on which the shadow of a gentleman's face was permanently fixed. The moon was at its full, and as the young lady sat in the broad light, some lunar influence may have moved her to the proceeding of pressing her lips to the shadowy semblance of mustached lips on the pasteboard. It may have been her father's photograph; or, perhaps, Catharine was right, after all.

The sisters were soon in possession of all the facts respecting those twelve years of absence, which Helen seemed disposed to communicate.

She had had, on the whole, a pleasant home with her father and step-mother; and the latter, while inspiring no enthusiastic love, had evidently been kind in a good-humored, indifferent way, and had sought to make Helen enjoy the pleasures of dress and visiting, in which she so much delighted. Her father's house was gay and hospitable, and gentlemen found it an agreeable resort; but no mention of any favored youth found place in the young girl's narrations; and her aunts were quite at a loss to account for her pale cheeks and unsatisfactory appetite.

Miss Sybilla said little on the subject, but she was evidently taking observations, and revolving some mighty plan in her head which was not yet fully developed.

Meanwhile, Helen conducted herself as naturally as though she were not an object of anxious consideration, and fell into the quiet household ways as though they were *her* ways, with the amiable aptitude for accommodating herself to circumstances that a few favored people possess.

Aunt Sybilla had a fondness for little mats, and knickknacks of that description, and Helen's indefatigable crochet-needle threatened to convert the parlor into a fancy fair; aunt Pamela doated on poetry and "elegant extracts," and Helen was sure to discover all the gems in the papers, and cut them out for her benefit; while Miss Clarissa's hobby was receipts, which Helen procured in some mysterious manner, much to her satisfaction.

She worked in the garden and in the kitchen, read to Miss Pamela, won over Catharine, and bewitched Crissy in such a manner, that she was accused by the kitchen oracle of not knowing whether she stood on her head or her heels. It must be confessed, however, that as scolding

seemed to be Catharine's native dialect, when addressing her youthful assistant, the crotch of that young person's sensitiveness had become rather hardened by the process: and she was able to receive a good "blowing-up" without any particular feeling of discomfort.

Miss Sybilla was kindly bent on entertaining her young niece to the best of her ability; and the worthies of Centertown were encouraged to call, and make the visitor feel at home. The maiden aunts were both relieved and puzzled by Helen's unlooked-for manner of taking things and people generally. She was perfectly at her ease, and apparently quite satisfied in the society of people of all ages, sexes, and dispositions; and her manner was precisely the same to a young man of twenty-five, to his grandmother, or to his niece of six.

She talked very little, but seemed to enter into every one's mood of the moment; and gained at once a most enviable popularity. Her very lovely face had much to do with this; for the remark, that "beauty is but skin-deep," applies equally well to ugliness; and yet the popular taste, from time immemorial, has been in favor of even this thin coating of comeliness.

Dr. Tormesbury, the medical adviser, whose skill had for several years kept Miss Pamela's head from splitting into fragments, was lost in admiration of the very pretty young visitor, and always spoke of Helen as "her of Troy." It was not only the name that brought up visions of the Grecian beauty who made so much trouble a few centuries ago, but the perfect harmony between the name and its possessor. The gentle, girlish dignity that sat enthroned upon the lovely features, and spoke in every movement of the graceful figure, was in itself a charm; and to have imagined Helen flirting, or giggling, or conducting herself after the manner of nineteen, generally, would have seemed a perfect absurdity.

Miss Sybilla was not a little pleased, and her ruffled plumage considerably soothed by her niece's considerate manner of conducting herself toward her "elders and betters." Miss Trafton, Miss Clarissa Trafton, and Miss Helen Trafton, had gone by special invitation to visit the Conservatories of a rich old bachelor, who made a practice of devoting himself to the prettiest girls that crossed his path. In returning from their walk around the grounds, Miss Clarissa had entered the open door, and the deferential host stood ready to bow Helen in; but stepping gracefully aside, with the remark, "After my aunt, sir," she gave precedence to Miss Sybilla, who was just quivering with in-

dignation at Mr. Bimley's strange want of attention.

Helen was received into greater favor than ever; but after that Mr. Bimley wondered in vain at the frosty temperature of the Misses Traffons' hitherto hospitable domicile. He had been unconsciously weighed and found wanting; and well it is for most of us that a pair of scales is not always at hand.

A week or two of this quiet life passed on, and the aunts were unable to decide whether Helen was happy or otherwise. She talked very little of the past, and seemed to have fitted into her niche of the little household as though she were in no hurry to leave it. She found plenty of duties, and executed them faithfully; but, perhaps, the most distasteful one consisted in those confidential talks with aunt Pamela. Confidential, however, on one side only; for Helen had nothing to communicate; and the burden of Miss Pamela's confidence was, that "it was so hard to a sensitive nature not to be understood."

In what sense she was not understood Helen could never make out; for it seemed to be a generally accepted fact in the household that nothing was to be expected of Miss Pamela beyond the *role* of interesting invalid, as Dr. Tormesbury had repeatedly assured them that her mind was too much for her body; if so, it would seem that her body must be very weak, indeed.

Miss Pamela talked to Helen extensively of her feelings, and assured her that she was all nerves; which Helen, not being an anatomist, received in good faith. At another time, she described herself as "all soul," which the fact of her being visibly in a material world would flatly contradict; and then she would dwell so affectionately and kindly on all her ailments, with their various symptoms and effects; and what Dr. Tormesbury said and prescribed on every separate occasion, that Helen became quite wearied out and tired in brain, to think of some expedient for corking up this everlasting flow of talk.

Dr. Tormesbury, who figured so largely in these one-sided conversations, was a stout, cheerful-looking bachelor, who had entered the world somewhere about the time Miss Pamela first opened her eyes upon this "Pilgrim's Progress of a vale;" but, nevertheless, he was in the habit of apostrophizing his interesting patient as "my dear child"—a fatherly habit so confirmed, that he was quite likely to address his venerable grandmother, if he had one, in the same style. Helen was quite amused

to hear from her aunt that she looked upon Dr. Tormesbury in a fatherly light; but after a few such confidential chats, she ceased to be surprised at anything from aunt Pamela.

"I don't like the looks of her of Troy," observed the doctor, at one of his protracted sittings.

Miss Pamela was surprised, for she had thought, with considerable pity for the weakness of so sensible a man in other respects, that the doctor had been quite blinded by the looks of "her of Troy."

"I mean," he continued, "that this beauty, which gives us so much pleasure to look upon, is of too ethereal a cast; there is not enough of our pretty young friend."

"The Traffons are not usually a coarse-looking race," replied Miss Pamela, with a slight tone of displeasure. "Helen's waist and mine are about the same size, I think."

"My *dear* child," remonstrated the doctor, (Miss Pamela was soothed at once,) "we don't expect so much of *you* in the way of matter. You know what is said about the most valuable goods coming in the smallest parcels? But with respect to Miss Helen, who does not strike me as extraordinary, except in the way of beauty—and there is enough of *that* to balance ten Troys——"

But Miss Pamela was looking steadfastly at nothing, and never rewarded the doctor's quickness of analogy in thus confounding things new and old; so that he was fain to propitiate his half-offended auditor.

"Have you ever amused yourself by tracing family resemblances?" queried the doctor.

Miss Pamela was still a little frosty—she could not say that she ever had.

"It is a favorite occupation of mine," he continued, in a sprightly tone; "but it is not every one that has an eye to detect them. I suppose, now, that your sisters have never spoken of the similarity of profile in Miss Helen and yourself?"

As the similarity between a very irregular set of features and a decidedly Grecian outline is not usually very striking, it was quite probable that they had not. The right chord, however, was touched, and the patient brightened considerably under these skillful manipulations.

She even informed Helen that it was her duty to place herself under Dr. Tormesbury's professional care; but when her niece calmly inquired, "What for?" it seemed rather awkward to tell her that the doctor did not approve of her looks. She, therefore, replied rather

vaguely that it would do her a great deal of good.

"But I am good enough already," said Helen, with a smile; "at least in a physical way."

Miss Pamela shook her head, which is a safe resource when argument fails; and Helen began to fear that her aunt might be a monomaniac on this subject, and entertain the design of quietly worrying her into being an invalid. She could not even say to herself that she was well—for she often had a troublesome headache, that only her natural energy and determination enabled her to overcome; and lately her side pained her on the smallest exertion. Miss Clarissa had threatened to get out her set of doll's dishes for her benefit, if she did not try to eat more like a reasonable being—and altogether the case was rather strong against her.

Meanwhile, Dr. Tormesbury, who was really kind-hearted, and quite concerned to see so pretty and lovable a young girl fading before his very eyes, roused Miss Sybilla by a statement of his fears, until that vigorous lady resolved upon what she called "taking a stand." She thought the matter well over; and then dragged Helen out for a constitutional walk of a mile before breakfast for a week in succession.

This, instead of answering the desired purpose, prostrated the unwilling invalid on the sofa for the remainder of the day; and then Miss Sybilla poured raw eggs down her throat, mixed with wine and nutmeg. She felt naturally indignant at the ill success of her doctoring; but what physician ever yet succeeded who took it for granted that his patient had scarlet fever, when a little knowledge of antecedents would have unfolded something quite different?

Miss Sybilla was working in total ignorance of certain moonlight performances with a dangerous-looking piece of pasteboard.

One morning a visitor came in, and uttered a few chance words that settled Helen's fate for life.

The visitor was one of those brisk old women, kind, industrious, and self-denying, who are invaluable in sickness or trouble, and pleasant and desirable at all times. Mrs. Rolles had taken a great fancy to Helen, and peered at her over her spectacles in an interested, inquiring sort of way, as though she did not quite understand her. Her cottage was just opposite; and there she lived; with her one handmaiden, on her limited means, always busy as a bee, and always with an open hand

and heart for all who were in need, of whatever sort or kind.

There was something particularly sympathetic in Mrs. Rolles, and Helen felt very much drawn to her. Their real acquaintance dated from a certain morning, when Helen went over on an errand for her aunt, and was directed by the servant to the back kitchen.

A vile odor assailed her sense of smell as she approached the spot; and utterly unable to account for it from anything that she could recollect in her experience, she looked timidly around for some elucidation of the mystery. A figure, in decided undress, reminding her strongly of one of the witches in Macbeth, bent over a huge caldron that stood on the cooking-stove, poking up its contents with an old broom-handle, and a sublime disregard of the unsavory smell that issued therefrom.

Helen recognized the eyes and spectacles, and asked, in a comical tone of dismay, "Mrs. Rolles, what is that?"

"That, my dear, is soap-fat," replied the old lady, who believed in coming directly to the point; "or, rather, it is *going* to be."

"But what a horrible smell!" remonstrated the uninitiated visitor.

"Is it, my dear?" said the old lady, cheerfully. "That, I suppose, is because you haven't had enough of it yet. I remember that my sister, who lived in the country, once took an orphan girl to bring up, named Merildy. Now Merildy had an unpleasant trick of twisting her shoulders, and saying that 'she didn't *like*' things; when sister would tell her 'that was because she hadn't done it often enough, and she must do it until she *did* like it.' One day she was picking up potatoes to fill a small basket, and doing it with many twitches and jerks, and the usual remark that 'she didn't *like* it;' but, as soon as the basket was filled, sister quietly upset it, and told her to begin again. This was done sixteen times, when Merildy looked up brightly, and said, 'I don't mind it at all now—I'd just as lief do it as not!' 'Very well,' replied sister, 'then you've done it enough; you can go and do something else.'"

Helen was very much amused at the narrative, and the old lady's manner of telling it, poking away at her soap-fat all the time; and she said, pleasantly,

"I suppose you think, then Mrs. Rolles, that I should be treated just as Merildy was? Do you think that, if I spent the day here, I should get to like the smell of soap-fat?"

"I don't know," replied the old lady, dryly;

"but I think discipline is an excellent thing to prevent people from consulting their likes and dislikes. We were not put here for that."

"I cannot think," said Helen, laughing, "of anything better calculated to take the romance and nonsense out of a person than the very employment in which you are now engaged."

Mrs. Rolles looked as though "romance and nonsense" were weaknesses with which she was altogether unacquainted; and Helen exclaimed suddenly,

"But there is really no necessity, Mrs. Rolles, for me to make soap-fat—so, why should I do what is so particularly distasteful to me?"

"My dear," said the old lady, resting on her ears, which, in this case, proved to be a broom-handle, "I don't say that you should; but there are other 'distasteful' things in the world besides making soap-fat—and we cannot go through life gathering flowers."

Helen was silent for a moment, thinking of the old lady's solemn manner and comical employment; feeling, too, that she must seem a very useless piece of goods to the practical dame; but she rallied again to inquire,

"Mrs. Rolles, is it really necessary for you to do anything so disagreeable? Is it not just as cheap to buy your soap-fat ready made, as to buy the materials and make it?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Rolles, in the dry tone that always implies being master of the position, "do you know the price of soap-fat?"

Helen was obliged to confess her ignorance. She had looked upon soap-fat rather as an article that was begged, borrowed, or stolen, and did not remember to have seen in the Commercial List, that it was either "lively," "easy," or "heavy."

"It is seven dollars a barrel," said the old lady, preparing to "pour off."

"And what do the materials cost?" asked Helen, not yet disposed to "give in."

"One dollar."

Shame alone kept the visitor from inquiring into the legitimate uses of soap-fat; but she had rather an idea that it did not enter into the composition of any article of diet.

Aunt Sybilla's errand came near being forgotten, as Helen sat there in Mrs. Rolles' kitchen, quite unmindful of the "horrible smell" that had been so apparent at first. The old lady talked, and the young one listened; and much practical good sense, and extracts from a well-spent life, were stored away in Helen's memory, with a keen enjoyment of the originality of her companion's manner and occupation.

After that the two became, as Catharine phrased it, "as thick as two peas in a pod." Helen was fertile at inventing excuses for spending an hour with Mrs. Rolles; and the old lady welcomed her young friend with a warm, motherly kiss, that Helen learned to look for as a matter of course.

It was Mrs. Rolles who, suddenly, one morning, in answer to Miss Sybilla's chapter of difficulties on the subject of Helen's health, exclaimed, "I should like to see you in a wet pack!"

Unaffected horror sat upon the countenances of all her hearers—for the Misses Trafton had a well-bred contempt for Water-Cures, and all modern innovations; while Helen laughingly replied,

"Why, Mrs. Rolles, that is perfectly barbarous! What have I done to deserve such treatment?"

"I believe," said the old lady, solemnly, "that a wet pack would be the making of you—of *all* of you, in fact," and she looked yearningly toward Miss Pamela, as though longing to make a mummy of her without delay.

The invalid assumed a most resolute expression of countenance, as she remarked, witheringly, that she had a perfect contempt for mountebanks and charlatans; and that a learned, properly educated man, like Dr. Tormesbury, was alone capable of understanding a delicate case like hers.

Poor Miss Clarissa wondered quietly what "a wet pack" was capable of doing toward reducing flesh and color; but Mrs. Rolles extinguished her rising hopes by proceeding to quote the case of a cousin of hers, who went to one of the wet-packing institutions all skin and bone, and returned all flesh and blood.

"In fact, quite made over," added the old lady, as though she had been a renovated garment; "and although I wouldn't give sixpence for Miss Pamela's constitution—I look upon her as a perfect wreck, from the use of stimulants, and the want of energy and exercise. I really think that, at a Water-Cure, they might even do something for *her*."

Miss Pamela was too indignant to speak; and more to cover her anger than to gain information, Helen asked,

"But what do they do at Water-Cures, Mrs. Rolles? Don't they starve and drown you?"

Miss Sybilla, too, had a vague idea that Water-Cures were institutions where human beings were treated like superfluous kittens and puppies; but she was open to conviction, and of an inquiring turn of mind. Mrs. Rolles

assured them that "you might go there and not see a bath from one week's end to another," which did not strike her hearers in the most favorable point of view, as most people have a prejudice in favor of seeing one some time during the week; "and as to starving, if you were willing to eat like a civilized being, there was always enough of it."

This was one of the old lady's hobbies, and she held forth on the subject for an hour or so, leaving Miss Sybilla almost convinced that it was just the place for Helen.

"But there is really nothing the matter with me, aunt," said that refractory dame. "I do not know but that I should rather enjoy visiting such a place, if I could go *only* as a visitor—but not otherwise."

Miss Pamela was loud in indignant disapproval, and informed Dr. Tormesbury, on the first opportunity, that Mrs. Rolles and sister Sybilla were going to kill Helen.

"Rather a summary way of disposing of a puzzling case," said the doctor, with an amused smile. "When is the little affair to come off?"

But when Miss Pamela said solemnly that sister Sybilla had got an abominable Water-Cure establishment in her head, and couldn't be reasoned out of it, the doctor's feelings found vent in a hearty laugh.

"I really believe," said he, in answer to Miss Pamela's reproving look, "that it will be the very best thing for both of them; and fair Helen of Troy, who, in my opinion, wants nothing but change and diversion, is not in the slightest danger of being killed. Let them go, say I—they have my forgiveness and my blessing."

This jocular way of treating such a dreaded proceeding was at first a surprise to the invalid, and then a relief—a whisper or two being added, that caused her to look upon it in a different light; but she glanced up with an expression intended for archness, as she inquired,

"Perhaps you agree with Mrs. Rolles, that it would be a good thing for *me*?"

Miss Pamela heard something about porcelain vases, and the quick eye of love, and tender handling, which last being illustrated by a substantial palm on her own delicate digits, she did not stop to inquire whether it was professional or otherwise.

Miss Sybilla wrote quite lengthily to "brother Isaac" on the subject of his daughter's extreme delicacy of appearance, and expatiated on the excellent advice she had received respecting her; and brother Isaac wrote in reply to Miss Sybilla, giving his full consent to try the benefit of Water-Cure treatment for Helen, and

enclosing a circular from one of the most respectable establishments.

Helen laughed a little at the idea, but seemed rather resigned on the whole; especially as Miss Sybilla declared her intention of proceeding very cautiously, and going at first as "parlor-boarders."

It was an event in the lives of the three spinsters that their head should leave on an expedition which seemed, to all but herself, of a very doubtful tendency; and Miss Clarissa looked after her niece with a regretful sigh that she should have to go so far in quest of what she would so willingly divide with her, if practicable—flesh and color. She revolved the puzzle that has troubled many other heads; why is it, as a general thing, that people are always burdened with what they do not want, or kept from the enjoyment of what they *do* want?"

"In the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from the door away"

of that, and many another puzzle; and the whys and wherefores will stand forth clearly to our wondering eyes.

Dr. Tormesbury drove the two ladies to the station on a cool, August morning; and warned "her of Troy" that, if she put them all to so much trouble without getting the roses for which she was sent, and the ability to eat good, wholesome bread-and-butter with *any* one, her sentence would be transportation for life. Of what kind he did not say; but Helen laughed, and informed him that she had no idea of going to the "Western Water-Cure" for nothing.

The only incident that occurred on the journey was a conflict with aunt Sybilla, who insisted upon jumping through a car-window that could not possibly have accommodated her, in consequence of some alarm about the engine; but this little difficulty adjusted, they proceeded smoothly to their destination, which they reached quite early on the morning after their departure.

The travelers gazed inquiringly at the front of the establishment, as though expecting some unusual development; but all that met their gaze was a comfortable-looking building, with a most inviting piazza, and a sign on one side, with the words: "Dr. Mulbrie, Hydropathist."

They entered a wide hall, furnished with straw-matting and cane-sofas, and enlivened by cheerful pictures of stray hearts and lungs on rather a gigantic scale.

"Do you know," whispered Miss Sybilla, confidentially, "I have always thought that there was something the matter with my heart, and this will be a good time to have it ascer-

tained. How is yours, Helen? I dare say that is the first question he will ask you. Dear me, child! do sit down—that looks like a rush of blood to the head.”

The good lady had just settled her flame-colored niece on one of the sofas, when the proprietor of the establishment made his appearance, evidently trying to look benevolent. Helen examined him, in a quiet way, from a corner of her downcast eyes, and came to the conclusion that he was not a very good advertisement of the success of Water-Cure treatment. He was a moderate-sized man, with a tallow-candle complexion, eyes that seemed to be all whites, long, dingy-looking hair, and a general appearance like faded calico. His voice was squeaky, and his movements awkward in the extreme.

Miss Sybilla had become very nervous; and she whispered, rather than said, “We have not come as patients, only as boarders, if you can give us a comfortable room.”

“Our rooms are *all* comfortable,” replied the doctor, in a manner that quite awed the poor lady; “but if the young lady has any heart difficulty, (ah! I *thought* so from that sudden flushing.) it will be better for her not to go up many stairs.”

Feeling very much like one in a dream, and wondering if there was a conspiracy against her, Helen followed her aunt, who followed the doctor, into a good-sized room, that struck them with a dreadful air of bareness.

“Air—light—water,” said the doctor, as though summoning the articles before him; “these we put against curtains, paperings, easy-chairs, and the balance is decidedly in our favor.”

It was, indeed; for the prohibited articles can only be had in return for talismanic slips of paper, while the unsubstantial referred to are within the reach of all.

“Carpets,” continued the doctor, as Miss Sybilla glanced involuntarily at the floor, “are decidedly unwholesome; they foster dirt and disease. Our beds are arranged with special reference to spinal disease, which I look upon as the direct offspring of hair-mattresses.”

Helen could not help thinking that sleepless nights would be “the direct offspring” of the couch before her; but she thought of Mrs. Rolles and “discipline,” and kept her ideas to herself.

“The patients,” said Dr. Mulbrie, “are about to begin their exercises in the gymnasium; and if you feel disposed to pay us a visit, when you have laid aside your things, we shall be happy

to welcome you. You will have no difficulty in finding the gymnasium, it is just beyond the long hall.”

After the doctor's departure, Miss Sybilla and her niece glanced rather comically at each other; but the elder lady rallied to remark that, after all, no one expected to find a Water-Cure exactly like other places: and things were really not so bad as they might be.

“True,” said Helen, with a mischievous glance at the flat-looking bed, with its Lilliputian pillows, “we might have had no bed at all, you know.”

There was no difficulty in discovering the gymnasium; but there was considerable difficulty in discovering what all the wild-looking people in it were about. Such singular antics it had never been the fortune of the two ladies to witness; and the contrast of their infantile amusements with the solemn, middle-aged appearance of most of the performers, was ludicrous in the extreme.

As Miss Sybilla and her niece entered, the patients were engaged in throwing bags of beans at each other, which long practice seemed to enable them to catch at the right moment; but the spectators involuntarily dodged these formidable playthings. The long-haired proprietor graciously waved them to a pine-bench against the wall, when Helen gazed at the bare rafters and sides, and thought the apartment uncommonly like a garret that had been moved down to the first floor for the sake of convenience.

After the beans, came balls of a huge size, that bounded up and down, after the fashion of balls generally, and struck people everywhere, causing much noisy laughter.

Then a huge rope was produced, and the active doctor divided his forces into two separate groups, placing the men at one end, and the women at the other—but with a stray woman or two thrown in by way of balance; and on the command being given to pull, all hands pulled, and the men found themselves entirely taken off their equilibrium.

“This would seem to show,” said Dr. Mulbrie, who never lost an opportunity of making a remark, “that Water-Cure treatment agrees better with women than with men; but the fact of the case is, that the female *will* is powerful enough to balance a much greater amount of physical strength.”

This was received with applause, as he meant it to be; but Helen hated him from that moment. The obnoxious word “female” always excited her ire; and this last offence capped

the climax to the growing aversion which the doctor had inspired from her first glimpse of him.

Suddenly the proprietor said, "Conundrums!" and every individual immediately stood balanced on one foot like a goose, while the doctor asked,

"Why is an elephant like a brick?"

"Because," almost before any one could answer, "they can neither of them climb a tree!"

"Now, here," he continued, blandly, "is something original. Why am I like an island?"

Some venturesome woman suggested, "because he wasn't a Continent;" but the doctor frowned discouragingly, and replied,

"Because I am in the midst of water."

About a dozen such "conundrums," any answer to which would have suited any other question just as well, were given out; and between the question and answer a change of position was made to the other foot. Wherein the advantage of this exercise consisted it was impossible to say; but Helen uncharitably decided that, as there were several other spectators, the doctor had instituted it for the especial display of his own cleverness.

"Now," said the doctor, "I want you all to laugh as hard as ever you can," giving vent at the same time to a peculiar cachinnation that caused Helen to shudder.

"A very pleasant man," whispered Miss Sybilla; "so cheerful and social with his patients—they must be quite attached to him."

Every one laughed, and Helen found herself involuntarily joining in the exercise. The doctor's eye was upon her immediately, and putting his hand on her shoulder, which she jerked away somewhat after the fashion of a petulant child, he said, benignly,

"Come, my dear, we must have you in the circle; you are a good laugher. Stand up, and show us what you can do."

The young lady was too indignant to reply; but Miss Sybilla asked in surprise, "Helen, my dear, did you not hear the doctor speak to you?"

"Perfectly well," said her niece, retaining her seat.

"A little irritable," observed the doctor, compassionately, with an expression as though he could soon make *that* all right.

Helen felt very much annoyed by the continual stare from those white eyes—for the doctor found himself gazing in rapt admiration at the prettiest face that had ever visited his establishment; and as the first Mrs. Mulbrie had long "dwelt among the seraphs," as he expressed it, he began to think that a second

Mrs. Mulbrie might prove rather an agreeable change.

When dinner-time came, there was not much to tempt the appetite, as the meal consisted principally of "spoon-vittles;" but there were some very well-dressed people at the table, and Helen was quite surprised to see two or three gentlemanly-looking men. The invalids had an uncommon appearance of health, and some of them could boast of as much flesh as Miss Clarissa.

The doctor held forth, which seemed to be a way he had, and gave them a lecture on diet. Warm bread was selected as the especial object of his wrath; and various scientific terms were used to show its exceeding unhealthfulness, until the whole thing seemed to Helen a strange mess of nothing in particular. She could only make out that fresh bread generated gas, which, taken into the stomach, came in contact with the gastric juices, and the natural consequence would be an explosion; but she felt very much disposed to ask the orator if he had ever exploded, or any of his friends; or if he had ever heard of any one that ever knew any one that ever *did* explode.

She also thought of the old woman in the country, who excused herself to visitors from providing them with any refreshment, by saying that "she had nothing in the house but fresh bread, and that went like a dew." As the doctor's reforms were all to the advantage of his pocket, it seemed not unlikely that the dew-like properties of fresh bread had been taken into consideration.

In the evening, all hands adjourned to the "lecture-room," where the doctor stood on a platform, and drew fearful-looking skeletons and things on a huge black board with amazing celerity and remarkable skill. Miss Sybilla seemed interested and pleased at acquiring an entirely new store of information; but her niece was terribly bored, and not at all sorry to find that nine o'clock was the fashionable bed-time.

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"

said Dr. Mulbrie, as though he were producing an entirely original thing. As the gas, however, was all turned off in the establishment at half-past nine, the doctor was undoubtedly the man who gained the second clause of the promised blessings.

"Helen," said Miss Sybilla, when they had retired to the rocky couch provided for them, "I wish you particularly to remember what Dr. Mulbrie said about lying on your right side first, so that the stomach can be emptied into

the heart; or, perhaps, it was the heart into the stomach, I am not sure which, but I know that it makes a great difference which side you lie on."

"Aunt Sybilla," was the irreverent reply, "I believe that Dr. Mulbrie is both a fool and a knave; and I shall lie on whichever side I choose, if he says that everything in the world empties into my heart. What business is it of his, I should like to know? I perfectly detest that man; and were it not for you and papa, I would not stay here another day."

Miss Sybilla was very much shocked; but she managed to say, "I do hope, Helen, that you will behave as well as you can to Dr. Mulbrie; and I am sure that if you stay here quietly for awhile, you will never regret it."

Poor Miss Sybilla! her words were prophetic in a sense that she had little expected; and Helen was quieted, although she resolutely refused to empty out her heart as her aunt requested.

The latter was evidently in a fair way of becoming a convert to the Water-Cure system; and after a talk with the learned doctor, she became convinced that she had for a long time labored under various unsuspected difficulties. A wet pack was the first prescription; but poor

Miss Sybilla emerged from mummydom more dead than alive.

With her arms tightly bandaged to her sides, and well rolled in wet cloths—with a huge sheet as an outer wrapping—she had been left to her own reflections for an hour, and the unwelcome attentions of a huge spider, that took this opportunity to make various pedestrian excursions over her that were more curious than agreeable. She was entirely at his mercy, being in the unpleasant condition of "Johnny Sands," and the spider lingered affectionately on her face; and, perhaps, grateful as the angel with the moss-rose, concluded to give it an additional charm by spinning a web across it!

The good-natured woman, who did the packing and packing, was plentiful with condolences, when her patient's screams finally brought her to the scene of action; and the doctor coolly remarked that "it was an occurrence that probably would not happen to one person in a thousand."

"Would you like to be that thousandth person?" asked Helen, as her aunt sank on a sofa.

She could not help laughing a little to see how innocently Miss Sybilla had glided into the role of invalid, while she had quietly kept aloof.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR LOST ONE.

BY MISS S. T. STODDARD.

LITTLE baby May
Onc bright Autumn day,
God gave her to our care;
Much we prized the treasure rare,
Kissed with joy the darling child—
Named her May, undeciled.

Tiny baby May,
In her cradle lay;
Little features passing fair;
Little rings of curling hair;
Little black eyes shining bright;
Little fingers clasping tight.

Laughing baby May,
Frolicsome and gay,
Balancing her little feet;
Calling "mother," low and sweet,
With a thousand pretty ways,
Swiftly pass the happy days.

Drooping baby May
Did not heed her play;
Restless tossings, moans of pain;
Clear we trace each penciled vein
Of the half-closed, fringing lid,
Fading beauty, partly hid.

Dying baby May!
Could we say Him "nay,"
When the tender Shepherd came,
His own little lamb to claim;

In his gentle arms to bear
To green pastures ever fair!

Marble baby May—
No! 'tis only clay;
Press the softly rounded cheek;
Nevermore those lips shall speak;
Lift the little dimpled hand—
Baby's left this lower land.

Angel baby May,
In yon Heaven's bright day,
E'en by faith we see thee stand,
With the ransomed seraph band,
Cast thy crown at Jesus' feet,
Sing his praise in music sweet.

Yet we miss thee, May;
And 'tis hard to say,
Father, let thy will be done;
Thou hast only drawn thine own
To thy welcome, full embrace,
There to see thee face to face.

Help us, Lord, each day,
As we kneel to pray,
To remember angel May;
That when we, too, pass away,
Glad the summons to obey,
We may join our child above,
In that realm of perfect love.

THE BLOTTED COPY-BOOKS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

WE were dining at the club. The dinner was in compliment to an English gentleman, well known in literary circles abroad, and who was then on a visit to the United States. There were six of us, including our guest.

After the maraschino had been served and the segars were lit, the conversation turned on apparitions.

"More people believe in ghosts, even among educated men," said a retired lawyer, "than is generally supposed. But for my part, I am a skeptic on the subject, and always shall be."

"Yet there are strange experiences," answered a poet, who was present. "One happened in my own family. My mother, after her marriage, left New England and came here, her parents still remaining in the secluded village, in old Plymouth county, where they had been born and bred. The winter of 1815, as aged people will tell you, was an unusually severe one. The snow lay five feet deep in the lowlands, and the drifts were thirty feet on the mountains. Travel was almost entirely suspended; the mails were everywhere behind time. For weeks, in consequence, my mother had not heard from her parents. One night, it was about twelve o'clock, she started up in bed with a cry of horror that awoke her husband. She was excessively agitated, trembled, and for some time strove in vain to speak. At last she said, 'Father is dead. I heard him just now calling on my name.' Her husband was incredulous, and insisted she had been dreaming. 'No,' she said, 'I was not asleep. I woke up with a chill, and as if some one was near; and then I heard father, as distinctly as I hear myself now, crying, 'Mary, Mary.' Oh! he is dead! he is dead!' In vain her husband strove to reassure her, still insisting that it was a dream. She persisted in her belief. Two days later came a letter, announcing her father's death; and, strange to say, he had died at twelve o'clock on that very night, calling for his absent daughter with his latest breath."

There was a pause of a minute or so; then the lawyer said,

"That is hardly the case of an apparition. Nothing was seen. The sense of sight is more to be depended on than the sense of hearing. You may deceive the ear, when you cannot

deceive the eye. Your mother had an imaginative mind, I suppose; most of you poets inherit your ideality from the maternal side; and nothing more natural than that, separated as she was from her early home, and knowing her father was sick, as I presume she did, she should experience such an illusion."

"I will not say you are wrong," was the reply. "But my mother did not know her father was ill. The last she heard of him he was in excellent health; and he was, moreover, a man still in the prime of life."

"You say the sense of seeing can be relied on, when that of hearing cannot," said a general officer at the table. "Well, how can you explain the facts I am about to narrate? I have never told the story before, because one does not like to talk, you know, of these things."

At this everybody drew close. You could have heard a pin drop for the next twenty minutes.

"I was a graduate of West Point," said the general, looking at our English guest, "and saw service, therefore, from the first week of our late civil war. One of our family had always been bred for the army, ever since the establishment of the military academy; the others usually going into the law, or medicine, or trade, or the church. But, after 'Bull Run,' there was such an uprising that men of all professions flew to arms. I had but two brothers, and both entered the army: one lives yet, the other sleeps at Fort Donelson."

He was silent for a moment; then, recovering himself, went on.

"The younger of the two, a promising young lawyer out West, had raised a company, and when Grant moved on Tennessee, he was ordered to join that general. The order was given at the last moment, in consequence of the necessity of reinforcements. Hence I did not know, till after his fall, that my brother had left Cairo, where he had been drilling his men. I was, at that time, with McClellan's army, then lying in forts and camps around Washington.

"One day I sat idly smoking, looking into the embers of my wood-fire. I had been thinking of home, and Jim, as I last saw him, a handsome, high-spirited young fellow, just come to manhood. All at once the coals seemed to dis-

appear, the hut to lengthen out, and in their place I beheld a wide plain, with the gray morning breaking over it. Nothing can be conceived more desolate, more ghostly, than that chill expanse of landscape. At the same time a strange feeling came over me. I do not say I am utterly insensible to fear; certainly, the first time I led an assault, my heart fluttered nervously; but on this occasion the sensation was infinitely more appalling, indeed it was indescribable. My hair, as when Saul beheld the Witch of Endor, literally stood on end. I thought to shake off what I told myself must be an illusion, by looking away from the fire; but some horrible fascination held me: it was as if unseen spirits were all around me, as if some foul fiend would seize me if I changed my glance. Looking thus, I beheld the fog lift, at first slowly, then more rapidly, until at last it rolled away completely and left the prospect clear. My heart beat; it was a deserted battlefield I saw. Broken artillery-wagons, dead horses, shattered trees, heaps of corpses; and already one or two birds of prey wheeling in the gray sky overhead. In one particular spot, to which my eye appeared drawn against my will, which I shuddered to look at, and yet which I could not turn away from, I recognized the signs of an unusually desperate encounter. There was a pile of dead; and all around it shattered muskets and bent bayonets; and from the ghastly heap there was thrust forth, here an arm, and there a leg, while all the rest was undistinguishable. Do I say all was undistinguishable? No, there was one face there, to which this awful fascination drew me, that lay, white and clearly recognizable, turned up toward the sky. Gentlemen, it was the face of my brother."

The speaker paused for a moment, drew a long breath, and then went on in a calmer tone.

"You will excuse my emotion. But I felt then that Jim was dead. How long I continued gazing at this scene I never knew: it was simply impossible for me to remove my eyes; I could not count moments; I did not even seem to breathe. Horror and grief were my only sensations. At last the landscape faded, but slowly, and almost imperceptibly, as you see a picture disappear in a dissolving view; and only the red coals, half obscured by the gray ashes, remained. But I still sat, silent and absorbed, until suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and looking up, with a start, I beheld a brother officer, with whom I was on terms of intimacy. The moment he observed my face, he stepped back, as if struck by a

shot. 'Good God! Harry,' he cried, 'what is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost!' Within three hours a telegraph came, announcing the fight at Fort Donelson; and two days after, when the mail arrived, I had certain intelligence of my brother's death. He had fallen in a desperate struggle, a real hand-in-hand fight, and lay, amid a pile of his slain men, just as I saw him in my trance."

There was a long silence, for the manner of the speaker, more even than his words, had called up vividly before us the whole scene. For the time we had been under a spell similar to his own.

The lawyer was the first to recover.

"You have rightly called it a trance," he said. "It was a most extraordinary circumstance, to say the least; hardly explicable on any known natural laws. But I suppose there is, after all, something in clairvoyance; and I should call this, perhaps, an example of that sort of illusion. Imagination! imagination! what tricks it plays us! We are absorbed in thinking of some future event, and lo! we 'see visions and dream dreams.' I have no doubt the phantom that Brutus beheld the night before Pharsalia, originated in some similar—shall I say it?—abnormal condition of mind."

No one replied. No one, indeed, cared to reply, except the skeptical lawyer. We smoked in silence for awhile. Then our English guest spoke.

"I think this is the time to narrate an incident that happened to myself," he said, knocking the ashes from his segar, and looking at the lawyer. "An incident that differs from either of those which have been mentioned, in that I had no interest in the apparition which I saw, and, therefore, could not have had it projected on the retina of my brain, to use an optical illustration, neither simply, by memory, nor more remotely, by any combination of ideas however reconditate."

We glanced at each other. On every face was intense curiosity, except on that of the lawyer, who looked incredulous still. But as our guest continued steadily to regard him, there gradually stole over him, for the first time, a puzzled expression.

"You say you really saw an apparition?" he asked.

"Listen!" was the answer.

I thought then, and I think still, that when the Ancient Mariner fixed the wedding-guest with his "glittering eye," he must have looked like the speaker as he made this answer. The words impressed you at once with the truth

of what he was about to relate; but the words were nothing compared to that look, which seemed absolutely to freeze one with horror. The lawyer changed color and dropped his gaze unasily.

"It is about twenty-five years ago when the incident occurred," said the Englishman, "and I had just taken my degree at Oxford. After a few weeks at the old homestead, I started on a visit to Berkshire, to see a favorite class-mate, whom I had promised to run down to on the first opportunity. He lived in what had once been an abbey, and which his family had lately bought; the original owners, who had held it ever since the Reformation, having died out.

"I found it to be a noble old pile; and it was surrounded by gigantic trees. As I drove up, I caught sight of a mossy roof, projecting oriel, and a tall tower, all aglow in the setting sun. My host himself welcomed me at the porch, a finely-grained specimen of thirteenth century work. We dined alone. After the servants had left, the talk fell upon the place. I was admiring the broad sweep of the river, which I had passed as I approached, and the noble entrance-hall through which I had been conducted, when my friend said, 'Yes! We pride ourselves on the house as one of the most interesting in the kingdom. The octagonal tower, which you speak of as reddening in the sunset, the porch, and the hall, are thought to be of the time of Stephen; they are certainly as old as Edward the First; though most of the building was remodeled, and some very important additions made, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. It is full of historical associations also. At first it was a preceptory of the Knights Templars, and afterward a priory: the last prior became Bishop of St. David's. I think the wing where we sit was altered from the abbot's palace. In every generation, during those old feudal times, great men were brought here to be buried: among them, Warwick, the King-maker, as his father, Richard Neville, be-headed at York, had been before him. Here, also, Elizabeth was imprisoned for the better part of three years. There is a secret room, which I must show you to-morrow, the chimney of which communicates with the chimney of the hall, so that the smoke may escape unnoticed. I often think, that, if the old walls could speak, what tales they would have to tell! There is one legend that has always had for me an especial interest. Tradition says, that, when the founder, Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, went to the Crusades, he came here for

the last prayers of the monks, and was met by his daughter, then in a neighboring convent, who brought with her all her nuns. Poor thing! she had been in love with a 'squire of low degree,' before she became a nun, and the lover took this opportunity to meet her secretly and elope with her. The pair escaped in a boat down the river; but were soon caught. She was sent back to her convent. He was flung into the tower here. The crime was sacrilege, the punishment awful; so he tore his clothes into shreds, and tried to escape by letting himself down from the window. The frail support broke, however, and he was frightfully mangled, so that it was thought he would die; but he lived through it, and, on his recovery, broken in health and spirits, asked leave to become a monk here. I sometimes wonder if his spirit walks.'

"We conversed in this strain till a late hour, when my host himself accompanied me to my room, which was a large, gloomy chamber, built in the Tudor style, and evidently of the reign of Elizabeth. Left alone here, I began to ruminate on the subjects we had been talking of, till I almost fancied I could see strange figures in the shadows of the distant corners. Several times I rose and walked to where these objects appeared to be; but they always resolved themselves into nothing. I tried the door and windows to see that all was fast, and even sounded the walls for secret panels. It was with an effort that I finally shook off these feelings and crept into the huge, old-fashioned bedstead, which stood in funeral state in one corner of the apartment. I do not know how it was, but though I had always laughed at apparitions, there seemed something uncanny, as the Scotch say, about the room; and it was some time before I fell asleep. My last recollection is of saying to myself, in a state of semi-consciousness, that I had been a fool to be affected, even for a moment, by these old women's fears.

"I woke, after awhile, with a start. I felt that somebody, or something, was in the room, though as yet I could neither hear, nor see anything. Strangest of all, I was shaking with a chill; for an icy wind seemed blowing across me: a wind like that which comes from a funeral vault long shut up, and now suddenly opened. I sat up in bed, glancing fearfully around. The chamber was not entirely dark, for a bit of moonlight streamed in through the window at the further end of the apartment, so that objects, in that direction at least, could be seen with comparative distinctness. But around the head of my bed, and on the side of the room

furthest from the casement, there was almost total darkness. It was there, I felt instinctively, that I must look for the thing of horror, whatever it was. And the same instinct suggested that it was nothing mortal. For a moment I expected to see the lover-monk, on whom my thoughts had been running before I fell asleep; and I faced resolutely around, though my heart beat like a trip-hammer, to brave the sight. But though I looked and looked, I could discern nothing. At last I heard a sob, distinctly a woman's sob, which seemed to come from behind the curtain at the head of the bed. I pushed the curtain aside. But still I saw nothing. At this my flesh began to creep. What if the first sign of this unseen presence should be its clammy fingers seizing me? If I could only behold something tangible, no matter how terrible, it would be less horrible, I thought, than this uncertainty. How little I knew of myself! For now I heard a second sob, at the side of the bed, accompanied by a half stifled sound, as of rustling garments. There was no delusion in this. My senses were as clear then as they are now. For I remember, that, in order to assure myself that I was awake, and that I had not the nightmare, I began to count. I had counted eleven, all the while the feeling of the invisible presence growing stronger, when, suddenly, out of the obscurity, and opposite to me, emerged a basin of antique form, that appeared to float on air, for nothing supported it. Instantaneously it was followed by two thin, shrunken hands, the hands of a woman, and having that indescribable look which we associate with death and the grave. They were about two feet behind the basin, which continued to move down the room; and as it moved, the hands moved after it, vainly trying to reach it: the fingers twining and twisting together, as when wrung in grief, or as when some dreadful stain is being essayed to be washed out. At first the hands seemed to be without a body, for they faded away, above the wrists, into vague shadows. But soon what seemed the figure of a woman appeared. It was dressed in a cowl, weeds and wimple, in the fashion of Queen Elizabeth's time: and though distinctly outlined, was also semi-transparent; and it glowed with a sort of ghastly brilliancy, like the sepulchral *ignifatsi* seen about grave-yards. I am sure I saw the opposite wall through it; vaguely, indeed, but still I saw it, for I counted three successive panels that it passed as it moved. The horror of this you cannot imagine. Nor was this all; the garments, though those of a widow, were

not black, as they should have been, but white; they were really a shroud cut after the pattern of mourning attire. Was it a visitant from the grave I beheld? The face was the last part of the phantom to become visible. The cold sweat started out all over me when I saw it; for it was dried and blackened, as is that of a mummy, only more horrible; the most horrible face, indeed, of which it is possible to conceive. It had apparently lain in a charnel-house for centuries, shriveling and blackening, denied the common heritage of turning to dust and ashes; a face that God had condemned to remain, for all time, with the stamp still on it of the agonies of remorse through which the soul had passed away. The face was that of a woman of middle-age, and had been hard and cruel in life, but now it had a set and eager expression pitiable to behold. Through all the ghastly traces of the hundreds of years she had been in the tomb, it could be seen that some awful, unexpiated sin haunted this woman, and kept her from quiet in the grave, and would haunt her till the Day of Judgment. The bending figure, the outstretched hand, the look of despair; I read it all: she was trying to wash out her crime, whatever it was; but the water eluded her forever!

"The phantom never stopped, nor looked around, but swiftly pursued the basin, past the side of my bed, past its foot, and diagonally across the chamber in the direction of the window. Before the spectre appeared, I thought, as I have told you, that anything would be better than suspense. Now I would have given worlds to be able to close my lids, or to look in another direction, or to exorcise the spectre by crying out aloud; but my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, as if seared there by hot irons; a horrible fascination, such as the general has described, held my gaze fixed on the apparition. All this time, too, I was possessed by an indescribable fear that the figure might turn its frightful eyes upon me; and I felt I should die if it did. My breathing stopped, my heart ceased beating. At last the phantom reached the moonlight, which fell, as I have said, in a long line athwart the floor, at the lower end of the room. Now, surely, it would turn! Again I tried to speak; but I was suffocating. I endeavored to leap out of the bed; my nerveless limbs refused to move. Suddenly the basin stopped, then seemed to make a brief circuit, as if coming back; but as it wheeled, it vanished instantaneously, as if absorbed into the moonbeams. Immediately after, with a wild wringing of the hands, which

I shall see to my dying day, the woman also melted away, and was gone. All this, though it occupied but a few seconds, seemed hours.

"I drew a long breath. I felt like one restored from death. But for a long while I was helpless, and expected the phantom to reappear. It did not, however, come back. Gradually the paralysis of tongue and limb, which had held me, relaxed its grasp; and now, with returning strength, came restored incredulity, and I rose from bed, saying that in some way a trick must have been played upon me. To solve this, I determined to re-examine the apartment. But in vain I tried the lock; in vain I shook the casement; in vain I searched for a secret entrance behind the bed. I sounded each panel of the wainscot successively for the same purpose. I even took up the small Turkey carpet that was spread in front of the chimney-piece, near where the apparition had vanished, to see if there was a trap-door concealed beneath it. After a thorough scrutiny, I returned to my pillow, convinced that nobody could have entered the room, or left it, by natural means: and the conviction brought back to me the chill horror of the preceding hour, and made the cold sweat start again on my forehead.

"Of course I slept no more that night. At every sound, however slight, I fancied that I heard again that sob; and once, when the moon was overshadowed, and then suddenly came out again, I started up, thinking the spectre had returned. At last the moon set, and then the chamber became intensely dark. Now, if possible, my terror, or whatever you may call it, increased. Awful shapes appeared to be all about me. A dozen times there seemed, for an instant, to be something emerging from the gloom; and I shrank back, and instinctively wished to draw the bed-clothes over my face. But, unnerved as I was, I still retained the resolution to probe the matter to the bottom, and so I faced it out, determined to see the phantom again, if it should return. But it did not come back. The hours dragged on, and, at last, I heard a cock crow. What a sense of relief that homely sound brought to me! Soon after, the first gray light of the dawn began to struggle through the window where the spectre had vanished, and I lost no time in getting up.

"But the strangest part of my story remains to be told. I was restless till my friend made his appearance, and then, first making sure that no servants would interrupt us, I narrated my experience of the night. My host seemed uneasy, but not startled, and, when I had concluded, said, 'I will be frank with you; there

is a legend that such an apparition haunts that room; but I have never credited it, and I did not know which room the spectre affected till this morning. You know our family only recently bought the place, and I have been here very little myself. The servants ought to have told me yesterday, when I ordered that room prepared for you. I chose it because of its quaintness, thinking you would like it. The housemaid, it seems, wished to warn me, but the housekeeper would not permit it; however, this morning, as I was dressing, it all came out from my valet. The legend is, that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a widow lived here with her son, still quite a child. The little fellow was slow to learn, especially to learn to write: he was always blotting his copy-books; and his mother, attributing it to carelessness and obstinacy, punished him constantly and severely. One day, so goes the tradition, she became so enraged that she whipped him till he died. The tragedy happened in the chamber where you slept, and ever since her ghost walks there, preceded by a basin that no one holds, and in which she vainly tries to wash her hands. I have always thought the legend a very poetical one, but have never regarded it as anything but a legend. You are sure you never heard of the tradition?"

"I answered that I had not, and added, that, if I had seen an apparition of the monk, or even of his mistress, we might have accounted for it by a waking hallucination; for we had talked of them in the evening, and I had gone to sleep thinking of them. 'Well,' replied my friend, 'it is certainly very singular. I do not think any servant here can have been playing us a trick; they would not dare to do it; and besides, they are not capable. A scientific optician, if one gave him the apparatus, could, no doubt, produce something like the spectacle you saw; but he could not do it without getting into the room; but the doors were locked: besides, you would have found the apparatus when you came to search. You say the spectre disappeared at the window. I will send for a carpenter and have the casement and sill removed, to see if there is any secret spring, by which a person might open the window.'

"The carpenter made his appearance by the time we had done breakfasting. We had kept our own counsel as to what had disturbed my sleep; but when the servants heard what was to be done, I think they suspected something of the truth. They gathered in knots by themselves, and carefully kept away from that side of the house. The scrutiny was thorough. But

no secret spring was discovered. My host insisted on prosecuting the inquiry still further, however, and ordered the floor to be ripped up near the window. And now comes the most extraordinary part of the whole affair. Lying carelessly amid the rubble, with which the space between the rafters was partially filled in, and as if put there to bury them out of sight forever, were some antique copy-books, written in the characters of the age of Elizabeth, and blotted all over, as if by a child who could not, or would not, learn to write."

The speaker stopped. Every one drew a long breath. At last the lawyer remarked,

"You have not, I believe, mentioned the name of the place. Is it any secret? Sometimes, we know, families, who own houses called haunted, don't like them talked about."

"No secret in the least. The place is Bisham Abbey. It was granted, originally, to Anne of Cleves; but she exchanged it; and it was owned by the Hobby family at the time of the tragedy. A picture of Lady Hobby, the mother of the child, hangs in the hall; I saw it the day we found the copy-books; and it was the very face, the very coif and wimple I had beheld in the night; only in the picture the weeds are, of course, black, and the face a bloodless white."

IN HAYING TIME.

BY LEON WEST.

See the waving of the grass,
As the breezes o'er it pass,
Like a fairy legion racing through the vale.
How it surges to and fro,
With a rustling sound below,
Like the billows of the ocean in a gale.
See! the East is all aglowing,
And the farmer goes to mowing,
Leading on his band of heroes to the field;
With his scythe each takes his "rifle,"
(Though it differs quite a trifle
From the one the hardy hunter loves to wield.)

All in Nature seems to vie
With the blue and cloudless sky,
As it smiles upon the work so well begun;
While the swaths, in even rows,
Lie in motionless repose,
Sending up their dewy incense to the sun.

Yonder come the girls and boys,
With their spreading-forks and noise,
And the heavy swaths they fearlessly assail;
While the farmer's pretty daughter
Bears a pail of sweetened water,
To refresh the thirsty mowers in the vale.

But the lovely morn has fled,
And the afternoon instead,
Brings a warning to the farmer and the rest;
For a black and heavy cloud,
Like a sable pall or shroud,
Gathers quickly, and is rising in the West!

What a running—what a rustle!
All is hurry now and bustle;
Not a moment must be wasted by delay.
See the farmer running hither,
Men and maids running thither,
As they hasten to secure the drying hay.
Higher, higher mounts the shower,
In its majesty and power,
While the sun, as if in terror, veils his face;
And the rakes fly quicker, quicker,
As the forked lightnings flicker
O'er the Heavens with their bright and vivid trace.

Now the drops begin to patter,
And the hands begin to scatter,
As they heed the sudden rising of the breeze;

And the thunder's crashing rattle
Startles the affrighted cattle,
Which were dozing in the shadow of the trees.

Hurry, hurry now for shelter!
All are running helter skelter;
But the hay beneath the "caps" is all secure;
And the rain a deluge pours,
As they all arrive in-doors,
Heated, panting, dripping, laughing and demure.

Oh! the lightning, how it flashes!
And the thunder, how it crashes!
And the forest trees are bending 'neath the blast;
While the sturdy branches, riven
By the fiery bolts of Heaven,
O'er the plain in wild confusion now are cast.

But an overruling Power,
Even in this awful hour,
Holds the tempest in subjection to its will;
For, amid the warring noise,
Methinks I hear again that voice,
Softly speaking to the tempest, "Peace! be still!"

Lo! the elements obey,
And the clouds are rolled away,
All the sounds of conflict now have ceased,
Save the low, rebellious thunder,
As it dies in sullen wonder,
In its dark and lurid caverns in the East.

See! the sun is shining forth
O'er the fresh and smiling earth,
And the beauty of the scene delights the eye;
And the balmy zephyrs blowing,
Health and fragrance now are sowing,
While the brilliant bow of promise spans the sky.

Oh! ye lordlings of the city!
As ye look with scorn or pity
On the farmer's homespun frock and horny palm,
Little dream ye of the pleasure,
In the labor and the leisure,
Of the independent monarch of the farm.
Spring is glorious with its flowers;
Autumn with its harvest hours;
And the Winter-time, with merry sports and sleighing;
But in all the circling year,
There is naught to me so dear,
As the merry, merry time of haying!

CAPTAIN JOE'S BUTTON.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"I AM more than ever convinced that you are a true specimen of your sex—false to the very core!"

"As you seem to be quite satisfied with your interesting and epigrammatic conclusion, allow me to wish you good-morning."

That was how they parted.

"By Jove! my dear fellow, she's the most magnificent creature you ever looked upon. There! wait an instant; she's coming this way, on Graham's arm."

"You forget," said Capt. Livingston, laughingly, "that your announcement of 'Graham' brings me no definite idea. Recollect my absence from civilization, and don't expect me to know your ball-room belles and beaux in this abrupt fashion."

A voice, clear as a silver bell, a low laugh that was music itself, rang out behind the speakers. Nothing very dreadful; yet the bronzed soldier started as if stung by some bitter emotion.

"Miss Trevelyan, permit me—my friend, Capt. Livingston."

A courtesy with her own calm, simple grace; a bow almost ironical in its proud humility; and Maud Trevelyan and Joe Livingston met again.

A form of perfect beauty, every feature of the exquisite face pure and clearly cut, golden, supple hair, and soft, dark eyes, into whose depths he had so often gazed—this was what Capt. Livingston saw as he looked at the woman before him.

"Are you but lately arrived, Capt. Livingston?" she said, with a little droop of her magnificent eyes; "just in time for our German, however, to which, of course, you are a devotee."

"My Germans have been sadly neglected of late; two years of active service makes me very rusty in all that pertains to the *beau monde*, Miss Trevelyan."

"Not to mention nine or ten months in that very delightful Libby," interrupted Douglas Gerrold, with a shiver. "I don't imagine you cared much about civilization in its ultra form in those days, Joe?"

"You will find Saratoga at its gayest, Capt. Livingston," said the lady; "your friend, Mr.

Gerrold, is our favorite leader in all parties, dinners, and drives, not to mention the afore-said German. And, by-the-way, Mr. Gerrold, let me suggest that you commence it as soon as possible, for I see my good aunt is beginning to look sleepy already."

"And now for your partner," said Gerrold, as Miss Trevelyan swept quietly away in the graceful *deux temps*. "Don't you remember your little pet, my pretty cousin, Clara Haughton? She has come out a belle and a beauty since you saw her last, Livingston; see, that is she under the window."

"That little Clare!" with amused surprise. "I shall stand in awe of so dashing a young lady."

But Capt. Livingston need not have feared his quondam playmate, for Miss Haughton's greeting was cordial in the extreme.

"It seems like old times, Capt. Joe," she said, with her own childish playfulness, as they took their seats for the German. "Do you remember how you used to pull my curls, and call me your little sweet-heart? Which reminds me that I have to apologize for calling you by the old familiar title."

"What? Oh! surely, you did call me 'Capt. Joe.' Nay, Miss Clara, I would only suggest one amendment; drop the title entirely. We are old enough friends for that."

But Clara shook her head, while she blushed.

"Did you ever see such perfection of dancing as Miss Trevelyan's?" asked she, changing the subject, as a faint odor of perfumed violets swept past them, and Maud glided down the room; "it's a pleasure to see her and Dudley dance together. They have led every German this season. Do you know, Capt. Livingston, I believe that will make a match in the end? She certainly seems to like no one as well."

"Ah!" with a nonchalant smile, and bending yet more devotedly over the chestnut curls of his pretty partner.

The wild, melancholy waltz-music filled the air, and Livingston sat there with a mad, scornful pain at his heart, and laughing badinage on his lips. So goes the hollow show we call society; and one's skeleton is rarely hidden away with such care that we do not some day hear the rattling of its bones!

Miss Trevelyan and Capt. Livingston had carefully avoided taking each other up; but fate at last brought them together. The figure was a rather complicated one, and one timid, frightened beginner, who evidently regarded the mysteries of the German with utter terror, persisted in giving her right hand instead of her left, and, of course, they came out all wrong, with any partner but the right one. There was no time for pride or pique. Maud only knew that she was sweeping down the ball-room with the most elegant dancer that ever she remembered, to the rise and fall of the old fascinating waltz. It was a moment too full of pain, of old memories, for either to break the silence; and with a face as pale as her own, Capt. Livingston placed her in her chair, drew his splendid figure to its own stately height, and bowing low, left the belle of the ball-room.

But late that night, beautiful Maud Trevelyan wept tears of utter humiliation as she paced up and down her room, and little dreamed that only a frail partition of plaster and paint hid her from the pitying heart that was even then murmuring her name.

Capt. Livingston thought tenderly of his old love over his segar. I don't think he had counted the cost that it would be to bask in the marvelous beauty he worshiped, and have it brighten and glow for all but himself. It maddened him, even while he swore that he would break the barrier down.

The warm July days went on rapidly enough at Saratoga. The season was a brilliant one, and every corner of the vast hotels was crowded. Day after day Capt. Livingston rose with the old aching pain; night after night he saw Maud's dazzling face in the ball-room; and yet they seemed but further asunder. Every day on the Lake Avenue might be seen Miss Trevelyan's fast grays and her little Victoria carriage, while within it sat the belle and some one of her numerous admirers—each day a different one. And in that very impartiality Joe Livingston took courage, as he galloped past the low carriage, and bowed ceremoniously to its fair occupant. Not that Capt. Joe was alone either; it had come to be quite the pleasantest part of the idle day, that fast horse-back ride with Clara Houghton. As for little Clare herself, she had never an idea of falling in love with her old play-fellow—not she. It was all very nice to have so distinguished a follower, even if he was *distrustful* and half savage at times. She used to eye him curiously when she saw him with Miss Trevelyan (which was not too often) in the ball-room, and the sly puss tried

hard to coax him into talking of his past. A vain attempt. That past, whether of good or ill, was a sealed book to all of Capt. Livingston's acquaintances, save one.

"How many of us are disposed for croquet this morning?" said Mr. Gerrold, addressing the group collected on the piazza of the Houghton's cottage. "It's dreadfully warm, or it will be in two hours' time; and as we've just voted life a bore by acclamation, let's worry ourselves into amiability by venting our disgust on the croquet balls."

"After which, lemonade. 'Oh! my prophetic soul!'" laughed Clara Houghton, "what a terrible piece of perpetual motion you are, Douglas. I wonder why one gets so abominably bored at Saratoga!"

"Not getting *enjoyee*, little Clare?" queried Miss Trevelyan, as she knocked her ball into position. "When a bright, contented little sprite like you grows bored, some material change must be coming o'er the spirit of your dreams. Day-dreams, of course; every one has so clear a conscience, now-a-days, that our slumbers are devoid of visions."

"Your's ought to be haunted," said Gerrold, mockingly; "the list of killed, wounded and missing grows larger every day."

"And talking of such wholesale slaughter, what has become of Eva Marston?" asked Miss Lyle, a very lovely-looking girl, a cousin of Clara's.

The party had by this time begun playing, and nobody noticed the pallor that whitened Miss Trevelyan's lips as she glanced at Capt. Livingston. He did not look toward her, being, to all intents and purposes, deeply engaged in placing the ball under Clara's pretty little foot.

"Eva Marston!" echoed Gerrold, bestowing a surreptitious shove upon his partner's ball; "I don't wonder you ask, for she was the very worst flirt I ever knew."

"Chiefly because of her utter want of principle," said Clara; "but it's rather odd that I seem to be the only member of this party who can give you all a bit of news in regard to her."

"What?" cried everybody in a breath. That is, everybody but Miss Trevelyan and Capt. Joe.

"I had a letter this morning—your turn to play, Capt. Joe—from Mary Clinton; and she says that all Boston is in a perfect hubbub over Eva Marston's elopement with Herbert Wayne, to whom, so says Dame Rumor, she had been privately engaged since before the war."

Whereupon arose a chorus of exclamations

from the croquet players; but only Capt. Joe's quick eyes saw Miss Trevelyan's white fingers tighten over the ivory sticks of her fan, until the frail toy broke. As he lifted it from the grass to place it in her extended hand, he saw that the dainty thing was crushed to pieces; and his heart throbbed with a fever-beat to which it had long been a stranger, as she said, more softly than she had yet spoken to him,

"I thank you!"

But this little drama passed unseen by those around.

"I have my bit of news to add to yours, Clara," said Mr. Gerrold, as the hot and tired ladies flung down their mallets, and walked slowly back to Mrs. Haughton's parlor, "and one that will be interesting to you;" and there was a world of merry mischief in his bright eyes as he turned them on his little cousin.

"Anybody coming?" asked Capt. Joe, as he threw himself in a lounging-chair by the table. "You must for once be going to announce the arrival of some lord of creation, or——"

"It would not interest us ladies!" pouted Clara. "Captain Joe, I've no patience with your impudence."

"Guessed right, Livingston; for my new-comer is no less than Hal Thornton, who telegraphs me he'll be here this evening."

Capt. Joe started up, his whole face beaming.

"Not dear old Hal! How upon earth did he get away from Washington. Though, I come to think of it, he must be having a long leave, like myself, since our experience in the Libby."

Miss Trevelyan's voice broke in,

"Is that the redoubtable Major Thornton of whom I have heard so much?"

Clara Haughton's cheeks grew beautifully pink as she answered,

"Yes, indeed, Maud, dear. For description of him, mentally and personally, I refer you to his particular friend, his *fidus Achates*, Capt. Joe."

"It's such a wretched plan to puff people beforehand," said Livingston, addressing Miss Trevelyan in his coolest, laziest of voices; "I am not equal to the exertion. Besides, if I do not mistake, Miss Trevelyan is wont to form her own estimate of men, and their actions, by a curious method of unknown quantities that no by-stander can ever explain or fathom."

She looked at him fixedly; then her eyelids quivered a little as she made answer,

"Miss Trevelyan's estimate would be deemed of little worth by most men, I fear; and perhaps her opinions are not valued as they would

once have been, for, like all things human, they are liable to change!"

And having said this with an inflection of tone that was inimitable, she rose to leave the room.

"Not going without the lemonade, Maud?" pleaded Clara.

"I have an engagement to keep, and our croquet has already lost me my reputation for punctuality. Shall I see you to-night? It is not German night, is it?"

"Indeed, no," answered Gerrold, with a comic sigh of relief; "and as Thornton dines with me, suppose we all have the evening here? Do you agree, Clara?"

"Charming," said his cousin. "Don't be late, Maud, for I can assure you Major Thornton is an individual whom I expect will gain a high place in your good graces."

But Miss Trevelyan's smile was very proud and cold as she walked quietly out of the room. As for Capt. Joe, he was in exhilarating spirits for the rest of the morning.

I don't know what Maud Trevelyan's reflections may have been during the rest of the warm July day; but as evening drew near, she became aware of a certain degree of restlessness that was utterly foreign to her nature. Poor Fantine, her French maid, found Mam'selle very capricious that night. And as Miss Trevelyan walked leisurely down the piazza in the bright moonlight, she felt her heart fairly sink, and her courage almost failed her. Then, with a scornful curl of her proud mouth, at the thought of her own weakness, she swept over the threshold.

And as Major Thornton looked up, he saw the beautiful woman of whom he had heard so much, and surmised a great deal more.

Miss Trevelyan eyed him a little more closely than was her wont, as he gracefully acknowledged their introduction; for had she not heard him described as Capt. Livingston's "*fidus Achates*;" and, perhaps, she wondered if the major had ever heard of her.

"So dreadfully warm!" sighed Clara, bending half out of the window where Miss Trevelyan sat, calmly beautiful, in the moonlight. "I've been trying to induce the gentlemen to forego gas, and sit in this delicious moonlight; but they are not sufficiently romantic, alas! and I am convinced that if they only wait long enough they will be delivered over to the tortures of an army of mosquitoes as just punishment."

"A truce, Miss Clara," said Major Thornton's tranquil, *trainante* voice. "You know I said I had an especial and particular reason

for preferring gas; one has to take so much for granted by moonlight."

"And why?" said Clara, lightly.

"I can tell you," said Capt. Joe, answering for his friend. "Hal has a curious fancy for always wanting to see plainly the individual whom he may be honoring with his notice. Does the moonlight require an extra amount of faith on his part that his conversation is not wasted? Miss Clara, pray append to this explanation 'L. E. D.'"

"What a base way of defending one!" cried the major, gayly. "Miss Trevelyan, I appeal to your sense of justice. Because I confess to having a *penchant* for 'looking mine adversary in the eye,' is the corollary to be drawn that I am deficient in my ideas of the said individual's good faith? Or am I to be set down as a skeptic of the first water?"

"To answer your question by another, Major Thornton," said Maud, with an amused smile: "do you generally consider every individual whom you engage in conversation as your 'adversary?' If so, let me buckle on my armor of proof."

"Report says Miss Trevelyan is never without it! But about my faith?"

"Men have so very little in general, that I must really pause until I know you better before I give any opinion on the subject."

Capt. Livingston flashed a glance of impatient fire at her.

"You forget, Thornton," he said, with a species of cool insolence in his tone, "that you are talking to young ladies of the nineteenth century. Such an obsolete virtue as faith would be about as impossible for them to define as a quotation from the ancient Greeks."

"And yet women, Capt. Livingston, are accredited with more of it than men."

If she had winced at his tone and words, she did not do so outwardly. But a keen pang cut her heart as she thought, "Unkind! unsparing!"

"I agree with Maud," broke in Gerrold, from his corner by Miss Lyle's side, "having known several instances when it was displayed nobly."

"You will all raise an outcry of unbelief, then, when I tell you that the most unquestioning, blind, really heroic specimen of faith I have ever met with—faith that had been so crushed and tried that he might have been pardoned for doubting, was in a man, and he a soldier," said Major Thornton.

"Do you mean it?" asked Miss Trevelyan, with more interest in her voice and manner than she had yet displayed.

"Why not?" asked Thornton, looking down at her incredulous face. She shook her head.

"Not my experience," said she, slowly. Then, after a little pause,

"Is it anything you could tell us all? I think I am open to conviction if my basis of belief be wrong."

Major, Thornton glanced keenly at her, but she looked, as she was, thoroughly unconvinced of any undercurrent in his replies. So he drew up his chair a trifle closer to the window ere he answered.

It is worthy of remark just here, that Capt. Joe's customary politeness utterly forsook him, during the next half-hour, and he, as near as possible, turned his back upon the speaker.

"It's a story, and something of a long one, Miss Trevelyan," said the major; "we old campaigners are somewhat prone to grow prosy. What will all these friends of yours say to my keeping the floor and your ear so long?"

"Don't be tantalizing," cried Clara, as his gaze rested playfully on her. "I am just as anxious to hear you prove your premises as Maud can be."

"*Allons!*" said he, with a fascinating smile, that made Maud confess to herself she could see why he was always nicknamed "The Irresistible."

"I must go back to a rather unpleasant experience of mine, then, and without detail introduce you straightway into that horrible place known as the Libby prison. I was taken prisoner in a cavalry fight, and, as you may have heard, went through various changes before I found myself in Richmond. I do not mean to shock your gentle ears, or pain your tender heart by speaking of the horrors of that place. Among the prisoners there was a young officer, who interested me exceedingly from the first. He was, when I first got there, dangerously, they feared fatally, ill of the typhoid. The officers, one by one, took care of him in turns, and so much attached to him did they become, that they would actually supplicate the guard for little comforts for him, which they scorned to ask for themselves. One night, when they feared the worst, I offered to sit by him, and relieve an emaciated captain who looked wretchedly ill himself. My young officer was delirious, of course; but no one had been able to understand his incoherent mutterings. Toward morning he seemed to grow calmer. One odd trick, or fancy, he had, (and which I had noticed for several days,) was his perpetual fingering of one particular button on his battered, ragged uniform."

Miss Trevelyan gave a sudden start; and Major Thornton paused an instant to raise the handkerchief that slipped from her fingers.

"It was really very curious. This button was, I think, the second or third of those on his left sleeve. As he grew gradually more distinct in his ravings, I learned from them that some one whom he loved had sewed that button there. His idea seemed to be that no harm could come to her, or him, if he kept that button there always. I mention this incident here because it is partly the clue to what followed. That night was, I think, the turning point of his disease, for from that time he grew slowly better; but it was very slowly. I used to think, sometimes, as I saw him lying, (always with his right-hand clasping that mysterious button,) that he would never live to clasp in his again the loving, gentle fingers that had sewed it there. You will, all of you, smile, doubtless, at any romance being woven around a brass button; but I think you would have thought of it as I did, after all.

"But I am making a long story of it. About a month or six weeks after, a plan was organized among the officers to escape: one that you know partially succeeded. I shall not, even here in the North," with a light laugh, "divulge to you its details. It's enough to say that one of the sentries was bribed, and we laid our plans to start on a certain night. The young officer I have been talking of was to be one of our number. He was still extremely weak, and the rest of us had planned to do all in our power to aid him. It was a rather dark night, Miss Trevelyan; for though we had good right to expect a moon, we could not, dared not, wait for a more fitting opportunity. Ah! those brave fellows that we left! How they wrung our hands, and bade God bless us as we stepped noiselessly, one by one, out into the corridor. My young friend and I (call him any name you choose, Miss Trevelyan; Harry will do as well as another) were the last to file out; and as we did so, I heard, with the acute sense that danger gives one, a sharp jingle on the stones. God knows I had cause to remember it afterward. We got safely into the streets of Richmond. Oh! how glorious it was to breathe God's pure air once more! Our party separated instantly, for we were in great peril every moment. Harry and I crept along, my arm on his to guide his weak footsteps. Suddenly he stopped; and just at that instant the moon, which was so fatal to our hopes of escape, burst from behind a cloud. Never, Miss Trevelyan, can I forget the look of almost agony that shot

over his pale, emaciated face, as he gasped in hoarse tones that only just reached my ears, 'Great God! it is gone, Thornton; my button, my anchor of faith—my only relic of life and love!' 'It cannot be helped, my dear fellow,' said I, trying to be rough; 'for heaven's sake, move on. Every instant in this moonlight counts.' 'But she *did* love me, then,' he whispered, wildly. 'I am, I was true—I swear it! I cannot, cannot go home without that button. She may, perhaps, believe when she sees it, you know!' It was perfectly useless to argue with him; but I said, as a final quietus, 'I remember now; I heard something drop as you stepped over the threshold. Never mind; I'll promise to testify how you lost it.' His eyes lit up, they fairly blazed. 'Good-by, and God bless you, Thornton,' said he, simply, 'I'm going back to find it.' If he had struck me I could not have been more profoundly amazed. What! with freedom in his grasp, going back to that hell to find a button; and all for a woman who, perhaps, was never worthy of the sacrifice. How I pleaded, begged, almost commanded him! In vain; I could not move him. I never had an idea of going on without him, of course; so back we both sped to that prison-house. But I gave a groan of dismay as I saw that the sentry had been changed. 'For God's sake!' I implored, at this sight, 'give up this senseless thing! Why, are you mad enough to risk your life, perhaps, for an idle fancy, or even a woman's vow—made to be broken?' But he only raised his gallant head, and said, in a proud whisper, 'I keep my shield unstained always!'

"You can fancy the rest. I made a dash at the sentry, and endeavored to disarm him, but the fellow showed good fight; and as Harry was struggling to get inside the door, the man, while he shouted for help, discharged his musket full at my poor friend. As he fell—will you believe it? his open hand touched that missing button! and as I, frantic with grief, and believing him mortally wounded, bent over him, (myself again a prisoner,) he said, with the noblest smile I ever beheld, 'See! she will believe now! Tell her how I died.'

"He had fainted from loss of blood ere we got him inside the door.

"I heard all about it afterward, Miss Trevelyan; do you care to hear the rest? It was the old story, a lover's bitter quarrel, with more or less of fault on both sides. But the history of the button that so nearly cost him his life, (he didn't die, my friends, but was finally exchanged, long after) was brief enough. In the

days when they were happily engaged, she had a fanciful idea. She purchased a button, and cutting one off his sleeve, sewed in its place the one she bought. I think she kept that other button which she took off; at least she implored him never to lose his. Therefore, when, in his anger, he returned to her all she had ever given him, he still kept the button as a sole remembrance of her. Now, was not his faith in that woman (for they parted most stormily) something sublime? I told him to take that button to her, no matter how she had changed, and tell her its history. And now, with all your knowledge of a woman's heart, Miss Trevelyan, tell me, what do you fancy she would say to him when he told that touching, simple story?"

There was a second's utter hush as Major Thornton's sympathetic voice fell into the last question. Capt. Joe sat with his head resting on one hand, just out of the blaze of light. One moment's silence, and then Miss Trevelyan rose; while, for the first time, Clara Haughton saw those proud, beautiful eyes full of tears.

"I will tell you what she said, Major Thornton," and the usually calm tones took an almost triumphant sound, as if she gloried in her own humiliation; "she said, 'I have been so wretched all this weary time; oh! forgive me!' and as she spoke, she drew out the other button (for she had kept her faith also) and laid it in his hand—*thus!*'"

With one swift step she passed Clara, untied a blue velvet band that held an old brass button against her heart, and with a tender, loving smile that will never fade from his memory, laid it in Joe Livingston's hand. And then, with a half choking sob, the brave heart that had made such a noble confession of its fault failed

her; and before Capt. Joe could rally his scattered senses, Miss Trevelyan, a coward now, fled to the piazza. But it was only for a moment she was left alone. Rapid feet quickly caught her flying footsteps, and in the calm, holy moonlight, two loving hearts met and were one again!

For an instant no one spoke in Mrs. Haughton's parlor. Then the storm of questions burst.

"Oh! Major Thornton," cried Clara, sobbing hysterically, "how could you? For I'm very sure you knew that Maud was the heroine of that touching story."

"My dear Miss Clara," quoth the major, in defence, "was I to sit by and see that noble fellow suffer, after all I knew he had endured? He would never have told her, depend upon it; and though he thinks me a brute now, by tomorrow they'll both be obliged to me for my illustration of the difference between a man's and a woman's idea of having faith. She stood the test magnificently; only a truly regal nature could have humbled itself as she has just done; only a noble soul would have made a public confession of its own weakness. An odd sort of world this! Eva Marston's wiles parted them; a tarnished brass button has brought them together again."

The major was a true prophet; for the next day, with an added charm to her royal loveliness, Miss Trevelyan thanked him for the lesson he had given her!

And I think, that, in this summer of 1867, as Capt. Livingston looks at his beautiful wife, he will never regret that the only quarrel which they had, gave him the opportunity of proving, with almost a life-devotion, how the sole love of his heart was hers, and hers always.

SUMMER—A PICTURE.

BY EMILY A. W. VINTON.

I **SEE** a beautiful picture,
As down in the meadow I look;
There's a little brown-eyed darling,
With two white feet in the brook.

Small, dainty shoes are beside her;
Ah! what will the old nurse say
When she finds little naughty Katy—
The darling that ran away?

Gay flowers down in the meadow
Tempted the beautiful eyes;
How they sparkle now as she watches
The yellow-bird as it flies.

And chiming in with the music
Of the brook, as it gushes along,

The little red lips are chanting
Sweet words of a cradle-song.

Fair curls are thrown back as she listens
To the robin while it sings;
Now the little, silly darling
Is trying to touch its wings.

Now she gathers the sweet, dowy daisies,
Her little white apron to fill;
The brown eyes are missing the shadow
That slowly comes over the hill.

Ah! now you are caught, little Katy—
Caught in the nurse's brown arms,
And she prays, as your white neck she kisses,
"The angels to keep you from harm!"

"A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"A HEAP of nonsense!" said aunt Jane, indignantly, betrayed into an inelegance of speech, such as she carefully avoided now-a-days, and more vexed than ever on account of the blunder.

Say could not help admitting there was truth in aunt Jane's oburgation; but that only irritated her, and made her contradict more vehemently.

So they had it rather "hot and heavy" for a few moments, as women will occasionally; then aunt Jane began to cry, and Say's conscience pricked her so that she could not help doing her sweetest and best to check the summer shower.

What was it all about?

A trifle; people always do quarrel most outrageously about trifles—you know that from your experience; the whys and wherefores I leave to some old prose, who will quote that "the proper study of mankind is man," and make an essay of ten mortal pages, which will, probably, leave you as much in the dark as you were before.

But there are trifles and trifles; this particular cause of difference between aunt and niece was a trifle of twenty thousand dollars, which a distant relative, who had recently departed on his upward flight, had dropped in Say's hands as he flew over.

She was wearing very pretty half mourning for him now, according to aunt Jane's directions. I suppose if it had been ten times the amount she would have been obliged to cover herself with crape; but aunt Jane consoled herself for the lack of need there was of showing any deep grief, by the fact that the purples, and lavenders, and whites, were very stylish and becoming.

Twenty thousand dollars was a pretty addition to a young woman's charms anyway; and aunt Jane was not inclined to find fault, until she was upset by this moral earthquake of Say's causing.

The girl declared the money did not belong to her, and she would not keep it.

"Not belong to you?" cried aunt Jane. "Are you a raving Bedlamite? What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Say, "that this sum will settle the last of my father's debts; and I am going to pay them."

"Pay a fiddlestick!" quoth aunt Jane. "Don't let me hear any more such nonsense! Novels are all very well in their place; but you can't act them out in real life, Say."

She treated the first ebullition with a proper degree of scorn, because she supposed it to be only a girlish bit of romance, that could be crushed by a little authority.

Say allowed her to talk until she had exhausted herself, and then she said, quietly,

"I think you don't quite understand the matter, or me, aunt Jane."

"I am much obliged, I am sure! Permit me to say, Miss Ross, that I think I have head enough to understand both."

"I did not mean in that way," continued Say, keeping her temper, as was no more than decent, for aunt Jane loved her with all her might and main.

"There's only one way to the whole thing, or through it, or by it," asseverated she; "and that is for you to take your money and be thankful, and not act so ungrateful when Providence throws good luck in your hands."

"I think," said Say, coloring a little, "that I see what Providence meant me to do with it."

Aunt Jane had been outraged and indignant before, now she was horrified.

"It's downright wicked to talk like that," said she. "If there is anything I abhor from my soul, it's these modern heresies and revelations, and all that sort of thing."

Say had to get her on the right track again, and insist on being heard while she explained the matter clearly, as it appeared to her.

"When my father died," said she, "I know the thing that weighed most heavily on his mind was the money he owed old Mr. Andrews; and there was no help for him, because his mortgages and securities only came in second. Whatever that was, I always believed more might have been saved if the people hadn't behaved so, but——"

"They acted like fiends!" interrupted aunt Jane. "You had better pity yourself, not them."

"I have had no need," said Say, putting her arms about her, "because I have a dear aunt Jane to make me forget I ever had any trouble."

Aunt Jane kissed her, and was softened

little, but no more inclined to take Say's view of the case.

"Poor Mr. Andrews was ruined, aunty; it came just when his business was in such a state that he could not recover himself."

"Now, how do you know?"

"Oh, aunty! all those things hurt me so! I never have talked about them, but now, when I can do some good! He was all broken up, and he lives down on the river somewhere; and they are very poor."

Aunt Jane looked obstinate and unbelieving.

"Just think, aunty, this money would make his family comfortable, and educate his boys."

"Oh! his boys be—workers," said aunt Jane. "It's the most unheard of scheme! According to you, I ought to have advertised in the papers, and seen if some of my husband's family, between him and Noah, hadn't debts that I could have begged myself with."

"Oh! that's all different!"

But aunt Jane would not see it; and so their first talk ended in an agreement to consult old Mr. Butler, the lawyer, who had been employed always by Say's father.

He was consulted and could not deny there was a certain justice in Say's determination, though he could not consider her called upon to carry it out.

But she would and she did. Fifteen thousand dollars, through the medium of Mr. Butler, were paid to old Mr. Andrews—and Say was happy.

A letter that she received not many weeks after, was read to aunt Jane, and had, at least, the effect of silencing her complaints.

The returned money could not have come at a more opportune moment. The letter was from a widowed daughter of Mr. Andrews, who lived with him; and she told Say how it had secured to them the home they were on the point of losing, placing them in a position to rest in comfort; and giving Say thanks that made her cheeks glow and her heart warm, although she could not be brought to feel that she had done anything particularly generous or praiseworthy.

Now there remained the five thousand dollars, and it was over that aunt Jane and Say really had battles.

Mr. Sothern, the creditor, was a rich man, and never would thank her.

"I don't want his thanks," said Say, indignantly. "I have never forgotten what I heard he said about my father; and he shall have his due, if it be only for the opportunity of expressing my feelings."

VOL. LII.—4

"A good deal better keep your temper and your money," said aunt Jane.

"Do you think I have no pride—no right feeling?" cried Say, in wrath. "I want my father's name cleared from every imputation."

"There never was any on it," replied aunt Jane; "everybody knew that if your father had lived, he would have arranged his business."

"That man did. I remember perfectly about it."

"You never saw him."

"And I don't want to! Let him take his pitiful five thousand."

"I declare, Say, you make me dizzy with your tragedy airs!" said aunt Jane. "I got along with that first affair; that turned out a mercy, to be sure, to those poor people; but this, oh! I never knew any thing so uncalled for and ridiculous—never!"

This was the discussion which I interrupted to tell you what it was all about.

But Say was determined; and in spite of aunt Jane and everybody else, the money was paid.

Miss Say did write a little letter, too, in which she tersely expressed her pleasure in being able to settle the debt, and gave Mr. Sothern a very pretty rap over the knuckles for ever having expressed any opinion derogatory to her father.

She signed it Sara Ross, in the most dignified manner, and only wished she could see the nasty old thing when he read it. "I hope he has a hump on his back," thought she. "I dare say, if he did what was honest, he would divide his whole fortune among the widows and orphans he has been oppressing these last forty years."

Not that Say knew anything about the man—whether he was old or young, black or white; but she had taken up the idea that at the time of her father's death, five years before, she heard that this man had spoken harshly of him; so nothing could be too bad for her to think where he was concerned.

Miss Say was about as logical as the world in general, when it came to a matter of feeling; but though her father had been by no means the human angel she pictured him, it was quite right and perfectly natural that she should establish his memory on a pedestal, and revere it accordingly.

To Say's boundless wrath and dismay, it was not a great while before there came a letter from Mr. Sothern—a brief note rather, in which he simply informed her that she was mistaken as to his ever having blamed her

father; and coolly informing her that though he approved of her wish to settle the last of her father's debts, he had not, by any means, decided to allow her the privilege where he was concerned.

Any further communication that he had to make, he assured her, should be to Mr. Butler. He would not have troubled her with this letter, only that he felt it due to himself to refute the misrepresentations which had evidently been so deeply impressed on her mind.

Cool and composed as possible it was; and Say fairly stamped her feet with rage at the style and the quiet manner of making her feel, as Littimer did David Copperfield, "that she was very young—very young indeed."

"The most impertinent letter I ever read," she vowed to aunt Jane; but the aunt would not see it in that light.

"A very sensible man, I should say," returned she. "Now, Say, you just let the matter rest."

"Never!" cried Say. "I don't believe him! He shall have his money. How dare he refuse it! I'll go to Mr. Butler this very day."

Aunt Jane really could not trust herself to answer; she squeezed her hands tight over the arms of her chair, and sat still. Her ten fingers did tingle so to give the girl a hearty shake that absolute silence was her only safeguard.

Down to Mr. Butler flew Say, and had to content herself, after her rapid tirade, with hearing him repeat,

"Certainly, certainly, Miss Sara! We shall see—we shall see! Young ladies are apt to be in a hurry; just leave it to me. Certainly, certainly!"

"Ugh! the old crocodile!" thought Say, and flounced home.

"If I wanted to steal a million, I shouldn't have so much difficulty! I should like to know what people are made of! But that man—I hate him, and that's the end of it; a disgusting pig!"

The summer came on, and aunt Jane decided that, after all the excitement and their losses—she talked as if some one had cheated them out of a fortune—they ought to have some change and amusement.

"They would go to Sharon Springs," she said: and Say thought the idea a very good one.

From what I have written, you are not to suppose that aunt Jane was at all a miser or a tyrant. Little she cared whether Say had a penny or not, as long as she had enough for both, and to spare. But she had chosen to be delighted when Say's little heiress-ship fell

upon her; and she was suitably vexed at the sudden dispersion of it.

"Yes," said she, "we'll have our little trip. I am sure you need some recreation, Say, after all your trouble."

"Oh! as for that, aunty, it would be no reason. I am sure I have had no trouble."

"I am sure I am thankful we have anything left," said aunt Jane, and she gave a sigh of relief, as if there had been a time when ruin threatened to leave them without a roof to cover their wretchedness.

She took to idolizing Say for her generosity, meantime, and altogether she got excitement enough out of the matter to have been grateful that it had all happened. Only the Sothern part of the business became a tabooed topic between them, because over that they inevitably quarreled.

Say rested on the hope that Mr. Butler would have it all settled before her return.

"I'll risk his not taking it," thought she, contemptuously. "Perhaps my letter stung his conscience somewhat! I wonder when he will go about repairing a little of the wrong he has done?"

From her words any one might have supposed Mr. Sothern had been guilty of every species of guilt, from robbing a church to murdering an orphan. It made no difference; the fact that she knew nothing at all about him, gave Say the utmost latitude in the way of attributing imaginary atrocities to his share, and it pleased her so to do.

In the meantime they made their preparations for Sharon. Aunt Jane was in excellent spirits most of the time, but occasionally she would groan a little as she arranged some bit of finery, and saw that it was very pretty.

"Black would better suit us just now," said she, "after our losses; but we must bear up."

Then she would eat her dinner as if surprised that she was still able to have one; refuse to buy a yard of ribbon because they ought to economize; and the next day purchase herself or Say some article not at all needed, and pay an extravagant price—with smiling satisfaction.

Say understood her too well to feel hurt or offended, and was not given to hunting up imaginary grievances.

She was a healthy, whole-souled, honest girl, and she loved her father's memory dearly. As there had been but one course open to her, she was happy as a lark, now that the only trouble she had been able to conjure up was removed.

If you ever went to Sharon, you know there

is a most impassible road to go up in a stage-coach, and the most eligible opportunity for breaking an indefinite number of necks.

Their coachman tried it. Whether he was drunk, or mad, or wanted to know how a man feels after committing wholesale murder, are among the sort of secrets no human tells; but he did try it.

There were three ladies in the coach beside Say and her aunt; the roof held the male protector of the trio, and another gentleman besides.

Say had been enjoying the drive immensely, not paying any attention to the complaints and lamentations of the others over the roughness of the road.

There were magnificent views to be had now and then; and as they went higher up, very tolerable precipices, which the three women looked down, apparently for the pleasure of having something to scream about, and which made aunt Jane set her teeth hard together.

Say was one of those lucky people whose head never grew dizzy, and who had no nerves to speak of; so she admired the grandeur, and looked back contemptuously at the three females when they squealed more dolefully than usual.

But the accident came. Say was conscious of a crash—a fall—one horrible shriek; then it seemed to her that they had been rolling over and over in chaos for a century or two.

They stopped at last, and Say lay quite still, rather inclined to believe that she and all the others must be dead. But, after a moment or two, the inconvenience she felt in supporting the weight of the other women, who had fallen upon her in a shrieking mass, convinced her that she had still life left, and that her best way was to get out, if any way could be found.

The coach lay half on the side, the door nearest her had been forced open, and Say managed to climb out at it, and get to the ground, by the aid of one of the wheels which had not been wrenched off.

She was not hurt—not even stunned; but she could not be certain about the rest. Indeed, why they were not all killed, Providence alone could have told.

"Aunt Jane!" called Say.

She was answered by such a chorus that it was quite impossible for her to tell whether she had more than an ordinary human interest in either of them.

She looked about, but could see nothing of the coachman. Further up the hill lay a man still and motionless; a sudden, horrible fear of

what she might be looking at, made Say turn her eyes.

Just then a gentleman came round the other side of the coach, very pale, and with his right arm hanging down in the peculiar way which showed there would have to be a tremendous wrenching and pulling before it was got right.

"Thank heaven!" cried Say, "there is somebody alive?"

"Indeed, it is a miracle," he answered. "Are the others hurt?"

"Oh, I can't tell! Two of the women do scream so. My aunt is in there, but I don't hear her. What shall we do?"

The unfortunate man looked a little helplessly at his arm, and Say exclaimed in horror,

"Broken!"

"Never mind," said he, "we can't lament over that until we know there is nothing worse."

They were helped out of their dilemma by the appearance of several men, who had been driving within sight of the accident, and had scrambled down the hill, accompanied by the people from a neighboring house.

The first thing was to pull the women out of the coach.

The first one came kicking, the second screaming, the third holding her dress tight over her ankles.

Say stood and watched while the last was lifted out and laid on the grass. Poor aunt Jane! She came to her senses as they put her down, and in answer to Say's frenzied questions, managed to say,

"I believe I am only bruised! I think it was that kicking-woman did it."

The two women who could scream began to call for a husband and brother—that was the man lying on the rocks. He proved to be the most injured of the party; for the men had found the coachman lodged between two trees; near the top of the hill.

They were got up to the road at last in some way, and the people from the house furnished a wagon to take them on to the hotel—the only thing to be done, whether they all had broken backs or not.

The coachman was left at the farm-house; he could not move nor talk much.

They were placed in the wagon as comfortably as possible, with the injured man laid out for his feminines to moan over. Everybody was established except Say and the gentleman with the broken arm; there was no corner for them.

"I have got a light buggy," the farmer suggested.

The gentleman looked dolefully at his arm, and Say exclaimed,

"Oh, I can drive, if that's all! Let us get on."

She explained the necessity to aunt Jane, who received it with tolerable resignation.

"You are suffering terribly," Say said to the gentleman, who had been growing very pale.

"I believe I am," he answered; "I think if I could get my arm tied up——"

"I know," interrupted Say; "I have seen it done."

She took a little scarf from her neck and managed to make a rest for the wounded limb.

He looked at her with a sort of wonder and admiration. She was deathly pale, and shaking a good deal; but she kept as steady as a rock nevertheless.

They drove off, and Say made the old horse trot at a fine pace, that she might reach the hotel to give news of the approach of the wagon.

After the first few moments they began to talk; they were both too much excited still to be able to remember that they were strangers; and Say had not even grown composed enough to be amused at the predicament in which she found herself.

"It seemed to me that we rolled over and over for an endless time," Say said.

"You did very nearly turn a complete summerset. I was on the top, and was thrown over at the first lurch, and was lucky enough to escape with only this."

"That poor man——"

"Yes; I fear he is badly injured. The elderly lady is not, I think, hurt beyond mere bruises. Your aunt, I believe, you called her?"

"Yes, my aunt."

"Are you frightened?" he asked, suddenly.

"I don't know," said Say; "I feel in a state of wild excitement, as if I had just been up in a balloon."

"Few young ladies have such serviceable nerves."

"Time enough for those after," said Say. "Oh! there is the hotel; I never was so glad."

An hour later she was sitting quietly by her aunt's bed, watching her sleep, and completely set at rest by the physician's verdict that there was no serious injury. A few days of repose would cure her bruises and lameness.

I think Say had a little cry all by herself; and feeling better after indulging this luxury, drank her tea and was glad to get to bed, having made preparations to sleep in her aunt's room, in case the invalid should require anything in the night.

For two or three days she was kept a pri-

soner, waiting on the invalid; then aunt Jane began to mend, and not being inclined to pet ailments of any sort, could soon walk about and insist on Say's not staying shut up any longer.

Say found that the man who had been hurt was considered out of danger, and his females recovering; so they were all safe, for her driving companion saved her the trouble of questions by inquiring himself.

The next day but one he sent to ask after the ladies' health and progress, and Say was appalled and stupefied by the sight of the name on the card—Mr. Sothern!

Aunt Jane laughed heartily at the utter absurdity of the chance which had caused them to meet.

"I don't wish to laugh," said Say; "I think it is very impertinent of him."

"To be on the coach and get his arm broken?"

"To inquire after us."

"Perhaps he does not know who you are. Anyway, you need not be heroic, Say. He wrote you a nice letter—said he was your father's friend."

"Oh, I don't care what he was or is!" interrupted Say, irritably. "I detest the man—I'd like to go away to-morrow."

Aunt Jane did not argue; she was too sleepy, and she knew it would only increase Say's prejudices.

It was not long before Say met him. She was out on an upper piazza early one morning, and came face to face with Mr. Sothern.

His arm was in a sling, and he looked pale and worn; but he was evidently much pleased to see her. He held out his hand,

"I am so glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Ross," he said; "you will introduce me to your aunt, won't you? Remember that your father and I were very good friends, for all I was quite a young man."

She could not refuse, and he walked beside her, and talked so pleasantly about all sorts of things, that Say could not help forgetting her prejudice, and did not see her way clear to bringing up the money question, which she had always determined to do if ever she met the horrible man.

Aunt Jane was amused beyond measure, but she held her peace, and was soon able to make Mr. Sothern's acquaintance herself.

With such a first meeting as they had had, and the fact of his having known her father so well, it was natural enough that their acquaintance should grow rapidly; and the next few weeks were among the pleasantest Say could remember, or was ever likely to.

Mr. Sothern was the most agreeable companion in the world; he knew most of the pleasant people in the house, and the aim of all his efforts was to make the days pleasant to Say.

And they did, with such a succession of rides, walks and picnics, that Say found small time even to wonder how Mr. Butler had settled that tiresome business, the thought of which still lay a little heavy on her soul.

They stayed a month there; and when aunt Jane announced to Mr. Sothern that they were going in a few days, it so happened that he was expecting to leave at the same time, and asked permission to accompany them, as his journey home would lead him the same way.

It was the evening before they were to go; and as Say and Mr. Sothern sat enjoying the sunset, aunt Jane came up with a letter.

"For you, Say," said she.

She stood and chatted a few moments, and then declared she must go off to finish her packing, and so left them to themselves.

Say still held the letter in her hand, turning it over and over with a little feeling of embarrassment, for she had recognized the writing as Mr. Butler's.

Suddenly she remembered Mr. Sothern would know it, too, if he happened to see the superscription, and she was crumpling the letter nervously into her pocket, when he said,

"Pray read it."

"It is of no consequence," Say answered.

"I am not so sure of that," he returned, in an odd voice. "At all events, read it and get it off your mind, or you will be all the evening thinking about it."

Say broke the seal, and read the crabbed page in great haste. Mr. Butler wrote to say that the gentleman refused to take the money, and begged to hear no more about it.

Say colored beautifully, and glanced up at him; he was looking at her with a quiet smile.

"I think I know who your letter is from," he said.

"Yes; that horrid Mr. Butler."

Sothern laughed.

"Please, don't," said she, coloring more than ever, but determined to speak now. "Mr.

Sothern, I want to talk to you about this. I have tried to get up courage."

"Am I so very formidable?"

"Don't laugh at me—I am in earnest."

"And I," said he.

"Mr. Sothern," she went on, hurriedly, "I want you to do me a favor."

"Twenty, if you like; you know nothing could give me more pleasure."

"And this is very easy! But first, promise—"

She hesitated, so that he rejoined,

"You don't want me to promise till I have heard what it is to be about?"

"Only that tiresome money. Mr. Sothern, I want you to take it."

"Oh!" said he, grave as a judge; only the corners of his mouth twitched a little.

"Yes; say you will! It will make me so much happier—you can't think."

"I will, on one condition," he said.

Something in his voice made her suddenly conscious. She did not look up; the crimson came and went on her cheek.

"That I may take you with it," he whispered. "May I, Say? I know it is sudden; I will be patient; only let me hope."

He had hold of her hand now, and it was not withdrawn.

"Dear me!" said aunt Jane, a few days later, when they were all three comfortably established at her house, where Mr. Sothern had stopped for a visit, and she had been informed of the turn affairs had taken.

"But you are glad?" Sothern asked.

Say appeared in the door just as he spoke. He had taken the opportunity of her absence to have a full explanation with aunt Jane.

"Glad? Yes," said aunt Jane, honestly. "But it all reminds me of the name of a play I saw once."

"What was that?" Say asked, innocently.

"A new way to pay old debts," retorted she.

Sothern laughed so heartily that Say had three minds to be vexed, only she could not help laughing herself—and so the cloud passed.

Aunt Jane never could quite get over the fun of the thing, and laughs at Say even now whenever she visits her; but Say is too happy to mind—it all ended just as it ought.

DRIFTING APART.

BY LETTA C. LORD.

If I, by thoughtless word or act,
Have broke the golden chain;
Forgive the deed, I did not dream
'Twould wake such bitter pain.

I did not know that cold distrust
Was creeping o'er thy heart;
I did not know its cruel waves
Would drift us so apart.

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM VOLUME LI., PAGE 451.

CHAPTER X.

"MANDY CLARK!"

This name rang out in a shrill, loud voice, and reached the girl where she sat under an old apple-tree, at the end of the house, with her feet buried deep in the flowering clover, and her head leaning against the shaggy trunk of the tree. Boughs, heavy with green apples, scarcely larger than hickory-nuts, curved over her; and glimpses of the green shore and far-off sea came with new beauty through the leaves when the wind swayed them. A tin pan, nearly full of green currants, was half sliding from her lap—for the girl had fallen into one of those bright day-dreams, with which genius is forever filling the commonplace hours of life. But this voice cut through her dreams like a spear, shivering them into ten thousand broken flashes. She started up, drew the pan into her lap, and began to rub the currants between her soft palms, rattling them into a yellow earthen bowl that she placed within the pan, and flinging the tangled stems into the grass when the fruit was all severed from them.

"Mandy Clark, where on arth are you? The pie-crust is all rolled out, and you hain't brought me a single currant yet. Billy's got home with the molasses-jug chuck full more'n an hour ago. 'Mandy Clark, I say!'"

Amanda looked down into the yellow earthen bowl in great perplexity. About half a pint of currants met her eye; and there was the pan, almost full to the edge, bristling with stems. How long had she been there? During how much time had she been dreaming under the apple-tree? What could she say to her mother?

"Yes, mother, yes, I'm almost through; just wait a minute."

But Mrs. Clark was not disposed to wait. The fire was crackling in her brick oven; half a dozen brown earthen platters were already clothed with under-crust, ready for the fruit which lay untouched in that tin pan. The cork was out of that molasses-bottle, and its sweet contents were creaming over the edge. Everything seemed in a hurry to be used.

"Wait!" cried Mrs. Clark, slapping her hands vigorously together, dusting the flour away as if she fancied herself boxing Amanda's ears, and enjoyed it. "There's no such thing as waiting when the oven-wood is burned down to cinders, and the molasses yeasting over like all possessed! Just hand over them green currants, and a done with it."

Away the woman strode over the patch of clover, which bloomed between her and the apple-tree, treading down the sweet blossoms like a grenadier, and swinging her arms like a wind-mill. Amanda began to tremble as those firmly-planted steps drew near.

"Oh, mother!" she said, "I—I couldn't help it; the stems are so tough; the day so—so awfully beautiful. I don't think I went to sleep, mother; but, somehow, I couldn't get the dreams out of my head."

Here Mrs. Clark snatched up the bowl, and looked scornfully down on the handful of currants in the bottom.

"And this is what you've been about, you—your abomination; you lazy——"

"No, mother, don't call me that; I'm not an abomination, if I am lazy. Yes, I own that it isn't in me to work."

"Then it shouldn't be in you to eat, my madam. Here I've been rolling and kneading, and raking up the coals, till I haven't hardly a dry thread on me, while you've been dawdling here in the shade, counting the green apples, I dare say."

"No, mother, I haven't thought of them!"

"Or, for all I know, spending your time with that York chap, with his white hands and mustachers—the scamp!"

"Indeed, indeed, mother, I haven't seen him; I was only thinking. The day was so still, you know; and there was such a humming of bees in the clover-tops, that I sort of floated off with them and forgot the currants."

"Hand 'em over here," cried the old woman, seizing upon the pan, and giving her daughter a vicious push, by way of emphasis. "I'll pick 'em over myself. It always comes to that when work is to be done. You was bad enough before,

gracious knows; but since that York chap has been a hanging about it's scandalous!"

"Mother, it was not his fault that I did not rub out the currants," pleaded Amanda; but the old lady took her up.

"His fault, indeed! What else was you a thinking about but him, with his hair smelling like a violet-bed, and his kid gloves? Oh! how I dispise sich things."

"Don't, mother—please don't," cried the girl, wounded by this attack on her idol. "He isn't the only gentleman that wears gloves, and smells as if he slept amongst the flowers."

"Isn't he? Now do tell?" retorted the mother, tossing her gray head with a slow motion full of scorn. "What do you know about gentlemen, 'Mandy Clark?'"

"I—I saw Mr. Moreton with gloves on; that is, he had gloves on when he got upset, I'm sure of that; for only yesterday I saw them in Miss Zua's upper bureau-drawer."

"Yes, I dare say you did. There's another fool!"

"Oh, mother, mother! you're talking about Miss Zua," cried Amanda, shocked and angry.

"Well, what if I am? Haven't I got eyes? But what's the use talking? Hand over them currants, and get out of my sight, if you want me to keep my hands off you."

The old woman snatched the pan of currants from Amanda's lap, threw herself on the ground, crushing the clover down into hopeless nothingness, and began to grind the clusters between her hard hands with bitter energy.

"Yes, look on, and stare as if you never saw work afore," she cried, while the green berries rattled into her lap in a perfect shower. "Oven getting cold; pie-crust hardening; sweetening all running to waste—but what do you care? Been a looking out for him, I know it. Don't dare to say it isn't so. Oh! you're taking hold at last, are you? High time—high time!"

With these bitter words, the old woman fell to work with such zeal that the yellow earthen bowl soon brimmed over with picked fruit.

"Here," she said, lifting the bowl between her two hands, "take it in, fill the pies, and bring it out again, while I pick over the rest. Why don't you go along?"

Amanda hesitated, and stood irresolute, with the bowl between her hands. The sound of a footstep in the locust-grove seized upon her breath, and held it. The old woman looked sharply up, and saw that the color was coming and going in that young face. She had not heard the sound; nothing but the keen sense of love could have gathered it in from that

distance; but there was something in the girl's face that made her angry.

"Go in," she repeated, shifting her seat, and crushing fresh tufts of clover to death; "go in and do as I told you. What possesses the girl!"

Amanda gave a furtive glance toward the grove, where she saw a shadow moving through the feathery greenness—a shadow that she recognized with a wild throb of the heart. Quick as lightning she darted toward the house, and hid herself around the corner, afraid of his coming up when her mother was in that sharp humor.

Scarcely was the girl out of sight, when young Gray came out of the grove, smoking a segar, and swinging a light cane in his hand, as he dropped himself over a fence, and began to wade through the clover slowly, as if he enjoyed treading out the perfume, and lingered at the task with lazy satisfaction.

All at once he saw something moving under the old apple-tree, and gave his cane a light toss in the air, catching it as it came down with a graceful gesture.

"Oh! I thought as much," he said, taking the remnant of a segar from between his lips and tossing it away. "She was sure to be waiting somewhere; a little neglect was just the thing. Will the creature pout, I wonder, or leap forward to meet me?"

With these thoughts in his head, the young man came forward a little more quickly, smoothing the soft mustache on each side of his lip, as if he wanted to brush away that triumphant smile before he presented himself under the apple-tree.

Mrs. Clark was seated with her back against the rough trunk of the tree, hard at work. She heard the rippling noise of feet moving through the clover; but took no heed, for her head was just then full of her daughter, and the thoughts which presented themselves were anything but pleasant ones. All at once a broad stream of light was let in upon her through the parted boughs. She looked up suddenly, and there was the very man she had been pondering over, in connection with her daughter, with an interest that arose almost to bitterness. Young Gray stood with his arms extended holding the branches back, struck motionless by what he saw. Instead of that bright young girl, flushed with rosy joy by his approach, he saw a gaunt old woman, with her long limbs stretched out upon the grass, the checked sun-bonnet falling away from her thick, grizzily hair, and a tin pan in her lap, from which she lifted her great black eyes in sudden and displeased wonder.

"Ah! Mrs. Clark, good-morning," cried the young man, allowing the leafy branches to close behind him, like the drapery of a tent, as he stepped lightly forward. "I felt sure of finding you somewhere about the house, hard at work as ever! What an industrious creature you are."

"If I want to eat I must work," answered the woman, settling the sun-bonnet on her head with a jerk. "It isn't everybody that can live on the best and never lift a hand—though some do it. But what did you want of me?"

"Oh! nothing much. Only I'm not quite certain of the count; but wasn't there a—a col—no, a handkerchief, short last week, Mrs. Clark?"

"Neither one nor tother," was the terse reply. "You got all you sent, young man, and know it, too."

Mrs. Clark began to grind the bunches of currants between her hands viciously as she spoke, and her lips settled down hard and firm as iron.

Gray did not dispute her, but answered with a light laugh,

"I dare say it's all right. Only I am such a careless fellow; always counting short or double, when I attempt anything of the kind. Shouldn't have thought of the thing, only the handkerchief was given me by my mother—a fine old lady, Mrs. Clark; I wish you could see her, so gentle, so loving, so industrious. In her mildness she has almost spoiled me."

"Shouldn't wonder," snarled the old woman, shaking up the currants in her pan; "but whether or no, I hain't got yer handkercher."

"Of course not; I must have dropped it out of my pocket; but what are you doing now, Mrs. Clark, anything that I can help you in?"

"I'm picking our green currants. 'Mandy ought to have had 'em done hours ago. She sat out here long enough, gracious knows; but it's of no use; I've got 'em to do myself, and always shall. She ain't worth her salt."

"What, Miss Amanda?"

"Yes, *Miss Amanda*, seeing as she's got up to that notch. I'm talking about her, and no one else."

"You couldn't talk about a lovelier subject, Mrs. Clark."

"How do you know?" questioned the old woman, sharply, her black eyes striking fire.

"Why, of course, I have seen your daughter, Mrs. Clark."

"Where? When?"

"Where? Oh! I beg your pardon; at Mr.

Wheaton's, when I went there to visit my sick friend. What care she took of him!"

Mrs. Clark was busy at her work all the time this conversation was going on. She now took a handful of the loose currants and rained them back and forth from one hand to the other, while she blew the green dust away with powerful and prolonged blasts of her breath. Then she dropped the fruit slowly back into the pan, and deliberately removed it to the grass, preparing herself for battle.

"Mr. Gray," she said, speaking with something like dignity, for she was in earnest. "Mr. Gray, you haven't lost no handkercher, and you didn't come about one; you know that as well as I do; but it's my daughter you are a coming to see, and I know it."

"Indeed, Mrs. Clark, you——"

"There's no use denying it. You can't cheat me! When you lifted them apple-tree limbs you thought it was her a setting here, and so it would a been fifteen minutes ago. I do believe she was waiting for you then. That's what you've brought her to."

"My dear madam, you certainly are mistaken."

"You know better. Set down here, Mr. Gray, on the grass, there. I've got something that must be said, and now's the time. Set down, I tell you!"

Gray took out a delicate white handkerchief, spread it on the grass, and sat down, smiling blandly upon the old lady, when these arrangements were made.

"Now, Mrs. Clark, I am all attention."

The old woman was no longer angry, but earnest, and full of motherly feeling; if not gentle and tender as might have befitted a more refined person, she was honest and resolute as the bravest woman that ever loved and protected the child of her bosom.

"Mr. Gray, what do you come here for?"

The young scape-grace was about to make some flippant reply, but those black, earnest eyes rebuked the frothy words, and he said almost respectfully,

"Because the country is lovely, and I have little else to amuse me."

"To amuse you," cried the old woman, in a deep voice, hoarse with angry emotion. "That girl is my daughter, sir. I love her—I am proud of her. She is all that I have of woman-kind to show me that life is worth anything to an old woman with gray hairs in her head. It is her you come to see. I know it. What for?"

"I—I like—I admire your daughter. She is fresh, innocent, beautiful."

"Well, sir. Well!"

"She is the lightest, freshest——"

"Stop, sir. I know what my 'Mandy is better than you can tell me; and such as she is, I mean to keep her."

"Heaven forbid, madam! That girl is capable of higher things. She must not waste such gifts in a place like this."

Gray spoke with sincerity. He really believed what he was saying. The old woman fastened her eyes upon him till a faint crimson stole over his face, deepening around the eyes duskily as shame marks itself. It seemed to him that the old woman knew of some black thoughts that had sometimes crept, like serpents, through his mind, and was bringing them forth to the light.

"You think this?"

"I do, indeed. Your girl was born for something better than a drudge in the country."

"Drudge! Look at my Amanda's hands, then look at mine. Which is hard? Which is white? Drudge, indeed! I may scold, I may find fault, I may raise Cain, because she doesn't take hold of work; but I tell you, young man, I'd rather slave till every joint in my body cracks, than have her do it. Some people take to drink, some to making money; some go to meetings, and pacify themselves that way; but I take to that child—she's wine, money, prayer and praise to me. When I thank God for anything—which isn't often, remember—it's for her. I never see roses in the garden; but when they come out pink and fresh as her cheek, then I thank God for them. When I draw up a bucket of water fresh from the well, and hear it dropping back from the moss on the sides, so cool and clear, it is not the water I think of, but her. It's of no use talking, sir; that girl owns my soul. I gave it up to her the last time her father took her in his arms, and told me to love her for his sake."

"I do not think you found it difficult to love a girl like that?" said Gray.

"Love her?" answered the woman. "Love her? It is not often that I talk about such things; I am too much ashamed of 'em, just as I am of praying, when I do pray. I can't kiss the girl, and hold her in my arms, and praise her, as some women do—it's not in me. My heart is full of the thing you call tenderness, but I cannot make even her know it. Like water in a pitcher, left on the rock-work of a well, which all men have given up drinking from, it goes off in a mist which no one ever sees. Not one drop flows over, and so even she knows nothing about it. But sometimes

it swells here till the ache of it holds my breath."

"After all," muttered Gray, "it is easy seeing where the creature got her genius from. So hard, so sharp—a regular scold. Who would have thought it?"

"It is because I love her so, that I say this to you, young man,"

"But why to me, Mrs. Clark?"

"Because I am afraid of you!"

"Afraid of me! There is not a more harmless fellow living."

The old woman arose and leaned against the tree. Her bonnet had fallen to the grass. She wore no hoops, and the folds of her dress settled heavily around her, like the drapery of a statue. The coarse, jet black hair, clouded whitely with silver, fell down with the bonnet, and with a sweep of her arm, she twisted it around her head, like a huge serpent, and fastened it there, thus making a Sibyl of herself, which no sculptor ever matched.

"Young man, do you love that girl, my child?"

There was power and pathos in the voice; and from the glance, which came out from those eyes like lightning from a thunder-cloud, this shallow man of the world shrunk like a coward.

"You turn white—your eye sinks; but answer me in words, for I will have the truth."

"Love her—of course; who could help it!" he said, at last, lifting a hand to smooth the silken hair on his lip, but dropping it again in very shame—for those stormy eyes were upon him.

"That is no answer to the question I asked, young man."

"I know. I dare say not; but forgive me if I say you ask very disagreeable—very singular questions."

"I dare say; but I do ask this one, and will have an answer."

"I—I think it was, 'Did I love your daughter?' Well, yes, I do, as well as a poor devil can afford to love anything."

"Then you want to marry her?"

"Upon my word you are up to time, sharp. One does not expect to be booked up like that by his washerwoman."

"I am a washerwoman. It was for her sake; but I am that girl's mother, and her father, too—for he is dead, and left her to me. I ask you, as a man speaks to a man."

"Pretty much, I must say," muttered Gray, under his breath.

"As a woman talks to a woman, with tears in her eyes and a pain in her bosom, I beg of you

tell me the truth. Is marrying in your mind when you come after my daughter?"

"And if I said yes—what then?"

"Then, if I was wise, like a good mother; if I had no pride, and could lift my eyes to God for the truth, I should say to you, 'take up your hat and cane, turn your face to the city, and go away for ever;' but I cannot do it: I cannot do it."

"And if I said no—what then?"

"Then," said the woman, uplifting her hand with a gesture that made him shrink, "I could find no words to curse you with, for you have torn the heart out of a young girl's life."

The young man got up from the grass and strode backward, startled and astonished. This woman, whom he had looked upon merely as a common drudge only, unlike others of her class, because she was more masculine, and had unusual physical power, seemed to him like a prophetess, who was searching out his thoughts, and might hereafter avenge herself like a heathen.

"Nay, my good woman, you take things too grimly. What if I loved the girl ever so much, which I should not be ashamed to confess anywhere, for she is charming; what if I loved her, but evil fortune had left me poor as a—as you are, for instance; so poor that a marriage for love is absolutely a luxury beyond my reach—what then?"

"What then? He asked me that question years ago, and my answer was, that I had strength and will to work for us both; but she could not do that, and I am an old woman who takes in washing that she may live easy as he did; but it is a hard life—a bitter, hard life—he died under it."

"Still, you would press this fate on me and her."

"No, no! It is too hard. Go away. Leave her to me. She is young. I may be wrong. Perhaps she does not care for you."

"I am sure she does not."

"Sure—are you sure?" cried the woman, eagerly. "I hope so. She is a sensible girl, with all her ways of speaking; and you are no more like him—I mean her father—than I am like her. How should she love you?"

"How, indeed!" said Gray, laughing. "You see, my good woman, what a monster you have raised up, and all for nothing. Amanda likes me well enough, because I have read a good deal and can talk poetry to her; but as for love, she never thought of it, be sure of that. If there is anything of the kind, pity me, not her. She meets me exactly as she would seize upon a book of poems—that is all."

Mrs. Clark looked at him keenly. She was not a woman to be cheated by a few crafty words, but what the heart wishes the brain easily accepts. She drew a deep breath and sat down to her work again, drooping her strong head, as if ashamed of the excitement which had just disturbed her. Gray read all this in her face, and breathed freely for the first time since he came so unexpectedly into her presence. A little anxiety came back upon him when he heard footsteps coming through the grass, and saw the skirt of a woman's dress sweeping that way; but he was on his guard now, and prepared for whatever might happen.

Amanda had done her work in the kitchen with trembling hands, stopping now and then to look out of the window, from which she caught glimpses of two persons talking earnestly under the apple-tree. What could they be saying? Why did her mother stand so uprightly, and, as it were, crowned with the dignity of an empress, as she talked with the young man? Never in her life had Amanda seen her mother with an air of command like that. She felt afraid to go near her, and hovered around the window, long after her task was done, like a bird which finds some stranger near its nest, and dares not cry aloud, lest its very agony should reveal the sacred hiding-place.

At last she gathered courage, and, taking up the bowl she had emptied, went out into the waves of clover, trembling as her feet waded through their redness. As she came up, the trunk of the apple-tree stood between her and the two persons talking near it. She paused and held her breath. The voice of her mother, loud, clear, and impressive, struck her motionless. The very language she had been accustomed to was changed; and from that high, maternal instinct came expressions which had seemed to have passed out of the woman's life when her first husband died, but which the love of his child had brought forth again, fresh and vivid, from their long sleep.

Just as Amanda came up, the old woman lifted herself from the grass a second time, and moved close to young Gray, who was picking the small, green apples from a branch that bent over him, and tossing them into the grass with short, impatient jerks. He stopped as the woman laid her hand on his arm.

"But you love her well enough. Tell me if you love my poor girl?" she said, while a piteous moisture crept into her eyes.

"Love her? Yes, by Jove! I do, better than anything on earth."

A throb of exquisite delight shook the heart in Amanda Clark's bosom. She pressed a hand over her mouth to stifle the happiness that threatened to break from it in cries that he must have heard. She turned and ran away through the meadow into the kitchen, and up to her own room, where she fell upon the bed, quivering from head to foot, and crying such tears as April clouds give to the flowers.

"He loves me—he loves me! She knows it, for his own lips told her so," she cried, in an ecstasy of thanksgiving, lifting her clasped hands upward, as if pleading with the angels to record that one fact, and make all heaven the brighter for it. He is telling her now; the news has changed her, as it has changed me. Oh! what shall I say? How can I look her in the face? *Am I beautiful?* What does he find in me to love so? I will go to church next Sunday; I will—I will——"

Her voice died away in soft, broken sighs, growing quiet and holy as the spirit of love brooded down upon her. She fell upon her knees unconsciously, and thanked God with a spontaneous outburst of gratitude for the first time in her life. The simplicity of a little child came upon her in that supreme hour; and robbed of all other language by intense emotion, she whispered over the Lord's Prayer, while tears trembled on her closed lashes, and a quiver of joy disturbed her smiling mouth.

If such moments as these could last humanity would be glorified into something angelic, and we should never feel the change of this earth for heaven; but joy and pain exhausts themselves like storms, leaving beauty or ruin behind.

Amanda arose from her knees, quiet and lovely, like a flower just filled with sunshine, while its cup is heavy with dew. She looked out of the window and saw the tall figure of her lover passing into the locust-grove. He did not turn toward the house, but moved quickly, beating the undergrowth with his cane. This brought a shade of sadness upon her. She so longed to see his face, to feel that he was looking for her.

"No matter, he loves me—he loves me," she whispered, pressing both hands to her bosom; and she followed him with her eyes, as if wondering that the trees did not break into fresh blossoms as he passed under them.

"Mandy Clark, why don't you come along with that bowl?"

It was her mother's voice cutting sharply from under the apple-tree—the old voice, shrill with impatience. Down stairs the girl went,

startled out of all her sweet dreams. The earthen bowl stood upon the table, where she had left it, surrounded by a regiment of pies, some lacking the fruit, all deficient in the upper crust, flanked by the molasses-bottle, about which the flies were buzzing like bees in a buckwheat-field. Amanda seized the bowl, flung a table-cloth over the pies, and ran out of the house. She found the old woman hard at work redeeming lost time, and intent only on her occupation.

"Well, you've come at last, have you?" she said, gathering up her apron, into which she had rasped the currants for lack of a better receptacle. "Set down that bowl while I empty my apron into it. That'll do. Stand it just there while I rub out what's left on these stems. What on arth are you a shaking it so for?"

"It was my hand. I—I didn't mean to!" answered Amanda, breathless with excitement.

The mother made no reply; but gathering up a handful of loose stems, began to rub out the few berries that were left among them, as if her mind had never wandered from the occupation.

"Mandy!" she said, at last, tossing the crushed stems behind her with an emphatic gesture.

"Yes, mother," answered the girl, glowing with sweet expectations.

"Mandy, that young feller has just been here."

"Has he, mother?" was the faint rejoinder.

"Yes, 'Mandy, he's gone for good and all. I told him never to come on my premises again, and he'd better not."

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried out the poor girl.

The old woman turned upon her daughter sharply. There was a smouldering fire in her eyes that might be anger or suppressed trouble. Amanda was so blinded by sudden distress that she could not tell which.

"What are you screeching at me in that way for? One would think I'd been a striking you," she said.

"So you have, mother!—so you have! The hardest blow of all. How could you?"

"How could I what?"

"Tell him that?"

"Because I wanted him to understand it. He's been a hanging around here long enough. Perhaps he and you thought I didn't notice it—I did. Girls brought up in the country don't begin to curl their hair all at once for nothing, nor——"

"Oh, mother, don't!"

Amanda was striving to tuck away the curls

under her comb with both hands; but the rich mass would writhe out of her fingers, and drop down on the white neck in rebellious coils, defying all attempts to enthrall them.

"Well, it's of no consequence, let 'em curl. He's gone for good; and I never want to set eyes on him again, nor none of his sort."

"Mother—oh, mother! tell me what has happened?"

"What has happened? Nothing that I know of. The chap came here, and I gave him a piece of my mind. I reckon he won't want to hear of it twice. Once has a' been enough for any man when I'm in earnest. Now go in, and let's finish up them pies."

Amanda did not speak, but her mother beat the upturned pan on the ground till it rang again, and marched off toward the house, like a grenadier, conveying it under her arm.

Amanda threw herself upon the ground, and leaning her pale cheek against the rough bark of the tree, moaned like a wounded kid—all the brightness had gone out of her life. The ache at her heart was a cold agony, which she could neither understand nor throw off. What had they done to her? Was this pain, which took the strength from her limbs, mortal? Was the first blow struck upon her heart, death? The moans that died on those pale lips broke into sobs at last, and a wild burst of tears exhausted her to faintness. How long she lay there no one but her mother could have guessed, for the girl forgot everything. At last she was disturbed.

"Birdie!"

She sprang to her feet, put the wet hair from her temples with both hands, and Gray saw that her face was radiant through the tears that stained it.

"Oh, you have come back! You have come back! She was only tormenting me."

"Hush, child! Do not make this outcry! The old autocrat will hear you. There, there; not a word more. I would kiss off those tears, if I dared. Come down to the shore to-night. There is a moon; but say nothing to any one, above all to that brother. We want no confidants. The old woman is not going to keep us apart—be sure of that. Only do keep silent. She must not know that we ever meet, after this. You will come?"

"Yes, yes!" said Amanda, bewildered, "I will come."

"That is a good girl. At eleven—not earlier; and put something dark around you."

"Mandy! 'Mandy Clark!'"

The girl started, and grew white as death.

"It is her! She wants me. What can I do?" she whispered.

"Go at once; I will stand this side. The trunk is large enough to cover me. Go! go! or she will come in search of you."

"And you? She is in the kitchen. One of its windows look this way," whispered the girl, in desperate terror.

"Get her up stairs, or stand by that window yourself. Three minutes will cover my retreat."

"I will try. But, oh! keep out of her sight. All at once she hates you."

"Trust me for that! But you will come?"

"Yes, yes! Keep close to the tree; her eyes are like a hawk's."

"And yours like an angel's."

"Oh! I am frightened. What have I done to be afraid, like this?"

"Done? Made a fool and a slave of me."

She turned her face upon him, bright and glorious with affection, but spoke no word, before taking flight for the house. He followed her with his eyes, and they, too, were dark with genuine feeling. If love ever could reach that heart, it burned there, at least, for the moment.

"If she had money—if she only had," he muttered, as the last flutter of her garments left his sight, "what a glorious creature I could make of her. The widow; that sparkling Zua are tame in contrast with her. I know the girl never loved any one before—never dreamed what love was. She worries me out of myself, by Jove!"

As these thoughts flashed through the young man's brain, he saw Amanda come up to the kitchen-window and look out. Twice he turned his head, after his quick passage to the locust-grove, and saw her watching him with fond, eager interest.

"By Jove, this is love!" he exclaimed, wiping the moisture from his forehead, as he stood within the shadow of the woods. "It makes a boy of me, anyhow. If I had but kept all that the old governor left, by Jove! I'd marry her to-morrow, and let her ride over them all."

Meantime, Mrs. Clark was busy with her pies, and became impatient of Amanda's inactivity.

"What on arth are you looking at? One would think you had never seen a clover-patch before," she said, sharply.

Amanda left the window, and let the light in upon her mother, who was folding a sheet of crust on the table, and cutting a fern-leaf pattern in the center with an artistic sweep of her knife. When this was accomplished, she spread the crust daintily over the fruited-platter, and

began to pinch an elaborate border around it with her two thumbs.

"Now, do look on, 'Mandy, and see how it's done," she said, balancing the platter on her left hand, when she began to cut away the drapery of crust, which fell in a ring adown her naked arm, "for you must learn how to work in earnest now, or you won't be worth your salt. Don't stand there, like a stone-statue, but go and see about the oven. Shouldn't wonder if it was cold."

Amanda took the huge fire-shovel and went to the oven with misgiving at her heart. She remembered now that her mother had called after her, as she came into the house, to put some wood in, but, bewildered by excitement, she had forgotten it. She set down the shovel in dismay, after one look into the oven. A few dying embers and some dull white ashes were all that remained of the hot fire that blazed in it when her mother came out to the apple-tree.

"What's the matter? Why don't you rake out the coals?" cried the old woman, setting down the last pie, and facing round upon the girl.

"They are burnt out; nothing but ashes," faltered Amanda.

"Goodness me! no more there ain't!" exclaimed the woman, stooping down to look into the black mouth of the oven; "cold as a stone, too, and all my fault. I ought to have told you to put in more wood."

"You did, mother, but I forgot," said Amanda, penitently.

"No such thing! I didn't! Don't tell me; and all the oven-wood is gone—not a splinter."

"I can pick some up in the woods, mother."

"Well, then, be at it quick as a wink. Streak it now."

Glad to escape from the rebuke she had fully expected, Amanda ran across the clover-patch, half hoping to overtake her lover in the woods. But no, she only found his footsteps, here and there in the moss, as she bent down for the sticks and dry branches of which she was in search. Even these set her young heart into a fresh tumult; and when she found one whole footprint pressed into a cushion of moss, wet and green as emerald, she fell upon her knees and kissed the dewy velvet of the moss, as if it had been a living thing, and could feel the grieving fever that made her lips so red.

Young Gray was still lingering in the outskirts of the wood, smoking a segar in the shade, before venturing out into the dust of the highway. He caught a glimpse of Amanda's pink dress, and thinking that she had come out

in search of him, stole softly behind a tree to feed his vanity by her disappointment.

"By Jove! if she doesn't worship the very ground I tread on!" he exclaimed. "Catch Ruby Gray doing that! I'll just steal over and surprise her, the darling!"

So he crept softly through the shade, and coming upon Amanda just as she had gathered an armful of sticks, threw his arm around her. Down went the sticks, with a rush, to the ground; but the cry that sprang to her lips was smothered in a kiss, so warm and sudden, that it frightened her.

"Don't be angry—don't be frightened! But I love you, Amanda Clark! I love you dearly! It's of no use trying not to tell you, as an honorable fellow should, for it's a truth that will have its own way. One kiss, my girl. Don't tremble like that. Thank you, darling. I don't ask, because, Amanda, I know that you love me, and I'm sorry for it—upon my soul I am."

"Sorry—sorry?" questioned Amanda, drawing back, like a princess, while a storm of rose-leaves seemed fluttering over her face.

"Yes, my girl! Sorry, and yet glad; proud, but humbled; happy, and miserable. Oh! Amanda Clark! if there was no one in the world but you and I, what a good man you could make of me."

"'Mandy! 'Mandy Clark!'"

"It is mother! She is getting cross. Oh, dear! What if she comes out after me?" cried Amanda, gathering up her oven-wood in affright. "Do go, Mr. Gray."

"But, I shall see you to-night?"

"Yes—yes!"

Gray made a straight line for the fence, and leaped into the highway, while Amanda came out into the clover-field, with the bundle of sticks in her arms, walking swiftly, as if she trod on air. She entered the kitchen, threw the wood on the hearth, and, falling into a seat, began to cry, though a strange glory came and went through her tears, such as a rainbow flings into the mist of a summer shower.

"What on earth has come over you, 'Mandy Clark?" cried the mother, pausing before the oven with a crooked stick in her hand, "are you crazy, or what is it?"

"I am tired. I—I— Oh, mother! let me go up stairs? Please, let me?"

"Well, get along. That's about all work ever comes to with you. Baking or washing, it makes no difference. Do get out of the way; I want to pitch this wood in."

Amanda obeyed and went up stairs, thankful

to be alone. Yet, when she was gone, the old woman dropped the wood back upon the hearth, and sat down, resting both elbows on her knees, and pondering some heavy thought in her mind.

"Always so—always so," she muttered, gloomily. "It's human nature, and my poor girl is only human. I cannot help it. Didn't I go through it all—and who could stop me? Not father nor mother. No, not if they had shut me up. I had my way, and so did he. But there is a grave without a headstone for him, and plenty of clothes for me to wash. I ought to have made her work—ought to, and didn't. It seemed hard to make a drudge of his child. Now, what will become of her? She never will take to this life again."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MINIATURE.

BY HARRIET E. BENEDICT.

Bring forth the old casket and open the case;
Look forth from thy prison, Oh! beautiful face!
Again let the long-banished sun-light illumine
The eyes' sparkling azure, the cheeks' rosy bloom.

How fair it appears!

Untouched by the years—

Unshaded by sorrow, unfurrowed by tears!

All the beautiful things which have vanished away—
The breath of the Spring-time, the blossoms of May;
The sunshine of Summer, the roses of June,
The fall of the twilight, the light of the moon.

My spirit they fill

With a rapturous thrill,

Evoked by the charm which doth hang round it still.

All the beautiful dreams, whose brief glory is o'er;
The fond words of love I shall never speak more;
The low, earnest murmers that answered my own,
The faith and the trust that forever are flown;

From the graves where they've lain,
They have risen again—
Pale phantoms, sweet memories, bliss mingled with pain.

Oh! exquisite vision of loveliness rare!
Had the soul been as true as the sweet face is fair,
A story of sorrow had never been told,
And my heart were not lonely, and weary, and old.

The dreams that have fled,

The hopes that are dead,

Had brightened and bloomed as the glad years had sped.

In the gloom of the casket the treasure replace;
Go back to thy prison, Oh! beautiful face;
Too fresh is the memory of passion and pain—
Of faith that was broken, of vows that were vain.

And naught can restore

The years that are o'er—

The youth and the love that will never come more.

THE SHADOWS.

BY N. M. JOHNSON.

The twilight's purple veil
Is gathering thickly o'er the mountain's brow;
The moonlight, cold and pale,
O'er the silver wave is gleaming now.

And while the gems of night
Look, in their pride, upon the earth below;
In the dim, misty light,
The evening shadows swiftly come and go.

Here let us rest the while,
In sweet communing with the golden past;
While the soft moon-beams smile,
And the tall trees their waving shadows cast.

In such a calm, still hour,
We think of those, once of our love-linked band,
Who, freed from sorrow's dower,
Have gone before us to the shadow-land.

They are not lost for aye—
Those jeweled links, dropped from affection's chain,
Though they have passed away,
Time will unite us with them soon again.

And when the purple haze
Of twilight-shadows gathers o'er the strand;
How sweet to sit and gaze—
Dreaming strange visions of that Mystic Land!

THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY H. J. VERNON.

To fear no ill, to do no wrong,
To all men to be true;

This is the golden rule of life—
Let it be so for you.

GEORGIE'S MISTAKE.

BY LAURA GREGORY.

It was with exceeding satisfaction that Miss Georgie Lawrence surveyed the charming room, furnished in blue, which was destined to become hers for the space of three months—that being the time which she designed spending in Boston with her married sister, Mrs. Fielding. It had been quite a trial for her to leave gay New York, where all her admirers were pining, just in the height of the season, too; but then, you know, Allie was such a dear, good sister, and Fred, her brother-in-law, would do all he could to make it pleasant; besides, there might be some beaux in Boston, though none so splendid as Low Bayne, or Charlie Evans. Whereupon, Miss Georgie went back, in imagination, to that last waltz at Mrs. Williams', where the said Charlie had persisted in capturing her bouquet; whispering, all the while, such sweet things, that she half fancied herself in love with him, as the carriage, containing herself and brother, rolled up the avenue to Thirty-second street; though truth compels me to state that she was either meditating very closely, or dozing, when Harry handed her out. However, that was neither here nor there—so we return to our heroine. Georgie's eyes, which had been long threatening slumber, closed entirely in the middle of her meditations; and she was as soundly asleep as any young lady can expect to be who has traveled all day by rail.

And now, while she lies there so quietly, shall I attempt to describe her; and, if I fail in the description, I pray my fair readers to pardon me.

Every one allowed that Georgie Lawrence was a pretty girl; it was only when excitement, or pleasure, added an extra tinge to her cheek, and a new light to her eye, that she was perfectly lovely. Such a sweet mouth and chin; such pretty brown hair and eyes; and, above all, such a sunny smile and merry laugh. Was it strange, then, that the young men were so devoted? That she had three bouquets where Carrie Livingston, her intimate friend, had but one? Gentlemen were not only attentive to her, but evinced an almost filial affection and reverence for Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, who, however, understood it all, and said nothing when Georgie praised the polite conduct of Mr. Wood, at the last Philharmonic, "getting them such a good box, and sitting with them all the

evening, though brother Harry was there, too; and then what pains he took to find their carriage?" It was certainly very disinterested, as she said, and proved that he was very well bred, and a perfect gentleman.

With a succession of yawns, Georgie awoke the next morning to find the weather decidedly disagreeable and uncompromising. She sighed, half with pleasure, half with disappointment; as she commenced to unpack all the pretty things which were designed to deal such destruction among the Bostonians, amusing her sister the while with vivid descriptions of school-girl frolics, and delighting her maternal heart with praises of Nellie and the baby. Still, quietly pleasant as the day had been, she was rather glad than otherwise, when cards for Mrs. Bigelow's reception were handed in, including one for Miss Lawrence. Many and varied were the consultations held with her sister upon the important subject of her dress; but at last all was settled. The expected night arrived, and Georgie found herself in Mrs. Bigelow's elegant rooms, with not a cloud to dim the brightness of her anticipations. Her dress of blue-crape fitted to a nicety and, strange to say, had arrived at just the right moment, contrary to expectation, and to the habits of fashionable *modiste*.

With a very graceful bow and smile, she acknowledged the presence of Mr. Pierrepont, an old friend of her brother-in-law, as he informed her, during the evening—and very pleasant, indeed, the gentleman made himself; so that it was with a real feeling of regret that she remembered her engagement for the German to that elegant dancer, Mr. Raymond, who, in the first part of the evening, she had mentally pronounced the most delightful person in the room. But fickle little Georgie now wished that stupid German would fall through, as Mr. Pierrepont did not dance the round dances; and she found herself between the figures, wondering whether he disapproved of them, or merely disliked the exercise. Not even when in the carriage, after saying her adieu in the most charming manner possible to the hostess, could she forget him. Indeed, for several days he held a high place in her esteem, till, informed by her sister that Mr. Pierrepont was a widower with two children,

had lost his wife some five years before, and was thirty-five years old.

Now, to Georgie's mind, every one of these circumstances was a great disadvantage. She hated widowers, especially with children. They had always been her aversion; and then, besides, to her youthful eyes, thirty-five seemed so aged. In fact, she was so provoked with herself for having been pleased with a widower, that she refused point-blank to go down when he called, a few evenings after the party. But perseverance, at length, had its reward; for on his third appearance, she decided that it would be rather more agreeable to enjoy the pleasant society in the parlor, than to sit solitary and moping in the nursery; so with a light step she descended, prepared to make herself as entertaining as possible. But Mr. Pierrepont seemed to have forgotten her, and actually had to be introduced over again; and even then, while exercising all her fascinations, Georgie felt that somehow there was a change in his manner; it was not rudeness, for his very politeness seemed to annoy her; and she wondered if he could really be the delightful person she had met at Mrs. Bigelow's; not that she really believed that he had forgotten her! "No, indeed! The cross, old, handsome, elegant fellow! she knew well enough he had only said so to mortify her;" and as she went to her room she resolved to punish him for his forgetfulness by being equally as cold and distant as his lordship, but above all to avoid him as much as possible.

As time passed on, this seemed an impossibility, for, moving in the same circles as her sister, she was sure to meet him at least twice a week. At such times he was always the same self-possessed, courteous gentleman, while Georgie tried hard to carry out her role of stately and dignified coldness. She maintained a perfect indifference, mingled with hauteur toward him, and found a welcome auxiliary in Mr. Raymond, with whom she flirted occasionally, just, as she said, to keep herself in practice, though really and truly to pique Mr. Pierrepont, and prove to him that she cared little for his want of attention.

But the flirtation, began so innocently by her, seemed to have progressed wonderfully on the gentleman's side. The pursuit with him was becoming serious, and even to outsiders it was apparent that he seriously admired the lively girl, who, much to her surprise, was congratulated on her conquest of the wealthy Mr. Raymond. More than one inquired when the happy event would come off; and Georgie began

to fear that she had produced harm where she only intended amusement.

Sad enough was she to be forced to give a decided but gentle negative to the question, which she now felt must have inevitably come, sooner or later.

It was not strange that every one who had seen Mr. Raymoud's devotion, should have surmised correctly that he had been unsuccessful in his wooing, when he left the next week quite suddenly for Europe. Nor was it less strange that Georgie's conduct should be criticised as heartless by some severe matrons, whereas it was looked upon by others as nothing out of the way.

To confess the truth, she felt in the inmost corners of her heart that she had given a little too much encouragement, though not enough, she thought, to warrant a declaration; and when she remembered Mr. Raymond's sad look at parting, she could not help feeling a pang of remorse at her thoughtlessness. However, it was a lesson for her by which she profited, though she was apparently just the same merry, mirth-loving girl as before.

As time progressed, Mr. Pierrepont became more affable—was less formal, but evidently took an interest in her as a pleasant acquaintance, and Robert's friend—nothing more. He had, in a general conversation, touched upon flirting, saying that there was no character for which he felt such utter contempt as that of a coquette, and none which he wished more to avoid. Poor Georgie felt that his censure was very severe, and in her penitence took all his remarks to herself, mentally wishing that she had never seen Mr. Raymond.

She awoke from her brown study pleased and surprised to hear Mr. Pierrepont remarking, that "Many ladies suffered from the imputation of being called coquettes, when their sole fault consisted in their being pleasant, lively, natural and self-possessed with the opposite sex. To these he did not refer; it was to that class which made admiration its sole aim; which looked upon a loving heart as its legitimate prey, to be won and cast aside without a thought." Georgie was provoked at herself to find that his praise or blame could be of such importance to her.

Imagine her astonishment, my readers, therefore, when he walked up to her and politely requested the pleasure of escorting her home. Her first impulse was to decline the offer, but reflecting that he would, perhaps, think her childish and silly, she accepted. With a strange mingling of pleasure and trepidation she took

his arm, but before they had walked two squares, she was chatting as merrily and frankly as if they had been old friends. When they parted at the door, she had actually forgotten her old feeling of enmity, and wondered that she ever thought him reserved or distant.

As days passed, Georgie perceived that his visits became more frequent, his demeanor more and more social and friendly. He grew communicative, spoke of himself, and his tastes, many of which she found were in unison with her own; but never did he make the slightest allusion to his first wife or his children. She would try cunningly to lead the conversation to subjects which might bring forward some chance allusion to them; but it was of no use, his lips seemed to be sealed on that one point. She even went so far as to say that widowers were her aversion, and that she would rather live and die an old maid, poor and unnoticed, than marry one of them. At which rather rash assertion he only smiled, and predicted that she would meet her fate, sooner or later, in some widower. What impulse prompted her to say lightly, "Ah! Mr. Pierrepont, perhaps I have met my fate already. I may be engaged, you know, in which case your prophecy goes for nothing." His answer came in quite a different tone, contrasting with her levity, as he said, seriously, "Miss Lawrence, whatever may be your future, I hope it will not be less happy than now." His words seemed to send a chill through her—they were so solemn, so remote from anything like jealousy, and, above all, so different from the playful badinage which she had expected to hear, that she could hardly murmur in subdued tones her thanks.

After his departure, her thoughts recurred at intervals, throughout the whole evening, to those few words; and she wondered if he really believed she was in earnest when she spoke about "her fate." She withdrew to her own room as soon as possible, that she might be alone to think over his strange manner, and to ask herself what was this strange, new feeling which was thrilling her heart with excitement. Could it be that she was in love, and with a person, too, who evidently cared but little for her? She respected him too thoroughly, to suspect him of trifling with her; but why had she allowed herself to become so fascinated with him? She recalled numerous conversations in which he had, as it were; drawn out her very thoughts; and she blushed to think how many of those thoughts centered on him. Before she slept, she had decided that to leave Boston was her best plan, and to try and find

in home and home-pleasures, forgetfulness of her trouble.

Georgie awoke next morning with a vague feeling of sadness. Any trial was new to her, and, poor child! she had not the patience of experience to enable her to bear it. She was pettish, almost cross, when her sister remonstrated with her on her sudden wish to leave them, and could hardly restrain her impatience to start the next night. But Robert would not hear of her leaving Boston alone, and he procured her an escort in the person of an elderly uncle, who would take all possible care of her, and see her safe home.

Once in the cars, Georgie was rejoiced to find that Mr. Fielding became engrossed by his book and newspaper, only interrupting her sad thoughts to ask, occasionally, if she was comfortable, and could he do any thing for her?

A fatiguing day in the cars is not likely to enliven the spirits, and as twilight deepened into darkness, she was right glad to find that her tedious journey was at an end. Within fifteen minutes after arriving at the station she was at home, undergoing all sorts of affectionate demonstrations from every member of the family, including even the old black cook, who was "mighty glad dat Miss Georgie done come home; 'pears like she's bin gone a year."

Old Hetty's words were but the echo of Mrs. Lawrence's thoughts, for Georgie's absence had left a blank in the household which her presence alone could fill; and inwardly did the fond mother rejoice that she had her darling daughter home safe and well.

Georgie had too much pride in her nature to let any one perceive her unhappiness, and she entered into all her old pleasures with such a slight diminution of her former gayety, that no one noticed any change.

Charlie Evans was as devoted as ever: and as the season advanced, she was drawn into his sister's plans, for part of the summer, at least, before she knew it: which plan included a trip to the White Mountains, and a two-weeks' sojourn at Saratoga.

"A letter for Miss Georgie;" and while our heroine prepares to enjoy its perusal, let us peep over her shoulder and read:

"DEAR GEORGIE—I would have written long before in answer to your letter, but pressing duties at home, for the last three weeks, have seemed to prevent my ever touching pen and paper. Robert has been giving a succession of formal dinner-parties to business friends, at which I preside; so you see, that being partly engrossed by them and by the children, I have

not found an opportunity until now of sitting down seriously and asking you a few questions. Now, my dear sister, what made you tell Mr. Pierrepont that you were engaged? Surely, it can't be true, else you would have confided such an important secret to your sister, not to a mere acquaintance. What could have induced you to say such a thing? Mamma has never spoken of it, and I am completely at a loss to understand the matter. Don't imagine that Mr. Pierrepont said out, point-blank, what I have told you; but we were speaking of you, and it came out, somehow, in the conversation. I contradicted it at once, decidedly, as I thought it right; and now anxiously await your answer to make all clear. Robert sends much love, and wants to know if Mr. Raymond is the happy man. You may expect him to tease you unmercifully; so lay in an extra amount of patience.

Yours, lovingly, ALICE.

"P. S.—I believe that Mr. Pierrepont intends visiting New York soon, and I have invited him to call on you; so please be as pleasant as possible, and, for my sake, undeceive him as to your engagement, for such reports about a young lady, if untrue, are very detrimental."

Georgie's first feeling, on reading this letter, was that of extreme astonishment that Mr. Pierrepont had misunderstood her. He had always shown sufficient penetration before, and must have done so willfully. But he would soon be here—how soon she did not know; and for the next few days every ring at the bell put her in a perfect fever of expectation. She tried to subdue the feeling of joy which came over her at the thought of once more seeing him, at the same moment bitterly regretting that she had ever met him. As days rolled on, and he came not, she began to realize the truth of those words, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and heavy was her heart as she thought of the dreary life which seemed to open before her.

Many a time had she conjured up visions of that future which he had hoped might be so bright; now it was a gloomy blank, with no bright fancies to enliven it.

She felt that she loved with all the enthusiasm and fervor of her soul. How could she help it, when he, so clever, so fascinating, so admired, had condescended to amuse her a little more than a careless school-girl. The unwelcome thought, banish it as she might, would come, that he had only been trying his powers over her young, foolish heart, while his own remained untouched. She tried not to wrong him by the unworthy suspicion; but somehow she was growing more bitter every day against him.

She stood in the recess of the window, listlessly watching the clouds, and wishing that the drizzling rain would cease, when she recognized a form approaching which made all the blood leap into her face, and then ebb away, leaving it almost colorless. As she heard his voice inquiring for her, her heart beat thick and fast; still she mastered her feelings and was ready, when the servant handed his card, to say quietly that she would be down immediately.

She knew not how she ever entered the room, and commenced speaking. She only knew that he was near her—the old, familiar tones ringing in her ear. Now that he was beside her, all seemed bright; she reveled in the happy present, and forgot her sadness in listening to him. He spoke of her sister, of her friends in Boston, of his surprise at her unexpected departure, and disappointment at finding her actually gone, without a word of farewell. Reply she could not, and Mr. Pierrepont went on. "Miss Lawrence, you will forgive my presumption in asking you a question, when I tell you that in it is involved so much of my happiness. Were you in earnest when you spoke of having met your fate? Can you have any word of love for me, after all this dreary time of silence?"

The overflowing eyes were raised to meet his glowing face, lit with a smile of hope and joy, but she could not speak.

"I have loved you ever since the first night we met; your subsequent conduct led me to infer that you had taken a strong dislike to me. I did trust, at one time, to overcome that dislike, but your playful manner of asserting your engagement was to me a gentle way of repelling my attentions. Even now, I fear that I am misled by a vain hope, and that your old dislike still remains."

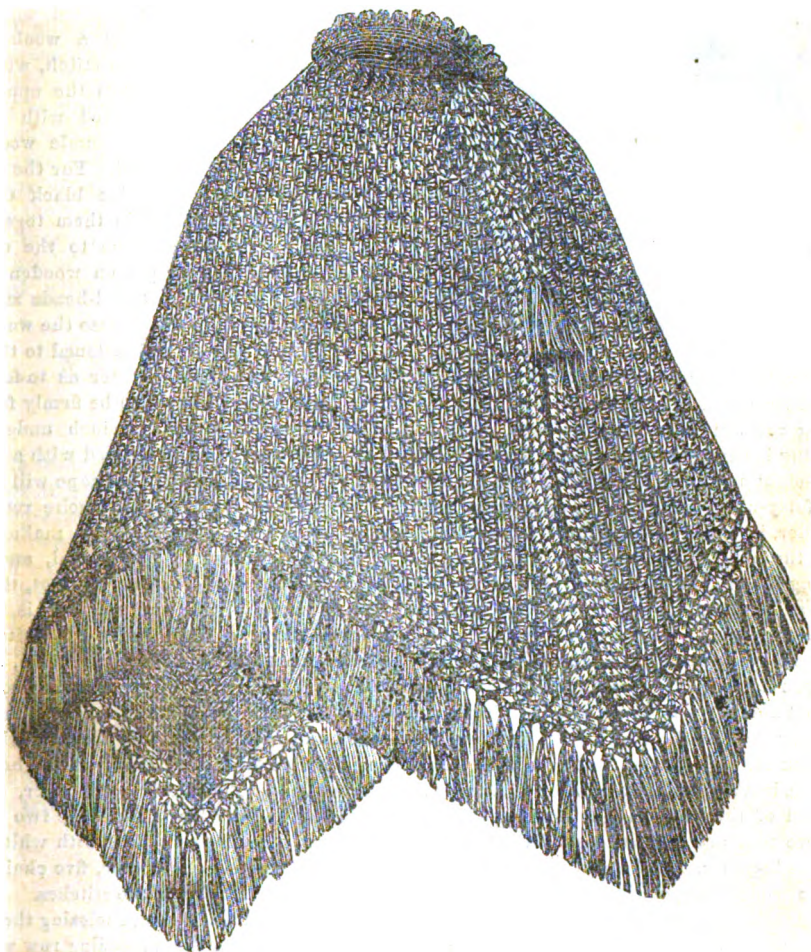
He took her hand, but she drew back, and said, in a pleading tone, the quick blood mounting to her face, "You know—you understand, that it was all nonsense between Mr. Raymond and me. I never loved him—you will not think so; it was only you I cared for all the time."

He stood a moment looking down into the sweet, upturned face, all glowing and wet with tears. "I am as much to blame as yourself," he said; at last, "I see it all now. We will never speak of it again, for we trust each other fully now, my darling."

There was no need of words; he drew her to him, and clasping her in his arms, bent his lips to hers, and in that first kiss of love, Georgie knew that her sufferings were at an end, and that she had at last met her fate.

CAPE FOR ELDERLY LADIES—TRICOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

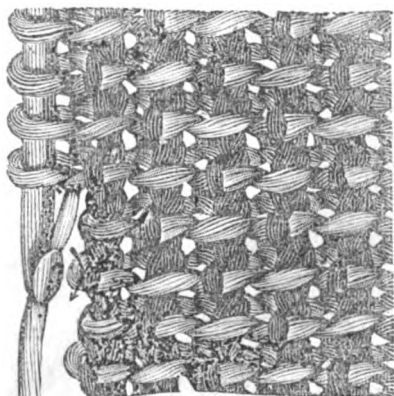


MATERIALS.—Seven ounces of black, seven ounces of white, double Berlin wool; one-eighth of an ounce of black mixed wool; a thick wooden crochet-hook.

Work a loose chain of three hundred and sixty-one stitches; work back one stitch in each stitch with the white wool; then tie on the black wool, and work off with it returning, the two first and two last, as well as the two on each side of the middle stitch together, all the rest separately. By this means two stitches will have been decreased in the middle, and one at the beginning and end, and this decreasing

must be repeated with every line of black wool. These two lines form one row, and previously to drawing through the last time the white wool must be tied on again, so that the last wool drawn through will be white. In the first line of the following row take up always with the white wool one stitch in the white stitches of the preceding row, working alternately once from the back in the hinder thread of a stitch, and once from the front, placing the needle in the front thread. See No. 2.) At the decreasing place work off two stitches together, taking up only one stitch. Work off as before with black

wool, and work all the following rows the same, always reversing the pattern, in which, in the stitches taken up from the back of the preced-



ing row, the needle must be placed in the front, and those taken up from the front in the preceding row are taken from the back. The decreasing is carried on as in the first row. Work forty-eight rows in this manner, and begin in the forty-ninth row to decrease upon each shoulder, in which reckon off forty-five stitches from the middle stitch toward both sides, including the middle stitch, and work off the two stitches lying on each side of these forty-five stitches together. Repeat this, decreasing four times in every second row during eight rows, always retaining the same stitch for the middle. Crochet another whole row, and then begin the slope for the throat. For this crochet over the first ten stitches in the next row with single stitches, leaving the same number of stitches at the end of the line. At the working off, take the two first and the two last of the taken-up stitches together. In the next row crochet over in the same manner six stitches with single stitches, then in the following four, and decrease again as at the beginning at the first and last stitch. Continue this until there are only three stitches, which finishes the foundation of the cape. Then work one row of double stitches round the whole foundation, working

always along the under edge, over the first chain in the white stitches of the first tricot row. Then crochet along both the front sides of the cape four lines of double stitches, working through the whole stitch, the first line (round the slope for the neck) in white wool, the second with black, the third white, the fourth with black. Crochet a woolen cord round the neck in close chain-stitch, with ends of equal length hanging from the upper corners of the cape, ornamented with tassels. The cord is worked with double wool—one white and one black thread. For the tassels, cut twelve white and twelve black threads, eight inches in length; join them together in the middle, and fasten them to the ends of the cord, after having put on wooden heads, covered with silk. The tassel-heads may also be made of wool, in which case the wool must be cut an inch longer, and fastened to the ends of the cord in such a manner as to fall back over them. They must then be firmly fastened about three-quarters of an inch underneath. The head must then be covered with a kind of net-work of sewing silk. The cape will require a trimming of fringe, and a ruche round the slope of the neck. For the latter, make a chain of seventy stitches in white wool, and work upon that one row of common tricot, then one row of single stitch, and round this narrow crochet stripe a little ruche of white wool, taking one stitch in each stitch; then, returning, work off, with black mixed wool, four chain between each stitch. Sew the ruche round the neck so that the upper ruche may be in a line, and close evenly with the upper crochet row. For the fringe border, crochet on to the under edge of the cape two rows of chain-stitch scallops, the first with white wool, always alternately one double, five chain, with the latter passing over three stitches.

2nd row with black wool, enclosing the chain-stitch in scallops of the preceding row with the double stitches. On each scallop of the last row loop two threads, one white and one black, twelve or fourteen inches in length, so as to form tufts four threads thick.

EDGING.



COLORED PATTERN FOR GREEN PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Emerald green velvet; black sarsnet; gold, pearl, and crystal beads.

Our colored pattern for this number is a green Pin-Cushion. To make this pin-cushion, cut a round in green velvet nine inches in diameter. The simple pattern may be easily traced, according to the design. The inner, empty space measures three inches and a half. The Greek pattern contains nine scallops, the rounding of which naturally increases in size toward the outside. The pattern clearly shows the arrangement of the large and small beads; the pearl beads must be strung together and fastened with small cross-stitches; the gold beads are arranged like flat-stitch, two and two together. The cushion itself consists of two rounds of strong linen, nine inches in diameter, which is back-stitched together all round, leaving only a small opening, and filled with sand, bran, and emery, making a fine cushion three inches and a half thick. The upper part is covered with velvet, and the under with the sarsnet. Each of the twisted loops in the fringe contains sixty-five crystal beads. The heading contains two lines of beads twisted together, and fastened with a stitch here and there. The upper middle is ornamented with a bow of ribbon or cord.

NEEDLE-CASE: SILK MOSAIC-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give three engravings of a Needle-Case in silk mosaic-work. One represents the Needle-Case closed, and another two circles of the Needle-Case, both of the full size; while the third represents a part of the Needle-Case on a smaller scale. With the aid of these engravings it is easy to make the Needle-Case.

The materials are black sarsnet or moire; little pieces of colored silk; fine white flannel; red sewing-silk; fine black silk cord.

This mosaic-work consists of six rounds of little white and black squares, separated by orange triangles, and violet squares, separated

by green triangles; the middle sexagon is of black moire; pieces of cardboard must be carefully cut out and covered with silk. The six rounds must be lined with black silk, and ornamented all round with silk cord; then, for the inner part, (see engraving,) cut six round flannel leaves, an inch and three-quarters in diameter. Work button-hole stitches all round, and fasten them down by two rows of chain-stitch to the lining of the mosaic rounds. Place a loop and button outside to fasten the case. The former must be long enough to go all round, as represented in the design.

NAME FOR MARKING.



NECKLET, WITH CROSS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give an en- upon the velvet; both ornamented, as seen in
graving of a Neck-Tye, with a cross, to be done the pattern, with beads and floss silk. The
in card and beads. In this design, the Cress is Necklet is tied at the back, of course, and the
cut out in perforated cardboard, also the slide ends ornamented in the same manner.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

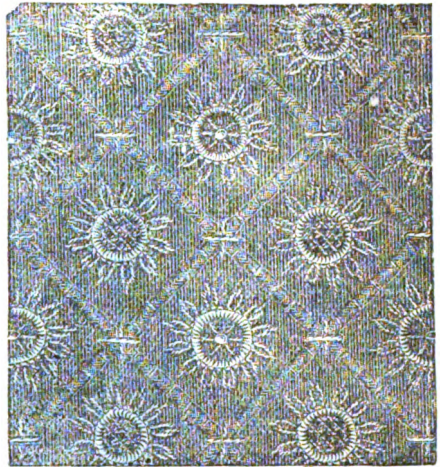


PATTERNS FOR SHOES, POCKETS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

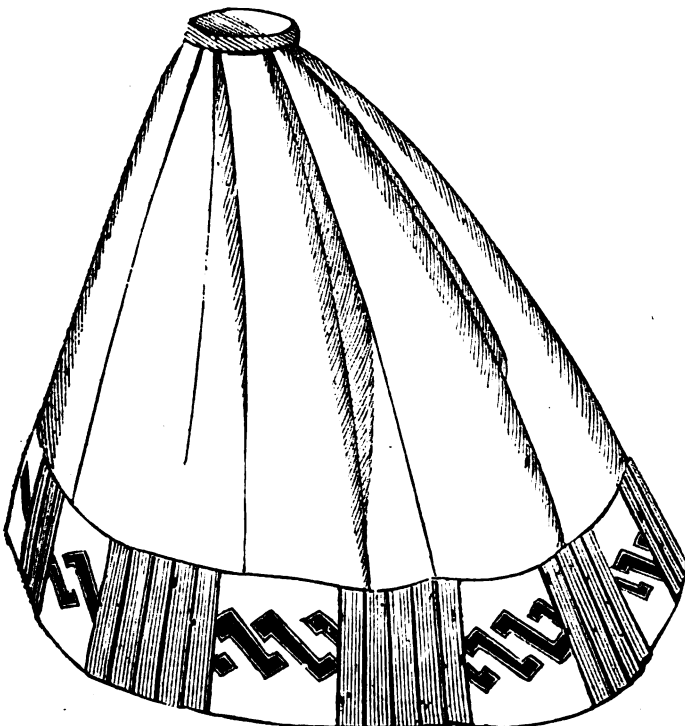
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Cloth or velvet, silk braid, and silk cordon in several colors.

Work in two shades of a bright color upon a black, gray, or brown foundation. The braid for the squares is worked with the darkest shade, with which the silk for the inner ornament, as well as the outer fastening of the little tatted rings ornamented with picots, harmonizes. The tatting is in the lightest shade, and the braid is stitched over, according to the design, and according to the remaining colors, with gold thread, with white, or maize yellow silk. Each tatted ring consists of twelve picots, separated by two double knots, and has in the middle either a little net pattern in button-hole stitch, in dark silk—which is worked before the fastening of the ring in separate stitches, in each picot—or a little star of loose stitches, worked upon the foundation with a metal or black bead in the middle.



PETTICOAT, WITH PATTERN FOR TRIMMING.



TOBACCO-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

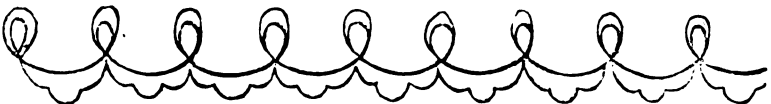


MATERIALS.—Pieces of velvet, cloth, silk, and ribbon; some bright-colored embroidery and sewing silk; cardboard.

Small scraps of any bright-colored ends of silk, velvet, etc., will serve. The bottom should be worked and embroidered to No. 2, which should be put on to a piece of cardboard, covered on the other side, and sewn round like a pin-cushion; then attach to it the little bag; afterward button-hole at the edges a piece of ribbon about the width shown in the design. Gather it twice, and put a piece of thin card between it and the bag to make it set round. Make some tassels of purse or sewing-silk, which should be fastened to the ribbon-slides, and which finishes the bag.



BUTTON-HOLE EDGE.



DESIGNS FOR NECK VELVETS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Narrow black or colored velvet; some cardboard and beads.

Cut the star or cross out of cardboard; cover with velvet the same color as the neck-piece;

then ornament with jet, pearl, steel, or gold beads; or a combination of two, following the designs given.

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

FEATHER-WORK.—The fashion of feather-trimming, which lately came into use, has come to be very popular. This kind of trimming is quite easy to make, and a few hints about it may not be unwelcome. In the country, any amount of feather-pickings may be had from the farm-yards; but even in the city, plenty of feathers may be obtained with the aid of the cook.

It is best, if you can, to work in a room without a carpet, as it is difficult to prevent the feathers and down from flying about. Always keep your feathers in a large, flat box, so that you can see and sort them without taking more out than you require at the moment. The way to fix them is to tack them on to a piece of ribbon or braid: the former is the stronger. The feathers should be arranged so that the tips cross each other, and the stitches run through the center so as to cross the crossed tips; and these should be hidden by the plumage of each succeeding feather. The feathers should be wider than the ribbon, which is only intended for the foundation. White feathers mixed with partridge's look very well together; the one gives a lightness, and the other a richness, to the appearance, which is very effective. For day-wear we would suggest black ribbon being used, and for white feather-trimming, white ribbon. The width of the ribbon would, of course, be in accordance with the width of the trimming. Every feather should have a separate stitch, to keep it firm and in its place; and then the two crossed feathers should have another stitch, as a sort of finishing security. Yards of trimming may be made in this way, and it is such easy and agreeable work. We have seen very pretty white evening-dresses trimmed with white feathers in this way, manufactured by the wearers. Round the top of a dress and a *peplum*, or tunic, the effect is singularly light and elegant. A black velvet hat, trimmed with either white or variegated feathers, is very pretty and becoming. We have also seen black velvet and plush muffs ornamented in a similar manner, children's little jackets and pelisses, as well as parasols of every hue and description, tops of gloves and gauntlets, etc. Novelties in dress are very charming, and sometimes rare to obtain, particularly in the country, far away from town; but by this work a great many novelties and pretty additions to a lady's toilet may be obtained, and by means of personal taste and very little trouble.

We will now speak of another way of working with feathers—namely, with gum. The most beautiful screens may be made in this way, especially small hand-screens for the mantle-piece. First get a foundation of the shape required, and cover the back with colored silk; then, when you have sorted and chosen your feathers, (and we should advise white ones for this kind of work,) dip the tip of every one in very strong liquid gum, and fix it to the frame. Arrange the feathers in a circle, commencing from the edge, and so filling up toward the center. This, when finished, has a lovely effect, and looks like a mass of white down. A bird, fastened in the center of the screen by a stitch or several stout pins, is a great improvement, and by using dye any common bird may be made to look like a rare foreign one. The dye may be bought at any drug-store. A handsome butterfly, nestling in the mass of feathers, looks light and pretty. Sometimes the lining, at the back of the screen, is sewn on after the feathers are dry and fixed, in case of the liquid gum penetrating, and so softening the silk; but this is rather tiresome work, and

requires very cool, delicate fingering, for fear of ruffling the feathers. We have seen pen-wipers arranged in the same way with equal success. For fancy bazaars these things sell wonderfully well, and are a very great ornament to a stall, as well as to a room. Mats for the table may be covered in the same way, with a round, bare space left in the center for an ornament to stand on: and many other things which the taste and imagination of the worker may suggest. Though this work is essentially for ladies' fingers, we have found it very popular with boys, who naturally take an interest in birds, and anything connected with them; and several beautiful articles, which sold for very high prices at a recent fancy fair, were manufactured by boys during their holidays.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR WATCH.—Wind your watch as nearly as possible at the same hour every day. Be careful that your key is in good condition, as there is much danger of injuring the machine when the key is worn or cracked; there are more mainsprings and chains broken through a jerk in winding, than from any other cause. As all metals contract by cold, and expand by heat, it must be manifest that to keep the watch as nearly as possible at one temperature, is a necessary piece of attention. Keep the watch as constantly as possible in one position: that is, if it hangs by day, let it hang by night against something soft. The hands of a chronometer or duplex watch should never be set backward: in other watches this is of no consequence. The glass should never be opened in watches that set and regulate at the back. On regulating a watch, should it be fast, move the regulator a trifle toward the slow, and if going slow, do the reverse. You cannot move the regulator too slightly or too gently at a time; and the only inconvenience that can arise is, that you may have to perform the duty more than once.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.—It is a remarkable fact, that persons losing themselves in a forest or a snow-storm, manifest invariably a tendency to turn round gradually to the left, to the extent of eventually moving in a circle. The explanation of this is found, probably, in the fact, that the limbs and muscles of the right side are generally better developed than those of the left side. Under the excitement felt when one is lost, and in the absence of any guiding line, the superior energy of the right limbs throws the pedestrian insensibly round to the left.

BONNETS should be not only beautiful, but becoming. Many a woman buys a bonnet that she thinks pretty, and then, when she comes to wear it, wonders she does not look well in it.

"MORE OF PETERSON'S MAGAZINES are taken and read in this community," says the Caldwell (Ohio) Republican. "than of all the other ladies' magazines combined."

COSMETICS are hardly ever to be trusted. The best cosmetics are pure water, fresh air, plenty of exercise, and a cheerful disposition.

"THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT of Peterson's Magazine," says the Valparaiso (Ind.) Republican, "as usual, is the best to be found in any of the fashion magazines."

NEAT GLOVES AND SHOES are infallible signs of a lady. Slovenly ones, or ill-fitting ones, are the reverse.

THE EXAGGERATED STRAIN in which some publishers advertise new books is greatly to be reprehended. We frequently read advertisements to the effect that twenty thousand, or even fifty thousand copies of a new novel have been sold; that the orders are so numerous that presses cannot print the book fast enough, etc., etc. Occasionally, obliging editors are coaxed to put in a paragraph, stating that this or that author made ten or twenty thousand dollars by his or her last novel. These statements are made in the belief that they will help the sale of the book. But they really do very little in this direction, while they create false notions of the popularity of certain works. Very few duodecimo novels reach an edition of more than three or four thousand at best. Such advertisements do serious harm by misleading young authors. We frequently receive letters from comparatively unknown writers, who, deceived by these advertisements and notices, expect to make a fortune at once. To all such we would say, that success in literature is always doubtful, and only to be achieved after hard study, and by superior writers. If a book is trashy, rely on it, it does not sell by tens of thousands, no matter what editors or advertisers may say; and unless you can write a very much better novel than it, you had better not attempt to write at all.

GARLIC CAME originally from Sicily; the bean, pear, and onion from Egypt; the egg-plant from Africa; the artichoke, horseradish, and beet from Southern Europe; the peach, walnut, and mulberry from Persia; spinach from Arabia; rye from Siberia; the chestnut from Italy; the cucumber from the East Indies; parsley from Sardinia; and the potato and maize are natives of America.

GIFT ENTERPRISES are never to be trusted. They are lotteries, and, as in all lotteries, somebody must be cheated. We constantly receive letters from the victims of such enterprises. We can do nothing, however, to help them.

"THE LAST NUMBER of Peterson's Magazine," says the Sidney (Ohio) Journal, "shows that the Christmas number was not an extra, but only a fair sample for the year."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of Pendennis. By W. M. Thackeray. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: M. Doolady.—Under the title of "The Diamond Thackeray," Mr. Doolady has begun the publication of a uniform edition of the works of the author of "Vanity Fair," leading off with "Pendennis." The volume before us is an almost exact copy of Ticknor & Fields' "Diamond Dickens," and is open to the same cardinal objection, that the type is too small. The illustrations, however, are very much superior to those in the "Diamond Dickens," being the original English ones. A handsome American edition of this writer has long been wanted. The Harpers began such an edition with "Vanity Fair," but stopped there; had they continued it, they could have controlled the market; but in the absence of a better one, the present edition, in spite of its small type, ought to command a very large sale. Though Thackeray is not so popular as Dickens, he has many admirers, especially among cultivated persons; and the time has come, we think, when a uniform edition of his works will be remunerative. The present volume has twelve illustrations in wood, besides a steel portrait of the author. G. W. Pitcher, 803 Chestnut street, is the Philadelphia agent. The series is to be issued in monthly volumes. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Bed-Root Sugar and Cultivation of the Beet. By E. B. Grant. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—An excellent little treatise, handsomely printed and bound. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Designs for Country Residences. By John Riddell. 1 vol., folio. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have here a work of very great merit; perhaps, indeed, the best work of its kind. The volume is a royal folio, illustrated by twenty-two colored drawings, and forty-four plates of ground-plans, accompanied by descriptions, specifications, and estimates. The book is intended as an aid to those who propose building, and as a convenience to artisans and builders. For such a purpose it is invaluable, as the plates of front elevations represent real houses, mostly constructed under the directions of Mr. Riddell, while the estimates of cost are based on the cost of building at the time the several edifices were put up. It is a frequent complaint with persons who order country-houses built, that the real expenses are very much greater than the architect's estimate; but a work like this, based on actual experience, would, we think, greatly obviate this risk. For this reason we recommend it to parties intending to build. Price, in cloth, \$15.00.

Nicholas Nickleby. Globe Edition. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—Still another edition of Dickens. This one puts in its claim to popular favor under the name of "The Globe Edition." The first of the series, "Nicholas Nickleby," is a very handsome volume, printed with good type, and having but one defect, which is that the paper is extremely thin. It is impossible, however, that this should be otherwise, considering the small sum for which the book is furnished. The illustrations are by Darley. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Great Expectations. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another volume of the "Author's American Edition" of Dickens. The illustrations are twenty-seven in number. The paper is excellent, and the type pleasant to read. For the advanced sheets of this novel, and for the privilege of being the author's recognized publishers in the United States, twelve hundred pounds, or about six thousand dollars in gold, was paid, jointly, by Harper & Brothers and T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Coming Wonders Expected Between 1867 and 1875. By Rev. M. Bazler. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. S. Clarton.—According to this author all sorts of troubles are to come upon the world during the next eight years. The Ottoman empire is to be dissolved; Great Britain and America are to have a four years' war; Napoleon III. is to capture Jerusalem; general war, pestilence, and famine is to set in; and finally the great battle of Armageddon is to wind up all. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

Homespun; or, Five-and-Twenty Years Ago. By Thomas Lackland. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—The books of this house are more elegant, usually, than those of any other in America; and this little volume is no exception to the rule. "Homespun" is an excellent picture of country life, as it existed five-and-twenty years ago, and may even still exist in some of the remotest districts in the older Atlantic States. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Aunt Margaret's Trouble. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A story by an anonymous writer. But rumor says that a daughter of Dickens is the author. Whoever wrote the book, however, it is an excellent one, quiet and simple, something like "The Story of Elizabeth," and one that will please cultivated persons especially. Price, in paper, twenty-five cents.

The Friorn Hope. By Edmund Yates. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: A. K. Loring.—A very well written novel, better than most fictions, indeed. Mr. Yates steadily improves. A cheap edition. Price, in paper, seventy-five cents.

Buried Alive. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A cheap edition of a rather good sensation novel. Price, in paper, fifty cents.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.—The Pittsburgh Dispatch says of them:—"The highest musical authorities of the land have pronounced in their favor, as meeting a want which has long been felt, and combining more reliable qualities than any other instrument of the character now before the public. Among other advantages in their favor, they occupy little space, are gotten up in highly ornamental style, are remarkable for their great volume of sound, the ease with which they are played, the simplicity of their construction, and their adaptation to all kinds of music."

CHEAPEST OF ALL.—The Essex (Mass.) Statesman says:—"Peterson's Magazine, the cheapest of all monthlies, costing but Two Dollars per year, lies upon our table. The first engraving is a very spirited picture; then follows the usual double-page fashion-plate, and page after page of mysteries only understood by the female sex. The stories are accorded to be equal to the best published anywhere. The receipts alone, every one of which have been tested, are worth the price of the book; besides, each number contains a new and fashionable piece of music, hints on Floriculture, Equestrianism," etc.

THE NATIONAL EDITION OF THE WAYERLEY NOVELS, in five volumes, octavo, illustrated, sent, pre-paid, for \$15.00. Or three sets, with one extra to the person ordering them (four sets in all), for \$45.00. Address, T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE "WASHINGTON MEZZOTINT," or either of the "BUX-YAN MEZZOTINTS," will be sent, postage paid, for \$2.00. Or any two will be sent for \$3.00; or the whole three for \$4.50. Address, C. J. PETERSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

"**DO YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR WIFE AND DAUGHTERS** always in good spirits, and even tempered?" asks the Grayville (Ill.) Independent. "Then subscribe immediately," it adds, "for Peterson's Magazine."

THE GAME OF CROQUET.—NO. II.

CODE OF LAWS FOR CROQUET.—The laws of the Croquet Committee are very properly preceded by definitions of the terms used in the game. These are fortunately few.

The term *in order* is well understood by every Croquet player. It signifies the sequence of hoops, etc., which have to be run. A player having run No. 1, must take No. 2 "in order;" that is, if he takes No. 3, or any other hoop, before having taken No. 2, he gains no point by it. Of course the game is won by the side that first drives all their balls through all the hoops "in order," and hits all the sticks "in order."

The terms *in play* and *in hand* present more difficulty. As a great many nice points turn on the question whether a ball is "in play" or not, it is important to comprehend precisely the meaning of the terms, and they are by no means easy of definition. We quote the definition of the Committee, which we think very clear.

"A ball is 'in play' as soon as it has run the first hoop. It continues in play till it makes a roquet, when it is 'in hand.' A ball 'in hand' must take Croquet, and can score no point until it has done so. Having taken Croquet, it is again 'in play;' but it is not permitted to roquet again the ball or balls it has croqueted for the remainder of its turn, unless it makes another point. Having made another point, it is 'in play' again to all the balls, as at the commencement of its turn."

As a ball is either "in hand" or "in play" throughout the game, the privileges and disabilities of every ball are

or may be, affected by this definition at every stroke. It is very important, then, to consider this definition in relation to its consequences. Before doing this, however, we must distinctly understand the technical words which occur in the definition, viz., "run a hoop," "roquet," "take Croquet," "point," and "turn."

RUNNING A HOOP means, as everybody knows, sending a ball through it by a blow of the mallet. It must be run "in order" and in the right direction, and the whole of the ball must go through, or the hoop is not "run." If the ball remains under the hoop, and it is doubtful whether the ball is *quite* through, the question is decided by applying a straight edge behind the hoop, the hoop being, of course, perpendicular. If the straight edge (the handle of the mallet is commonly used for this purpose) touches the ball, the hoop is not "run."

ROQUET is made by the striker driving his own ball, by a blow of the mallet, against another ball. If he is "in play" to the other ball, the "roquet" gives him the privilege of a *Croquet* off the hit ball.

People frequently confuse between roquet and Croquet, evidently not understanding what a roquet means. We constantly hear such expressions as, "I have croqueted your ball," instead of "roqueted" it. The two terms "roquet" and "Croquet" must be carefully distinguished in the player's mind, and especially in the arbitrator's, or his decisions will be valueless.

CROQUET is taken in this way. The striker places his ball in contact with the one roqueted, and strikes his own with the mallet. After the Croquet, the striker is entitled to another stroke.

Croquet may be taken either with the striker's foot fixed firmly on his own ball while he strikes, when it is called a "tight" Croquet, or without the foot, when it is termed a "loose" Croquet.

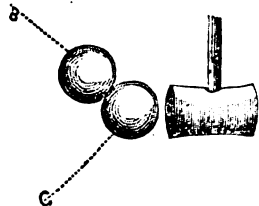
Loose Croquet may be varied in several ways. The two balls may be placed directly behind one another, so that they and the long axis of the head of the mallet are in the same straight line when taking the stroke. This is "loose



(Relative position of balls and mallet in taking loose and rolling Croquet, causing ball or balls to roll in direction of A.)

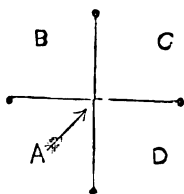
Croquet" proper. The effect of a quick, sharp stroke under these circumstances is to cause the striker's ball to remain almost stationary, and to drive the other forward. Where the striker wishes to keep his own ball perfectly still, and yet not take tight Croquet, he may accomplish his object by striking his own ball below the center, the effect being similar to that of putting on sufficient screw to stop one's ball when playing for a "sick" hazard at billiards. At Croquet this is called a "dead" stroke. Another way of playing loose Croquet is to roll the balls on together. This is called "rolling Croquet." In making this stroke, the balls are placed directly behind each other, as before, but in striking, the mallet is allowed to follow the ball, and this causes the two balls to roll on in company. Yet another way, called "splitting Croquet," is to place the balls, not in the same straight line with the long axis of the head of the mallet, but at an angle to it. This causes the balls to fly in opposite directions, or to split. A splitting Croquet may be taken with as little disturbance as possible of the non-striker's ball. On some grounds it has been the custom not to insist on any movement of the second ball, provided the two touch; and hence this mode of taking splitting Croquet has received the name of "taking two

off." It is still disputed whether moving the second ball should be compulsory or not. In the opinion of the Com-



(Relative position of balls and head of mallet in taking splitting Croquet, causing balls to split in direction of B and C.)
 mittee the non-striker's ball should "be made to move, however slightly, to the satisfaction of the captains or their umpire." This seems to us to be a practical giving up of the moving. The striker will always contend that the ball did move "very slightly;" and surely a captain or an umpire, who is at least several yards off, cannot be so well qualified to give an opinion as the player who is close. The umpire, therefore, (for, of course, the captains never agree on a disputed question of fact,) will, with the power of observing only at a distance, have constantly to pit his eyesight and judgment against that of the striker. If he is severe, disputes and ill-feeling will often arise; if he is lenient, the rule as it at present stands comes, as we before said, to taking "two off" in the strict acceptance of the words, that is, without making any perceptible split.

There is another objection to insisting on a motion that is only just visible, and that is, that it leaves to the judgment of the umpire, or players, if there is no umpire, that which might be settled with equal fairness without such appeal. Slight movement being the test of the fairness of the stroke, the most delicate appreciation of a motion only lasting a second will be required in every Croquet captain or umpire. The adverse captain will have to judge, in a moment of excitement, whether or not a ball moved, "however slightly," and the umpire will have to give the casting vote. This is a strain to which we should not like to subject ourselves; but were we ever so fortunate as to accept the post of umpire in a Croquet match, we should always decide that the ball *did* move to our "satisfaction."



In domestic Croquet, where there is no umpire, and only an apology for a captain, should a dispute arise as to the fact of moving, it should be remembered that it is only A's assertion *versus* B's, and that the player should have the benefit of the doubt, in accordance with general principle No. 3. To return to the definitions.

A point is made on (a) running a hoop, or (b) hitting a stick, or (c) running a cage, each, of course, "in order."

We have already stated what constitutes "running" a hoop. A stick is hit when the striker's ball is seen to move it, or when the sound of the ball against it is heard. It has been suggested that a ball should be placed on the top of the stick, and that the stick shall not be deemed to be hit unless the ball falls. But in practice it seldom happens that there is any question as to the hit, and a ball would be a complication. It is a question, however, whether, in a grand match, balls should be used.

A cage is run when the ball has passed through it in any direction. Thus, a ball entering the cage at A, runs it if it emerges at B, C, or D. It does not matter whether the ball is going up or down the ground, whether it is for hoop five or twelve, (see diagram in last number,) it may always run the cage in any direction. If it is doubtful whether the ball on emerging is *quite* through the cage, the question is decided by a straight-edge, as in the case of running a hoop.

A turn is simply the innings of any one player.

We are now in a position to understand the bearings of the definition of the terms "in hand" and "in play."

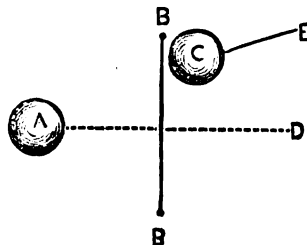
A ball is in hand as soon as it has made a roquet. It takes Croquet, after which it is in hand only to the ball roqueted for the remainder of that turn, or until it has made another point. If it roquets another ball, it similarly remains in hand to it after the Croquet, and so on. It follows from this that Croquet can only be taken once in each turn from each ball, unless another point is made. A second roquet may be made on a ball previously roqueted without a point being made in the interval, as, for instance, for the purpose of driving away, cannoning, etc.; but such roquet does not entitle to a Croquet, as the striker is in hand to the ball roqueted. The striker's turn ends there, unless by the same stroke he makes a point, or roquets another ball to which he is "in play." In this case he can go on with his turn, the roquet of the ball to which he is in hand being of no more advantage or disadvantage than hitting a stick or a stone that might happen to lie on the grass.

Now for an illustration or two. A ball that has not run the first hoop makes a roquet on a ball lying in its way, and then by the same stroke runs the hoop. What is the law? Decision. The striker's ball is not "in play" until it has run the first hoop; consequently, before running the hoop, a roquet on another ball is null and void. It no more affects the striker's ball than if it had hit a stone or a piece of dirt.

Take another case. The striker roquets first one ball, and then another by the same stroke, as in cannoning at billiards. To what is he entitled? Merely to one Croquet, which must be taken off the ball first hit. When he hits the second ball he is "in hand," and the second roquet is, therefore, null and void.

A little difficulty sometimes arises when a cannon is made on two balls that are close together, in deciding which ball was hit first. If there is any reasonable doubt, the striker has his choice for the Croquet.

As a third case, suppose the striker finds his ball touching another when it comes to his turn to play. It is clear that he may hit his own, hard or soft, and under all circumstances he has roqueted the ball he was touching. He must next take Croquet off it.



A, striker's ball, placed for its hoop, B B, "in order.")

A fourth case. A rover (i. e. a ball that has run all its hoops) roquets a ball to which it is "in play," and then cannons on to the winning stick. Is the rover dead? Decision. No. After the roquet, the striker's ball is "in hand," and can make no point until it has taken Croquet.

Lastly, for a more difficult illustration, the illustration being of a point that often occurs. The striker's ball (A) goes through a hoop, (B B), and at the same stroke roquets a ball C, which is lying on the far side of the hoop.

To what score is A entitled?

To answer this question, we must bear in mind these two principles. First, that a ball has not "run" its hoop until it is wholly through. Second, that a ball is "in hand" the instant it makes a roquet.

If, then, in this case, the ball A is driven in the direction D, so as just to roquet C, on its extreme edge, it is clear that A would be entirely through the hoop at the moment of the roquet. A would, therefore, have run its hoop, and would also afterward have roqueted C. It would, therefore, count the hoop, and be entitled, in addition, to take Croquet from the ball C.

But if A were driven against C, in the direction E, so as to hit C nearly or quite full, and were then to roll on through the hoop, the case would be different. A would not be entitled to count the hoop, for at the moment of the roquet it would only be partly through, and when it afterward rolled through, it would be "in hand," and a ball in hand can score no point. It would, however, be entitled to count the roquet, if "in play," to C at the commencement of the stroke. If desirous of running the hoop, A would have to take "two off," and if placed for its hoop by the first stroke, could run it on the second, when, having made a point, it would again be "in play" to C, and could roquet it again and take Croquet off it.

It is obvious that between the directions D and E many lines could be drawn, at which it would be doubtful whether A was wholly through or not at the time of the roquet. If the question of fact is disputed, the striker should have the benefit of reasonable doubt.

In our August number we shall finish these articles. To complete the subject here would occupy too much room.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Filet de Boeuf with Mushrooms.—Cut a fillet into slices, and pour some melted butter over them, seasoned with pepper and salt, and let them stand for an hour; then put them in a frying-pan, on a quick fire, to brown lightly; take them out, and put in the pan flour enough to thicken and brown it; mix it smoothly, add some stock, and some mushrooms, half stewed; then put back the fillets, and finish them. When you serve, add to the sauce the juice of a lemon. The sauce must be very smooth and thick. To vary this dish, leave out the mushrooms, and, in place, add a large glass of white-wine, or serve with tomato-sauce. Cold beef may be cut up in slices, and warmed in a little stock, with a bit of butter and salt; put some warm cinders on the cover of your pan, and on no account let it boil, or it will be hard; serve with a ragout of chicory or spinach, or with tomato-sauce, it is excellent with either.

Stewed Beef.—A rump of ten pounds weight will require three hours' stewing. At first it may be slowly but partly boiled, after which it is to simmer very slowly indeed. Have a saucepan, not over large, for the meat, and at the bottom fix two skewers, to prevent the meat touching the pan; pour over it one pint and a half of cold water at the sides, two or three onions, if not very large, partly in pieces, and on the top put as many carrots as you may wish, cut into good-sized dice. Before dishing the meat, you must thicken the gravy as usual with flour and a little sugar, burnt, to make the gravy (of which there should be a good deal) brown.

To Fricassee Small Chickens—Southern Mode.—Cut off the wings and legs of four chickens; separate the breasts from the backs; divide the backs crosswise, cut off the necks; clean the gizzards; put them, with the livers, and other parts of the chickens, after being thoroughly washed, into a saucepan; add salt, pepper, and a little mace; cover with water, and stew till tender. Take them up; thicken half a pint of water with two spoonfuls of flour rubbed into four ounces of butter; add a tumbler of new milk; boil all together a few minutes, then add eight spoonfuls of white-wine, stirring it in carefully, so as not to curdle; put in the chickens, and shake the pan till they are sufficiently heated, then serve them up.

Stewed Calves' Feet.—Boil the feet for five hours; flavor half a pint of the jelly in which they are boiled with nutmeg, garlic, shallot, and pounded ham, and let them simmer together for a few minutes; cut up the feet into small pieces and season them; dip a mould into cold water, and put in the meat mixed with a little grated lemon-peel and minced parsley. Some persons add beet-root, baked or boiled, cut in slices and mixed with the meat; when this is arranged in the mould, fill up with the flavored jelly. Turn out when quite cold. The remainder of the jelly in which the feet were boiled can be used for a sweet jelly.

Queen's Pudding.—Take a cold fowl and mince it, cutting it into small square pieces. Make a white sauce with a small piece of butter, some flour and cream, or milk, but no stock. Put the mince into the white sauce, and set it aside to cool. When quite cold, make up into balls. Cover them with egg and bread-crumbs—do this twice to prevent them from bursting. At dinner-time fry them in hot lard or dripping; serve them up on a *serviette*; garnish with parsley.

Rissoles are made with veal and ham chopped very fine, or pounded lightly, add a few bread-crumbs, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and a little parsley and lemon-peel or shallot; mix all together with the yolks of eggs, well beaten; either roll them into shape like a flat sausage, or into the shape of pears, sticking a bit of horseradish in the ends to resemble the stalks; egg each over, and grate bread-crumbs; fry them brown, and serve on crisp-fried parsley.

Gravy for Frets, or Other Delicate Dishes.—Take half a pound of lean beef, slice and score it, and a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg. Sprinkle it with flour; add a small onion, then put it all into a stewpan; stir it round over the fire for ten minutes, then pour into it one pint of boiling water; skim it carefully; let it all boil together for five minutes; strain it, and it is ready.

A **Knuckle of Veal** is generally used to make soup, and is sent to table plain, boiled with parsley and butter, or stewed in stock with roll, well seasoned, then dished with roll round, or milk beaten with three eggs can be added just before it is served; the large bones, in the latter mode, should be removed.

VEGETABLES.

Tomato-Sauce.—Cut into quarters two quarts of tomatoes, and sprinkle them over with salt; let them remain until the next day, when the juice should be squeezed from them, and boiled with quarter of a pound of shallots, some whole peppers, and bruised ginger; boil the mixture slowly for half an hour, and strain it; pulp the tomatoes through a strainer, add them to the liquid, and boil again slowly for another half-hour.

Carrot Fritters.—Beat two small boiled carrots to a pulp with a spoon, add three or four eggs, and half a handful of flour; moisten with cream, milk, or a little white-wine, and sweeten to taste; beat all well together, and fry them in boiling lard. When of a good color, take them off, serve on a *serviette*, having squeezed over them the juice of a Seville orange, and stewed them over with finely-sifted sugar.

To Cook Beans in a French Style.—Choose small, young beans, and strip off the ends and stalks, throwing them, as prepared, into a dish full of cold spring-water, and, when all are finished, wash and drain them well. Boil them in salted boiling water, in a large saucepan, and drain them; after which put them into an enameled stewpan, and shake them over the fire until they are quite hot and dry; then add about three ounces of fresh butter and a tablespoonful of veal or chicken-broth; the butter must be broken up into small lumps. Season with white pepper, salt, and the juice of half a lemon, strained. Stir them well over a fire for five minutes, and serve them in a vegetable-dish very hot.

To Cook Green Artichokes.—Take four good-sized artichokes; strip them from the outer leaves; cut off the stalks, and also a little from the top of each. Beat each artichoke separately until it opens; then fill them between the leaves with the following mixture:—Mince finely a thick slice of uncooked ham, a little parsley, and two small roots of green garlic; mix them together, and season with pepper and salt. Place the artichokes in a stewpan, but not too closely together, and pour over each one tablespoonful of sweet-oil. Stew them gently at the side of the fire for an hour, and serve them in a vegetable-dish.

Corn Fritters.—One tencupful of milk, three eggs, one pint of green corn, grated, a little salt, and as much flour as will form a batter. Beat the eggs, the yolks and whites separate. To the yolks of the eggs add the corn, salt, milk, and flour enough to form a batter; beat the whole very hard, then stir in the whites, and drop the batter, a spoonful at a time, into hot lard, and fry them on both sides of a light brown color.

Potatoes a la Creme.—Put into a saucepan about two ounces of butter, a dessert-spoonful of flour, some parsley and scallions, (both chopped small,) salt and pepper; stir these up together, add a wineglass of cream, and set it on the fire, stirring continually until it boils. Cut some boiled potatoes into slices, and put them into the saucepan with the mixture; boil all together, and serve them very hot.

Roast Tomatoes.—Select them nearly of the same size, take off the stalk, and roast them gently in a Dutch oven; or, if more convenient, place them at the edge of the dripping-pan, taking care that no fat from the joint shall fall upon them, and keeping them turned, that they may be equally done. From ten to fourteen minutes will roast them.

Horseradish-Sauce.—Two tablespoonfuls of mustard, the same of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, and one of pounded white sugar, well beaten up together with a small quantity of grated horseradish. This is, of course, to be served up cold.

PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

Orange Marmalade.—Take Seville oranges, and peel them by cutting round and inserting a spoon between the peel and the orange, so as to divide each rind in two. Cut the oranges, take out the pips and all the white or stringy part, which put into a basin and pour boiling water on it, and leave it till next day, when it must be passed through a sieve, and then added to the pulp and juice. Boil the rinds of the oranges full eight hours in a plenty of water, changing the water every four hours or less, to prevent their being too bitter. When quite tender drain well, and cut them up as fine as paper; mix with the liquid, and add an equal weight of the best white sugar; boil gently one hour and a quarter.

Structure of Lemon-Peel.—A very easy and economical way of obtaining and preserving the flavor of lemon-peel, is to fill a wide-mouthed pint bottle half full of brandy, and when you use a lemon, pare the rind off very thin and put it into the brandy. In a fortnight it will impregnate the spirit with the flavor so strongly, that a teaspoonful will be enough to give zest to half a pint of grog.

Brandy Peaches.—Drop the peaches in weak boiling lye, let them remain till the skin can be ripped off; make a thin syrup, and let it cover the fruit; boil the fruit till they can be pierced with a straw; take it out, make a very rich syrup, and add, after it is taken from the fire and while it is still hot, an equal quantity of brandy. Pour this while it is still warm over the peaches in the jar. They must be covered with it.

To Preserve Pine-Apples.—Twist out the crown of the pine-apple, and pare off the hard, yellow rind; next slice the fruit about half an inch thick, and trim it quite clean round the edges, taking care of the trimmings. Put them into the preserving-pan with one quart of cold water, and boil till reduced to half a pint; strain it, then put the slices on the fire with the juice and equal weight of fine white sugar; boil gently half an hour.

To Preserve Jargoned Pears.—Pare them very thin, and simmer in a thin syrup. Let them lie a day or two. Make the syrup richer, and simmer again. Repeat this till they are clear; then drain and dry them in the sun or a cool oven a little time; or they may be kept in syrup and dried as wanted, which makes them richer.

Pears for the Tea-Table.—Take ripe pears and wipe them carefully; place a layer, stem upward, in a stone jar, sprinkle over sugar, then set in another layer of pears, and so on until the jar is filled. To every gallon, put in one pint and a half of water. Cover the top of the jar with pie-crust, and set it in a slow oven for two hours.

Apple or Quince-Jelly.—Pare, quarter, and core the apples; put them in a saucepan, with enough water to cover them; let them boil five minutes; put them in a bag, and let them drain until the next day. To one pint of juice put one pound of sugar, and boil it from fifteen to twenty minutes. Cranberry-jelly may be made in the same way.

Lemon Preserve.—One pound of pounded loaf-sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, six eggs, and the whites of four, well-beaten, the rind of two lemons grated, and the juice of three. Mix together, and let it simmer till of the consistency of honey. Be careful to stir all the time, or it will burn.

Blackberry-Jelly.—Take blackberries before they are ripe, when turned red, pick them, and put them into a pot; tie them up close, put them into a kettle of water, let them stand over the fire till they are reduced to a pulp, then strain them, and to a pint of juice put one pound of sugar. Boil it to a jelly.

Gooseberry-Cream.—Take a quart of gooseberries and boil them very quick in enough water to cover them; stir in half an ounce of good butter; when they become soft pulp them through a sieve, sweeten the pulp while it is hot, and then beat it up with the yolks of four eggs. Serve in a dish or glass cup.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF PINK SILK, with a white gauze dress, striped with black over it; the black stripes are studded with silver stars. The necklace and bracelets are of black velvet, studded with stars.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED FOULARD, with a peplum paletot of the same material. The skirt is cut open in the turret style at bottom, over a white foulard petticoat, trimmed with green.

FIG. III.—DINNER DRESS OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with crimson-velvet ribbon and black lace. The body is cut low and square in the neck, over a black dotted tulle under-body and sleeves.

FIG. IV.—MORNING DRESS OF GRAY FRENCH POPLIN; it has a small cape, which, with the sleeves, is trimmed with bias bands of blue silk, corded with white.

FIG. V.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE TULLE, trimmed with ruffles and bows of blue silk.

FIG. VI.—EVENING DRESS OF GOLD-COLORED SATIN, with a basque and body; trimmings of black fancy cords and tassels.

FIG. VII.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED SILK.—Paletot of the same material, with Hungarian sleeves, and trimmed with bias bands of brown silk and large buttons.

FIGS. VIII. and IX.—BRETON PALETOTS.—These paletots are made of blue cashmere or flannel; about the pockets, sleeves, etc., are the figures of the Breton peasants embroidered in the gayest colors on white cloth. The other parts of the saques are also embroidered in gay colors. Two rows of silver coin buttons decorate the upper part of the front. We have seen these jackets also in white cloth, which is prettier for the house than the blue cloth.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In-door toilets are still made either in the redingote or the empire shape, without pleats, or with only one large pleat behind. Sashes are much worn; they are very wide, and fastened very low down. These sashes are worn even with walking-dresses, under a paletot.

SOME UNDER SKIRTS are trimmed with very narrow flounces, put on with a heading, pinked out and gathered. This is an old fashion which comes back to us again. Deep pleated flounces have been so much worn during the winter that ladies are already tired of them. Small gathers are now occasionally to be seen on the hips, and these gathers are sewn very close together at the back. Small gores are inserted into the lower part of the skirt to widen it.

The following is a pretty manner of trimming a skirt: Take a wide, cross-cut band of silk, and make it describe five folds or pleats; arrange it in front of the skirt as a semicircle, carrying it up to the hips like the basque Africaine; at the back this cross-cut band has no pleats, but is arranged to the effect of a sash thrown over the skirt a *l'orientale*, and tied at the back in two ends, which terminate either with floss silk fringe or feathers. This style of sash is likewise occasionally tied at the side, and then it takes up some of the folds of the skirt, which it has the effect of looping up. This style looks well in either white silk or gray poplin. If there is a bow only on one side, a silk pocket, in the form of an alms-bag, is added at the other. Moire waistbands, likewise bands of a color contrasting with the dress, are very fashionable. Thus, with a black dress, either a red or blue moire sash will be worn, and *reins* or *guirles* to match will be added at the back.

CHINA CREPE, which has not been worn for so long, is again fashionable, it falls in such beautiful soft folds over the small crinolines now worn. Some ladies cut up old China crepe shawls into peplums with large sleeves.

WIDE SLEEVES are gradually gaining favor, but they usually have a close sleeve of the same material underneath. The Hungarian sleeve is very popular. It is straight and open to the top of the arm, but is slashed together again with silk cord.

SMALL LACE JACKETS, of the Greek or Spanish form, are very much worn over low-necked dresses. White, black, and colored cashmere jackets, dotted over with beads, are very much worn; they are especially nice for wearing over thin bodies on cool days.

SASH RIBBONS are of the most beautiful description; some of the black ones are exquisitely ornamented with wild and field-flowers.

BLACK CASHMERE PALETOTS, entirely embroidered with jet beads, are as much the fashion now as they were last autumn. It is, *par excellence*, the *demisaison* garment. The new toilets we see are, for the most part, composed of the dress and paletot alike. The paletot is very short; it is made, however, of different shapes; sometimes it is straight and loose, sometimes half fitting, and sometimes quite tight to the figure, and worn with a waistband over

it. In the latter case, it is suitable only for young ladies, or, at any rate, only for slight, youthful figures. The paletot, of whatever shape it may be, has very rarely a straight edge, it is cut out in round scallops, pointed vandykes, square tabs, clover-leaves, and other more or less eccentric patterns. Sometimes it is curved in, in front and at the back, and lengthened on either side in a long peplum basque slit open in the middle. The trimming of the paletot corresponds to that of the dress. Narrow crimped fringes, black guipure lace borders, plain or embroidered silk braid, and passementerie ornaments are much used. The latter are often imitated by ornaments worked in woolen or silk braid, and forming circles, trefoils, and other patterns, to which beads are often added. Woolen braid is quite sufficient for trimming a paletot of fancy woolen material which does not require expensive or elegant ornaments. Most of the paletots have wide sleeves, and these wide sleeves affect many forms—the Hungarian, the Polish, and the "Judge" sleeve, which is simply the old wide pagoda shape; there is the *Pulonaize* sleeve, which is straight and open to the top of the arm; the Venetian sleeve, which is only open as far as the elbow; and, lastly, the *Galilee* sleeve. This last is decidedly the prettiest; it is not separate from the paletot, but forms a part of it, and is, in fact, only a simulated sleeve. It describes a point at the bottom, and terminates with a tassel; it opens at the cuff, and the side is trimmed either with a row of buttons or jet embroidery. The front of the Galilee paletot is quite straight, the back describes a point; it is made in black *poult de soie*, in cashmere, and in fancy cloth. Generally speaking the wide, hanging sleeves are more becoming when made of soft materials than when *taffetas* is used for them, however rich in substance it may be.

BOXERS continue to be made of innumerable shapes. The latest style is called the "Josephine." Imagine a large, bonnet with a flat curtain, a large drawn front, and the sides rounded off, with no strings of any description whatever, and you have the "Josephine" bonnet. Bronze leaves are very general on bonnets, likewise gold fringes and gold beads. The lappets, which are now used for strings, are arranged in a peculiar manner. They no longer pass round the back of the bonnet, but are fastened at each side of it, forming three pleats, and terminating with either feather or silver fringe; they are now usually made of tulle. Black *crin*, lined with pink silk, and trimmed at the side with a rose, and another rose under the chin, forms one of the prettiest *neglige* bonnets it is possible to conceive. *Demi-Saison* bonnets made of crepe are more popular than straw ones at the present moment. *Funchons* of blue crepe, with small white field-daisies arranged carelessly, are great favorites. These bonnets are tied with narrow crepe strings, bordered with a ruche of silk or ribbon about half an inch wide. No bow is worn under the chin now, it is replaced with either a small bouquet or a brooch.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The petticoat and peplum paletot are of white mohair, trimmed with black velvet. The upper skirt, which is cut out in large vandykes and trimmed with velvet, is of black-and-white striped mohair. Black hat and green veil.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF BLUE CHALE, for a LITTLE GIRL.—The upper skirt is of gray chale, trimmed with black braid.

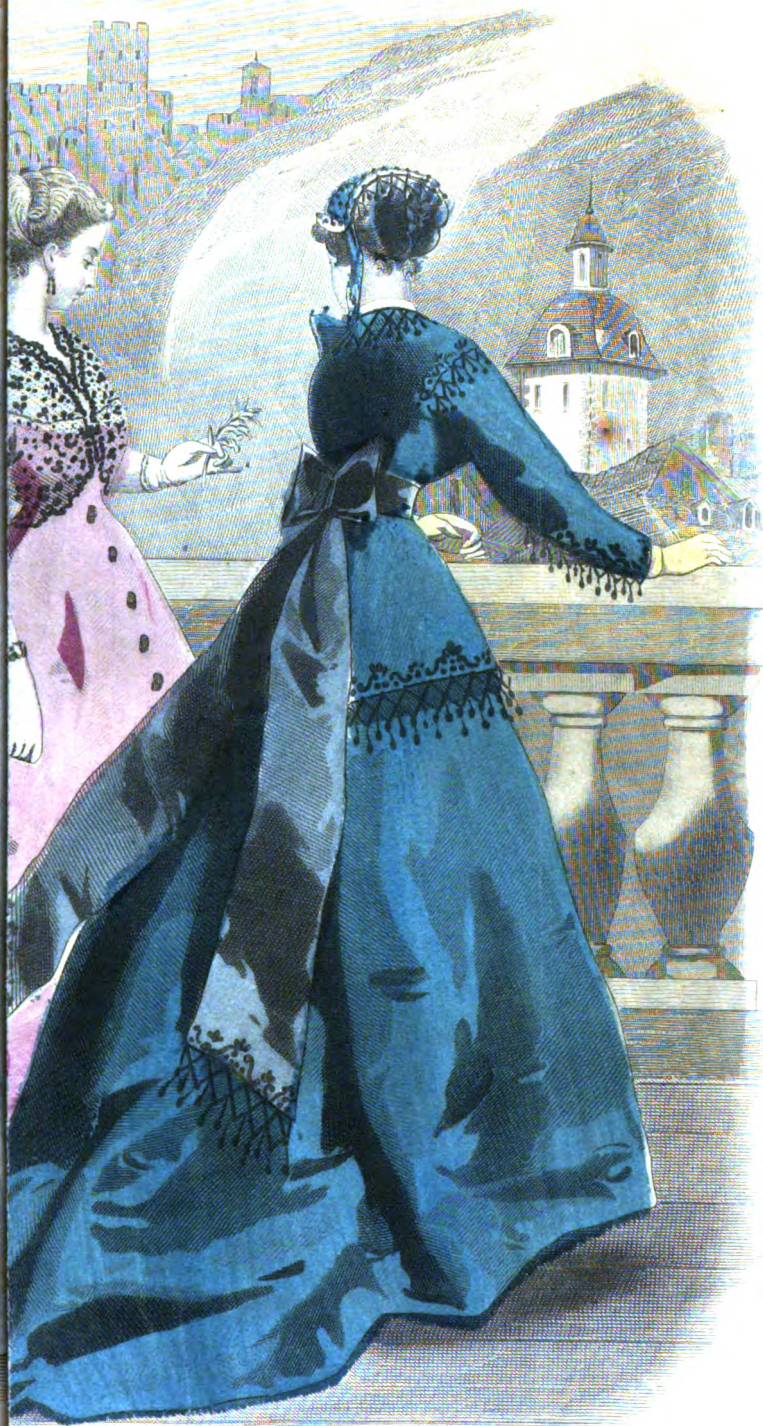
FIG. III.—SKIRT OF MAIZE-COLORED FOULARD SILK, trimmed with bands of crimson silk, piped with black. White Garibaldi body. Straw hat, trimmed with a black plume and crimson rosette.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF GRAY GAUZE, trimmed with green silk and ribbons, for a young girl.

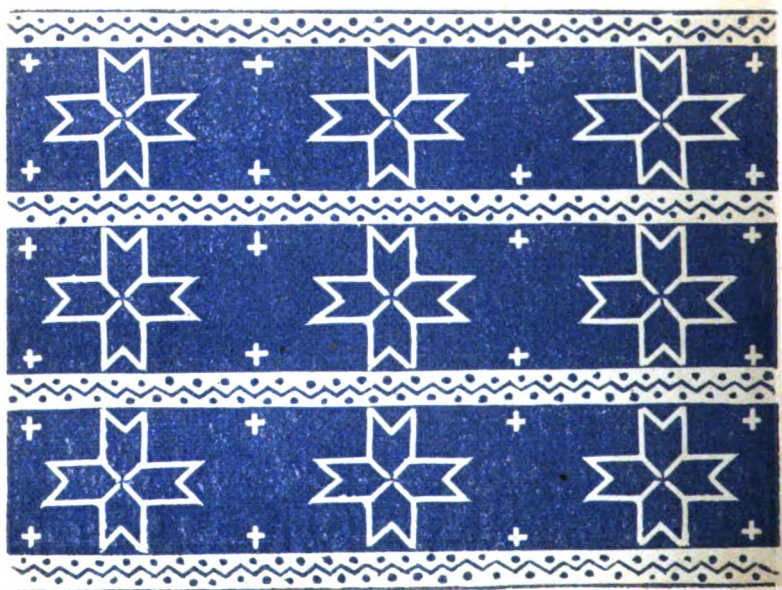


"THE BUTTERCUP VERDICT."

Engraved especially for the "Illustrated Magazine."



WOMEN'S MAGAZINE.

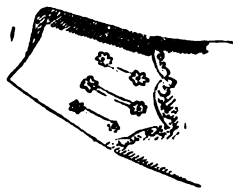
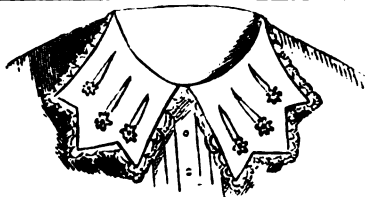


DESIGN FOR CARRIAGE BAG.



THE FAMILY PICNIC.





WALKING DRESS: COLLAR AND CUFF.



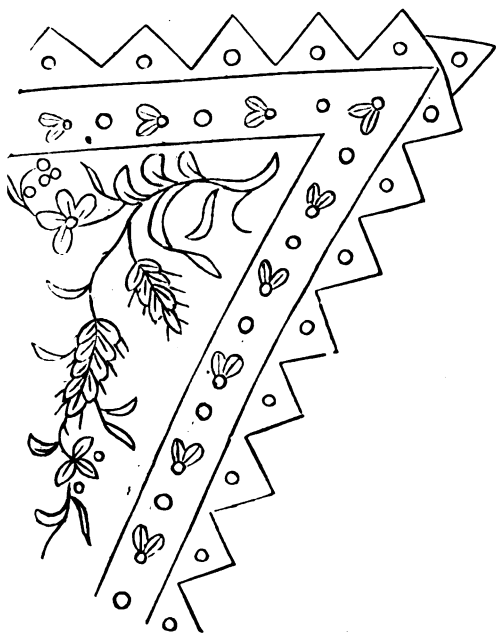
CARRIAGE DRESS: COLLAR AND CUFF.



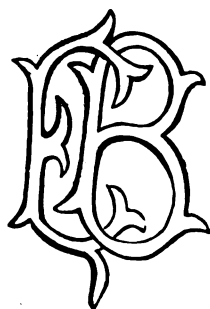
PEPLUM AND BODY.



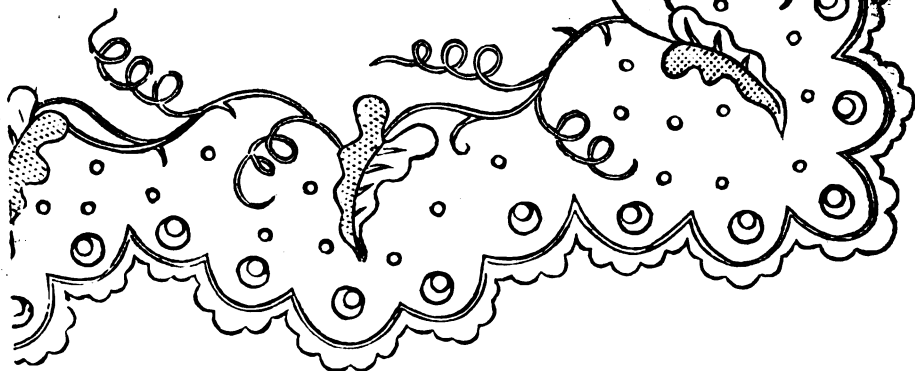
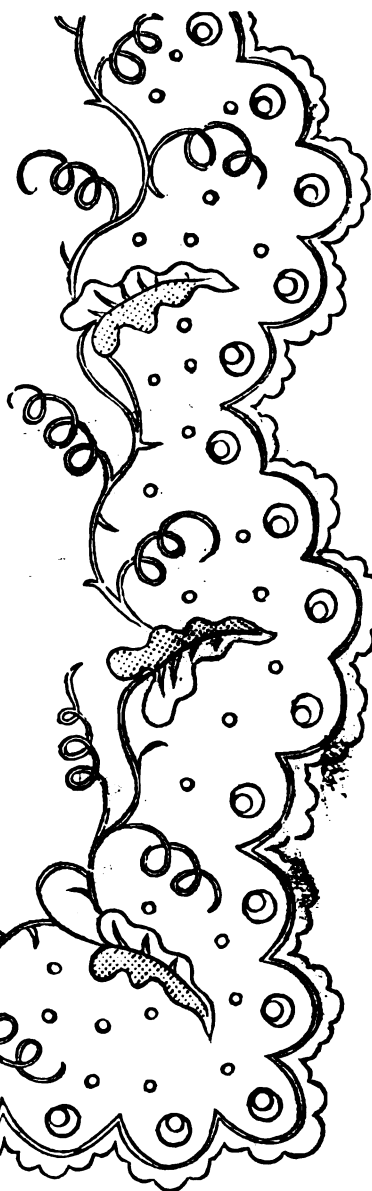
HEAD-DRESSES: BONNET AND HAT.



CORNER FOR COLLAR ON LINEN IN SATIN-STITCH.



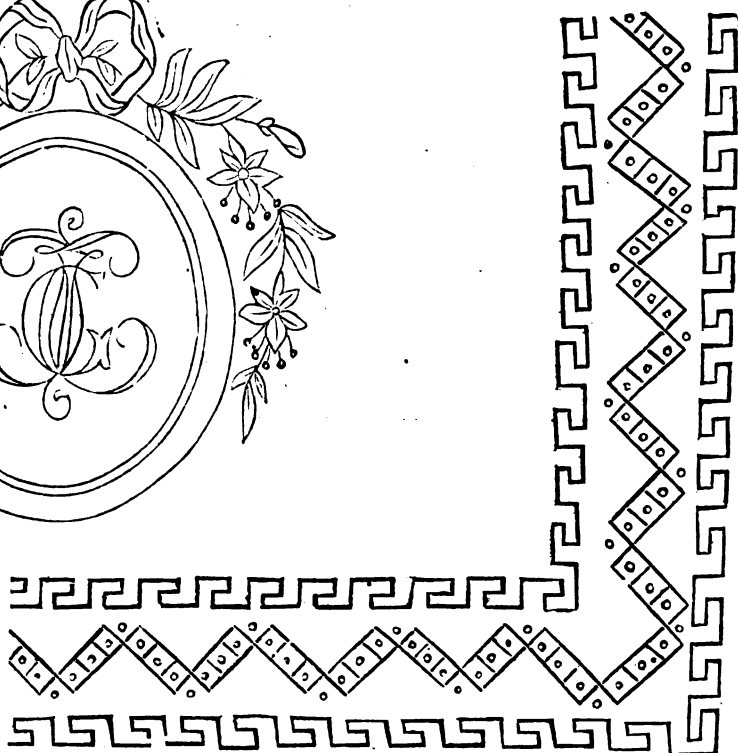
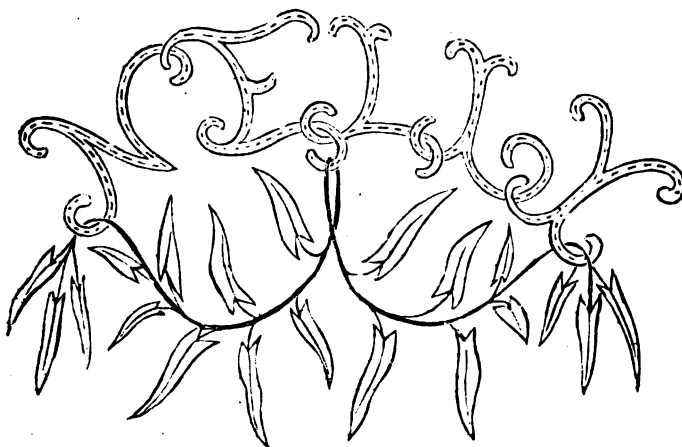
MONOGRAMS FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.



EMBROIDERY FOR BABY'S BLANKET IN SILK.



INSERTION.



CORNERS AND BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

To his friend, Wm. H. Knowles.

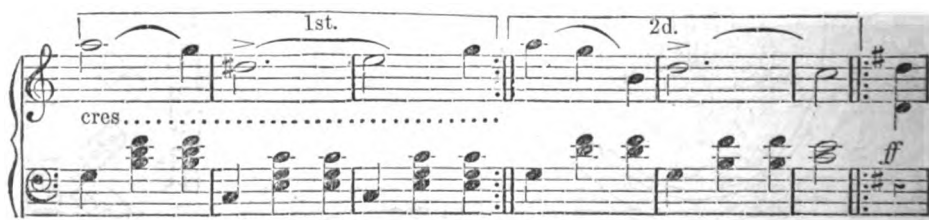
PIC-NIC WALTZ,

COMPOSED FOR PIANO, BY

JOSEPH H. PORTER.

Published by permission of SEP. WINNER & CO., 939 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

PIANO.



PIC-NIC WALTZ.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, accented with 'v' marks. The bass clef staff features a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. Pedal markings 'Ped.' with asterisks are placed above the bass staff. A wavy line is at the top of the page.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody with some rests and slurs. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. A dynamic marking 'p dol.' is present above the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melody with slurs. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has two phrases labeled '1st.' and '2d.' with slurs. The bass clef staff has a 'cres.' marking followed by a dotted line. The system ends with a 'TRIO.' section and a 'Fine.' marking.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melody with slurs and accents. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. A 'legato.' marking is present above the bass staff.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melody with slurs and accents. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. A 'f' (forte) marking is at the beginning, and a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) marking is at the end.

THOMAS



GLORIA

NAMES FOR MARKING, AND INITIALS.



CROCHET.



CROCHET.



EDGING.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1867.

NO. 2.

MY UNCLE BEN.

BY MARY MONTFORD.

DEAR uncle Ben! Troublesome uncle Ben! Generous uncle! Bachelor uncle! Very attentive, yet, oh! most terrible tease! He has the assurance to say that I am only a child! I, who am—well, no matter how old; for an error on the one side of the count is as bad as the other. It is disagreeable to be considered a baby; but I am not quite ready to be classed among the aged women yet.

I have sometimes wondered why uncles were invented; or, if they be a perpetual and unavoidable institution, why some philanthropic genius has not devised a way to abate a nuisance which, it would seem, cannot be escaped. They might be regulated by law, like some other things, of which the good is matter of opinion, while the evil is matter of fact, troublesome and palpable.

My uncle Ben is a "fussy man." If any lady does not know what that means, she has my sincere and hearty congratulations. She has my envy as well; for she has escaped one of the most wretched experiences which can occur among the small miseries of human life. Of all social pests, the fussy man is the very worst. The fussy woman is a plague; but inasmuch as her fuss is active, and exhausts itself in her own labors; and as her petty worries chiefly lead her to exertion of her own hands and feet, (with, it is true, a humming tongue accompaniment,) we can pity and forgive. But the fussy man chiefly carps and sneers at others, and imposes burdens upon them which he will not touch. The fussy woman, in her house, is a martyr to brooms and dusters; the fussy man makes others martyrs, and himself escapes.

The fussy woman is gratified, sometimes, when not a cobweb is visible, and no dust can be discerned; and there is satisfaction in answering her pleased appeal for your commendation. But the fussy man is never pleased. There is always some distant perfection before

him, which you have failed to reach; always new heights to climb, always new worlds to conquer. But he looks to you to do the climbing and the conquering, while he takes no part but to watch, and criticise, and complain. There is hope of a married man, for the excellent influence of woman may put some sense in his head, and impart some wisdom to his conduct. But a bachelor uncle is wise in his own conceit—and Solomon says there is more hope of a fool than of him. He knows more of the difficulties, and more of the social duties of life; and so goes about interfering where he has no call, except that his vocation being to make other people—his nieces especially—uncomfortable, he diligently lives up to it.

Dear uncle Ben! I must not be too hard on him; and what I have said above is just a bit of girlish petulance, strictly confidential between you and I, dear reader—and it must positively go no farther. I *do* love him; and I remember him as long as I can remember anything. His word is all the world to my mother; he is her only brother, and she a widow. There is a hint of possible money in the future; and I have had loads of presents from the dear old man, concerning which more anon. I *know* he means all right; and I suppose uncles always meddle, especially with their nieces.

Still I do love my uncle Ben; and I told Clara Jones so the other day—the little minx—when she was abusing him to me. No, not so fast. Clara is not a minx; she is my dearest friend; but one must stand up for one's family, and she shall not abuse my uncle, whatever I may choose to say of him. Young people should be cautious how they talk—and Clara is not so old as I am by a couple of years. To be sure, Clara is my friend; and there was some provocation for her anger on my behalf, as you shall hear.

Uncles always pretend to know more of their

nieces, and to love them better than their own natural parents. My uncle has always assumed the supplementary direction of my education; and where parents and teachers left off, he came in with additional tasks and demands. Music was my terrible persecution. He brought in pieces which would require the skill of a *maestro* to execute, expecting me to read them at once, and play them at sight; demanding in a few hours the proficiency which would require a month's practice, and expecting of an average talent like mine the brilliancy of a genius. I could make a fortune out of my musical collection, all my dear uncle's gifts, if I only knew how to put a price on them, or, myself understand their value. When the New York Academy was burned, and there was such a wail over the lost *repertoire*, I had half a mind to write and comfort the loser with the tender of mine. I am sure it would more than half replaced his loss—such a pile of operatic, chromatic hieroglyphics as my uncle has buried me under! I would rather play "Haste to the Wedding" than the whole of it.

I know that all these pages of quavers cost my uncle no small sum—and mother says I ought to be grateful. And then his other gifts, like the music, they were treacherous. You can avoid *buying* on credit, and thus save your independence. But presents from a bachelor uncle are always goods on credit. Why would he persecute me with a set of the French classics? I did not deserve them. Still less am I ambitious to know them all "in the original." What were they to me—what was I to them? Divers other things of the same impracticable sort are mine, by what mother calls my uncle's generosity. But suppose some one were to present uncle Ben with the particular Hebrew Manuscript on which the learned place the highest value—a king's ransom; and that he must not sell or convey it away because it was a present. Would gratitude demand that he should learn to read it? If so, gratitude is a most strangely exacting thing, that the world would "willingly let die;" especially that unfortunate part of the world which is made up of the nieces of bachelor uncles.

My dear, unreasonable uncle! Not a word of commendation, or of encouragement comes from him. I am a child, to be helped along only by disparagement and reproof; or, at the utmost, "pretty well," and "so, so," "try, and you'll do quite well by-and-by." Such faint praise, which is well designated by a wicked word, is all I get out of him. And yet he trumpets without stint my accomplishments to

others, claiming that I am a sort of creation of his—the wonderful result of tuition and patronage.

It was so from my very infancy. He always presented me as a show child; and, as most children do, I resisted. Why should they not resist? They know how foolish they look in the attitude of being exhibited. And while the uncle Bens cling to these old notions and traditions, and would make these old-fashioned parades of the children, happily those who are young, and who would be thought young, outnumber the fossils. Dear old uncle Ben! That I should ever call him such a name! I am wrong. Fossils are inert. Uncle Ben is a power in our house. That he is such a power arises from the tradition I have already referred to—that he has money. It was enjoined upon me that, as I should be his heir, I must please him in all things. But children, in the matter of prospective inheritances, are unselfish, because unbelieving. They do not readily take in any proposition which involves the death of somebody. It is creditable to their humanity and affection that they do not build on "great expectations." Sordid calculations, based on inheritance, come later in life. Therefore, all testamentary hints were lost on me. I did love uncle Ben, although he was a tease; and I scorned to take any advantage, even in prospect, of his possible demise.

So I have submitted, and have tried to please him; not for any hope of his testamentary dispositions, but because I must love him as a dear old plague. I have consented to exhibitions, when I knew that his injudicious praise behind my back made it all the worse for me. He raised expectations I could never satisfy. Then came his terrible scoldings when we were next alone; or, what was worse than all, his expostulations, made with all the airs of an injured benefactor. I never did anything at his request, before strangers, without the consciousness that I was sure to grieve my uncle, shame my mother, and disgrace myself!

Like all rich uncles, uncle Ben is especially prodigal of advice. Now advice is supposed to be something that you can either take, or reject, as you think best. But uncle Ben's advice to mother, or to me, is like a physician's prescription—you must swallow it; and, furthermore, you must make no wry faces; and, further still, you must always admit that it is good for you. And if the event is anything but good, you must concede that the fault is not in the prescription itself, but in some mistake you have made in attempting to follow it. Uncle

Ben has become lately positively awful! He has discovered that I am emerging from infancy into girlhood; that, in fine, I have reached an age when marriage is among possible events, and "attentions" looking to such a result are more than possible—in fact, among the most natural things in the world. It is said that some old tyrant wished that the heads of a whole city were in one, that he might strike it off at a blow. Uncle Ben, I do believe, has the same cordial wish against the whole of the male Young America. He cannot reach to punish the young men; but, oh, poor me! if I say the most innocent commonplace to one of them, I am out of his favor for a week; and he fills my poor mother's head with the most ridiculous fancies!

And so he tried a *coup d'état*. He protests that I am too young and childish, and immature to venture beyond the school-girl's costume; and he says the present mode of hair-dressing is abominable. So while other young girls, and Clara Jones among them, are buying hair by the basket-full to fasten upon their heads, and I had enough of my own, what does uncle Ben do but dragoon my mother into having my beautiful tresses, her admiration and my pride, all shaved off! The dreadful old—— But I will keep my temper. I do wish it could have been made into a pillow for him; and I told mother so when she saved it. I would have

"Each individual hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

or the stump ends upon my poor pate! On such a pillow he would have had as pleasant dreams as visited me on the night after my tonsure. I thought, in my sleep, that I had lost my balance and become light-headed. So, indeed, I had. Uncle weighed the product of the shearing. I won't tell what he reported, for I don't believe him.

All sorts of other ridiculous innovations he has made in my toilet. I shall not describe them. But, of all creatures, a fussy man! These were the things that made Clara so angry. She is a dear friend, my dearest friend—and who could blame her? But I had to defend uncle

Ben, nevertheless; for nobody shall scold about him but myself.

So far I had written—when such news came to me! I declare, I will never speak to uncle Ben again. Never—no, never! The old fool is going to be married! Mother says, "Poor child!" and looks, "What is to become of you?" Child, indeed! No more baby talk to me; and there is some comfort in that, at any rate. No more tasks—no more impossible music!

Yes, I *will* speak to uncle again. He has sent me the most elegant outfit. Silks, and a watch, and *bijouterie*. And mother saved my tresses. I'll stun the old gentleman with such a water-fall, made out of my own curls, too. And they will be easier to manage than when they were fast to my head; that is some comfort. And I'll strike, "Haste to the Wedding" for him the next time he shows his face. That ever he should get married! But there is hope for him now. His wife will civilize him, and his daughters will never be persecuted as I have been.

Oh, yes! I *will* speak to him. Mother has just told me, in strict confidence, (for uncle Ben says I am too young to be trusted with the knowledge of our affairs,) that he has settled a handsome property upon us. I am not to know it—because children are best kept in ignorance.

And yet the wife-girl he is to marry is—Clara Jones! and she is two years my junior. It is wonderful with what different eyes a man can look on a bride, and on a niece. Clara will, after all, find out uncle Ben. She may scold at him, or about him, as much as she pleases hereafter.

And I am to be bridesmaid—if uncle Ben can survive my standing, at my early age, at the altar, even in that relation. I wonder what old stick they will give me for a groomsmen! I'll ask Clara to see to that, too; for she stipulated for my part in the ceremony, and she selected my dress, and the etceteras. If uncle Ben had done it, he would have sent me a pinafore and pantalets.

I'll save the water-fall till the wedding morning. So you dear, queer, generous, troublesome old uncle Ben, I shall confound you when you can't help yourself!

FROM THE JAPANESE.

'Tis a pleasant day of merry Spring,
No bitter frosts are threatening;
No storm-winds blow, no rain-clouds lower,

The sun shines bright on high;
Yet thou, poor trembling little flower,
Dost wither away and die.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.

ONE day, as the cars stopped at the station where people got out for the "Western Water-Cure," a young gentleman stepped on the platform to find himself warmly greeted by another gentleman, whose appearance there did not seem particularly to delight him.

"What, in the name of all that's wonderful, are you doing here?" exclaimed the newcomer.

"I might ask the same question of you," replied the other, with a good-natured laugh; "but I only came on business, and am going back in the train to-night."

"I came, too, on business," said the taller one, rather hurriedly; "but the business is rather complicated, and may detain me for some time;" and inwardly thankful that his friend was leaving so soon, he proceeded at once to the Western Water-Cure.

"I would like to know," soliloquized the deserted one, "what crochet Clemdale has got into his head now. What can he be doing at a Water-Cure—the strongest giant of a fellow I ever encountered, and whose grasp is like a perfect vice? Wonders will never cease!"

With these reflections, the subject was dismissed from his mind, after the fashion of men generally, and his whole thoughts were devoted to his business, which, as Jack Bunsby would have phrased it, was "business as was business."

The other's "business," however, was not so clear.

Miss Sybilla and her niece were frequently puzzled, in passing the bathing-room, at obtaining glimpses of various contented-looking people sitting in a row, with their feet in tubs of water. A broad, good-natured looking face smiled a welcome, one morning, as the ladies lingered at the open door, and a hearty voice called out,

"Do come in, please—we want some one to talk to us dreadfully! I am Mrs. Lellworth," continued the speaker, "an emaciated creature, as you see; and I am going to have a party to-night, and I want you both to come. Aren't you half starved?"

Miss Sybilla was intensely surprised by this singular address; while Helen struggled with a disposition to laugh, and was glad to find

something that promised amusement in this dull place.

"Sit down," continued the sprightly lady with the submerged feet, "you'll find two empty pails that you can turn bottom upward; and let me give you one piece of advice while you are strangers—don't take to the water in any shape or form; for if you do, like the ducks, you'll never know when you have enough of it. Look at me, now—some part of me is always being half drowned."

Miss Sybilla ventured to ask what was the matter.

"I don't know," was the reply, "*what* Dr. Mulbrie would call it. I came here, at the recommendation of a friend, to cure chronic headache—and here I have been, off and on, for the last two years. Mr. Lellworth is going crazy with housekeeping, (we have no olive-branches,) and he has just written to inform me that he is eating up all the preserves."

The sentence ended with a merry laugh, as though this were about the funniest thing she had ever heard; but, as if by way of contrast, a sepulchral voice suddenly groaned out,

"Mr. Mintley! Mr. Mintley!"

"Yes, my love," replied a spry gentleman, who seemed to have been standing behind the door waiting for a summons.

"Be ve-ry careful," and Mr. Mintley lifted the feet tenderly out of the pail, and proceeded to rub them very gently with a towel.

Then Mrs. Mintley, who was a most woeful-looking "female," as Dr. Mulbrie would have said, with an orange-colored complexion, and a figure equally devoid of flesh and grace, was assisted from the apartment with the most affectionate solicitude.

"Such devotion!" whispered Mrs. Lellworth. "It is perfectly beautiful! And she was an invalid when he married her."

"What did he marry her for?" asked Miss Sybilla.

"On purpose to have the pleasure of taking care of her," was the reply; "he has told us about it many a time. He says that his whole happiness consists in ministering to her wants."

Helen could not help thinking that people have different ideas of happiness, and won-

dering what kind of a world this would be if people took to marrying all the invalids they encountered, "on purpose to take care of them." She had not discovered anything in Mrs. Mintley that seemed calculated to call forth such chivalrous devotion. That dreadful whine in her voice would upset the patience of most men; but Mrs. Mintley declared that "he loved her very infirmities."

"What is the matter with Mrs. Mintley?" asked Helen. "Is she likely to get well here?"

"Everything is the matter," replied Mrs. Lellworth; "and no human being can get well who does the absurd things that woman does. What do you think, for instance, of swallowing boiling tea?"

The two listeners looked properly shocked; and Mrs. Lellworth continued, "Nothing less will satisfy her; and I do believe her throat is lined with sheet-iron. Tea at all is against the rules of the Institution, you know; but it was insisted upon when they first came, and Dr. Mulbrie, afraid of losing so promising a patient, gave in. Then began a regular hue and cry at meal-times about 'Mrs. Mintley's tea;' it was never hot enough, although I have seen it go up in such a high-pressure condition of steam, that no money could have induced me to put it into my mouth. Still Mrs. Mintley was never satisfied; until the cook declared, in a huff, that if she knew how to make it more than boiling hot, she might just do it herself. Then Mr. Mintley bought a concern for making it in the room; and set to work at it himself. If he doesn't scald his wife to death some day; or, rather, if she doesn't scald herself, I shall be very much mistaken. He says that 'he won't have Arethusa crossed.'"

"Is Dr. Mulbrie really doing her any good?" said Miss Sybilla, anxiously.

"I have my doubts," was the reply; "but I suppose he quiets his conscience with the reflection that he is not doing her any harm."

Miss Sybilla's countenance was expressive of indignant surprise; but Mrs. Lellworth laughed, as she said, "You don't imagine that any man, particularly one of Dr. Mulbrie's limited range of thought, would get up an establishment like this, and give the whole of his mind to it, as the man said of his cravat, without being fully convinced that it would cure all the ills that human flesh was ever heir to? I am here, not that I have perfect confidence in Dr. Mulbrie, but because I find his style of treatment good for some things—and for the rest, I know how to have my own way. But about the party," she continued; "I want you to get something

to eat—this young lady strikes me as having an unnaturally small appetite."

"I am not fond of saw-dust," said Helen, laughing; "neither do I fancy a diet that is a cross between solids and liquids."

"Water-Cure diet," said Miss Sybilla, reprovingly. "Dr. Mulbrie says that is the most important thing to attend to in building up the constitution; and he attributes the hale appearance of his patients to this very thing."

"Does he?" said Mrs. Lellworth, with a comical look. "I think that the private reunions in each other's apartments, where we are treated to something entirely different from a feast of reason and a flow of soul, have much to do with it. But be sure to come to my room just after tea, and I will show you what they are like."

Helen quite looked forward to the party as an agreeable dissipation; but Miss Sybilla expressed a fear that it was like flying in the face of one's medical attendant.

It was now time to adjourn to the gymnasium, where Miss Sybilla went patiently through with all the exercises, while Helen looked listlessly on, or took part in them, as she felt inclined.

But to-day a stranger appeared among the men, so much younger and handsomer than the generality of Water-Cure patients, that every one's curiosity was excited respecting him. Helen glanced once in that direction, and started and colored violently; but hoping that no one had seen her, she quickly regained her composure.

Somebody *had* seen her, though; and very soon after, Dr. Mulbrie approached her with the new-comer, and the announcement,

"Miss Trafton, from the West; Mr. Rogers, from—from—the same place, I believe."

The doctor's bungling was productive of confused merriment; and the young lady and gentleman seemed much more disconcerted than the case required.

"A very fine young fellow," said the doctor, in a loud whisper to Miss Sybilla. "Most interesting case, too; he tells me that he has an affection of the heart."

"He doesn't look like an invalid," observed Miss Sybilla, surveying the broad chest and manly figure, and the fresh and vivid coloring of the prepossessing face, with a very puzzled air.

"Appearances are often deceitful," replied the doctor, with the concentrated wisdom of half a dozen owls. "People who drop down dead without ever saying, 'by your leave,' are

the very people whom uninitiated ones would pronounce to be cut out for a long life. A great thing, ma'am, is the eye of science."

"You don't think, I hope, that Mr. Rogers is likely to drop down dead in this awful way?" asked the lady, in alarm.

"I can't tell, ma'am, what Mr. Rogers' intentions may be in this respect," was the oracular reply; "but we will hope for the best."

The amused smile that gleamed under Mr. Rogers' mustache was not called forth by any remark of Helen's; and Miss Sybilla felt afraid to discuss him any more while he remained in such close neighborhood.

"Lennox!" whispered the young lady, reproachfully, "how could you? What do you expect to gain by this?"

"Time will show," was the reply; "and Dr. Mulbrie promises wonders. Meanwhile, I heard, through considerate friends, who have the *entree* to your father's house, that you had been despatched to this Institution; and not thinking that you stood in need of Water-Cure treatment, I feared they might kill you without the protection of a regularly authorized M. D., like myself. This is my season for recreation, you know—and why not spend it here, where I certainly expect to be very much amused?"

"My father's feelings remain unchanged," said Helen, in a dignified manner; "and I must decline any intercourse with you as Dr. Lennox Clemdale."

"But you cannot help associating with me as 'Mr. Rogers?'" he persisted; "that, you know, would excite inquiry of itself, and might cast a reflection upon my character among all these strangers. If *your* feelings are as unchangeable as your father's, I shall be satisfied," he whispered, still lower. "Oh, Helen, darling! it is good to see you again!"

"Aunt Sybilla," said Helen, with most unmerciful suddenness, "have you been introduced to Mr. Rogers?"

And before that gentleman well understood this change of base, he found himself obliged to do the agreeable to the maiden aunt, who, already interested in him through that unexpected affection of the heart, and desirous of learning all the symptoms of this peculiar disease, began to inquire into it with much volubility.

"Have you any recollection," she asked, anxiously, "of the first feelings that led you to suspect such a difficulty?"

"Yes, madam," was the reply, as Mr. Rogers drew partly on his imagination and partly on his memory. "I have a distinct recollection of

experiencing great restlessness, and an utter inability to interest myself in more than one thing."

"Why, that is very much like Helen," said Miss Sybilla, pondering, "my niece," she explained for the benefit of Mr. Rogers; "the young lady to whom you were introduced. The doctor suspects some trouble of the kind in *her* case; but she has always been very much opposed to medical advice, and cannot be prevailed upon to listen to Dr. Mulbrie."

It struck Mr. Rogers a little unpleasantly that she was listening most intensely just now; and he couldn't help wondering what she found so interesting in the long-haired doctor's communication.

Miss Sybilla worried her victim for a good half-hour; and then it was time to take a stereotyped nap, as everything was done by rule at the Western Water-Cure. Then there were shower-baths, plunges, soakings, dinner, and tea.

It was now time for Mrs. Lellworth's "party."

This lady's room was one of the pleasantest in the establishment; and in spite of the doctor's predilection for "light, air, water," in place of curtains, carpets, and easy-chairs, she had managed to furnish herself with enough of these obnoxious articles to take away the bare aspect of the house in general; and her plump fingers had a certain deftness in the arrangement of details, that made itself felt in a very agreeable manner.

About a dozen people were assembled, when Helen and her aunt found their way to the room; and all was friendly ease and hilarity. Stiffness was out of the question where Mrs. Lellworth reigned; and some sat on the bed, and some on cushions; one or two were perched on empty boxes, and others on hastily-improvised seats of all descriptions—a break down now and then only adding to the general merriment.

Mr. Mintley was there, by special permission of Mrs. Mintley, whose room adjoined the scene of entertainment, and who, therefore, sat ready, with an umbrella, to tap on the wall for Mr. Mintley whenever he got particularly interested. As he had married his wife for the express purpose of taking care of her, there seemed no danger of his being disappointed.

Helen followed the movements of the sprightly hostess with her eyes, and admired the tact and ease with which she adapted herself to the occasion. She was really a very pretty picture, with her little fly-away cap of lace-and-ribbon, after the fashion of stage waiting-maids, and the

perfectly-fitting, black silk dress, that toned down her hundred and eighty pounds of flesh and bone so nicely that no one would have suspected her weight. Her pretty auburn hair was tucked back in a careless kind of fashion; and the very fair skin that accompanies such hair was set off by a bright flush of pleasurable excitement.

She cooked oysters in a comical style over a little alcohol lamp; produced pickles, and cheese, and crackers, from a small cupboard; displayed two knives and forks, which, she said, were to be used in turn by the company; and actually prepared some delicious coffee in a most mysterious and remarkable manner.

"My foraging expedition did not yield as much as usual this time," said Mrs. Lellworth; "but you must all remember how very unwholesome it is to eat anything that you like, and console yourselves with the thought that you are escaping some dreadful visitation. You must know," she added, aside to Helen, "that when we feel ourselves to be approaching the stage reached by the horse that tried to live without eating, and only succeeded in dying without it, we are very apt to go upon a 'rampage' in quest of provisions, and sometimes manage to bring to light valuable stores of goodies. But some one must have scoured the place before me to-day, for I could only find a few oysters."

In the goodness of her heart, Mrs. Lellworth suddenly despatched Mr. Mintley with a particularly inviting-looking oyster, that was "just done to a turn," to Mrs. Mintley, with the compliments of the company, and a request that she would eat it while it was hot.

"If I had only thought," said the laughing hostess, when the dutiful husband had departed, "I might have poured some alcohol over it, and set it on fire, which would have made it just about right for Mrs. Mintley."

Everybody was laughing, when Mr. Mintley returned to say that "Mrs. Mintley desired her compliments, and she had enjoyed the oyster very much—but she was afraid that she had not heard the last of it."

This seemed to throw a cloud over Mr. Mintley, who evidently had the oyster on his mind all the evening, and expected to hear from it, too.

Suddenly, in the very midst of the feast, there was a knock at the door; and springing up in dismay, hostess and company hastily gathered together the contraband articles, and stored them away wherever it seemed handy.

"What *shall* we do with the smell of coffee?"

exclaimed Mrs. Lellworth, excitedly. "I feel it in my bones that old Mulbrie has taken it into his head to pay us a visit of investigation."

When the door was opened, however, instead of "old Mulbrie," it proved to be young Rogers, who stood rather abashed at the very demure looks of the startled conspirators.

"Oh, Mr. Rogers!" said Mrs. Lellworth, in delight, flying toward him as though she had known him all her life, "I am *so* glad to see you; we thought, of course, it was that horrid old doctor. Do come in, and 'make yourself to hum,' as the country people say. How *could* you give us such a fright?"

"How? by knocking at the door?" asked the visitor, entering at once into the fun of the thing. "I should have been much more afraid of 'giving you a fright' by walking in without knocking. I could not resist your kind invitation to a perfect stranger, although I feared trespassing upon your good nature."

"Nonsense!" replied the hostess. "We have no time to waste in unmeaning compliments. I asked you because I liked your looks, and you are just the one to enjoy such an entertainment. So make yourself agreeable as fast as possible."

"I hope that does not mean, 'please to begin to be funny!'" deprecated Mr. Rogers, as he found himself, by the merest accident in the world, in close vicinity to Miss Helen Trafton.

"I should think *you* had translated it, 'please begin to be impudent,'" replied Mrs. Lellworth; "and as a punishment, you shall have a cup of coffee immediately—that is, if I can find it. Where did you put it, Lucilla?"

"Here it is, Carrie," replied the lady addressed, a tall, thin person, who was Mrs. Lellworth's bosom friend, and who looked more like a Water-Cure patient than all the others put together.

Miss Tweedy was considered "very lady-like," which was pretty much all that could be said for her; but Mrs. Lellworth had, probably, discovered virtues in her that were veiled to other eyes.

The oysters and coffee being gotten through with, and Mr. Rogers having complimented the hostess, in the most happy manner, upon her great ingenuity in preparing so charming an entertainment under such adverse circumstances, that lady was unanimously called upon for some music.

The uninitiated, Miss Trafton, Helen, and Mr. Rogers, were rather puzzled by the decided absence of any musical instrument; but after a little hesitation, and much laughter, Mrs. Lellworth insisted upon their all promising not to

look, and began obligingly to play a tune upon her teeth! It was very well done, and had all the charm of originality to three of the party; and every one plainly distinguished the time-honored strains of "Yankee Doodle."

Mr. Mintley, becoming a little elevated from his unwonted libation of coffee, proposed to rival her on his *nose*, much to the amusement of the company. The feature in question was unusually long, and seemed to possess elastic properties; at any rate, the owner had just succeeded in worrying the "Star Spangled Banner" out of it, and was in the full tide of success, when he suddenly turned pale, and dropping his nose in a panic, made a speedy rush for the next apartment.

The warning tap of an umbrella, in connection with the half-buried thought of that dreadful oyster, upset him completely; and even what he saw, on reaching the next room, was scarcely as bad as what he had imagined. Mrs. Mintley was indulging in a sort of fit, and rolling up the whites of her eyes in a fearful manner; and a hasty bulletin to the revelers caused them to suspend their merriment, and put away the fragments of the feast.

"It is perfectly ridiculous," whispered Mrs. Lellworth, "the way that woman goes on! If she would ever eat and drink like other people, she wouldn't have a convulsion from eating an innocent oyster. I declare, I would really like to give her a good shaking!"

"I am afraid it would be returned to you with interest by Mr. Mintley," said Helen, laughing at Mrs. Lellworth's vehemence.

"Of course it would," was the reply; "but I would be quite willing to take it for the pleasure of giving it. I do hope," she continued, "that they will get Phœbe up, and not the doctor—he would certainly discover what we have been about. Now, Phœbe," she whispered, through the half-open door, to a queer-looking old tadpole of a colored woman who came lumbering along, "if you find out anything, don't breathe a word of it to the doctor—and I shouldn't wonder if you had a new dress one of these days. Do, for goodness' sake! bring Mrs. Mintley to as soon as possible."

"Gracious!" said the sable female, contemptuously, "I ain't skeered a mite. Miss Mintley's allers harf dyin' and comin' to agin, jes' fur all the world like folks noddin' in church and jerkin' theirselves up afore they tumble. I'll fetch her round fast enough. You clar' out!" to Mr. Mintley, "and see if she ain't jes' as spry as ever 'fore you kin say 'Jack Robinson.'"

As Mrs. Mintley's *spryness* was not usually very palpable to the naked eye, there was not much hazarded in this promise; but Mr. Mintley brightened considerably, and had evidently the greatest confidence in Phœbe's skill.

"Oh, Phœbe!" groaned the sufferer, after a vigorous shake or two had been administered, and something poured down her throat, "such dreadful feelings as I've had!"

"What did you *expect* to have?" was the indignant retort. "Sich doin's I never see for sick folks. I know all about it—ain't much goes on in this yere house without my knowin' it. That Mis' Lellworth's crazy as a loon when she once gits goin'. Now what hev' you bin eatin' of, I want to know? I—sters?"

"Only one, Phœbe," very faintly.

"Only one! Why didn't you jes' go and make a end to yourself at once and done with it? I've got to rub all the strength out of my old bones *now* to put you where you was afore."

"Don't rub quite so hard, Phœbe," remonstrated the sick woman.

"No, I 'spose not!" was the indignant reply. "Jes' let you egzactly what you've a mind to every way—sick folks never *do* know what's good for 'em. Won't the doctor kick up a pretty row if he hears of this? Shouldn't wonder if he turned you all out of the house!"

Mrs. Mintley knew better than that; but Phœbe was bribed to a promise of secrecy, and Dr. Mulbrie remained unenlightened on the subject of that evening's entertainment.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," quoted the innocent doctor, next morning, at the breakfast-table.

So very *apropos* a remark caused Mrs. Lellworth, Miss Helen Trafton, and Mr. Rogers, to feel a strong disposition to laugh; while the others looked frightened.

"I repeat it," said the doctor, as though he had just heard of it for the first time, "where ignorances is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise; and here, in our peaceful retreat, we have little idea of the troubles and dissensions that agitate the outer world, we have nothing to disturb us. Mr. Mintley, did you not inform me that Mrs. Mintley had not passed a good night?"

Mrs. Lellworth frowned warningly on the agitated man, who stammered something about being "restless;" and the doctor asked quite sternly,

"Did Mrs. Mintley have anything *hot* during the evening?"

Mr. Mintley was confounded—could he possibly have heard of that dreadful oyster?

"I should say 'scalding,'" pursued the doctor;

"and I feel it my duty to warn you that, if this imbibing of boiling liquids is continued, I cannot be made responsible for Mrs. Mintley's delicate state of health. Why, Mrs. Mintley, sir, has reveled in the very cream of this establishment—wet packs, hot foot-baths, rubbings down, and cold water shocks, have been fairly lavished upon her; and it really does seem to me," added the doctor, "that a proper appreciation of these attentions would lead a person to—to do differently."

Mr. Mintley tried to explain that Mrs. Mintley belonged to a superior order from the common race of beings, and that, therefore, her convalescence could scarcely be looked for in the ordinary course of things; while he mentally vowed never again to be the instrument of leading her into error.

It was one morning, about this time, that Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Trafton were lingering over a *tete-a-tete* breakfast in one of the most comfortable mansions in the bustling, wide-awake city of Chicago.

Mr. Trafton had seen many ups and downs in his commercial career, and had come to look upon money, and the respectability that money gives, as very important essentials to happiness. He was a wiry-looking man, of rather gentlemanly appearance, but prematurely old for his years; and he glanced with much complacency at the plump figure and rosy face of Mrs. Trafton, who was supernaturally young for her years, and who looked as though planning and scheming were quite out of her range. The fair, untroubled brow, and liquid eyes, seemed to proclaim a heart at peace with itself and with all the world—but, like Joe Baystock, Mrs. Trafton was "sly." She "never tried bluster where insinuation would do," but she managed invariably to have her own way.

It had been her way that Helen's young affections were thwarted, and her lover forbidden the house; and her way that the young girl was afterward sent to her aunts. And yet Helen and her step-mother were excellent friends.

There was no good reason why Lennox Clemdale, who had just written "M. D." to his name, should have been angrily reproached for daring to lift his eyes to Helen Trafton, except that Mrs. Trafton had a private pique against him for some fancied slight, and Mr. Trafton could not reconcile himself to the idea of his daughter's marrying a poor, young physician.

So they had taken the affair in hand between them, and nearly made shipwreck of Helen's happiness; then, when her pale looks became a reproach, she was sent East to recover the

elasticity they had ruthlessly banished. To do Mr. Trafton justice, he did not believe in broken hearts, and could not, therefore, realize the mischief he was doing; but Mrs. Trafton, being a woman, could not be so easily excused.

"I have just been thinking," observed Mr. Trafton, "of Helen's last letter; and rather wondering that things should, on the whole, have happened so well. Circumstances may be said to have fairly played into our hands—I only wish the ins and outs of business would fit together as nicely. Here is this love-sick girl plunged into such an entire change of scene and life, that the nonsense must naturally be shaken out of her. I hope, too, that this Water-Cure business will really do her good physically—I know they are excellent things sometimes."

"Not at all favorable to romance or sentiment, I should imagine," replied his wife.

Mr. Trafton looked contemptuous at the bare mention of "romance or sentiment;" and the lady continued,

"Helen has always seemed very near to me, and is much too lovely a girl to be allowed to throw herself away on a poor, young doctor. She is silly in some respects, as all young girls are, and fancies herself ill-used, I have no doubt, and Dr. Clemdale a hero of the first order. She will live to laugh at all this; and meanwhile, we must do all we can to see that she gets over it as soon as possible. She will be coming home, you know, after awhile, and it is desirable that she should find as little as may be to remind her of the past. The drawing-room furniture, now——"

"I thought so!" growled Mr. Trafton. "No matter what point you start from, you are sure to bring up on the everlasting topic of spending money."

"The drawing-room furniture," continued Mrs. Trafton, as blandly as though no interruption had occurred, "had better be recovered, and new carpets procured—I can take the present ones for the bedrooms."

"And take the bedroom carpets for the kitchen, I suppose," suggested her husband, "just to save them?"

"It is really wonderful," said Mrs. Trafton, plaintively, as though overpowered by feelings in which she had never indulged, "how much of association lingers in the folds of a curtain, or the color of a sofa. A change in one's surroundings of this kind is far more effective in getting rid of a troublesome feeling than many would imagine."

"I am glad that Clemdale has made a change

in *his* 'surroundings,'" said Mr. Trafton, with a fresh growl. "He seems to have gone on an indefinite tour no one knows where—I should like to procure him a sentence of perpetual banishment."

"It is a great comfort," remarked his wife, "to think that he and Helen will be entirely apart, for a time, at least—and time, you know, works wonders."

"Sybilla writes of a Mr. Rogers," continued the anxious father, "whom she describes as a very entertaining young man, and very polite to them. I hope that Helen will not be falling in love again with some undesirable person."

"It is a highly improbable thing," said Mrs. Trafton, loftily, "that a charming girl like Helen should find anything attractive in a man at a Water-Cure establishment; and besides, it would be a very good thing, at present, if she should take a fancy to some one else. We could easily bring her to reason again, if necessary."

Mr. Trafton withdrew from contest with such a master-mind; and in the evening, Mrs. Trafton met him smilingly with the announcement,

"We are going to be in green, my dear—I have settled it all with Limple."

The first part of the sentence was rather inexplicable, suggesting visions of Robin Hood and his "Merry Men," that used to delight his boyhood; but the mention of Limple, an upholsterer, who knew his business, and had not, in consequence, an atom of conscience respecting his bills, was always a shock to the nerves of much-tried heads of families.

"This is the strangest business I ever heard of," remonstrated Mr. Trafton, with the vehemence of a man who feels that it is not of the slightest use. "Because my daughter chooses to fancy a man of whom I disapprove, I must be humbugged into refurnishing the drawing-room! I suppose that, if I were struck down suddenly with apoplexy, you would think it necessary to do the same thing?"

"Now," said Mrs. Trafton, soothingly, "you know, dear, that you are talking nonsense. How can you mention such horrible things to me? Besides, you will really enjoy the change in the furniture, for you always said that the red hurt your eyes. Just leave matters to me, and don't worry where it is not at all necessary—this sensible practice would add at least ten years to your life."

"And reduce us all to beggary! Well, go your way," relenting a little. "If you manage to bring Helen to her senses, you can refurnish the drawing-room every month, if you like."

Mrs. Trafton mentally resolved that she would "bring Helen to her senses," if getting new furniture would accomplish it; and she experienced a sudden rush of gratitude toward Miss Sybilla for conveying Helen to the Western Water-Cure.

And this is the way that things came about, and circumstances played so nicely into the hands of the conspirators.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HOME OF SOUL.

BY HORACE B. DURANT.

THERE is a home of soul,
A shining land where viewless watchers wait,
And on earth's longing, pilgrims' eyes unroll
Its calm, eternal gate.

We hear its voices far,
That sometimes float down to this world of ours;
And, ah! we think what mortals frail we are—
Sad wanderers from those bowers!

At such a time, we sigh
To feel the spirit prisoned still within
This weary vale; for, oh! it glad would fly
Away from grief and sin.

We seem, at such a time,
Akin to an unseen world, that lies
Beneath this veil of mystery—a clime
Unknown to mortal eyes.

We feel it, when the heart
Hath naught but gloom and loneliness below;

When all its clinging ties are torn apart
By some resistless woe.

Oh! then there sweetly springs
A longing for a better land than this;
And shining messengers, on hopeful wings,
Come with their dreams of bliss.

There shall our spirits roam,
Forever free from weariness and fears;
And it shall seem like fondly coming home,
From all our erring years.

There, many a sundered tie
Shall be united, never more to break;
And Hope and Love, from dull mortality,
To lasting youth shall wake.

There shall triumphant thought
Rise, pure and buoyant, in its tireless sweep,
To roam, methinks, o'er many a glorious spot
Of that infinite deep.

“MAJOR AND MINOR.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “DORA’S COLD,” ETC., ETC.

PART I.

Mr aunt Sarah was dying; the doctors said it; the nurses reiterated it; the maids told me, terror-stricken, as soon as they learned it themselves; but I could not care, for she had been a harsh mistress, a stern guardian to me; and the only regret I had at her departure was, that I should, probably, be left wholly at the mercy of her son—my tyrant, Turk, tormentor. Yet I was thirteen—old enough to be possessed of some sensibility, to comprehend and suffer much; and all my previous experience of bereavement had been most sad and bitter, from the early loss of my parents, which I was too young to realize, but not to feel, to the late death of my only and dear relative, the bachelor uncle, whose pet and favorite I was, and who, as much as possible, living in a distant city, by letters and presents, occasional visits, and manifold tokens of kind interest, softened the hard rule of my aunt over me, of which, however he may have suspected, I never complained.

I was not naturally a bright or pretty child—and nothing had been done to make me so. From the time when I first came to Summer Hill, a weeping, shy orphan of five or six years old, I had remained almost stationary in growth of mind and body, and only become more silent and sullen under the domination of my cousin Horace, a handsome, brilliant, overbearing, and selfish boy, some ten years my senior—the reckless and headstrong master of the house, the spoiled pet and darling of his widowed mother.

She had once been both an heiress and a beauty, distinguished not less for her intellect and ambition, than for the proud fascination of her manner; and as queen of her coterie, belle of her set, had never failed to reign and to be obeyed. But with advancing years and gradual losses; the wane of her triumphant charms; the alienation of a part of her large estate; the changes and innovations that disturbed her empire abroad; she had come to merge all personal, social, and family ambition in her son, the younger, dearer transcript of herself, in whom she lived, and moved, and had her being, for whom she hoped, and planned, and schemed, in her own autocratic and magnificent way.

Between two despots somebody must suffer; between two millstones something must be crushed—I was the ever-present and acceptable sacrifice. To my aunt I afforded the pleasure to which she was most keenly alive—that of managing, directing, controlling, in the matter of my food, my clothing, my demeanor, my walks, my tastes, my work; to Horace I was slave, subject, scapegoat, servant, pet or plaything, as his whims or passions dictated—to be teased or kissed when he was in a good humor, to be beaten or scolded when he was in a bad one, to obey and to endure at all times. In this strange life I learned to be shy, silent, reticent, self-centered; to remain equally passive under blows and caresses, to adopt the Eastern habit of unquestioning obedience and mute submission.

During his term at college my life was comparatively peaceful and endurable, but in the forays he made upon his home in the vacations I was once more the chief sufferer, condemned to be again his serf and shadow; “to follow him, fan him while he slept, to tremble when he awoke;” to brush his glossy curls when he felt lazy and luxurious; to pick up and restore his lost articles of property; to provide for his ease and comfort; to perform all those offices ministering to his majesty, which he was ashamed to ask of the servants, and dare not demand from his mother, but took an especial pleasure in exacting from me, because he instinctively felt that I disliked and feared while I obeyed him.

The brief intervals of quiet in his absence were too soon over; he was first suspended, afterward expelled. Rumors began to reach us of his career at college—of debts and dissipations, reckless prodigality, and daring adventure. I heard them chiefly through the servants, with whom I was obliged to consort; and from their talk gained hints of loans and mortgages, and drains upon the estate, which were beginning to harass my aunt, and make her handsome face look haggard and careworn. To retrench or economize, in outward show, at least, would have killed her; she had been accustomed to maintain a certain state and scale of expenditure, with any less she could not have held her haughty head so bravely before the world.

At this desperate juncture family interest, bribery, or favoritism, strong personal influence—for my aunt was not a woman to be refused, and had numerous powerful connections—somehow prevailed to procure for Horace a military commission of value—that of major of cavalry. He was appointed directly from civil life, with disgraceful antecedents, to a position for which he was wholly unfitted, and a profession of which he knew nothing; and, to do the service justice, was never given a command, or further promoted, and only kept to ornament a garrison; but he wore his sword with grace, his uniform with distinction, and came home triumphant to his proud and gratified mother, to find her smitten with that mortal sickness which yet could not dull or change her love and her ambition for her darling son.

They were closeted long together after his arrival, and, not expecting to be admitted to a conference from which every one else was excluded, I called my dog, and went out for a walk. The poor little creature was as glad as I to get away from the dark, deserted house, beyond reach of being hustled by the hurrying servants, and kicked or punctured by the spurs of the newly-made major. For both of us there was abundant reason to forbode a career of injury and oppression in future—and we silently weloomed this brief interval of quiet before it began. I had not wandered far or long, however, through the solemn alleys of the garden, when one of the maids came running after us in breathless haste, to say that her mistress had sent for me, and desired my attendance at once.

My heart sunk with a half-prophetic fear; I would have given anything I possessed for the privilege of escaping this dreaded interview. But refusal was quite out of the question. I turned and followed her in, not stopping to smooth my hair, roughened by the wind, or arrange my dress, much disordered by hurry and inattention, before we entered the room.

The doctors were gone, the nurses were absent; there was no one with the patient but my cousin, looking remarkably handsome in his expensive uniform, and a person dressed in black, whose features I hardly noticed, except that they were wholly unknown to me, and who was bending over her as I came in.

"You are aware," he was saying, "that the whole proceeding being unusual, almost unprecedented, will be severely criticised when it comes to be known, and, perhaps, subjected to judicial investigation: in which case, as you must see, my dear madam, my position will be

a very painful one; I shall rely upon you, therefore, that this contingency be provided for."

"Yes, yes!" was the answer, in a faint but perfectly clear voice—and the interlocutor moving aside, I had a full view of my aunt. She was propped up by pillows into a sitting position; her figure was much emaciated, her eyes looked unnaturally bright and large; but her face, though wan and haggard, was full of life and energy, and will unconquerable by weakness. Her regards were turned to Horace with strong interest and affection—on me, with an anxiety I had never seen in them before. She beckoned me to come nearer, and I obeyed.

"My dear," she said, thus addressing me for the first time, "you have heard that I am about to leave you, and that Horace, as your only remaining relative, will assume sole guardianship of your person and estate in my stead. He ought to have absolute control over both, as I have done; but as this would be absurd between a young man of his age and a young girl of yours, almost marriageable, his powers will be very limited, unless we strengthen them by the union I had planned for you years hence. Do you understand?"

I did not, and replied with a bewildered glance, that seemed to irritate her.

"This it is," said she, in a dry and failing voice, but with a look of invincible energy, and moistening her parched lips with the cordial her son held ready. "You must be married—that will fix your position, and assure your future. Your uncle has left a provision for your education and maintenance, which, as, in my embarrassed circumstances, I could do nothing for you, will be very necessary and acceptable; but after my decease, that of your guardian—it will be impossible for you, being a minor, to obtain the control of it for that purpose, or for him to use it in a proper direction, unless he marries you, and does it jointly with you as your husband. Can you comprehend me now? You must marry Horace."

I shuddered involuntarily, not with any realization of the act and its consequences, but from an instinctive dread of any necessity which should strengthen the absolute sway Horace had always held over my fate. It was quite out of my thoughts, and certainly out of my power to remonstrate; I had never learned the first rudiments in the lesson of rebellion, and stood entirely passive, to be moulded in her hands. She went on more smoothly, as if all obstacles to her plan were removed.

"Horace will return at once to his post; you

will go away to school; you need never meet till your education is finished, and you are of a suitable age to be claimed by him. All you have to do in the meantime is to obey his written orders, and recognize his nominal authority as your husband and guardian."

I brightened instantly. This was to shake off my chains instead of riveting them; this was to live in freedom and honor compared with the slavery of the past. With the short-sightedness of childhood I did not give a thought to the ultimate future, to which she had so vaguely alluded; but I suppose my face showed my satisfied assent to the glorious promise of the present, for she looked pleased and gratified, her eyes lighted brilliantly, and a faint color crept into her pallid cheeks. She spoke to her son, almost in a tone of gayety,

"I suppose I need not ask your promise not to claim her before it is necessary?"

"No, indeed, mother!" he answered, loudly laughing in response. "Look at her, the little scarecrow! A pretty wife for me!"

I bore the derision with perfect indifference, content that he would leave me alone at least. No doubt I deserved the epithet, with my stolid, sallow face, my disordered hair and neglected dress, which, though of good material and sufficiently well made, was not that which would have marked me as a relative of the elegant and stylish Mrs. Baylies, of Summer Hill. A half-grown girl, shy and awkward, is never very pretty; but, perhaps, in loving hands, I might have been made more presentable—for Horace and I were not unlike; and it was in those very points of resemblance between us that my ugliness consisted. His great, dark eyes looked magnificently in the setting of his olive face and jetty hair and whiskers; mine seemed disproportionately large, and hollow by contrast with my thin, small, childish features. His splendid Southern darkness of complexion, a rich Spanish hue, was swarthy, and sickly, and colorless in me; his black, thick lashes, brows and locks, for me looked heavy and dingy. His manner was easy and graceful, mine was bashful and constrained; he was tall and finely proportioned, I was lean and angular, short and slender. By his side I probably looked like an elf-child or gipsy bantling beside a gallant nobleman, a brilliant cavalier, or a little brown grub before a gorgeous butterfly.

However, these comparisons may have occurred to the others, they troubled me not at all. I had my motives in the ill-assorted match, and he had his. I had been promised freedom and

peace; what advantages he received I did not know till long after. The ceremonial was soon concluded; my aunt kissed me on the forehead, and enjoined strict secrecy in regard to the whole affair; while my cousin rang the bell, and impatiently summoning a maid, despatched me from the room at once, and I saw them no more. A carriage was waiting to convey me to the country-seat of a neighbor and distant connection, where I remained till I went to school. My aunt died a few hours later, and was taken to be buried in the family-vault a hundred miles away; from thence Horace returned to his post, leaving an old friend and relative of his mother to close the house and arrange all affairs.

My next four years at school were years of progress, both mental and physical—in them I made amends for the blank existence that had gone before. Both place and people were more to my taste than those I had left; with them I breathed a new atmosphere, and felt a new interest and meaning in life. The preceptress, Madame D——, was, and is, one of the most elegant persons I have ever met; and though her prejudices, as a woman of the world, prevented any partiality toward me, whose position was so little known as mine, brought there by my aunt's lawyers, who paid the bills, and gave the directions necessary for my disposal, she was, though never cordial, always kind, and treated me well and fairly. My vacations, of course, were spent at her establishment, except when invited home by some more fortunate school-mate, or my health requiring the change, I followed her, or one of the other teachers, to the sea-side or the country.

In all this time I heard nothing of Horace, save through my legal guardians, who appeared, at intervals, with papers for me to sign, under authority of an order, conveyed in the shape of a letter, very short, very succinct, very arbitrary, very Horatian; in fine, commencing invariably, "My dear Cora," and ending with, "Yours," etc., commanding me to affix my hand and seal to the accompanying documents presented by Mr. Sharpe, and committing him to nothing in the world besides.

As I grew older, and began to understand the nature of the relation I had unconsciously been betrayed into assuming toward him, I chafed more and more against this assumption of ownership, and began to anticipate, with greater dread, the day when I should be openly claimed by him. Looking back on the miserable servitude of my childhood from the airy heights of my present freedom, and compre-

hending, with growing maturity, all to which the rash promise of the child had pledged the woman, my heart rose in bitter rebellion against the tyrant of my fate; and my lips closed more firmly on the unshared secret which set me apart, in my own eyes at least, from my careless, young companions.

Gradually fixed resolves and matured plans took the place of vague revolt, and by the time my school-life ended I was ready to act. I passed my examination with some distinction, and was transferred by my legal protectors to the guardianship of a pupil's mother, with whom I was to remain till Horace, now absent in Europe, but shortly expected home, should return and claim me—as his ward, they fancied, but I knew as his wretched wife.

The family were to spend a week in town before proceeding to their country-seat—a precious week to me. For three days I scanned the daily papers in vain; the fourth, I excused myself from accompanying them on some excursion on which they were bent; and ordering a carriage, drove to the address of the lady who had advertised in the Herald of that morning for a music-governess and companion.

"Mrs. J. M. Tourneysee" was on the door-plate; and Mrs. Tourneysee herself received me—a handsome, stately, elegant woman, of forty-five; a little too condescending in her kindness, perhaps, too imperious in her *empressment*; but by birth, manners, and habits, so unmistakably a lady, that one felt obliged to pardon the slight faults of character that arose, probably, from the most fortunate position she had always occupied in life.

She had mercy on my embarrassment, and relieved it at once by addressing me first. "You came in answer to my advertisement," she observed, slightly glancing at the Herald, which was still nervously grasped in my hand.

For reply, I laid before her my credentials from Madame D——'s, diploma, premiums, certificates of good conduct, etc.

"I should have been satisfied without these," she remarked, hardly looking them over. "I was present at Madame D——'s late exhibition, and recognized you at once, Miss Horton. To be a graduate of her school is no small honor, and should obtain the situation you desire anywhere; for though I believe she sends out but few teachers, the system being so expensive, her course is most thorough, and superior, in every other respect, to those where teachers are educated. I beg your pardon, but I understood that you yourself were a young lady of fortune?"

"Then my fortunes have changed, madam."

"My advertisement has proved a complete success," she quickly went on. "It was undertaken as a *dernier ressort*, an almost hopeless experiment, after I had failed in every other means of obtaining what I sought, and found myself obliged to leave town in a few hours with nothing accomplished. I consider the accident very fortunate that has secured me your services, Miss Horton, and so will my niece; she was at school with you, I think, and often speaks of you. Do you remember Katharine Riccio?"

I remembered her well, for I had loved her very dearly. She had been at one time a parlor boarder at Madame D——'s, with unusual privileges, which amounted exactly to having her own way. She was the daughter of an heiress, Mrs. Tourneysee's half-sister, it seemed, and of a retired opera-singer, who had taken advantage of his position as the young lady's music-master, to win her affections and persuade her to an elopement. Disowned by her father, and hardly noticed by her elder sister, who had married a gentleman her equal in wealth and station, she struggled on for a few painful years, learned her husband's profession, failed in opera, and finally perished with him in some railroad or steamboat disaster, leaving a child of three or four years, for which, with her last breath, she besought her father's love and protection. The handsome, black-eyed baby won upon the remorseful parent's favor more than his own children had ever done—it became his pet and comfort for the remainder of his life; and at his death, he left it, under his eldest daughter's guardianship, joint heiress with her of his large estate.

Mrs. Tourneysee opened a door and called. Instead of the laughing, dark-eyed girl I remembered, there came in answer to this summons a splendid, stately woman, magnificently dressed, who put her white arms round me as frankly as if we had been parted but a few hours, and laid her dimpled cheek against my own, with all the old childlike affection and enthusiasm that used to win upon my reserve when I was a lonely orphan at school.

She was but a few months my senior, yet seemed as many years. Her Southern blood, the gay life she had lived, the character of her beauty—ripe, full, majestic—her early introduction to society, had all given her a maturity of appearance, a superficial knowledge of the world, and an ease and independence of manner, which, perhaps, tended to draw us together, as opposite natures are always drawn to each

other, since these were what I chiefly lacked. In reality, however, we might have exchanged places, for her graceful, brilliant exterior concealed an impassioned, impulsive disposition, full of romance and sensibility; while I, isolated from the world though I had been, yet had already sad experiences of some of its worst trials, and with the burden of my heavy secret lying upon my heart, felt little hope or pleasure in any future it could give.

Her aunt's quiet, lady-like tones, with evident repression in them of her niece's display of tenderness for me, broke upon our girlish conference by giving an explanation of my visit and position. "One of the objects indicated in my advertisement," she added, "was to secure a suitable companion for Katharine, such as I feel sure Miss Horton will be. My niece," she continued, turning to me, "still pursues her study of the languages, and the practice of music, and requires the assistance and example of some steady and accomplished person to encourage her in perseverance. I shall expect great things from your future association, and trust you will find your situation with us all that you could desire. How soon can you join us?"

The color was streaming hotly into my cheeks at her manner of patronizing kindness; but I met Katharine's sweet, dark eyes and mischievous smile, and contrived to preserve my impassibility as I answered,

"At once, if you wish it."

And so it was settled, apparently to Mrs. Tourneysee's great relief, as nothing but this business detained her from returning to her out-of-town establishment, which she evidently had a suspicion was suffering from her absence. I went back to my hotel, and removing my yet packed trunks, left a letter of thanks and farewell to my late protectors, containing also an enclosure for my legal guardians, in which I stated my intention of supporting myself in future, beyond the reach of their knowledge or authority; with a threat of disclosing the whole circumstances of the only claim they and their client had upon me, if they attempted to find me out, interfere with, or annoy me in any way. This bravado was sufficiently ludicrous, but I had prepared it in deadly earnest, and was quite satisfied with the result; and long before it reached the hands of the astonished persons for whom it was intended, I was seated by the side of Katharine Riccio, under the protection of her aunt and her aunt's nephew, and flying down to their sea-side residence at the rate of forty miles an hour in the afternoon express train.

Mrs. Tourneysee's nephew deserves a better description at my hands; but I cannot give it, simply because, from the first, his gentle kindness, his tender courtesy to me, only used to tyranny, coldness, and neglect, won upon my heart so thoroughly that I could never see him otherwise than handsome, winning, and elegant. Yet I believe that to others he appeared merely a plain, quiet, reserved man of thirty, unmistakably a gentleman, and of pleasing address; but the greatest contrast possible to the splendid, reckless, unscrupulous tyrant of my childhood. Others, perhaps, could not see the hidden sweetness in his eyes and smile; for them possibly these did not exist; they might never have had occasion to find him what I always knew him to be, faithful, truthful, earnest, good, a knight without fear and without reproach. I don't think I ever looked at him to judge if he were tall, or strong, or finely featured; but the first glance of his kind hazel eyes meeting mine, made me a loyal subject evermore to the nature, "tendir and trew," that I read there.

He treated Katharine as a petted younger sister, and evidently loved her very fondly—as who could do otherwise? It was not only her beauty that won, but she was so frank, so generous, so enthusiastic, so willful, with the bearing of a queen, and the manners of a child, that it was impossible not to feel a desire both to worship and defend her—one felt sure that in this world of wolves she would not escape worrying and wounding. On her broad, white brow there was such an unconscious pride; on her sweet, dimpled lips such a smiling disdain; in her dancing dark eyes such an innocent confidence as only neophytes wear who have not yet been initiated into the deeper mysteries of life; and such as never fails to provoke the utmost malice of those grudging natures, who, having sinned or suffered themselves on their way through the world, are impatient to drag these happy novices through the same penance or experience, and see them reduced to their own dismal level.

It was a sort of pitying, protecting love that I felt for Katharine; and, strangely enough, the sentiment was the same she had for me. I was homeless, alone, and poor, compelled to labor for my own support at an age when most young girls are living only for pleasure; while she, a waif and orphan like myself, was blessed by heaven with all the rich gifts of fortune and affection that I lacked. Had it been possible the generous girl would have given me half her kingdom, and placed me on an equality with

herself in all respects. Since she could not do this, she gave me half her heart, and established my position in the house, beyond the possibility of annoyance or misconstruction, as her intimate friend and sister. Her aunt did not interfere, waiting, I suppose, till some act of presumption on my part should give her the right to do so; while Leonard Meredith seemed to sanction the adoption by treating me with brotherly kindness.

In spite of my efforts our lessons together were very little more than desultory dialogues—for she only made use of the French or Italian hour as the cover for an hour's chatter on subjects quite disconnected with the structure of the language she used. The past year, which I had spent in the cloistered seclusion of Madame D——'s establishment, had been for her full of event and variety. Most of this time had been passed in travel at home and abroad; during the whole of it she had been, what is technically called "in society," enjoying the pleasures that "society" holds in reserve for the young, beautiful, and wealthy. There was no vanity in these communications, however; no parade of the admiration she received, or the attention she attracted; only an innocent enjoyment of the advantages of her position, and a generous satisfaction in having now a companion to share them.

One secret alone she retained, even in the hours of most unreserved communion, when she came into my room, which adjoined hers, for a lingering gossip before retiring, or remained to share my hospitality, her glossy head on my pillow, her dark eyes candidly looking into my own, her hand locked in mine. Even then the white fingers of the other were carressing the slender chain of a locket she wore about her beautiful neck, that she was always playing with, holding, admiring. It was rather a cheap, showy affair, such as her taste would never have permitted her to purchase; and with her romantic, imaginative temperament, I felt sure, of course, that it was a *gage d'amour*, and that whatever mystery attended it was not of her making, for all her own affairs were freely imparted to me.

No responsibility in the matter could rest upon me, however; for though Katharine was a mirror, her aunt was far too careful a guardian of her, and the fortune that was to be hers on her "coming of age, or marrying," to permit the supposition of any hidden attachment on the part of the young heiress. I was quite incapable of questioning her, and content to believe that some family arrangement, intended

to be kept private for a time, accounted for her unusual secrecy.

My other pupils were Mr. Meredith's half-sisters, by his mother's second marriage, orphaned, and left wholly to his care and generosity. They were pretty twin girls of eight or ten, well bred, and well taught, but in want of some steady, friendly attention beyond their aunt's lady-like supervision, Katharine's injudicious petting and spoiling, and the gentle kindness of their brother, who loved them very tenderly. I was quite inexperienced and timid of my own powers to supply the care they needed; but, fortunately, they grew very much attached to me, and the task became easy of governing them through their affections.

Our pleasantest hour was that of the music-lesson, when Katharine joined us; and with her magnificent voice and exquisite taste and talent, derived from her Italian parentage, made a concert-room of the twins' nursery. In actual technical knowledge, by patient study and practice, I had surpassed, and was obliged to instruct her, but her wonderful native gifts seemed to make her quite independent of the need of such instruction. With these occupations and companions my time passed swiftly and happily, and I took little interest in the epoch to which Katharine looked forward, when the first of September, and the decline of the gay season at the watering-places should fill the house with guests invited to spend that hottest and dullest month in this delightful retreat.

"Bay Rocks" was Mr. Meredith's place; his aunt, being a widow without family, acted as its mistress, and took charge of his orphan sisters, till their majority or his marriage should give it another. It was situated, as its name denoted, on the headlands of a little bay or inlet running in from the sea, whose smooth waters, nearly land-locked by high crags, afforded a safe harbor for the fleet of fanciful little boats it was Katharine's pleasure to keep always moored there, and a welcome protection against the fury of the outer waves in a storm.

The house itself, built of the same stone as the gray cliffs on which it stood, seemed quite as firm and durable; its massive walls defied the utmost power of wind or wave, and beneath its lofty windows a magnificent panorama lay stretched, that ended only in the surf rolling at their base. A flight of steps, cut in the solid rock, and protected by an iron balustrade, led by an easy descent to the fine white beach below, passing from the pillared piazzas around the

face of the cliffs, clothed with hardy vines and shrubs, such as could best bear the exposed situation in its clefts, and crowned above by a plantation of sturdy evergreens, that resisted storm and spray.

A carriage-drive, winding for miles at the foot of the hills, ascended through a natural gorge to the high-road above, and thence to the nearest railroad depots and steamboat stations—our means of communication with the "world beyond." It was difficult to tell where art began and nature ended in the adorning of this lovely spot, so cunningly had the two been commingled; but the result was very successful. The grounds and gardens, fully sheltered behind their wall of rocks and trees, lay on a beautiful southern and western slope, open to the sun, where delicate flowers blossomed as sweetly, and foreign trees and shrubs grew as luxuriantly, and the velvet turf was thick, and rich, and soft, as in favored spots miles away from the blighting breath of the sea. Approached from the land-side, the house itself, that turned so frowning and austere a front to the ocean-wall, spread wide its hospitable wings, and bloomed out into architectural ornaments in keeping with the far different scene at its feet.

It was not hard to be very happy in such a place, and with such companionship; so kindly entreated, so gently made welcome, that I grew to regard it almost as my home, the only one I had ever known, and to look forward with something like fear to the intrusion of strangers, who would necessarily alter our relations to each other, and interfere with the halcyon hours we were passing. I was then too young and inexperienced to know that an exceptional position, such as mine, brings its own pains and perils, and can never last long or end happily.

It was almost like a shock when Katharine came running in one afternoon, just before dinner, breaking upon the peaceful retirement of the school-room, her dark cheeks glowing crimson red, her heart beating audibly with hurry and excitement.

"They are come!" she cried, and dragged me away with her to dress.

In that stout old castle, built before hostile Indians had ceased to roam the country, and full of rooms and passages as a bee-hive, the noise and bustle of arriving company hardly penetrated beyond the quarter in which they were received, and did not reach the thick walls of our distant retreat. I had, therefore, no means of judging of the numbers and per-

sons of the guests, except Katharine's confused account, given in the intervals of dressing, to which she devoted such uncommon time and pains, that it was almost dusk when we went down stairs together, her arm about my waist, our skirts of silk and muslin sweeping the stairs side by side, and forming, as they always did, a bright contrast between the dresses and their wearers.

Katharine was an extravagant creature, fond of the luxuries of the toilet, and greatly given to these small but costly items that add so much to the finish of a dress; but mine, though the plainest, was not unworthy hers—for Madame D—— had *carte-blanc* for my expenses, and brought her exquisite taste and personal pride to the appareling of her young ladies; so I did not fear or dread the comparison between us. There was but one tyrant and one tyranny that I dreaded; of society in general I was no longer afraid or shy.

The last rays of sunset from the red west were streaming through the porches on the stone-floor of the hall as we descended; but the great drawing-room was already brilliantly lighted up, and seemed full of people. A few young ladies, in transparent evening-dresses, were flitting about the doors and corridors, lightly as fairies; to these Katharine introduced me on terms of perfect equality, and we all entered together.

The guests were not so numerous as they seemed. Complacent dowagers, comfortable with the consciousness of wealth or birth beyond the common lot, fanned themselves on the sofas; a band of husbands and fathers, recruited with difficulty from more interesting occupations to accompany these matrons, criticised the view from the piazzas, and patiently awaited the arrival of dinner; a group of pretty children clustered together in a bay-window; a bevy of young ladies hovered about the harp and piano, surrounded by their attendant cavaliers. They moved toward Katharine as she entered, and still retaining her hold on my arm, she led me into the midst of the little throng, scattering greetings and introductions as she went.

Several of these young girls had been my school-mates, and recognized me at once. Two or three gentlemen, brothers of pupils, came forward to speak to me; the others were all strangers, and Katharine presented them in her own happy, informal way: "Mr. Livingston, Mr. Carr, Mr. Hunter, De Lenoir, Miss Horton; my dear Cora, my friend, Eugene Arrandale, Mr. Orme, Mr. Van Zandt, Major Baylies."

PERCY'S EXPERIENCE

BY EMMA B. RIPLEY.

THE chair was tipped back to the easiest inclination, and held there by a stick of wood beneath the rockers; among its cushions of faded chintz nestled Percy Reeves, eating green apples, and reading the novel of "The Maiden Aunts." She would have preferred some other edible—chocolate-creams, for instance; she doted on chocolate-creams, but they were not to be had without a legal tender, which she was seldom in funds to offer; whereas the apple-trees hung near the ground, and when the lower limbs were rifled, nothing was easier than to employ the agency of the cistern-pole or a casual stone, and bring down a fresh supply. As she munched the dainties and perused her volume, she endeavored unsuccessfully to reconcile Edith's "small aquiline nose" with the undoubted fact of her surpassing beauty.

Suddenly a voice rang through the hall, "Percy Reeves! Perse! Where are you?"

The voice and the uncereemonious entrance could announce but one person. "Here, Emily, in my own room," responded its occupant. A step tripped up the stairs, and a merry young face looked in at the door.

"Idle thing!" said Emily Walton. "Why haven't you been up to see me to-day?"

"I meant to come, indeed; "but Mrs. Lake sent in this book, and I just looked at a page or so to see what it was like, and then could not leave it."

"I dare say. And you've been losing yourself ever since in a maze of sentimental nonsense. It was quite time that I came to shake you out of it."

"That will do," said Percy. "Do you want me for anything in particular?"

"Yes. To take a walk in the first place, and to talk over the festival in the second. Smooth your hair and put on your things."

Percy obeyed the order rapidly, yet without vulgar hurry. Her motions revealed a figure, not slender, but symmetrical; tall, sinuous, with shapely throat and dimpled hands. Her complexion, perfectly pale, had a clearness and glow which redeemed it from the suspicion of ill health; a pair of large, hazel eyes lighted up her face, and the most lavish abundance of fair hair was brushed from her forehead, and twisted, coil on coil, at the back of her well-

formed head. If, noting all this, you had pronounced Percy Reeves a beauty, your judgment would not have differed materially from that of the rest of mankind.

I dare not detail the conversation of the two girls as they pursued their way. Neither was yet seventeen, and their minds lacked the depth and profundity which come with maturer young ladyhood. They talked about their dresses for the approaching festivity, how such and such colors would "go" together; and wondered if their favorite beaux would be there. While engaged in such high converse, they espied a young man approaching; he raised his hat, and they acknowledged the salute with great outward demureness and secret delight.

"How handsome he is!" said Emily Walton; "and how he looked at you, Percy."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Percy, coloring; but in her heart of hearts she believed that Emily's statement was correct.

At that time, in that place, it was something to be noticed by Edgar North; he was held as altogether the most desirable among the Newford cavaliers. Indigenous youth might have more solid charms; Mr. North was from the city, and no one knew exactly what his prospects were; but there was a grace in his neck-tie, his bow, the fit of his garments, which all the Newford belles appreciated. His admiration was rated much higher than any rustic tribute. On his part, he soon considered Percy Reeves one of the most beautiful creatures he had ever met in town or country. This opinion he expressed with some fervor to the relative with whom he was staying.

"Take care," she said, shaking her head; "don't go too far."

"Why should any distance be too far?" he had responded. His actions were thenceforth in accordance with this sentiment. Emily and the other girls began to see that they must resign all hope of him, which they did good-naturedly enough, for Percy was a general favorite. The affair progressed as such things do, when circumstances are propitious; the young girl had some fluttering hopes and fears, then the fullness of delighted certainty. Wedding preparations came on apace, and Percy was endowed with more new finery than she had ever

dreamed of owning. There was the ceremony, the bridal-trip; and finally, one evening she found herself, in their own room in New York, anticipating with no little nervousness her *debut* at dinner.

You and I, familiar with the Avenue, must, of course, be amused by her solicitude about appearing at the table of a second-rate boarding-house; second-rate, I mean, in point of fashion, for it was not only thoroughly respectable, but highly "genteel." Edgar shared her interest, but not her anxiety; he was perfectly sure of the impression she would make, and anticipated it with no little triumph.

Every one was punctual at dinner that evening. Mrs. Marks, who, as hostess, had already enjoyed a brief interview with the stranger, and whose mind was more occupied by the exigencies of the table and the successes of the cook, than by any such trifles as weddings, brides, etc., was calm as usual; all the rest were on the tip-toe of expectation. Percy had meant to be early, but some unmanageable puffs delayed her, and the household were seated as the young pair came in. She felt it was facing the cannon's mouth to walk before so many eyes to her place at the end of the long table; but being of a resolute turn of mind, she did it without flinching. Meanwhile, all the people stared. Nobody had expected anything like that. They looked to see, at most, a pretty little rustic—and lo! this imperial beauty, with her slow, sately movements, her gracious calm—for Percy did not betray her tremors; her agitation showed itself only by a flush that made her more beautiful. Young Orne forgot his soup in gazing at her; and little Mrs. Duryea, who had meant to patronize the bride if she proved presentable, felt herself in doubt as to whether she should not have to submit to being patronized instead.

After dinner, there was an adjournment to the parlors. The gay bachelors, who commonly donned their wraps in the hall, and were off for the evening, tarried now; so did everybody else but Mr. Duryea, whom no earthly attraction could win from his own room, and the comfortable enjoyment of the evening paper. Percy had a sort of levee; it was plain that her first appearance had proved a success.

"Oh, you hypocrite!" said young Orne, when he could get speech of Edgar. "How you have deceived us!"

"I?" he exclaimed, with an air of perfect innocence.

"What did you say to Keith and me when we asked you about Miss Reeves' appearance?"

"That she looked well to you, but you might be partial." Was ever anything so barefaced?"

"Just see Mrs. Duryea," said Mrs. Symonds to Miss Baker. "How she is trying to ingratiate herself with the bride."

"I suppose the gentlemen will be neglected for this evening," was the response.

"Not very long. She can carry on two trains of thought at once, that woman. What any one can see in her!"

"That insinuating way she has always repels me," observed Miss Baker.

"Just what I've said a hundred times to Mr. Symonds—but there's no use in talking to these men!" From which it may be inferred that Mrs. Duryea had never taken pains to ingratiate herself with these two ladies, there being nothing in their position or their *physique* to attract her wayward sympathies.

"I suppose her music will have to come along presently," said Miss Baker.

"Of course. I'm heartily tired of these performances. We can never get together for a social evening that she doesn't contrive to be asked to sing—and then good-by to anything like conversation. We had better set up an opera-house at once, I think."

It fell out as Miss Baker prophesied; the music *did* come along presently, and Percy listened with amazed delight. It was like a first hearing of the nightingale, when you are told that all those floods of melody proceed from that little brown bird upon the spray. Where, in her small person, did the singer stow away such volume and compass of sound? The bride's pleasure was flatteringly evident in her countenance; and Mrs. Duryea, who had all the enthusiasm which commonly attaches to the musical temperament, was irresistibly drawn to her. She entertained her husband when she went up stairs with lavish encomiums of the stranger, and remarked that she knew they should love each other dearly.

Percy, on her part, was of a disposition less easily moved, and had no thought of swearing eternal friendship at first sight, though she found the new acquaintance very pleasing.

"What a delightful evening it has been!" she exclaimed, as soon as she was alone with Edgar. "I should not think you would ever need to go out for entertainment."

"We don't always have such an attraction among us," said Edgar; "at least we have not had till now. And to those who were not brides and beauties, even this evening may have fallen a little short of Elysium."

"Why, didn't you enjoy it, Edgar?"

"Certainly I did. Because I was with you in the first place; because you were pleased, in the second. Then I had my part in your triumphs, too. But I did not think that Miss Baker, for instance, seemed in ecstasies."

"She isn't a very pleasant person, is she? At least she did not seem to care at all about that lovely singing. She was talking and looking at pictures a good deal of the time."

"It is nothing new to her—and it throws her in the shade, besides. Perhaps, in those circumstances, you would not enjoy it so much yourself."

"Ah, Edgar! do you really think I am envious?"

"I don't know how I could look at your face and imagine you ever could have cause to be."

"Now you are flattering me. But, seriously, I don't think I could ever tire of listening to Mrs. Duryea. Her voice is so charming that you quite forget how plain she is."

"Mrs. Duryea plain!" said Edgar, in astonishment.

"Why, isn't she?" asked Percy, equally surprised. "I am sure she looked so to-night. She is so little and brown—and her features are so irregular."

"That may be," said Edgar, reflecting. "She was our belle, nevertheless, till you came. Her hair and teeth are splendid, and she makes a great deal of her eyes; then she has so much style, and dresses exquisitely."

"She seems very kind and artless," observed Percy.

"Artless!" said Edgar, smiling. "I should hardly have fixed on that as her distinguishing trait. However, you may study out the characters of our acquaintances at leisure, and I will only indulge myself with annotations now and then. But I can't help smiling to think of the effect it would produce through the house to know that you had pronounced Mrs. Duryea plain—and artless! None of the gentlemen could credit the first, none of the ladies the last."

Percy fell asleep wondering over the very different standard of town and country tastes. She was very sure that nobody in Newford would think of calling that little woman anything but very ordinary, indeed.

A few weeks made the young wife quite at home among her new set. She was on good terms with Mrs. Symonds, Miss Baker, and the soberer portion of the household; Mrs. Marks, the hostess, pronounced her a very superior person; the young men considered her an angel of sweetness and beauty; Mrs. Duryea was fast becoming her intimate friend. Percy's entire

freedom from ostentation did not, perhaps, lessen her merits in the eyes of any of the inmates; with Mrs. Duryea it was a decided charm. Had she set more value upon her beauty, had she studied the art of enhancing and displaying it, that lady would have respected her more highly, but would have liked her less. As it was, she was able still to consider herself in the ascendant, and to advise and instruct as much as she desired.

Percy, arriving in New York, had thought her wardrobe handsomely and liberally supplied. Her ideas were, indeed, formed on a very simple style, and her notion of her own claims was limited. Mrs. Duryea speedily showed her her mistake. She found that Edgar had been right in crediting the little woman with a good deal of style; her own eyes, becoming educated, acknowledged it. No one's dresses fitted like Mrs. Duryea's; no one wore such elegant laces, such delicate gloves; no bonnet-strings were tied in bows so expansive, yet beautifully shaped. Percy's things began, somehow, to look all wrong; her best bonnet seemed dowdy; her skirts refused to fall with the soft amplitude which she admired; the very toes of her shoes failed of that *juste milieu* between the round and square which fashion sanctioned. Mrs. Duryea occasionally assisted her vision by precept as well as example.

"That green is a sweet shade," she observed. "It is a shame such a pretty silk should be spoiled in the making."

"I know it doesn't look like your dresses," said Percy, with humility; "but then I hadn't your figure to fit it over."

"Your figure is well enough, my dear," responded Mrs. Duryea, which was certainly very good of her, considering what a simple structure it was compared to her own. "It's all in the making. Country dress-making is enough to ruin anything." The sight of such a ruin stirred her better feelings. She never made her own dresses, but she had the ideas of a *connoisseur* as to what was requisite; Percy ripped the silk to pieces and followed her suggestions. The result was so satisfactory, though still falling far short of her model, that she was encouraged to try dress after dress. By the time they were completed, her notions of what constituted a creditable appearance were considerably enlarged. She blushed to think how rustic she must hitherto have looked in practiced eyes. A few laces, a mantle, a fresh stock of gloves, were absolutely needed; above all, a new bonnet. How could she ever have thought that awkward, ill-trimmed thing presentable!

Mrs. Duryea went with her to assist in the purchases. She did not mean to buy anything expensive; her aim was only to be suitably and tastefully provided for. But, fairly launched upon the tide of shopping, the beauty and variety she saw bewildered her. She found, with dismay, that the sums she had named in her own mind as her limit, would secure only the plainest and cheapest among the articles submitted to her. Embarrassed and timid, she knew not how to decide; she dreaded seeming mean; and then Mrs. Duryea and the shopwoman kept pressing on her notice the handsomest and costliest things; the others really were shabby by contrast. Poor Percy! she wished she had never thought of getting anything new; she wished, at any rate, that she had come alone, that there might be no spectator of her economies. But all this did not help her; she made a compromise unsatisfactory in every way. Her purchases were not among the most expensive articles, but they cost full twice as much as she intended.

"Well, nobody can complain of *your* extravagance," said Mrs. Duryea, as they left the scene of temptation. "I can hardly forgive myself for letting you miss that bonnet, so elegant, and such a bargain. Somehow, Madame Harris never offers me any such. To be sure, it is a little late; you wouldn't have seen it at that price two weeks ago. I don't know how you could resist it."

"It cost ten dollars more than the one I took."

"Oh, well! what are ten dollars compared with having what you like?"

Percy had not the courage to say that the despised sum was as much as she had ever paid for a bonnet heretofore, and so walked on in silence. The day was spoiled for her; her conscience was ill at ease, and she dreaded telling Edgar of her extravagance. He must think her very blameable; and, oh! what would mother say, if she knew? When the things came home, she put them aside without a single glance; and Edgar, on his return, found her so downcast that he was quite alarmed. Her confession speedily reassured him.

"Afraid of a scolding, was she, poor dear?" he said. "Never look so solemn again for anything short of the seven deadly sins. Let us have a sight of these apples of Sodom that have made such a bitter mouthful for you."

Percy brought forward her purchases. How handsome they looked now that they were no longer contrasted with more elegant and costly things. Edgar praised them all, especially the

bonnet, which he declared to be "the sweetest breath of a thing" he had seen in a year.

"Put it on," he said; "I want to try the effect." Percy obeyed. The foamy lace, the exquisite flowers, set off her beauty marvelously. Blushing and conscious she turned to Edgar, whose ardent admiration made her color yet more deeply.

Altogether the dreaded scene passed off in the most pleasant manner. Percy was profoundly grateful for the generous forbearance that had not given her even a reproachful look; she felt that she could wear the things now with some sort of comfort, though she still regretted her weakness. But this was a lesson she should never forget. She could never be tempted a second time into what her judgment disapproved.

Mrs. Symonds and Miss Baker were very intimate. They crocheted in each other's room almost every morning, and talked over the rest of the boarders. They early agreed that it was a sad pity that young Mrs. North, poor thing! had fallen so completely under Mrs. Duryea's influence. Somebody ought to advise her of the great ineligibility of such an acquaintance; but, of course, it was none of their business. They wondered her husband didn't put a stop to it.

Edgar was, indeed, a little surprised at Percy's choice of a friend; meanwhile, there was no harm in Mrs. Duryea that he knew of. She was, like half the pretty, unoccupied women one meets in a city life, who, having neither house nor child to engage their attention, bestow it all upon themselves—the decoration of their persons, and the display of their charms. If there had been any danger of Percy growing like her, he would very soon endeavor to "put a stop to it;" he shouldn't fancy spending the evening alone while his wife coquetted with the young men down in the parlor. He used to be polite to Mrs. Duryea himself before he saw Percy—nothing particular; no more than all the others were; still it would not have quite suited his taste to see his wife receiving that sort of attention.

Meanwhile, the intimacy went on. The dreaded little lady had a very winning manner; she was one of those companionable people who are so nice to be with, even where you say to yourself that there is not very much in them. Her music continued a great charm to Percy, who listened with enthusiasm to all those performances over which some others looked bored or cool. Mrs. Duryea was so useful and so kind in helping her about her dress—a subject

which gave Percy much concern. In the first stages of their acquaintance she used to wonder at the important matter which her friend made of her attire; it was quite new to her. People in Newford liked pretty things—no doubt she did herself; but she had always been taught to consider that dress was a subordinate thing; that a great many other subjects were to take precedence of it. Mrs. Duryea, on the contrary, seemed to consider it the interest of life. "Style" was her divinity. Percy never intended to fall into any such way of thinking, yet, imperceptibly, she lapsed far toward it.

It was very agreeable of a bright morning to array herself carefully and go forth, a figure on which every eye must rest with pleasure, on some shopping excursion with a friend. It was agreeable to see so many pretty things; to have her taste appealed to; to note the admiring glances that turned to her wherever she appeared. Very nice, too, was the little pause of rest, and the lunch at Maillard's, which grew to be a frequent feature of the expeditions. But, if all this were pleasant, how much more to be desired was the life of those ladies whom she saw at Stewart's or Arnold's; who descended from their carriages to buy whatever they fancied, regardless of its cost; who went home only to prepare for some evening scene of splendor and triumph. Of course, she did not expect anything of the kind for herself; but what a Paradise it must be for those who could attain to it.

Such feelings bore their legitimate fruit in due season. The never-to-be-forgotten lesson passed out of mind; one temptation after another was yielded to, each seeming at the time an absolute necessity. You couldn't live in the world without dressing like other people, she told herself; those whom you met rated you, naturally enough, by your appearance. She couldn't bear to look dowdy and old-fashioned; she was sure Edgar would not like to have her so. Mrs. Duryea, too, introduced her to an entirely new set of economies—the best, *i. e.* the most expensive things, she was assured, were the cheapest in the end; and as it was very evident that they were prettiest to begin with, Percy readily followed the experienced advice. She had very little time now for reading novels, or anything else; all her leisure was given to altering and retrimming, or to imitating, as best she might, the enchanting models that allured her in her transits through the city. Edgar was surprised to find her unable to talk over with him the new books and magazines he brought home; she, who used to be so fond of reading. He began to wish that

he had taken a little pains to prevent the formation of her friendship with Mrs. Duryea—it had been no advantage to Percy, he thought.

The poor child, meanwhile, never doubted that she was greatly improved. She looked back with some mortification to the time of her arrival in the city; how very *gauche* she must have seemed! Still, she didn't know that she was not full as happy then. She did not think or care much about style in those days; and now it was a sort of slavery. Let her buy as she would, and manage as she would, she was always falling short in some essential particular. It seemed as if nothing less than a fortune would enable you to be really respectable in New York.

The dark days of '57 drew on. Edgar began to feel very anxious; he saw difficulties ahead which he knew not how to meet. Still, with unwise tenderness, he forbore to trouble his young wife about these matters; perhaps all would come right, and she need never know. So Percy went on her way, led into fresh expenses here and there; not always easy at heart by any means, but always beautiful and elegant to outward vision.

One evening, when her eyes had been unusually dazzled by some brilliant vanity or other, and she had hinted a wish to become possessed of it, Edgar surprised her by some very serious remarks about "the times." Conscience began to trouble her, and when, next day, her friend tapped at her door, and warned her that it was time to dress for going out, she declined the expedition.

"Why, what does this mean?" said Mrs. Duryea, in astonishment. "I thought you were going down to Tiffany's as early as possible to secure that bracelet. What has come over you?"

"I have been spending too much lately," said Percy. "And if the times are likely to be so bad, the sooner I break off the better. I will begin on the bracelet, though I felt yesterday as if I couldn't do without it."

"Dear me!" observed Mrs. Duryea; with a rather disagreeable laugh. "It's early to have that story told you. We older wives are used to it; but you, almost a bride! It is a little too bad. Why, John wouldn't begrudge me such a trifle, even now."

Percy flushed with indignation; she could hardly command herself to decline again, more positively, accompanying her friend; and it was with real relief that she saw the door close after her. What unheard-of rudeness, to impute such a motive to Edgar! Percy did not know of the frequent domestic scenes which made it seem

to Mrs. Duryea the most natural thing in the world.

This cause of dissatisfaction brought up some others, on which, hitherto, she had not dwelt. Mrs. Duryea had a poor memory, and though lavish in large matters, was careless about providing herself with small essentials. She was always finding herself "out" of hair-pins or boot-lacers, or pomade, and running into Percy's room for a supply. The calls were liberally responded to, and Percy was glad to be of use; yet, latterly, she had begun to wonder that any one could be so habitually negligent. She had been surprised, too, by Mrs. Duryea's frequent lack of change when the conductor came around for fares, and the easy acceptance of her own mediation, because "it wasn't worth while to break a bill." She recalled the numerous times she had settled their little account at Maillard's, and the nonchalance with which Mrs. Duryea, if she paid at all, would say of some especially nice item, "I'll let you attend to that, as you ordered it," when Percy knew that the order came from the other party. All these things had seemed odd; she had not known how to explain them; and now they came up and placed her friend in no very pleasant light. However, they were trifles compared with another source of uneasiness. Several times, when they had been out together, Mrs. Duryea had fallen short of money, and it had been the simplest thing in the world to turn to Percy and ask the loan of five or ten dollars to meet the emergency. The repayment, it seemed, was a more complicated affair, since it had not been as yet attempted. The occurrence had been so frequent that the sum was now considerable, and Percy was anxious about it. Of course, it would be paid—some time, if Mrs. Duryea remembered it; but then she was so forgetful! And *she* never could ask for it; and if the times were getting so bad, Edgar would certainly need everything that belonged to him. How she wished she had not been so imprudent, so extravagant! It was a long, quiet morning that she passed in her own room; there was plenty of time to review her faults, and resolve for the future. One good result had come of it, at any rate, she thought. She had determined to keep out of the way of temptation, and to let Mrs. Duryea do her shopping by herself. The resolve was an excellent one, though, unhappily, it was made too late to be of much service at that especial crisis. Mrs. Duryea had only gone out alone a few times, when Edgar came home with a face that told his news almost as plainly as he could speak it.

"It's all over with us!" he said, in answer to Percy's eager questions. "Every one will know it to-morrow. You must go home, dear, and I will do the best I can for you there."

"Oh, Edgar!" she cried, remorsefully, "I have ruined you by my extravagance!"

"No, no!" he said, "you couldn't have saved us—your little weight was nothing. It is a terrible time, and the worst is yet to come." Then they talked over the details and arranged their future. He hoped to find some employment that would keep him till better days arrived; but Percy must not share the privations to which he would be subject. He had not expected to bring her to this; he did not think that her first visit home would be under such circumstances. And Percy comforted him as well as she could, and declared that she would only leave him while she was obliged to; the moment he was able to have her with him she should return, and endure whatever trials he endured. So, though a great calamity had fallen upon him, Edgar felt that the best things of life had not, could not be, taken away.

How Percy wished now for the sums so unsatisfactorily invested in her personal attire; they would be of no slight help in meeting daily necessities. However, they were gone, and it was of no use to lament them; the only thing that she could do was to secure, if possible, her former loan to Mrs. Duryea.

"There ought not to be any trouble about it," she thought; "when our misfortunes are known, she will, of course, repay me immediately. She will see how important even a small sum must be to us." This comforting faith was disappointed; nor did she receive from her friend all the sympathy which she anticipated. Little Mrs. Duryea was always somewhat capricious; it was about time, in the natural course of things, for her to seek some fresh intimacy. Then Percy's sudden turn for economy was very tiresome; she wanted somebody to go about with her and encourage and admire, and be useful in small pecuniary ways. She saw that this failure was not like many she had known, where the people went on luxuriantly as ever; there would be real retrenchment here, and by-and-by the appearance of actual poverty, perhaps. Clearly there was no advantage in keeping up such an acquaintance; and as a gay, wealthy young widow appeared about this time among Mrs. Mark's inmates, she gradually dropped Percy and took up the newcomer. As for the circumstance of the loan, it had entirely slipped her memory, the young wife found, when, blushing and hesitating, she

ventured to allude to it. There was great astonishment at finding the sum so large, and many assurances that it should be returned to-morrow, or the day after; but up to the time of her departure from New York Percy saw no more of it.

"We must charge it over to profit and loss," said Edgar. "Or you can put it down, dear, as one of the items in your purchase of experience."

The winter of '57 went on; as one great house after another fell with a crash, Edgar's little fortunes or mishaps quite faded out of sight. Meanwhile, he was working steadily to retrieve them, and the return of brighter times found him ready to improve it. Percy came back to him, as she had said, at the earliest possible moment; they went together through a good deal of what they would once have called privation, and found that it was not so dreadful, after all. A few friends re-

mained to them, who still knew Percy when they met her in the street, and who were not afraid of being contaminated by the air of the very unstylish neighborhood in which she lived. With their occasional society and the care of her house, diversified by the inexpensive pleasures of rides, and walks, and books, she found the hours of Edgar's absence passing away without tedium. And in their pleasant evenings they became fully persuaded that people who are "nobody" and "never heard of," may still enjoy existence quite as much as if they were on the topmost wave of fashion.

Their affairs have improved within a few years, and they are once more in a position to be recognized by the elect. Mrs. Duryea, however, has not returned to them: Percy sees her sometimes in the Park, or at an opera, but the little lady's bright eyes pass over her unheedingly, and the early loan remains a permanent investment.

THE LONELY GRAVE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

A LONELY spot, and a lonely grave,
On the bank of the beautiful river,
Where willows droop and aspens wave,
And their shadows across it quiver.

No sculptured marble to tell the name
Of the sleeper who rests below;
Or to say that a traveler, unknown to fame,
Was buried here long ago.

Only a smooth and grassy mound,
By the side of the beautiful river;
And a rough, gray stone, with mosses crowned,
Where the scattered sunbeams quiver;

To tell of the glad young life that beat
In the silent breast below;

And the high hopes quenched by the arrow fleet
From the treacherous Red-Man's bow.

Only these the hunter's tale to tell,
Who found him beside the river;
And saw from his side the life-blood well,
While his spirit sought its Giver;

Only these to say that, with reverent tread,
They buried him 'neath the willow;
And placed the stone above his head,
That had been his dying pillow;

Only these to speak of the mother's woe,
Too deep for words to measure;
Whose boy was laid here so long ago—
Her lone heart's only treasure.

LOVE SONG.

BY E. A. DARBY.

Let love be eye between us;
How wretched is their fate,
Who mingle with their life-cup
The bitter gall of hate?
This life was made for loving;
And they who love the most,
Will taste its sweetest pleasures,
And at the lowest cost.

Love radiates from Heaven,
And yields its perfect light
To us who, left without it,
Would grovel in the night.

Its rays are pure, celestial—
God's everlasting breath;
They bless us all our lifetime,
And comfort us in death.

Love plucks the thorns of envy
From every human lot;
Nor smiles upon a palace,
Forgetful of a cot.
Then let us love each other,
That life to us may seem
To be a pleasant Eden,
As perfect as a dream.

A SEA-SIDE STORY.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

It was very quiet along the shore just now. Fifteen minutes before the beach had been all life and animation. Thorough-breds caracol-ing beneath belle and beau, equipages brim-ming over with bright drapery of silk, and cloaks of scarlet and floating plume—all extra-vagant brightnesses of attire people are wont to wear at the sea-shore when the season is at its height.

Yet a true lover of the ocean would have liked to linger beside it far better now, when primeval quietude had settled upon the scene, and the soft light of twilight purpling the clear green waves that washed in shoreward the white foam, curving in serpentine convolutions, and that broke upon the shining, shell-strewn sand with that endless murmur that makes the chil-dren ask, "What is it the waves are saying?" No one ever can tell, they weave their song in endless pacings to and fro, taking their part in the infinite chorus of the universe. Only when the whole of the mighty anthem is com-prehended, shall we understand the multitudi-nous chords that form the wondrous gamut. Until then we are all children, asking the meaning that no mortal can tell, that even poets, and singers, and artists only guess at.

The figure of a young girl, sitting so as to show a very quiet profile against the evening sky, toned in most admirably with the twilight repose that rested upon everything. Not a Greek profile by any means! I do not scorn Greek profiles, but one hears of them so much that one becomes fatigued. This young girl was pure American—the lines of the face clear, but not regular, delicate, but not classical; her figure slight, but not angular. No matter for all this, however, she expressed something. Antiques express but little, or else one emotion in excess. This face was mobile. While the girl had been sitting there it had shifted through many moods, and at last settled into a grave, sad look; a touch of yearning in the eyes, a touch of pride curving the lips; yet not with such determination but that you felt one heartfelt caress would sweep both sorrow and pride away in a gush of tears such as only young eyes can weep.

"Miss Nell!"

Miss Nell looked up—looked up into the

man's face dropped down to her. Ashton Meade was so tall that he must stoop full low in talking to most women. And he exulted in his height, and never more so than when he talked with women; for he felt then that he was taller than most men, and in more ways than that of phy-sical height as well.

Miss Nell looked up just an instant; then dropped her eyes, and commanded her lips that quivered a little, like a child that is hurt, but too proud to cry.

"Miss Nell, why are you sitting here all alone? What makes you look so sorrowful?"

"I am not sorrowful, sir; but exceedingly displeased."

The gentleman laughed slightly; but he was ill at ease nevertheless. He had thought "Miss Nell" a simple child-girl that might be swayed at his pleasure. But the face he was looking down at remained fixed. It was a more serious matter than he supposed. So, taking a seat on the rock beside Miss Nell, he braced himself for the task before him.

"Now, tell me all my offence?" he asked, in a tone that said, "I am completely at your mercy."

In quick, impetuous accents, Miss Nell set forth her wrongs—just the gushing confidence of a child. He had "seemed to like her so well," she said, and she had thought they were going to "be friends always;" always, for had he not saved her from the great wave that would have swept her away but for his out-stretched arm: she would have been drowned but for him.

The cold face relented, but still retained a curious look of being on its guard.

"Well, and you think I am not your friend?"

"No. You have changed. You hardly speak to me now since Mrs. Barton and her party of fine ladies and fine gentlemen have arrived. I am just the same, but you are like marble: you are not even polite to me."

Ashton Meade plumed himself upon his good breeding, held it almost criminal to be less than courteous to a woman. This straightforward charge of discourtesy was more than he could bear. Hauteur vanished, his manner grew humble, deferential.

"Miss Nell, forgive me, will you not?"

The words were said very sweetly, as only a proud man can say them. I doubt not but the reply would have been all that was gentle and womanly, but here a sharp treble cut the twilight air.

"Well, Mam'selle Grant, this is a pretty how-de-do. You out here, and the sea-air damp as can be, with nothing but this gauze shawl about you!"

"Oh! aunt Laura, I never thought!" said the delinquent, starting up, and turning toward the trim little figure that stood looking at her with a curious mixture of the *chaperone*, the woman of society, and a solicitude that was more than kind, expressed in her face and manner.

"Of course, you never thought: young girls are always thoughtless. "But Mr. Meade, at least——"

"I—I am quite to blame," says this last, bowing low. "How can I atone?"

Aunt Laura finds herself mollified at once. Mr. Meade's manner is perfect, especially to those older than himself,

So the three wend their way up from the beach to one of the huge caravanseries, yelegt hotels, that mount guard a short distance from the shore.

Everybody has had tea by this. So the three have a cozy meal by themselves. That is, if you can call a tea cozy that takes place at one end of a long table, with bustling waiters, and six hundred people, more or less, eating. I don't believe Miss Nell thought of this, however, or of the slippered waiters coming and going like phantoms. I don't believe she noticed the flavor of the tea at all. She was just thinking how nice it was to be friends again; she wouldn't expect too much in future; if Mr. Meade would only be civil, and treat her as he did other women, there would be no occasion for disagreement.

Music from outside floated through the broad hall, which was used as a promenade, and found its way into the dining-room.

"Will you walk with me awhile?" said Meade.

"Yes," with downcast eyes, answers Nell.

Aunt Laura cannot stay. "I am reading the most fascinating book," she says; "the heroine puts me in mind of my little Nellie here—all nature. Well, well, young people will be young people;" and nodding her head sagaciously, aunt Laura withdraws.

Let me tell you somewhat of this little Nellie, who was "all nature." She had lived quietly at home with mamma and the rest; for the family was large, and Dr. Grant had nothing to spare for the clamorous demands of society

life, until aunt Laura came on a visit. She was a vivacious little body, who hated, above all things, to be what she was pleased to call, "mewed up from all the world like nuns in a convent." Of all her nieces, Nell caught her fancy most. Something fresh and sparkling in the young girl's face and manner seemed to betoken a temperament congenial with her own. So she said to mamma Grant, in her quiet, pungent way,

"Nell is too clever a girl to be moping here; she must see a little of life. She is too *naïve* entirely, too unsophisticated. Why, do you know, the other day, when I said I was worn out with Saratoga, because the people did nothing but change their dresses from morning until night, she opened her eyes like a baby, and asked if the place was so fearfully dirty that they couldn't keep clean. As if fashionable people only cared to look neat, you know! Poor little thing! she always looks as fresh and neat as a pink; and with her scanty wardrobe, too. Never mind, we'll see."

And aunt Laura did see. She was not rich, but generous; and I do believe any heart that's truly generous will conjure ample means, where a stingy one can only proclaim barrenness. So she shopped and found bargains, and sat with her niece, the two sewing away busy as bees, until lo! Miss Nell was fitted out with a wardrobe, not expensive or sumptuous, but choice, *recherche*, dresses few but becoming, perfect in detail to the fraction of a hair.

"Now for the sea-shore. You'll find the world there in miniature," declares aunt Laura, who plumes herself upon being a student of human nature, and who, as far as the knowledge extends, is by no means a *mal-adroit* in this particular.

Yet aunt Laura had not understood Ashton Meade. The lines of the quiet, somewhat haughty face were all Greek to her in more senses than one; "all Greek," she declared them to be: the "most classical-looking man I ever met, my dear," to her niece, who said, in her impulsive fashion,

"Yes, aunt Laura, I read the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* at school; and I know old Homer is grand. If Nestor and those other old fogies wouldn't make such interminable speeches. But I must say, if the Greeks were anything like him, they must have been the most fascinating race of people. What a pity they're all defunct."

"Nellie Grant, look out. I believe you're in danger," says aunt Laura, slyly.

"No," returns the young girl, thoughtfully: "for I am not sure that I can trust Mr. Meade."

"For shame! Suspicious at your age!" chides the elder lady. "I can assure you, Miss Nell, there's not a man at this crowded sea-shore I would place such confidence in as he."

Now look at this phenomenon. Here was aunt Laura, who had traveled the world over, and yet she had not as keen a perception of character as this little lady, who had seen only that small segment of life that fell to her share in the quiet circle of home. But familiarity with society is far from always giving that keen knowledge of it, upon which its votaries pique themselves. I, for one, declare that it is oftenest natures that are finely simple, that are the profoundest judges of life and character. Your Macchiavellio and Talleyrands spin such fine webs of sophistry about all things, that they become themselves finally entangled therein, and are perplexed by the crossings of the threads themselves have woven, and bewildered so that they cannot tell the true from the false. For proof, read the history of the diplomats, French and otherwise, and see how, time and again, they have been baffled by natures whose only power was brave, single-hearted simplicity.

So this Nellie Grant, of whom I am telling, came to the sea-shore, not unprotected. Frank and ingenuous, she possessed that quick discernment which is apt to be the heritage of such natures.

Ashton Meade had noticed this young girl—most people did; for her face, bright, yet thoughtful, full of all gentle promises, attracted the gaze; yet he had noticed her carelessly as one of a crowd of charming women, until, one day, a mammoth wave swept in upon the beach, caught Mam'selle Grant in its emerald embrace, and would have borne her off in triumph, perchance never to return, had not an arm, strong as an Athlete's contending for the prize, caught her away, and carried her, drenched, breathless, exhausted, to her bewildered aunt.

Of course, this made an acquaintance at once. We all know how informal matters are at the sea-shore. The ocean breezes sweep away, in a measure, the fine mists of conventionalism that wrap us about at home and hide what we are from one another.

Ashton Meade, thoroughly conventional, found himself strangely drawn toward this unhackneyed girl. And, for a time, he yielded to the unwonted charm, and felt the artificialities, which disguised his really nobler nature, slipping away. Here was a royal chance for a man to be thoroughly noble; here was a woman's heart worth the wooing and winning; a rare and perfect chrysolite; for no flaw of idle

coquetry, no fleck of pretence, marred the crystal clearness of the gem! Ashton Meade, cautious, somewhat suspicious, a trifle arrogant in the high esteem he held for himself, began to believe that he had met his fate. But "the world, the flesh, and the devil," proved too strong for him—for in one respect he was fatally weak. The gem might be fair and perfect, but it must be so set that all the world might recognize it, and must extol and admire it. Even while he began to waver, Mrs. Bernard, the queen of upper-tendom, made her advent at the sea-shore. She came with a very brilliant retinue; and Eliza Maynard, if not the most beautiful, was the most distinguished of them all. She belonged to one of those old New York families, who carry prestige wherever they go, whose advent suffices to make any place of summer sojourn the reigning fashion. Mr. Meade belonged to their "set" at home.

"What is he doing here?" queried Miss Maynard.

"Absorbed in that little chit," was the answer, "who has a bright complexion, and a kind of daisy freshness, but who is evidently a person of no consequence whatever."

The mischief was soon done, alack-a-day for Ashton Meade's manhood! Miss Maynard, in her polished, well-bred fashion, laughed at him about his "new devotion." Was he really going to leave them? He did show good taste—she was a "pretty little thing;" but then she had fancied he would like somebody so very, very superior. And Miss Maynard looked pained, disappointed, almost grieved, as if to intimate that, in society phrase, he were going to "throw himself away."

This was the reason of it all. This was the reason Miss Nell wondered why the face, whose cold, Greek lines had warmed into nobler and higher expression, grew icy so suddenly; why the tones that had begun to vibrate with a tenderness, the more alluring because it was only for her, were chilly now as a northern winter.

Ashton Meade thought he had erred. He was not dishonest, he meant to be manly; perhaps he had given cause to Miss Nell for reproach and upbraiding. But if she had a child's simplicity, she had a woman's pride as well.

So she was quiet, watched proceedings, wondered what it all meant. But Meade was too extreme; in trying to annul the past, he was less than polite to Mam'selle Grant. It was thus and then that the little lady, when Meade, meeting her on the beach, told, for the first time, what was passing through her heart.

The impetuous accents moved Ashton Meade

more even than he showed. He liked women too well not to feel the compliment of these reproaches. "How much she must like me," he thought, "since she feels my coldness so deeply. Yes, he would be friends with her, that was all," he thought to himself.

Aunt Laura, as I have said, retired from the field, congratulating herself upon the nice art of discrimination that contact with the world had given her. So the music beat through the wide halls, and floated out into the night—a mid-summer's night, when moonlight and music are sweeter than sweet.

Miss Nell had made no evening toilet. The damp sea-breeze had loosened her ringlets into wide, floating waves, that no fashion could teach or emulate. The *crepe* shawl, against which aunt Laura had disclaimed, if not good for protection, did well for the picturesque, for it was pure sea-green, with an edge of pearl-fringe, that clinked against the shining wood of the promenade. Meade held Miss Nell's *chapeau*, with its floating ribbons and rosette of lace; and altogether the pair looked so different from all the rest, who were stiff and starched in their evening attire, that they were noticeable just because so unconventional.

"My dear," says Mrs. Bernard to Miss Maynard, "you do not look less charming than usual; but there is Ashton Meade with that dowdy little girl again on his arm."

Miss Maynard looked impatient, defiant, hated Mrs. Bernard, for the moment, more than the "dowdy little girl" on Meade's arm; then replied,

"Oh! Ashton and myself understand one another, *mon ami*. I wouldn't interfere. You know that is your foible."

This was a home thrust. Mrs. Bernard had the reputation of breaking matches, rather than making them. Like Queen Elizabeth, she wished to be "monarch of all"—the admiration—"she surveyed;" so the lady withdrew from the contest worsted. She recognized it would not be safe to "interfere" with Miss Maynard.

As for the latter, it was a pity; but the fan she carried, of delicate silver filigree and costly lace, fell crushed to the ground.

"Did I do that?" asks the gentleman beside her, in alarm.

"No," says Miss Maynard; "but it does not matter. Fifty dollars is not much to lose; especially," she adds, to herself, "when I lose my temper so first."

The finest of fine ladies have their passions, I suppose, as well as the rest of us; it is a happy circumstance when a fan is the only sufferer.

Miss Nell, the most innocent cause of all this, guessing little of heart-burnings, and the like, walked beside her cavalier, so well contented to be friends again that she cared nothing for all the world beside. She guessed as little of the sweet picture she made, with her loose curls floating about the absorbed face, wearing now the deepest rose of June on the delicate cheek; the gauzy sea-green shawl, with its fringe of pearls, clinking a tiny accompaniment to her steps, that seemed, to-night, set to music.

"Oh! she would never, never doubt him more. Ashton Meade must be a true man—*she* was false to think him ever any less than that."

So now out into the moonlight. Softly, softly peeled the music, as if it kept time to the beating of true hearts all the world over. How fair lay the moonlight on the silver beach-sand; how it touched the white surf into luster, as the waves rolled in and out, keeping time, as it seemed, to the rise and fall of the human orchestra, that made even the great hotel, which was prosaic by day, a magic realm by night.

Prosaic! No place is that where human souls congregate. Wherever hearts beat is the region of romance. The time of King Arthur, the old legends of chivalry and knighthood, hold not so much of power, of passion, or of poetry, as this very to-day, at which we sneer as dull and tame.

Meade, in his whole lifetime, had, probably, never looked so well as to-night. He had utterly forgotten himself, a thing that rarely, if ever, happened. The cold lines of his face were softened into almost feminine sweetness; the eyes, always bright, but seldom self-forgetful, looked down upon Nellie, as if they had made their choice and would be steadfast always. You realized what noble possibilities opened in the path of this man, if he were only wise enough to grasp them.

Of all the groups, however, who passed these two, there was but one person who noted the moral aspect of the case. As a character-picture only one drank in the meaning. This was a man, whom everybody passed every day, yet who was scarcely known to anybody. He was quiet-looking, with, perhaps, a *soupsu* of the odd or eccentric about him, if you observed closely; otherwise he was not remarkable.

He, however, had noticed Meade, and had taken a slight prejudice. Why? Because the one was handsome, the other not? A little jealousy might have been at the bottom; but I think, on the whole, the two were antagonistic, and had only need to know one another in order to entertain a most cordial dislike each for each. This would be especially the case if both fancied

the same woman. Though I do not know that this is apt, in any event, to be a good cause for two men to like one another.

Castleton, who was known generally as rather an "odd sort of fellow," hard to match for rigid conscientiousness and sterling honesty of purpose, watched the two, and thought to himself,

"What a study those faces are. Here is a woman that realizes all of Wordsworth's idea,

'A creature not too bright or good';

and who believes the man beside her to be pure gold. Now I've seen him with Miss Maynard and other ladies, and I'll warrant the traditions of society will be too strong for him in the run—I won't say the long run, it will not even be that."

The happy two, however, were as unconscious of these musings, as of Miss Maynard's inward emotion, which led her to break her fan.

Presently, Miss Nell had to say words that came somewhat slowly—"Good-night!" But Meade made them easier, came with her up the stair-case, almost to the door of her room, dwelt a moment with admiring gaze upon the gentle crimson of her cheek, upon which the long lashes reposed in curves of modest grace, and murmuring something that seemed most like a lover's benediction, he came away.

Just in the corridor below, where the moonlight slanted in through the long, narrow window, a somewhat different vision met him—it was Miss Maynard *en grand tenue*.

She turned her head slowly; "I was—watching the moonlight," she said. Not watching for him; oh, no! It is not the height of good breeding always to tell the truth—and Miss Maynard was exceedingly well-bred.

"Watching the moonlight?" said Meade, curiously embarrassed. "Yes, how very fair and quiet it looks, out there on the water."

Miss Maynard's face was a study, in that fair, sweet light. It was just as quiet, except for some emotion that burned in a spot of scarlet on either cheek; and upon her arm, by a slender chain of gold, still hung the crushed fan, dangling pitifully, a *melange* of silver and lace fragments.

Meade, catching at anything to help him out of his dilemma, said, touching the broken toy with his finger,

"What a pity! Who so clumsy as to break your pretty toy?"

"Miss Maynard."

"I thought *she* broke only hearts."

"No, I am leaving that to you just at present," she said, with contemptuous pity. "What is to

become of that little thing you have just taken up stairs? Do you mean to teach her to like you, and then leave her?"

Meade thought to himself, "Oh! so you have been watching us, and waiting for *me*!" and he felt elated; but he said, aloud, "Why? Do you mean Miss Grant? She thinks, or fancies, I helped to save her life, and feels obliged to be grateful."

"Yes!"

If ever a "yes" expressed the utmost doubt, incredulity, and scorn of being duped, it was this "yes" of Miss Maynard.

"You are not offended with me!" asked Meade—for here the "world, the flesh, and the devil" began to get the upper hand again.

"Offended? I? I think you are a cheat—that's all!"

Meade's hand brushed past the broken fan, and folded fast the white fingers that lay, in the moonlight, on the window-frame.

Just here Castleton passed, unperceived, in the dark shadows. He saw the tableau, however.

"A nice prospect for the little girl up stairs," thought he. Bless her heart, she'll be asleep soon, dreaming of that classical face. These two are the best match, however; and as for the little one, the angels will keep her safe and sure."

The upshot of the whole was that the next day Miss Maynard numbered Ashton Meade in her train again.

Miss Nell, looking on, read her lesson—she was quick at learning. In her heart of hearts she had never fully trusted Meade, or if so, only in those beautiful days of their first acquaintance, when she was too grateful to dream him otherwise than a true man, and when she had imagined a grand, brave friendship between them that should last forever; for, mind you, this Miss Nell was a brave little heart. When she found that her ship had finally gone down, she made no moan; and what cargo that ship was laden with matters not to you and I. Simply, Ashton Meade had had a chance—a Providence, I mean—of being thoroughly noble and resolutely manly. He let it slip. If a chivalrous manhood found itself a miserable wreck, who knew it? Not the fine world of shams, and whimsies, and shallow cheateries, that was henceforward to call him its own, that said Eliza Maynard and Ashton Meade were precisely suited—"meant for one another."

Miss Nell behaved better than a Spartan, a Trojan, or anybody else of the heathen crew. If she was a heroine, nobody guessed it, not even herself. Only when she spoke to her aunt

Laura, the tone, if less vivacious, was more softly sweet. She stopped to talk now with the children, that one came upon everywhere, and whom nobody thought it worth while to notice, in the great bustling life that effervesced on all sides. You were very apt to come upon her, now-a-days, dressing a doll to please some little child.

Castleton surveyed all this with a feeling of profound satisfaction; but yet he had never spoken with, hardly knew, the name of her who had fixed his attention, save as he heard the children call her "Miss Nell."

Knowing the history of the two, it was strange to see Meade and Miss Nell meet now-a-days. He, with a fine deference in his manner, (for the life of him he couldn't resist the conviction that the woman was his superior,) and a touch of appeal that was almost pitiable to see, apologetic, as if he had said, "I meant to do right, but society was too strong for me, and I had to yield."

As for Miss Nell, I think her manner to her some-time friend was as sweet a specimen of perfect womanhood as one would wish to see. Calm rather than grave, self-respecting rather than dignified, courteous as only a Christian lady could hope to be.

On the sands, one clear, bright morning, Miss Nell sat with her little retinue about her. No crown was on her brow, yet never was queen better loved than she. The children ran to and fro, filling her lap with the prettiest pebbles, the most delicate shells, the most daintily-tinted sea-weeds.

Presently there was the cry of some small distress—Johnny, or Tommy, or some one of the little crew, had succeeded, boy-like, after divers attempts in the fishing department, in getting the hook embedded in the chubby fingers.

Miss Nell did her best, but unaccustomed to the operation, failed to beguile the wicked hook from the chubby finger.

"Perhaps I can succeed," said a quiet voice. Miss Nell looked up. It was Castleton, the

"odd-fellow," who had obviously been wandering along shore in search of "specimens."

Castleton did succeed, with scarcely an effort. He had a knack at such things better than a woman. He had such a kind, manly heart, you see—it taught him how. The cruel barb came out of the chubby finger, as if by magic.

"What's your name, sir?" bluntly asks the owner of the chubby fingers. "I'm going to tell my ma what a nice man you are."

"Oh, Castleton. And some call me an odd-fellow!" says he, doffing his hat to Miss Nell, who, with a smile, remarks,

"I will thank you, sir, this time, in lieu of mamma."

Then the two fall into chat, somehow, over the pebbles and sea-weed. Miss Nell looks bright and pleased. "Not a speck heart-broken," thinks Castleton to himself.

As Miss Nell and Castleton sit together, sorting out pebbles and sea-weed, she striving to repeat the learned names he calls them by, two figures stroll along between them and the sea.

"A scientific flirtation," sneers Miss Maynard, catching a Latin phrase.

But Meade, for all the courtly bow accorded to Miss Nell as he passes by, barely looks pleased. "I might have had her," he thinks to himself.

The beach was pleasant, all those bright summer days. The waves weave very charming melodies, as they break in long, convoluted lines of emerald and snow. How beautiful it all was! But it was best of all to spell, letter by letter, a heart that beat with a noble zeal in the cause of right, and that was real and true, simple and brave.

Miss Nell was more than grateful to learn this lesson; it gave back her faith, it touched with beauty for her a face that women had never called "handsome." Aunt Laura was pleased, too, though not at first; but, after awhile, what was sincere and truthful in her, recognized Castleton as any woman's peer.

Presently, therefore, there came a time when Castleton ceased to be an "odd-fellow"—he had found his mate.

JENNIE.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWN.

And shall I not, Jennie, be one of the many
To render thee homage, wherever thou art!
Not willfully, blindly, but carefully, kindly,
The purest and truest that wells in the heart.

Though others may bless thee, and often caress thee,
With words of endearment more precious to thee

Than all I may offer, from Love's brimming coffer,
Be pleased to acknowledge a tribute from me.

Then shall I not, Jennie, be one of the many
To join in thy converse, and bask in thy smile
Till friendship shall wither, and we have gone hither,
To dwell in the light of Eternity's Isle?

FROM LIFE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

He wrote a note to her, saying how sorry he felt that he could not keep his engagement; his only consolation was that, among so many relatives, she would have no time to miss him.

He wrote a note to her, saying that he would come and bring the old letters. She was right, of course, to think that he would comply with any request she might make.

Naturally there were two "here" in the case.

The first note was to the girl to whom he was engaged; the second to the woman with whom he had flirted half the season, and who now had made "a last request," as a woman who flirts often does of the man that has slipped out of her chains; which last request is usually followed by twenty-four others.

Philip Marston sealed and directed the page of excuses to Agnes Wayne, feeling a certain amount of irritation with himself, not caring to read the pretty falsehood he had written—that is, in a certain way, a falsehood, because he led her to think that some business matters prevented his fulfilling his promise.

He thought he was doing a shabby thing; and I shall no more deny that I agree with his opinion than his conscience did. The moment he felt that he had been mean, he cast about for excuses as a salve to his conscience, just as you and I do when we have told lies. He soon found them; they are a plentiful crop along the road of good intentions, which we all travel, in spite of those unpleasant guide-posts marked—Well, you know the name the wise people say is on them.

His excuse to himself was that, after all, Agnes was unreasonable to expect him to be victimized at that family-party, whereat a score of cousins prospective would sit in judgment on him; and a trio of maiden aunts, who had been statues of virtue all their lives, would glare at him, and make him feel they remembered every story that had ever been told about him; and were pitying Agnes in the depths of their original bosoms, as the old Greek matrons might have pitied some unfortunate about to be devoured by that very unpleasant monster the minotaur.

Philip said to himself that, if he had gone, he should have been cross; if he had been cross, he should have pained Agnes, offended the vir-

gins, and given the cousins an opportunity to pity her in a cousinly way; and to tell her they hoped he was not so black-tempered as he seemed, and showing in their looks that they were certain he was, and more too.

Marston's selfishness helped him to believe himself excusable. He had dreaded the ordeal all along, and had only accepted the invitation because Agnes pleaded so prettily.

He sealed the letter to Mrs. McLeod, and then he went through more formulas and divers arguments. Of course he must go to her when she sent for him; he owed her so much in return for all the redows, and smiles, and talks in shady corners, while *chaperone* glared wrathfully at the lady; for all her efforts to make his life pleasant. He had not seen much of her since his engagement; only met her twice by chance, in fact, during the fortnight that new state of affairs had existed—he had been in doubt how she might take it.

Not that she had any right to complain—their flirtation had not gone far enough for that; but then, as he thought, one never knew how a woman would take anything. He was glad to find that she accepted his defection in a proper spirit—in fact, very gracefully.

But you shall read her note.

"MY DEAR SIR PHILIP—Once upon a time, to begin like a fairy-tale, you said we were friends—and I, liking fairy-tales, thought you spoke seriously. Now you leave me to hear of your engagement from the lady's family. It was not pretty of you, Sir Philip!

"But that shall not prevent my offering my best congratulations—ah! that sounds very decorous and proper; but it is not what I mean, and I would sooner be truthful than decorous. I hope you may be very, very happy, and live a fairy-story all your life with that sweetest and prettiest of princesses, *la belle* Agnes.

"I shall not congratulate her, you treacherous knight, until you have explained your conduct in not coming with the news to one of your truest friends.

"I shall be at home this evening. Shall I look for you? And oh! Sir Philip! you did once absorb—to use no harsher term—a picture of mine; and into the bargain you have a half

dozen stray leaves, in the shape of billets, that I shall expect to see in your hand, because, though your friend now and always, more your friend since I think of you along with that pure white creature, who has always been my realization of an angel; still, you know, 'I must wear my rue with a difference.'

"To-night, did we say? Very well. I shall expect you; and I am sure you will not be a bit penitent. This is my last letter to you, Sir Philip; so you shall have once more the pretty name that you gave me, and that I shall never bear again.

LADY CAPRICE."

When a man is newly engaged, and a woman with whom he has flirted for a season writes a frank letter like that to him; and while closing the fairy-story book with such good nature, signs her parting missive with the old familiar name; that man, if he is wise, sends the picture he has "absorbed," together with the notes, and avoids an interview.

But no man ever does it, because no man is wise; that is, if the flirtation has been skillfully conducted on the lady's part.

Of course he must go; there could be no doubt about that. He should be a very poor knight to think of anything else.

After all, this came as he puffed the last cloud from his meerschaum when the answers were written, and the salve neatly spread over his conscience; after all, he was glad she had hit on this very night; that family gathering would have been a brief purgatory. It was odd she should have chanced on it though! Very odd, Sir Philip, you great ass, as every man has been from Solomon down! She heard of that gathering and made a little vow, that was all; she had her little ways, this fair Lady Caprice.

Agnes Wayne received her note in due course, and though grieved, she was certain that Philip's vague excuses must be perfectly satisfactory. She gave a sigh of disappointment, another of weariness, when she thought how the cousins would look pity at her, and the virgin aunts would turn stony with wrath and horror—but she could bear it for Philip's sake.

Mrs. M'Leod read her note, too, sitting in her dressing-room that snowy afternoon—so unpleasant that she could not think of showing herself in street or park, lest her nose might be red when evening came—with a French novel in her lap, and a Maltese dog at her feet, and a pretty picture altogether.

She read it, and flung it carelessly down, and thought,

"Of course! So 'here ends the first lesson!' It was bad taste to write that, Sir Philip, because it sounds like trifling with the Good Book—bad taste needs to be corrected! Yes, it may be the end of the first lesson; but, oh! my wise, Sir Philip, they always read a second! So will I, and by the time I have delivered it, you'll be a wiser man than you are now, Sir Philip."

She laughed outright, and she had a pleasant laugh; leaned her head back against the cushions, and sat looking out into the square, with every tree in a white shroud, and watching the snow-flakes fall noiselessly.

Gradually the face changed till it looked pale, and worn, and tired, and still she watched the trees in their shrouds, and still the snow fell noiselessly.

She was thinking of her life—what a hollow bitterness it was! Philip Marston had not been of vital importance in its latter course, but of importance enough to make her sore and annoyed at losing him.

She began the world with feelings, and they had got woefully trampled on, and so distorted and deformed that they were like spiteful snakes now. She had loved and been loved once, long ago; she was not brilliant, Mrs. M'Leod, then, not even Lady Caprice; she was a young girl, and she lived her girlish romance. She loved Launce Hoyer, the sculptor, and had been obliged to give him up, partly because her family looked on her as suffering from temporary insanity; partly because Launce was lazy and dreamy; and, in spite of his love for her, could not set himself resolutely to work and be able to claim her.

She had known a few months blessed happiness—the bewildering first dream. It had passed—she saw what must be done. She gave up Launce; she said she must die; he said he would, which was natural.

She lived and married Graham M'Leod, and had been rich and petted; and now, at twenty-five, was at the height of her golden reign.

Launce lived, and dreamed, and dawdled, and modeled bits that showed what he might have done, if he could have found energy to work.

He had been nothing to her for years. She had seen him the summer before in Europe—she saw that he was only a lazy, dreamy-eyed man. That did not alter the fact that the poem and the ideal lived in her mind and made her angry with herself, the world, and fate, because she had been cheated out of its beauty and her happiness.

She had always some flirtation on hand—her

husband never interfered. Indeed, he was too busy; and there was no danger she should ever go a step beyond the point where the whole world was ready to court her.

People talked—no wonder, she flirted unscrupulously. She liked to give pain. Sometimes it hurt her to think how bitter and mean she was—that made her more unscrupulous.

I do suppose she had made blatant idiots of more men, and tortured more women, than any creature of her sex, and double her years, in all the land.

Then had come this last affair with Philip Marston. It began on her return from Europe the autumn before, it had deepened as winter came on, and run a prosperous course up to Lent; and now, without any warning, while she had gone to Washington for a week, he must needs fall in love with Agnes Wayne and get engaged.

Mrs. McLeod was angry. She had wanted Philip to love her, and had never been able to decide whether he was touched, or only playing like herself.

This last step proved that he had not been a slave in the least, and she was angry. Moreover, she fairly hated Agnes Wayne; she had no reason, only Agnes was a girl to be hated. She had a look like a nun; she was rigidly good; and though she loved to dance and go out, she had any quantity of æsthetical religious notions, and was very High Church, and—— Well, Millicent hated her.

Philip appeared in the boudoir that evening. It was about the time Agnes was going dolefully and dutifully off to the family gathering; and there was Mrs. McLeod, a picture, as usual.

She was very, very pale, and her hair was very dark, and her eyes had dark shadows under them, which nature or indigestion put there, and so saved her the trouble of poking at them with India-ink, as you do my lady; and her neck and arms were something marvellous, as was her genius in dress.

To-night she looked paler than ever, because of her green gown, which made her as unearthly and dangerous as a mermaid.

"Was it cold under the sea?" asked Philip, as he bowed over her hand. "And did you make that flower in your hair out of sea-foam?"

"Pretty, poetical, but not proper," returned she, "considering who you are now. 'A man that's married is a man that's marred,' the proverb says; so, I suppose, an engaged man must at least have his face slightly distorted."

"Is mine?"

"Ask Agnes! Now sit down and tell me all

about it. Philip, I am so glad! You will be very happy!"

Now Philip thought so, too; but it is a characteristic of the age not to admit that we have feeling enough left to be happy; so Philip felt it necessary to say,

"Yes, I suppose so! One must marry some time."

"Don't make excuses to me," laughed she. "I like your Agnes, but she doesn't like me; she thinks I'm frivolous and worldly—so I am. Do make her like me! Dear me, you can't come to my Sunday night supper-parties any more! Never mind, you'll go to church instead! And did you bring my letters, Sir Philip; and will you tell me all about it quick?"

He sat down, but, somehow, he had not much to say about "it." He never had seen this woman look so bewitching before. He was not a bit in love with her; but it did occur to him one's wife would never look like a nymph, or an Undine; and what she said about church made him think that if Agnes came that business too strong it would be a bore, although he had a lazy admiration of his betrothed's goodness.

"Must a man go to church because he is married?" he asked.

"Of course he must, if he marries a beautiful pattern of a medieval saint. My husband doesn't because I'm a heathen and a sinner! See how bitterly I speak. It is because I envy your Agnes her goodness—yes, I do! I wish I was good! After all, Sir Philip, life is a trashy thing."

She talked a great deal; she was witty one moment and sad the next. She said the prettiest things about Agnes, which made him feel how uncomfortable he should be under such perfection; and finally she asked for her letters and the picture.

"Yes, here they are; thanks, Sir Philip! Now you must go away because I am going out to Mrs. Rothson's supper. She wanted to invite you, but I told her not. I said I don't think it's right; the rule was, we were to have no girl at these suppers; and it isn't fair to pretty Agnes to invite him now he is engaged."

"You were very thoughtful," said Philip, angrily.

"Ah! my friend, I know what a girl's heart is—I know what slight things hurt! I've no heart myself, you know. Great heaven! what should I do with one? But I pity a girl so. Oh, Philip! make her happy! Never mind the cost; never mind the pleasures you give up—the entire change in your life—make her happy."

"Am I to relinquish everything pleasant to do it?" he asked, in an irritated way. "I think Agnes would be selfish to ask it."

"Girls are selfish," she answered, "just from their innocence! Come, Philip, don't look back—you have chosen! You have had champagne and excitement, now you have chosen pure milk—it is healthier."

"I'm not looking back," said he.

"But you will! Men are so selfish—the best of them! There, I beg your pardon! You are a good man, Philip Marston. Worldly, frivolous woman though I be, I honor you."

Now that was about as pleasant as if she had told him he was a fool! I suppose even a Latter-day saint could not bear to be complimented on his goodness in that way. I cannot tell you why—I can only say it is irritating. I have seen it tried on very good people, and judiciously administered; it vexed them as sorely as it does natures that have a leaven of the old unregeneration left.

He had risen to go, but it was a good while before he started; there was a great deal of laughing nonsense. Every now and then Mrs. McLeod relapsed into a bit of startling earnestness, and she was so deathly pale, that altogether Philip was puzzled.

"Good-by, now!" she said; "you must go! There, shake hands. Yes, don't look doubtful—you may kiss it. I shall never let a man kiss my hand again. I mean to grow prudish; no, that is not the reason—but it's no matter. Good-by!"

She floated out of the room, and Philip went home.

The next day, when he called on Agnes, she did not reproach him; indeed, she acknowledged that the gathering had been dreary; but she did not tell him how the clan had pecked her, after the sweet instincts of relations, a species of bird that would be beautiful to think about, if only it was extinct, like the dodo.

Are you shocked? I cannot help it—relations do meddle; and I have seen too much trouble come of it, not to wish them at least beyond the reach of meddling with young people's happiness. Now you are thinking mine have made me trouble some time, because you will always think people put personal experience in their stories. Let me set your minds at rest. I have very few, and those few would about as soon meddle with a porcupine. The plain speaking is always on my side; and it is a habit of mine to say what I please. Let me vindicate my relatives at the expense of being considered unamiable, which I thank Heaven devoutly I am.

I wish Agnes had been, but she thought it was wicked. Well, so do I; but I console myself by remembering it is for people's good. Your relations would be committing a sin if they stepped on you, and walked over your plans—so it is sacrifice on your part to prevent them; in fact, you are doing a good deed. Usually, to prevent their sinning in that way, you must put your claws pretty sharply down on them. There you sin; but at the same time you have done a meritorious work, by keeping them right. Don't you see how it balances? I'll explain it all in a paper when I have time. My theory is perfect, and my practice is admirable—ask my relatives.

But Agnes could not do this; she thought she must listen, because, unfortunately, kindred blood was in their veins, or they had gained a sort of right by marrying into the family.

Thank you! I did not marry them, would have been my answer. It is unfortunate he or she did—sisters-in-law are usually the devil, and brothers-in-law are generally men that one will be willing to meet in heaven, because we hope to meet everybody there; but, for peace's sake, and to have any hope of getting to heaven left, see as little of them as possible here below.

But Agnes had troops of relatives; and they petted and pitied her whenever there was a shadow of a chance, and put Philip out of temper, because he was not wise enough to set his foot down on them with smiling serenity, under which their back-bones would have cracked; and they were at the bottom of the young people's first quarrel.

Agnes went into a course of rigid self-discipline, and Philip went off to Mrs. McLeod for sympathy—both unwise steps. If they had gone out together, walked and quarreled till the edge was off their tempers and on their appetites, and then gone into Delmonico's and eaten a delicious little dinner, with a bottle of that special Sauterne, that tall Francois, the head waiter, can find you, if he chooses, they would, probably, have been reconciled before the dinner was over.

No, they must needs act as people do and will—he sulked and she wept, and Mrs. McLeod smiled like a mermaid. Are you thinking she was a very wicked woman? She was, but in a natural way, just as you and I are, if we give rein to our instincts. She had no intention of separating Agnes and Marston; she was glad to have them quarrel; she meant to punish him for not having been touched to the heart by that flirtation; she was glad to make Agnes suffer a little, because she was bitter and sore,

and, in the dreariness of her gilded life, she envied Agnes' devotion, Agnes' desire to be good; and she thought, with a harsh laugh, that slight martyrdom would help to perfect her saintly qualities.

"I know I am wicked," she used to say to herself. "I don't care! Life has been very cruel to me! During the whole of it I never had anything to be thankful for; and I won't be thankful for having my heart stabbed, and my girlhood wrecked! I did not ask to be born! Sometimes I wish I was a worse woman; in some ways I should be a less unhappy one."

She was very much in the dark, poor soul! and she was very miserable; not from any active present sorrow, but out of the bitterness and fierce anger, that had gone with her through those years.

So she flirted desperately afresh with Philip Marston, but not in the old way. He had called her Lady Caprice then, it was weak to express her behavior now. She was never twice alike to him; and when he went to her, he could never be certain whether she would defend Agnes or pity him, or tell him to be resigned, because life was always a disappointment; or cheer him by being cheerful and bright, and leaving the gloomy subject altogether.

You think he ought not to have gone to her. Oh, bless you! I am not defending him, I only tell you he went, just as you and I, nine times out of ten, insist on doing the very thing we ought not; just as we all try, when a crisis comes in youth, to see what immense gibbering idiots we can make of ourselves to howl over when it is too late.

At last there came about the very crisis so many people had worked hard for—and then everybody was horror-stricken.

Philip and Agnes dissolved their engagement; not in a fierce quarrel—she was tired of quarrels, and he was sullen. They held each other's hands for the last time, and agreed to part friends; and each thought it was best—and they were both very miserable.

The relatives were shocked, and blamed Agnes; Mrs. M'Leod was genuinely sorry, and blamed Marston, and hated herself—as long as she could persist in one state of feeling.

He told her of it himself.

"You see it was a mistake," said he; "you thought it was from the first."

"I see," she answered, "that you are a fool! Philip Marston, go back; go down into the dust if need be! Don't throw away your last chance of happiness! I know what it is—life has taught me! You are mad! She has been baited and

badgered by those relatives till her heart is broken; and I have helped it on, like a wretch, to gratify my miserable vanity."

Naturally, the moment her good impulses got the upper hand, and she tried to advise him aright, she had no influence. He would not reason; he would not think that the absurd glamor cast over him during these past weeks, was stronger than that feeling which might have made him a great fund of happiness during life.

"Heaven help us!" cried she, vexed at last. "Are you making love to me, Philip?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then you might as well spend your breath on that woman in the picture there; you have as much chance of her listening, if it comes to earnest. Don't say any more! I am disgusted with you and myself."

He was in a great rage, and went off to think better things of women in general.

He left town, went South, and wandered about, and did a great many foolish things; not that he was especially foolish or weak, but nine men out of ten are driveling idiots once in their lives.

What sobered him? Why Agnes Wayne's death—romantic, is it not?

She did not die of love; she did not die of a broken heart—she died of some form of heart disease; and if her family's physician had not been another idiot, they and she would have been warned long before that such fate was in store for her, and so kept her from the excitement of being engaged to anybody.

The relations said he had murdered her; so he said, too, when he heard of her illness. You see we must always think we are of importance, if it is only for evil.

Fack he came, and found her dead and buried; and Milicent M'Leod, who had been with her when she died—another horror to the relations—sent him a letter Agnes had left, but she would not see him herself.

A sweet, true letter; after that he knew he had not murdered her—had no part in her death.

Straightway he worshiped her—such is human nature; he moaned and groaned, and managed to waste some years more.

To-day Milicent M'Leod is at the head of a Sisterhood, into which she entered when her husband died, carrying her money with her. She has a great deal of occupation; she has bemoaned her sins and short-comings a great deal. At last she has discovered nothing answers but to get right upon the center; that moaning is not expiation, good deeds not necessarily a

sign of penitence. What is? Milcent found the answer; it came to her as if an angel had whispered it—Faith!

She has never been in the dark since.

Philip Marston is a politician of note; he has grown older; he has a wife and four cherubs—and the cherubs howl a great deal.

Philip is happy—reasonably so. He does his duty—he goes to church, too. Sometimes, when I see him with that faded prettiness of a wife, whose nose says “nay” as plain as a nose can, and catch the patient look in his face, with the stifled restlessness under, I say, with Owen Meredith,

“Ah, well! the women free from faults
Have beds beneath the willow.”

You are disappointed; you throw this down,

and utter oburgatory remarks. Friend, you are neither civil or reasonable.

Lately, I have had a fancy to write my stories as events really occurred—as the stories about you happen continually.

Why are they so vague, so unsatisfactory, so incomplete? I do not know; I don't suppose Solomon did.

You may make yourself miserable because discipline and expiation are two grim giants along life's highway; you will find it dismal work. You had better lay by the doubts, outgrow the discontent. There is but one answer given in this world, that which Milcent found—Faith!

There will be all eternity wherein to learn the reason.

DIRGE.

BY HON. R. W. SCOTT.

She's gone from Earth, while youth was bright and glowing;
And the young star of life was rising fair;
But death has come, the seeds of sorrow sowing,
And clothed the living brow with sad despair—
And hopes, so buoyant once, are now dissolved in air.

She's gone from Earth! The sacred pean rising,
Fills the broad aisle with soft, exquisite woe;
Fond hearts do inward bleed, their grief disguising,
Save in the silent tear and hectic glow—
Gush on thou sacred fount, peace follows in thy flow.

She's gone from Earth! How sad the thought that gushes
From the deep fountain of the wailing heart!
And through the throbbing bosom wildly rushes,
Transfixing hope by Death's relentless dart.
Such is thy fate, oh, man!—all earthly friends must part!

From living hearts the stream of woe is welling;
From living eyes the tears of sorrow fall;
On living brows grief's foot-prints deep are dwelling—
One surge of sadness thus engulfing all;
And love's deep fount is dried by Death's dark funeral pall.

Mortal! her doom is thine; then be preparing
To boldly launch from life's tempestuous shore;
Lest, 'midst the storm, your fainting soul despairing,
Should sink beneath the surge's maddening roar,
And foundering in the waves, your barks should rise no more.

Here rests her clay! and may her spirit, rising,
Skim the broad regions of celestial light;
In sweet Elysian joys her soul baptizing,
Clothed in a Heavenly panoply all bright,
And bask where angels shine in unalloyed delight.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

Thiz cares of the week are all ended;
Its toils and its labors are o'er;
Its joys, that with sorrows are blended,
Shall bless or oppress us no more.
With hands idly folded we're sitting
Within the red fire-light's glow;
While slowly the daylight is flitting,
And denser the weird shadows grow.

Oh, well! if our loads have been lightened
By words of affection and love;
And well if our ways have been brightened
By light from the radiance above;
There's many an eye that is weeping
O'er treasure ungarnered and fled;
And many a heart that is keeping
Its tryst with the love that is dead.

We think of them now in our gladness,
And pray the good Father to bless
The hearts that are heavy with sadness,
With trouble or sorrow oppressed.
How dark seems the way, and how dreary,
When friendship and fortune are dead;
Oh! life must be lonely and weary,
When hope and ambition are dead!

The busiest hands may well rest them
In peace, through these twilight shades;
The duties and cares that oppressed them,
Fall off as the day's brightness fades.
The fire-light flickers and dances;
The shadows grow ruddy and bright;
And we, o'er the oddest of fancies,
Sit dreaming this Saturday Night.

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE morning Ruby Gray received a note and a little package from Preston Moreton. The package contained the miniature which Zua had seen in Moreton's room on the night after he came wounded to the house. The note was a polite excuse for keeping the miniature from its owner so long. It ended with a forced compliment, and regrets that it had been impossible for him to call on her so frequently as he could have wished. Mr. Wheaton, who had become a frequent visitor at Van Lorn's, brought this package, and begged her to open it without ceremony. The truth was, this middle-aged man, being no wiser than his compeers, had yielded himself to the fascinations of Mrs. Van Lorn's guest, and haunted her shade as the wisest of old flies will sometimes entangle themselves in a spider's web. The truth was, Ruby Gray had two reasons for luring this man into her society. After young Moreton began to get well, it was impossible for her to visit Mr. Wheaton's house, unless Zua returned the calls and accepted the intimacy, which that young lady rather avoided from the first, and shrunk from more and more every day.

Mr. Wheaton was annoyed by this, and strove to atone for it by extra attention in his own person. At any rate, this was the excuse which he made to himself for those frequent visits to a neighbor who had been sometimes weeks together without seeing him.

To Ruby his visits were always welcome. He was an elegant man of the world, intelligent, fine-looking, and singularly frank in manner and speech. Without being at all conscious of the fact, he was led into such details of household events going on at the farm, that Ruby kept herself well informed of those things which were beyond the grasp of Billy Clark, who, urged on by his own jealousy and the keen interest of the lady, haunted Zua's footsteps like a spy, and hoarded every changed look or unguarded word as boys catch wasps to sting themselves with. When Mr. Wheaton placed Moreton's package in Ruby Gray's hand, she turned white, and began to shiver as if a blast

of cold wind had swept over her. Mr. Wheaton saw that her hands were trembling by the shimmer of sunlight on her rings, for she stood in the door, through which a gush of radiance was streaming from the sky and the water, making each movement palpable. Urged by Mr. Wheaton, she tore open the envelop, unclasped the case, and saw her own picture with a smile on its lips as if it were mocking her. With an angry snap of the spring she inclosed it in her hand, pressing her lips together till the blood left them.

Then it was Mr. Wheaton's turn to grow pale. He half reached forth his hand to snatch the picture from her; but drew it back again in time, saying, in a smothered voice, "Excuse me—I did not think."

"Walk in," said Ruby, waving her hand toward the little room that she had monopolized from the first day of her now long visit: "the note may require an answer. I will get it off my mind, and then enjoy your visit to the full."

She went into the garden, burning with angry impatience to read the note, half hoping that it might explain what almost seemed to her like an insult. When in a safe place, and well sheltered by some thick shrubbery, she tore it open and read the few lines it contained. How evenly they were written; with what cold precision every letter was rounded. How icily polite he was.

He had done wrong in half forcing the picture from her, to have kept it so many weeks would have been inexcusable, he knew, but for the accident which had made him a prisoner. He would have brought the picture himself, and begged her pardon in person, but the doctor forbade much exertion, and he was almost an invalid yet.

Ruby Gray crushed the note in her hand so fiercely that the diamonds on her fingers cut the paper through and through like tiny arrows. That moment the woman found all the passion of her nature wounded to the core. For the first time in her life she was in love, and, therefore, pure womanly; for the first time in her life she was defeated; and the gall of that

thought poisoned this sweet revelation in its birth. Pale and red she grew, with alternate spasms of hot and cold; her eyes flashed, now with tears, now with fire. She was like an angel and a wry at the same time. Up and down a zig-zag path, which cut the hill-side down to the shore, she walked and climbed, wearing out her sudden anguish with sharp exercise, till at last something like reason came back, and she began to reflect, as loving women will when they wish to deceive themselves. It was so hard for this beautiful creature to accept a disappointment. What woman had ever attempted to rival her without bitter humiliation? Could it be that this raven-haired girl, with her long, dark eyes shadowed so with curling lashes, had crowded her out of that one heart? No, no! She was jealous—madly jealous to think so! On what ground, after all, had she made herself so bitterly miserable! Moreton had sent back her picture. Had she not demanded it of him twenty times? Had she not quarreled with him in her graceful, passionless way from the first, for having half stolen, half wrested it from her? Then, and oh! there was joy in the thought! he must have intended to return it before this girl ever presented herself before him, else why did he have the picture with him? Either this was the truth, or the face had become so dear to him that he could not live without it. In that case it was love for her, strong, earnest love, that brought him into the country, and that could not have changed so soon. This man was trying her with his coldness; perhaps he did not think her sincere in seeming to love him as she did. Possibly he would ask questions of Mr. Wheaton, and learn how terribly she had been disturbed. No, he must not guess at all this power of his. She would calm herself, and go into the house with all needful composure, entertain the elderly gentleman there, and then break her heart over that cold note in solitude, if it must be. When these thoughts passed through her mind she was on the sanded shore of the bay, with the hill uplifting itself above her, and the waters rolling up foam-wreaths to her feet. A little way off she saw a fishing-boat, with a solitary man in the bow, casting his line. The man saw her, stood up, and unwinding what seemed to be a red cravat from his throat, shook it toward her. Ruby Gray recognized the fisherman at once. It was Billy Clark. He was hauling in his line and making evident preparation to join her; but Ruby had no time then. She thirsted to see and question the fellow; but it would not do

with Mr. Wheaton probably watching for her at the window. She searched in her pocket for a little tablet, which she usually carried there, thrust aside its cover of enameled gold, and covered one of the ivory leaves with hasty writing. This she held up for Billy Clark to see, and climbing to a rock buried in the hill-side just above her, challenged his attention a second time, while she placed it at the foot of a juniper-tree which overhung the rock, with its green berries just taking a tinge of purple from the sun. Billy Clark evidently understood the signal, for he tied the silk handkerchief around his throat again, and settled down to his lines as if nothing had happened.

Ruby sprang down from the rock and made her way up the path full of energy, smothering down the jealous pangs that had tortured her so, with a will that she had never been called upon to exercise before, resolute to take up her old nature for the next hour at least. She found Mr. Wheaton in the little breakfast-room walking restlessly about, as if the solitude were exhausting his patience.

"Have I tired you out?" she said, peeping in at the glass-door with the grace of a naughty child which knows it will be forgiven. "I have been gone so long; but, indeed, it was not my fault. Just as I was opening that tiresome note the wind took it, and I had such a run down the hill and over the rocks. See how I have torn my dress."

Ruby lifted up the folds of her white dress and shook her head at the rents they exposed; while Mr. Wheaton came forward to meet her with sudden smiles chasing the gloom from his face.

"But you have been on the beach," he said, looking at her slippers, to which the moist sand was clinging. "This dainty cloud of a dress, too, is wet as well as torn."

"Ah! so it is," cried Ruby, looking over her shoulder, and holding up both hands in well simulated dismay; "drabbled a foot deep, and, indeed, muslin too. These rocks and briars are ruination to everything pretty. That treacherous wind swept my poor note from bush to rock down the path, taking me after it, like a goose as I was, till at last it went off in a tantalizing puff of wind along the beach and into the water."

"Then you lost it?"

"I did, indeed; the wind snatched it from me just as I was reading the first line."

"That was a pity. Mr. Moreton took so long in writing it, and destroyed so many sheets of note-paper before he suited himself, that I

fancied it must have been of consequence, especially as something like a picture came with it."

Ruby laughed, and took the picture from her pocket. "Will you look at the face?" she said, roguishly.

"It would not interest me, I fancy," he replied, with an impatient gesture; "men seldom make fine pictures."

"Oh! but you must."

She opened the case and held it up, smiling in his face as the picture did.

"Yourself? Yours, and he could part with it?" exclaimed Wheaton, snatching at the picture, while his eyes shone, and his lips curved into a rare smile.

"But it was not his. I had asked him for it fifty times. He took it from my table once to tease me; but you have brought it back again—I shall always remember that."

"Oh! if it were mine—if it were mine!" he said, gazing down into her face; for she had nestled close to him in the old way, with an expression that made her shrink a little, there was such a power of feeling in it.

"Not yet. No, no! You must not ask for it yet," she said, closing the case, and hiding the miniature in her pocket, while she moved softly away from him.

"But some time? Say that it shall be some time?" answered the man, following her to the window.

"Oh! who knows anything of the future?" she replied, almost in a whisper.

"But I would know, Ruby."

"Don't ask such unreasonable knowledge—at least not now. That chase after poor Moreton's note has taken away all my breath. Never say pretty things to a lady in wet slippers and a torn dress, they prey upon her spirits so heavily. But what are you looking at?"

"I—I think that is one of my men, Billy Clark, out yonder in a boat. He seems to be pulling this way. Has anything happened, I wonder, that they send him after me?"

"No, I think not," answered Ruby. "He seems to be fishing—that is, moving from one place to another."

She withdrew behind Mr. Wheaton as she spoke, and snatching up a skein of highly-colored worsted from a basket full of materials for embroidery, waved it two or three times above her head.

The fisherman evidently understood the signal, for the oars began to drag in his hands, a heavy stone fell from the stern of his boat; and directly a line trembled out on the water, while

the figure of a man, half lying down in the boat, was all that could be seen of Billy Clark.

"Ah, yes! he is only fishing," said Wheaton, stepping back into the room where Ruby had seated herself at an embroidery-frame and was beginning to work.

Wheaton sat down near her, and watched her delicate hand as it flashed in and out of the rose she was forming. He felt that she was doing this to suppress the conversation which was leading him out of his prudence, and felt chilled and oppressed by it.

At last she looked up with a faint smile on her lips and touched the rose with her finger.

"You see how much patience it requires," she said. "Even this blooms out stitch by stitch; but it becomes a lovely rose at last. Sometimes one is tempted to hasten it, but then everything goes wrong; we get in false tints; miss the count, and fall into mischief generally. Gentlemen do not understand embroidery; but the same principle that makes perfect work here, precedes success with strong men as well as weak women everywhere. Time and patience—time and patience, there is philosophy and power in those little words. See what lovely convolvuluses, what fuchsias, passion-flowers, and lilies, I have grouped in here, all with time and patience, Mr. Wheaton. You smile and shake your head, thinking me a poor philosopher, no doubt—and so I am; but such lessons need not be lost on a strong man, who must have learned that all the wisdom of life lies in knowing how to wait and when to act. Pray hand me that skein of pink worsted. No, the palest; thank you. Now watch how I shall blend the tints of this leaf. Exquisite, isn't it?"

"You are a strange woman, Ruby Gray," said Wheaton, after a hard silence; "nothing like the person I once thought you."

Innocently, like a wondering child, she looked into the man's face, which had become serious, almost stern.

"A disappointing creature you mean. Something that one fancies a little at first, but wearies of after awhile. Yes, I suppose it is so."

"Wearies of? Wearies of? Woman, you are enough to drive one mad!"

Ruby's embroidery-frame stood against the wall, near a little silver knob which her work-basket concealed. She reached forth her hand as if for more worsted, and touched this knob. Before Mr. Wheaton had taken a second turn up and down the room, the mulatto girl came in, looking demure as a kitten.

"Missus, the carriage am ready."

Ruby arose, thrust her needle through the

rose she had been descanting on, and turned a look of touching regret on the excited man.

"I'm afraid, they must not be kept waiting; but you are on horseback, why not be our escort to the village?"

Mr. Wheaton turned upon her almost savagely, but his face softened as it met the sweet expression of hers. She did not wait for his answer, but crept up to his side and touched his arm with her hand.

"Don't be angry with me. Why should you?" she pleaded.

"I am not angry, Mrs. Gray; only disappointed," he answered, looking down upon her with wounded pride in his eyes.

"Disappointed? Oh! how can you say that? What have I done?"

For his life that man could not have told what the creature had done to wound him so; but even that pleading look did not appease him.

"Think of it," she said, "and tell me when you come again. I shall be so unhappy till then. Shall it be to-morrow, or next day?"

"To-morrow!" he answered, angry with himself for the tenderness which crept over him; "to-morrow! If I do not come to my senses before then," he muttered, stealing through the glass-door.

The little mulatto girl understood her business. She knew by the single pull of that bell that something was to be announced, which would drive a visitor from the presence of her mistress; and stood chuckling in the distance while Mr. Wheaton went through the garden and mounted his horse. Then she peeped into the breakfast-room, and said, in a loud whisper,

"He am gone clear off, riding like ole scratch, he am."

"Thank heaven!" cried Ruby Gray; "another hour would have killed me. How fast he rides. Heaven preserve me from another danger like that! How terribly in earnest the man is. There is one thing I have to learn, that of keeping such fiery love at bay. If there is any one thing on earth that humiliates me, it is a downright proposal. The woman must be a bungler who commits herself like that; the great secret of her power is to keep a man forever in doubt. Some women are coarse enough to boast of the offers they have received, while I count only as real conquests those I have prevented."

The woman gave herself up for a few minutes to such thoughts as these; for variety was almost as strong in her as love itself. Then she took out Moreton's note again, and read it over and over, till her features grew still and white with the jealous dread that settled upon her.

It was not all jealousy. That bitter passion may feed on shadows; but then substance of some kind produces shade, and even to imaginative minds must have something to build the keenest of all sufferings upon. There was enough in the return of that picture, with the studiously cold note, to alarm any loving heart. But one solution presented itself, and that her vanity and her love seized upon with avidity. Moreton was angry with her. He had discovered the influences she was weaving about Mr. Wheaton, and resented her seeming unfaithfulness; in this way wounding her, as he thought, by the very hand of his rival. This thought soothed down the pain that had seized upon her, and she began to dwell upon more pleasant thoughts. Indeed, her nature had no great endurance or depth of feeling; she could love passionately, but not with that deep, solemn, self-abnegation which sometimes makes womanhood almost angelic. The idea that she, Ruby Gray, with her beauty and her wealth, could ever fail in winning hearts, was an almost impossible lesson for her to learn. She even believed that young Gray was sincere in his adoration, and would have loved her had she been penniless. So supreme, indeed, was this woman's vanity, that she never once thought of her wealth as an attraction. A more sensible person might have made it a source of great uneasiness. She lifted herself so much above all other things, that it was simply one of her natural belongings, like the sunshine and the flowers, which revealed and enhanced her beauty.

In her tablet, which she had left upon the rock, and which she was sure that Billy Clark would find, Ruby had directed him to come to the beach, at the foot of the hill, just before the moon rose. She was afraid he might be remarked from the Wheaton farm, if his boat came ashore too often, and thus excite suspicion of the use she was making of him.

Ruby had some long, dull hours on hand before she could learn all that was going on at the farm—a knowledge that she thirsted for. She sat down to her embroidery, and went to work among the roses and lilies, out of which she had found means of repression for Mr. Wheaton, and began to work with sudden vigor; but her hand soon faltered; she found herself taking false stitches, working one tint into another, till the pattern under her was fast becoming a confusion of colors. This resource failing her, she took up a French novel, threw herself on a couch, and began to read; but the face, now of Mr. Wheaton, now of Preston Moreton, came

between her eyes and the book, continually bewildering and mocking her attempts. At last she started from the couch, and went up stairs to change her dress, ordering the Indian boy, Theo, to have her carriage brought out, and make himself ready for a drive. She would consume the time that oppressed her so heavily in the open air.

Directly the cream-colored horses were tossing their snow-white manes before the front entrance. Theo was in his seat, leaning back with folded arms, giving short, half-insolent directions to the groom, as if he had been lord of the whole establishment, and intended to patronize the lady rather more than usual that day.

After a little Ruby came out, her heavy blue silk trailing behind her, and her dainty straw hat tufted with wheat-ears and corn-flowers. She stepped into the low carriage, which was scarcely larger than a Russian drosky, took the reins, and dashed off at full speed, using her whip more than usual, and gathering the reins firmly, as if she was preparing for some unusual revolt in her horses.

Away the beautiful creatures went, skimming the ground like birds, and straining now and then on the bit in the exuberance of their strength. Through the shadowy woods, along the curve of the outer bay, and up through the village she went, disturbing the quiet street with her quick clatter of hoofs, and bringing many a childish face to the windows as she passed; for it seemed as if the lady, her horses, and, above all, the Indian boy, never would cease to be objects of curiosity with the inhabitants.

Ruby drove to the post-office, up the principal street, and turned suddenly into a cross-road, which led through the country out to the Wheaton farm. She had not intended to go there at first, but the desire was strong upon her to meet destiny half way; and it would be something to see the house which contained her lover from another point of view than that which eternally looked out upon the water. Perhaps, even, she would go down the lane and boldly make a call. But for Mr. Wheaton she would have done so. How she began to hate that man, now that he stood in her way.

As Ruby's carriage dashed along the highway, passing pretty cottages and farm-houses, all embowered in orchard and shade-trees, she came in sight of locust grove, and saw a man leap over the fence, and land, with a second light bound, into the road. She drew up her horses so sharply that they backed her carriage against the bank, and gave a sudden wrench to

the little vehicle, which was a good excuse for the cry that broke from Ruby. She looked around as if meditating a retreat. But the banks drew closely up to the road in that place, and finding it impossible to turn, she stood at bay, whipping her horses into the road, and so onward till she met the man of all others whom she wished to avoid.

It is possible that young Gray would gladly have escaped the rencounter himself, had that been possible; for he stood at bay for an instant, then swung his light cane with a dash, that seemed like defiance, and came on laughing.

"The wrong way for me," he cried. "Why not turn the other way, and give me a lift. It is a deuced long walk to the village."

"But a short drive. I have just left it," said Ruby, playing with her whip.

"And where are you driving to now?"

"Anywhere—one cannot go amiss in this lovely country."

"Take me with you, then," said the young man, stepping into the carriage, and seizing upon the reins with graceful violence. "Does that copper-colored imp understand us?"

Theo looked demure and unconscious as a mute; but Gray comprehended his craft, and stopped the horses.

"Come, come; hustle out!" he said, pointing toward the locust grove. "Cut across yonder, and you will find lots of old apple-trees full of robins' nests, with the young ones just ready to fly. There will be plenty of time to rob them before we get back. Only, be in sight when you hear us coming. Jump, I say!"

The boy sat immovable as a stone; but into his eyes came a glow of fire, and around them dusky shadows, more threatening than speech.

"Jump," repeated Gray, unwinding his whip-lash, "or by Jove——"

"Do not dare to strike him!" cried Ruby, with sudden fierceness. "He is my servant, not yours!"

"And I love you ten million times better than he does!" muttered the boy, in Spanish.

Gray did not understand the language, but Ruby did, and left it unrebuked. She was so accustomed to adulation that even in this form it was acceptable.

"What is the imp saying? Something insolent, I'll be sworn!" cried the young man; and turning suddenly, with the whip and reins grasped in one hand, he seized Theo by the collar, and, with a twist of his strong arm, dropped the boy into the street.

Theo uttered a cry of rage, and attempted to leap into his seat again; but Gray lashed back-

ward with his whip, and cut him across the face, leaving a red welt, which glowed like a line of fire.

The boy did not move or utter a single cry, but the smouldering fire in his eyes lighted up fiendishly, and specks of white foam flew from his lips. Gray laughed with forced mirth as he looked back and saw this; for Ruby's dead, cold silence made him ashamed of his brutality.

"What do you keep that sullen rascal for? He's a nuisance."

"Ruby did not answer; but there was a cutting disdain in her silence. In very self-defence the man spoke again.

"He's a savage—a monkey; just the fellow to hamstring your horses if they kick at him."

"My horses, poor brutes, are too well trained for that," answered Ruby, with biting scorn. "It is only men who abuse creatures weaker than themselves."

"Sharp as steel, Ruby; but it don't pay."

"What does pay with you but money?" retorted the widow, unable to restrain her bitter wrath.

"Love, when backed with money!"

This audacious reply made Ruby Gray tremble with wrath. She clenched the little hand in her lap with a fierce impulse to dash it in his face. You would not have believed that those soft, red lips and violet eyes could curve and gleam so fiercely. The young man was regarding her with sidelong glances, half ashamed of himself.

"You drive me to it, Ruby. I had to send the fellow off in order to speak with you alone. It was to be done, you see; there is no way of shaking the old love off, though you have got a new one. Never doubt that I keep posted, Mrs. Gray."

"You are a—a——"

"Softly, darling! When I am your husband, such words——"

"That you will never be," almost shrieked the woman. "I will beg, die first!"

The young man seemed so struck with her vehemence that he fell into a dull, hard silence, which lasted for some ten minutes, during which Ruby Gray was bitterly repenting of her rashness.

"There is one way of avoiding it, which might suit us both," he said at last, speaking with slow deliberation.

"And that?" said the lady, hesitatingly.

"Give me an interview to-morrow, and I will tell you."

"Where?"

"At Van Lorn's, here, on the road, or any-

where. I am getting tired of this stupid life, and must go to the city."

Ruby thought to herself, "To-morrow I may know all; then I shall be ready to brave or buy him. 'I will see you at almost any hour,' she said, aloud.

"Alone! Let us be perfectly alone, Ruby; whether you and I are to be friends or enemies, there must be no witnesses to what I have to say. Sometimes I think that frankness is the only thing that will answer between us. We know each other too well, Ruby. Deception and art may do for other men; but a fellow doesn't give up to these weapons more than once in the same hands."

"I will see you alone. It is better for us both. To-morrow you will get a note, saying where," answered Ruby, ignoring all that was offensive in his speech. "Now, shall we turn? This has not been a pleasant drive, and I am weary of it."

Gray turned the horses without a word, and drove them easily down the road again. They found Theo seated on a bank near the place where he had been left; the red mark was across his face yet, and the hot fire in his eyes. Gray jumped out of the carriage, and gave the reins to its owner.

"Take the fellow up, I shall walk," he said.

"Come, Theo, my poor boy, get in," Ruby called out, looking at the lad in tender pity.

The boy came down from the bank in silence and took his seat with a look of dull, sullen hatred swelling over his face. He seemed to feel the impotence of his wrath as a man would—for Ruby saw that his slight form shook all over.

"Do not mind, Theo," she said, with sweet caressing pity in her voice, for she was intensely sorry for the boy. "I will be more kind than ever, be sure of that. Come here and sit by my side, Theo. You shall drive."

The lad sprang over to the front seat with the leap of a deer, dropped upon his knees at her feet, and fell to kissing her hands and the folds of her dress with a passion of sobs that frightened her.

"Never mind! Never mind, poor boy! Try to forget it. Here, take the reins, and let him see that you can drive."

Ruby, who was all kindness just then, stooped down, raised the boy from her feet, and put the reins into his hands, pressing them between hers, as women will caress objects dependent on them for all they have in life. The two hands in her clasp trembled like frightened birds; and she saw, with surprise, that the boy

shook from head to foot, while hot, bright tears flashed down his dusky cheeks.

"Did he hurt you so," she questioned, gently, "or is this anger?"

"Mistress! Mistress! I hate that man! but—but——"

The horses, impatient of a sudden strain upon the bit, reared a little, and started, drowning anything more the boy might have said.

When the carriage drew up in front of Mr. Van Lorn's house, Ruby stepped to the ground and was shaking out the folds of her dress, when the hand she had just ungloved was seized, and a kiss left upon it, from which a glow of crimson spread all over the palm. She turned to see what lips had been so audacious, but saw no one but the groom, who was holding the horses; but that moment a strange little figure darted around an angle of the porch, and was running in and out of the shrubbery which bent over the path leading down to the hill.

"Poor boy! how he feels that blow," thought Ruby, shaking her head. "If I had not hated that wretch before, this would make me loathe him."

She gathered up the long skirt of her dress and went slowly into the house, glad to find that Mr. Van Lorn was absent, and that her hostess still kept her room, suffering from a headache, which had kept her up stairs since the morning.

The mulatto girl met her in the hall, announcing that dinner was served in her own little room. Ruby scarcely noticed the choice repast; but took a mouthful of bread, and drank a glass of wine before throwing herself on the couch for the rest which would not come.

CHAPTER XII.

JUST as the moon shot its first silver lance across the water, Ruby Gray left the couch where she had been lying wide awake, and, throwing a shawl over her head, went down to the beach, where she found Billy Clark sitting in his boat, supporting his head with both hands, evidently in a state of deep dejection. He looked up when Mrs. Gray approached, and revealed a pale, washed-out face, and eyes red with weeping, which made him look forlorn enough.

"I'm glad you've come, marm. It was gitting lonesome here all alone, thinking over and over what a poor, unfortunate cretur I am. Step into the boat, marm, and I'll pull out to sea a little way, so that what we're a-going to talk about can't be heard by nobody living."

Billy Clark's words were low and complaining; the tears that had made his eyes so red seemed to have got down into his voice, filling it with desolation. Ruby remarked this, and her heart began to beat heavily. What was it that had broken the poor fellow down so thoroughly? Was the blow that had leveled his weak nature with the dust about to fall on her also?

"I am glad you understood my signal and found the tablet."

"Here they are just as good as ever. What if some one else had found 'em, though; you'd never hev seen 'em again?" said Billy, drawing the tablet from his pocket. "But I hadn't the heart to touch 'em if I'd been ever so dishonest. Gold nor precious gems ain't nothing to me now. There ain't a worm that crawls along them young cabbage-leaves that feels like giving up and falling off more'n I do now."

All this, futile as it seemed, made Ruby Gray afraid to ask questions. The heart, which had been so full of force that morning, sunk heavier and heavier in her bosom, and her face grew pallid in the moonlight, losing all its rose-tints and all its smiles.

A light from Mr. Wheaton's house in the distance startled her out of this marble apathy. She laid her hand on Billy Clark's arm, which was feebly urging the boat forward, and bade him take in the oars and let the boat drift.

"Now tell me what has happened?" she said, with forced resolution. "Whatever it is I will help you, if I can."

"Oh! don't speak of it; there's no help for either you or me. They have gone and done it! He's spoke out, and she—— Oh, my! what a lovely cretur she is! False, but lovely. She's engaged to him heart and soul!"

"What do you mean?" cried Ruby, in a voice sharp with pain. "Who is engaged? Be a man, sir, and speak out."

"I can't be a man, marm—it's no use asking me. She's crushed me down, stamped on me. You ask who is engaged? She is; they are—Preston Moreton and Zua Wheaton. Is that plain? Is that crushing enough? Do you want me to come before you with a spear run through my heart before you'll believe me?"

"Billy Clark!"

The woman's voice was low and husky; she shivered till her white teeth struck against each other. Her voice was mournful enough now to satisfy even the low-spirited fellow who had felt wronged by her cheerfulness.

"Billy Clark, tell me everything, word for word?"

"I will. Oh, yes! I will. It's like shooting poisoned arrows through me; but I'll do it. Misery loves company—and I'm the most miserable—— But what's the use of telling you that? Won't you feel it along with me?"

Ruby suppressed a moan that rose to her lips. The poor fellow was torturing her. If he would only tell her all, some gleam of hope might, perhaps, be gathered out of facts which his moaning deprived her of.

"Tell me! Tell me! I am so anxious!" she pleaded.

"I will, marm—I will! You know he's got amost well. At first he went on crutches; then he took to a cane, because that gave him an excuse for resting one hand on her shoulder, when he walked up and down the terrace."

"Did he do that, Billy?"

"Do that? Why, it's nothing to what comes after. Of course he did, and I a-hoeing the cabbages, and carrot-beds, and rutter-bagers, in full sight. Then they would set out on the verander, night after night, just as if there wasn't nobody else in the world, and I a-hanging around amongst the grape-vines and lalock-bushes, trying to catch a word here and there, to convince myself that it didn't mean nothing; for my heart was amost busting in my bosom, and our 'Mandy wouldn't help me a bit; but said it was mean, as mean could be, to keep a watching 'em so. 'Love ought to be free as water,' says she, 'and not be driv about and tortured.' Them was 'Mandy's very words when I asked her to keep watch, if I had to go about to the stables, and sich things."

"No matter about her," said Ruby, faintly. "Come to the worst, Billy, as soon as you can."

"Do you begin to feel faint? I did!" said Billy, with mournful sympathy.

"No, no! I am impatient to know all. Do tell it me."

"Well, I watched these goings on; reading poetry together in the day-time, and talking it over at night, till it made me sick to look at 'em; but all I could do, it wasn't in me to keep out of the way. The worst of it was, they didn't seem to mind me; and that hurt my feelings worst of all. There I was a-burstin' my heart, and they never thought of it. Oh, marm! I hope you never will feel as I did then!"

Ruby Gray pressed one hand to her left side under the shawl, but she could not speak.

"One night," continued Billy, "they came out of the verander down to the terrace, and sot on the turf steps. I knew they was going to have a long talk, for he flung her shawl

down on the steps, and made that an excuse for putting a part of his cloak around her shoulders, and holding it there with one arm, the consarned cretur! It wasn't cold to speak of; but he had to wrap up because of being sick. I thought at first that she would have got mad at that; for Miss Zua is proud as—as our Flash—begging your pardon for naming a boss at the same time with her. But she took to it as a chicken creeps under an old hen's wing; not that I consider that feller a hen—far from it. He's more of a hawk in my way of thinking; but no little white chicken, warm from the egg, with nothing but pale yaller-down on it, was ever more innocent than Miss Zua. Yet there she sot, with his arm over her shoulders, holding the cloak, you know, till I wanted to pitch right in and ketch him by the throat. The tide was a-rising, and I could have laughed as it carried his dead body out to sea. Only I felt afraid that I wasn't strong enough to drag him down to the water."

"Was this all you saw?" questionrd Ruby, in a voice that seemed strange to him.

"All? I should rather think not. The moon rose round and bright, flinging shadders from every tree along the shore; that island seemed ter have a silver veil over it, just as it does now. In one place the bay shone and heaved, and sent out whispers that made one's heart rise in his bosom—for sometimes they seemed to come straight from another world."

"Well, well! Do go on!" cried out Ruby Gray, in an agony of impatience.

"Well, I will!" answered Billy, nervously. "Only don't put me out so; for I ain't very strong since that night."

"Go on in your own way, then, I will be patient. Go on!"

"Well, there they sot and sot, saying next to nothing, but looking out on the water, and up to the moon; the tall, white lilies growing along the edge of the terrace seemed to be keeping them company. I believe they did speak now and then, but it was low and in murmurs, that the rising tide drowned. I was out in the bushes and couldn't get near; for all along the terrace the moonlight made it like day-time. So I crept along the garden, let myself down amongst the bushes, and got below the terrace. I don't know as you ever noticed 'em, marm, but there is a thick row of currant-bushes sot out just between that grass wall and the garden below it. Well, I got into the shader of these bushes, and crept up to the steps so close that I could hear every thing. I trembled so that the bushes shook; but they thought it was the wind,

and went on talking, low, saying things that just wilted me down.

"How delicious this silence is," says he, a-drawing her face down to his bosom, and folding the other arm around her. "With you here, close to my heart, and this moonlight smiling upon us, I could set forever, and forget everything but you, and that you are mine. Oh, Zua! you will never, never know how I love you." He said it in just them words, marm. "Never," says he, "did I know what real love was till now."

"Never?" says she, looking into his face so earnest—"never? Oh! tell me the truth!"

"I do—I do," says he. "No woman has ever touched my heart before; but you, Zua, have broken it up with tenderness."

A sharp exclamation broke from Ruby Gray.

Billy looked around, frightened by it.

"Go on! Go on, I say! Don't mind me."

The woman was pale as death, and shivered from head to foot.

"You are cold," said Billy, struck with consternation.

"Go on, I say! What more? I am not cold!"

"There wasn't much more. He said something about its being only one night since he was sure that she loved him, and asked her to say it over again. I am almost sure she whispered the answer; for he held her close, and kissed her on her mouth, and her eyes, and the braids of her black hair. Is that enough? You have made me tell it all. You knew it would be like raking thorns through my bosom. What do you want to know all this for?"

"That the thorns may be raked through my bosom," said the woman, fiercely. "What more?"

"Nothing! Doesn't that satisfy you? It almost killed me. They went into the house together; but I lay there on the wet grass, crying, till long after midnight."

"And that was all?"

"The next morning, that is to-day—how long it seems—I saw her a-writing just at sunrise, for I couldn't sleep, and was wandering around. Her hand went over the paper like lightning, and she was smiling like an angel. There she sat with her lovely head on one side, reading that she had writ down, when some one seemed to call from below. Up she jumped, and stood a minute with her hand on the paper, turning red and white, listening. Then she called out, 'Yes, yes!' and went out of the room. She must have left the door open, for a gust of wind came in through the window. It flew amongst the bushes for awhile, when I caught it."

"You did? Give me that paper!" exclaimed Ruby, seizing his arm with both hands. "I will give you a hundred dollars for it."

"Here it is," said Billy, taking a paper from his bosom; "I don't want it. Goodness knows it's been lying like a snake agin my heart; but as for the hundred dollars—ten thousand wouldn't buy anything she has touched. Take it if you want the heart to grow sick in your bosom."

Ruby snatched at the white paper and tried to read it by the moonlight, breathing hard and quick, while the white thing she held rustled like dead leaves in her hands.

"It is not enough! I cannot make it out! Row me home, Billy Clark, or I shall suffocate," she gasped.

"Yes, I'll do it," said Billy, shaking his head and lifting the oars. "I know what it is. I know what it is—pison and night-shade. But she will have it."

The poor fellow bent to his oars in silence after this, and in ten minutes Ruby was climbing up the hill-path like a panther, quick and noiseless, but eager for the pain which she knew was in store for her.

The little room was reached, but she did not pause there. Up to her bed-chamber she went, bolted the door, and falling on her knees by a lamp that burned on the table, opened that crumpled paper and read.

As Night bends o'er the roses,
When his brow is wet with rain;
And his breath is rich with fragrance
From mountain-pass and plain;
He came and stood beside me,
With a look of tender pride,
And whispered that he loved me,
More than all the world beside.

He whispered that he loved me,
But I said not, yes, nor no;
For my heart was in a tumult,
And my cheeks were in a glow.
I felt my eyelids drooping
Till the lashes swept my cheek,
And my soul grew rich with feelings
That my lips can never speak.

Then I felt him bending o'er me,
And my lips were lightly pressed,
As red rose-leaves fall together
When they fold themselves to rest.
Then he left me very softly,
As a shadow disappears,
To the tumult of my blushes—
To the Heaven of my tears.

He paused, and looked behind him—
Had he heard my broken sighs?
Did he mark me blush and tremble
'Neath the glory of his eyes?

No! In that sweet shame he left me,
And I heard his footsteps fall,

Like the treading down of music
Through the vestibule and hall.
Then my heart rose full and richly,
Like a goblet brimming o'er
With the fabulous old nectar
That Venus drank of yore.

Thus I went into my chamber,
It was full of starry gloom;
And the scent of many roses
Went floating through the room;
The scent of mossy roses,
He had given me at morn,
As stars come trooping skyward
Just before the moon is born.

Then I laid me down to slumber,
In the stillness of the night,
With the curtains brooding over,
So mysterious and white;
And there, in blissful weariness,
My trembling lips would part,
While my hands were softly folded
O'er the beating of my heart.

I watched the star of evening
Hang its golden lamp on high,
And saw the filmy white clouds
Come sweeping o'er the sky;
Shot through with silvery lances
From the crescent of the moon,
Which plunged on, like a shallop,
Through the purple depths of June.

Yes, I lay and watched the moon-beams,
As they struck the window-pane,
And filled that dusky chamber
With a storm of silver rain.
And when I saw them stealing—
Stealing softly on the floor,
I whispered that he loved me,
And would love me evermore.

So I told it to the roses—
The roses he had given;
And kissed away their blushes,
As the angels do in Heaven.

I told it to the night-winds,
That sighed around my bed,
And heard them softly whisper back
The happy words I said.

I whispered to the South-wind,
The moonlight, and the rose,
What I never breathe to mortals,
When this full heart overflows;
For, when feelings stir our being
With thoughts above the earth;
Like prayers, we breathe them only
To things of Heavenly birth.

When Ruby Gray had gathered these lines
into her fiery soul, she sprang up like a tigress,
and rent the paper into a thousand fragments,
sneering at them as they fell.

"She wrote this? She dared write this to
him, and of him? Did the black-haired witch
know that it was Ruby Gray's lover she was
heaping this sickening stuff upon. Great
heavens! is there any truth in the picture
she has drawn! Oh! I could tear them both
to pieces!"

Ruby clasped her hands together in her mad
rage, and tore them apart again and again,
wounding them with the many rings she wore,
and gloating over the anguish. Up and down
the room she went, like a tigress in her cage,
stopping now and then to stamp down the frag-
ments of that hateful paper with which she had
littered the carpet.

At last she flung her hands upward, fell across
the bed, and burst into a passion of tears, sobs,
and broken moans, such as had never stormed
her heart before. For the first time in her life
that woman found out what it was to be de-
feated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TOKEN.

BY DON LLOYD WYMAN.

THE shepherd, Night, sat tearful on the hills
In careful tendance of his starry fold;
While at his feet outslipt a skein of rills,
Which to the vale their tinkling silver rolled.

Into the land that lies beyond the West,
The strong-armed Hours had borne the meek, dead Day,
And stolen the tender joyance of my breast—
For on the bier they bore my Love away.

Oh! gentle Day and my sweet Love were dead,
And Night and I were poor by their great gain:
And all the paths that led to prayer were red
With blood, and barred with heavy gates of pain

And over all the curtains of the sky
Were drawn; and fitly thus, for wild despair
Raved in my breast and brain, while outward I
Was blackly mantled in the lightless air.

The darkness faded into dusk; and first
A faint rose blossomed in the East, but soon
Along the plains, from golden orient burst
The sudden splendor of the risen moon;

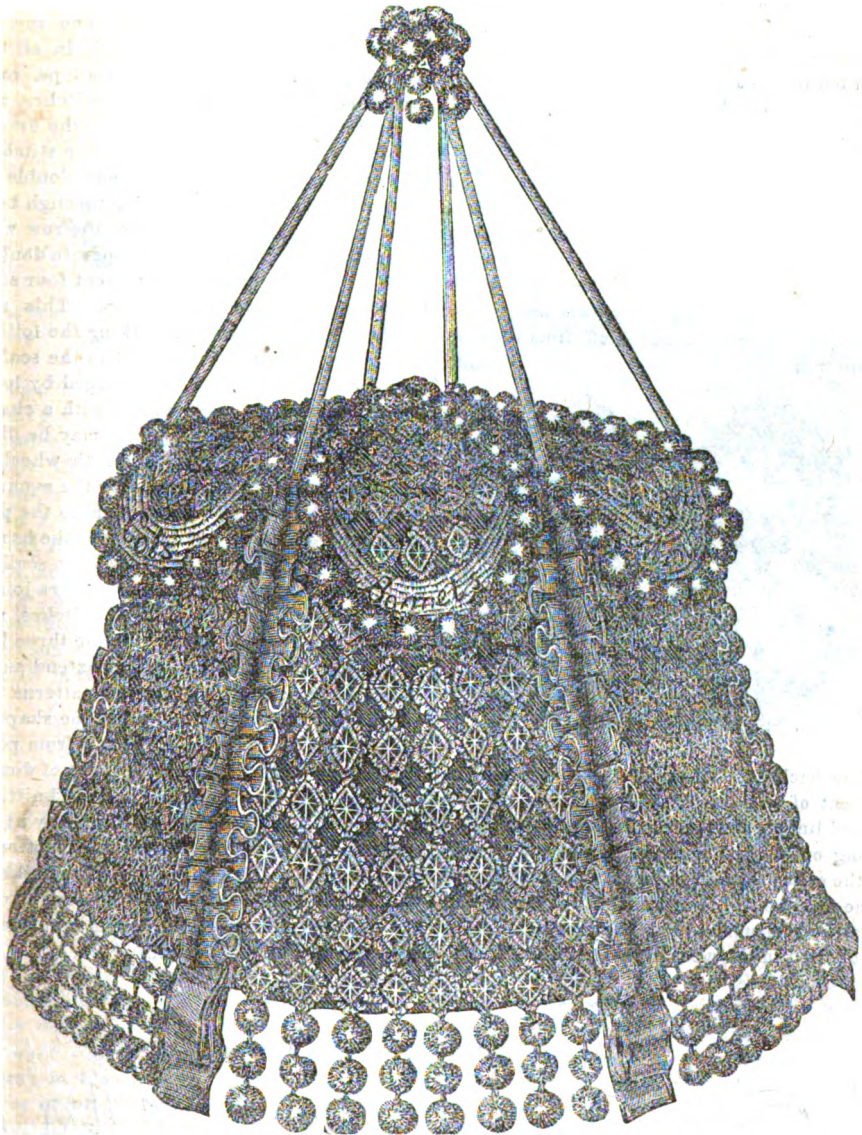
And through my soul a flush of orient light
Rolled, when the moon had wheeled her perfect rim
Aloft the clouds that wrapt the night
In stifling glooms and giant shadows grim.

From out the groves a flood of glorious song,
Scattering the palaces of Silence, came;
While in my brain a dual music sprang,
And all my way was lit with roseate flame.

Light in the East, and music in the soul;
And though returnless are the snowy ships
That bore our loves from us, they still unroll
Their beckoning sheets beyond the Earth's eclipse.

LINEN BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



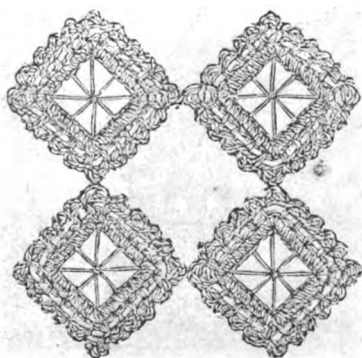
MATERIALS.—Thick pasteboard; pink or blue glazed calico; sarsnet ribbon to match; crochet cotton; coarse knitting-cotton; whalebone.

The inner space is divided into three compartments, separated by two pasteboard walls covered with glazed calico, for the different

kinds of linen things, with the names placed on the three lappets, namely: "Sleeves," "Caps," "Collars." Ruches of pink sarsnet ribbon, ornamented with bows hanging downward, cover the two side-seams, and the seams of the front wall. The under edge of the basket, on the

contrary, is ornamented with a fringe of three little balls.

Cut for the bottom of the basket the half of a circle seventeen inches in diameter. For the back, the lower part must be seventeen inches, the depth ten inches and a half. This must be sloped at each side, so that the width of the top of the back is eleven inches and a half. The front and sides are formed of three pieces, each ten inches and a half in depth, nine inches and a half in width at the bottom, and sloped equally on both sides to five inches and a quarter at the top. The center flap is seven inches and three-quarters from back to front. The widest part is four inches and a half. It is rounded off at the front, and sloped to two inches at the back. The sides have two angles—one of five the other of six inches. The depth from back to front is five inches and three-quarters. They are rounded off from the side to the front.

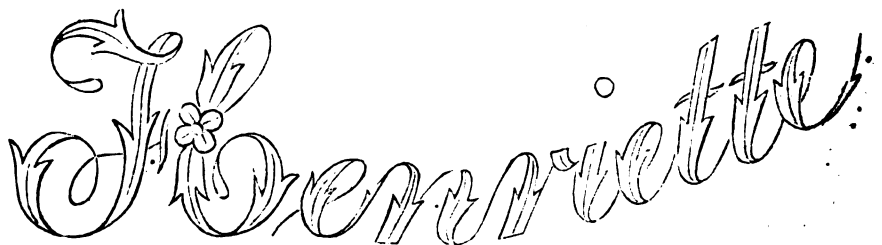


The back and bottom of the basket must be cut out of firm pasteboard, and covered with glazed lining; the front and sides are of glazed lining only. Sufficient depth must be allowed in the calico for a hem, into which some whale-bone must be slid to make it firm at the top. It must be remembered that the turnings have to be allowed in the measurement of the different

parts. The inner walls are formed of pasteboard, which are exactly the same shape as the back wall, cut in two, and fastened from the front seams to the back.

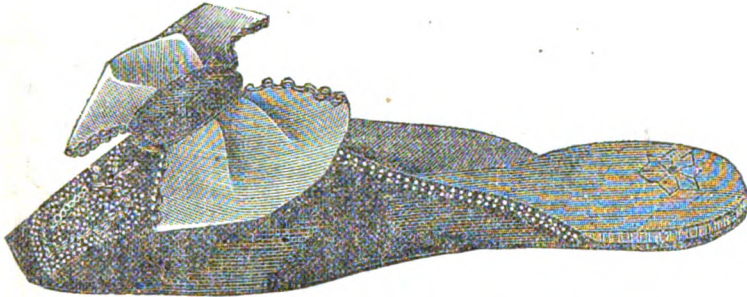
The glazed lining is then covered with little squares of crochet, shown in the full size in No. 2, for which make a chain of thirty-two stitches; close them in a ring, and work one row of double, three in each eighth stitch, in all the rest one, then a row of little scallops, each scallop consisting of three chain-stitches, one single in the second, one double in the first of these; pass over with this scallop one stitch of the preceding row, and work one double in the next stitch but one, working through both threads of the stitches, and finish the row with alternately one scallop and one separate double. Each side of the square must present four scallops besides one corner scallop. This row finishes the square, and in working the following squares and the joining on to the scallop forming the corner, can be arranged by looping the corresponding square on with a chain-stitch. The inner space squares may be filled up with an open-work pattern, a little wheel, or simple spinning-stitch. In joining the squares, care must be taken to adapt them to the part to be covered. At the under edge of the basket the squares are arranged so that the scallops stand over. At the upper edge they are joined at the points by a line of chain-stitches, and over them a row of trebles. At the three lappets the square pattern must only extend as far as the edge. The little crochet patterns are best joined upon a piece of paper the shape of each lappet; then work a chain row from point to point, and after it four or five rows of double crochet. The daisy border is made of knitting-cotton put thickly together, tied tightly at regular intervals, and cut with the exception of the thread by which it is tied. The basket is then finished off, according to the design, with the ruching and cord; the top is ornamented with a bunch of the daisies.

NAME FOR MARKING.



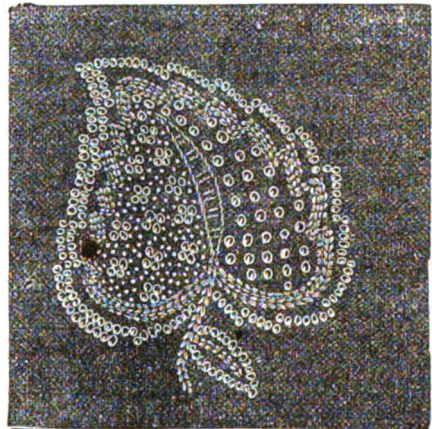
LADIES' DRESSING-SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Velvet or cloth; beads; silk cordon; covered cork-sole; ribbon; and binding.

Some ladies may prefer to make up the dressing-slippers for themselves; if they do so, the soles will be required. If sent to a shoemakers, this would be omitted in purchasing the materials. The design is worked according to No. 2, with beads of two sizes, and bright-colored silk. A black velvet ground, with steel beads, and blue or crimson silk, would be very pretty. A double row of beads must be worked round the edge of the slipper. A pretty bow of ribbon ornaments the front, with a knot of chenille in the center.



COLORED DESIGN FOR CARRIAGE-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

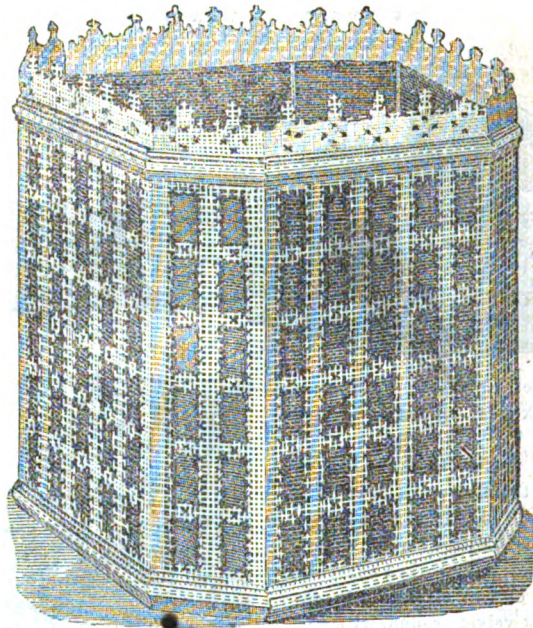
MATERIALS.—Five-eighths of a yard of canvas; seven yards of white silk braid; ten skeins of white floss silk, and eight of blue floss silk; six ounces of blue zephyr.

The design is to be worked upon canvas in simple cross-stitch (stripes as seen in the design) in blue single zephyr. The narrow stripes of white silk braid are to be tacked on in straight lines, according to the illustration, and an ornamental pattern is worked on the braid in herring-bone stitch and French knots, both in blue floss silk. The stars in the blue stripes are worked with a single stitch, forming every point over the cross-stitches of which the stripes are composed, and done in white floss,

as are also the little crosses between. The cross stitches in the center of the stars are done in blue floss. The work should be made twenty inches in depth and sixteen inches in width. When finished the bag should be lined with plain blue silk, trimmed with a quilling of blue ribbon. The handles should be ten inches long, and the width of one pattern from stripe to stripe, and should be made up on stiff cardboard, lined with blue silk, and a fine blue silk cord put on to hide the stitches, according to illustration. The colors may be varied to suit the taste—black and gold, or black and scarlet, either would be a pretty combination, and probably more serviceable than our design.

NIGHT-LAMP SHADE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

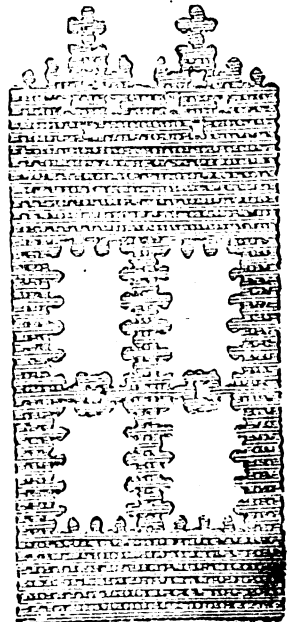


MATERIALS.—Perforated cardboard; green and crimson sarsnet; steel beads, No. 7 or 8.

This shade is six inches high, and consists of four pieces of perforated cardboard, three and a quarter inches broad, and four pieces two inches broad, cut out in a crossbar pattern, and lined as far as the pointed edge with colored sarsnet, the narrow parts with crimson, the broad with green.

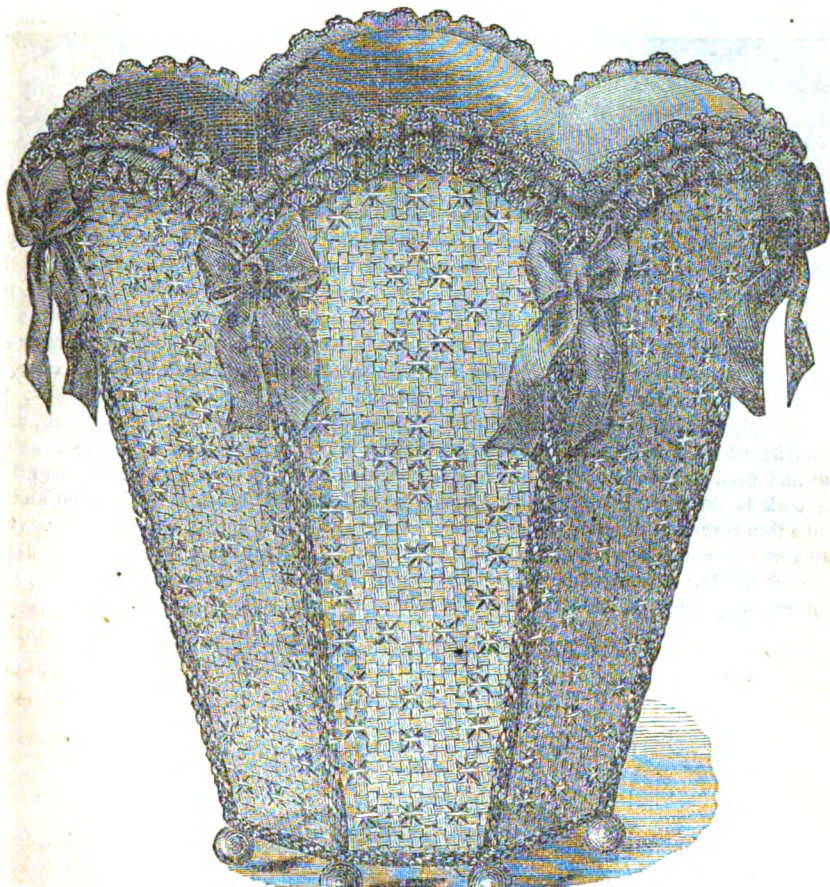
The breadth of the parts must depend upon the ribbon, which must always be of a bright color. The broad parts in our model measure forty-eight holes, and are cut at the forty-ninth line of holes. The height is ninety-six holes. The narrow parts, which, of course, must be of the same height, are twenty-one holes broad. Leave six lines of holes at the under edge, and two at the side edges, and cut the remainder in a crossbar pattern, according to design No. 2, with a sharp-pointed pair of scissors, or upon a hard ground with a penknife. Cut six squares in height, and leave seven lines of holes free, and cut the upper edge out in points as shown in No. 2. For the upper and under edges of the crossbar pattern place three graduated pieces of the cardboard the required length. The uppermost, and smallest of the three, is sewn on to the upper part with a row of steel

beads. The rest are sewn all together with the lining, with fine white cotton, on the right side, hole for hole.

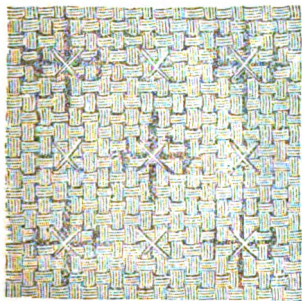


WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Brown or gray Java canvas; bright-colored wool or filoselle silk; lining and ribbon; pasteboard.



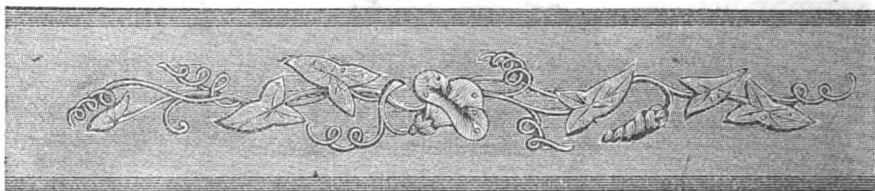
Cut six equal walls and the sexagon-shaped bottom out of tolerably thick pasteboard; cover it with whatever material may be chosen for the outside, and line it with a colored, strong

woolen material. Before the lining is fastened on one side, place as close as possible to each of the six corners a large black or metal round button for the foot of the basket. The eyes of the button must be drawn through the outer covering and the pasteboard, and be made quite firm by pushing in a peg or a wire. Then cover the ground with a thin layer of wadding, which will cover any unevenness, and make the ground appear slightly arched when the lining is drawn over it. Sew all the parts together, and cover the seams with a strong twisted cord or ribbon quilling. Place a full ruche at the upper edge of sarsnet ribbon, of the same color as the lining, and put a bow at each of the six corners.

The basket in the design is covered with Java canvas, worked in the common Smyrna stitch, in Turkish colors with Berlin wool, filoselle, and gold thread.

PAPER-KNIFE, RULER—CORK APPLIQUE.

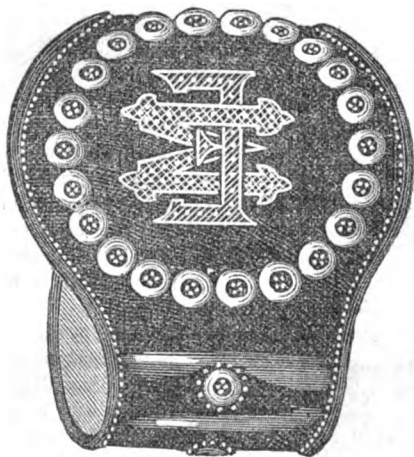
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Wood and cork. Procure some fine wood and some sound pieces of cork, as thin as a wafer, and as little porous as possible. Trace the pattern upon the cork with a soft lead-pencil, placing the cork against the window to show the pattern through. Then cut out the pattern carefully with very sharp scissors. A steady hand is required for the stalks and tendrils, which must be properly bent, and as fine and even as possible. The wrong side of the cork is the most even and hard; upon this put a thin covering of dissolved gum-arabic, lay the cork upon the wood, and press it that it may stick firmly. Care must be taken to put the flowers on gracefully, and that they bend naturally. Different lines and leaves may now be drawn with a fine paint-brush and India ink, also the veins of the leaves and the inside of the flowers. A little white or brown may be put in here and there, but any shading or coloring must be done lightly and with care, so as not to destroy the character of the work. When finished, cover the whole with varnish, and repeat, when it is dry, several times until the varnish is quite even and shows brightly. A large India-ink brush must be used and carefully washed in spirits every time the varnish is put on, and laid in a warm place to dry, and well cleansed before it is used again, that it may be quite soft.

VELVET BRACELET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

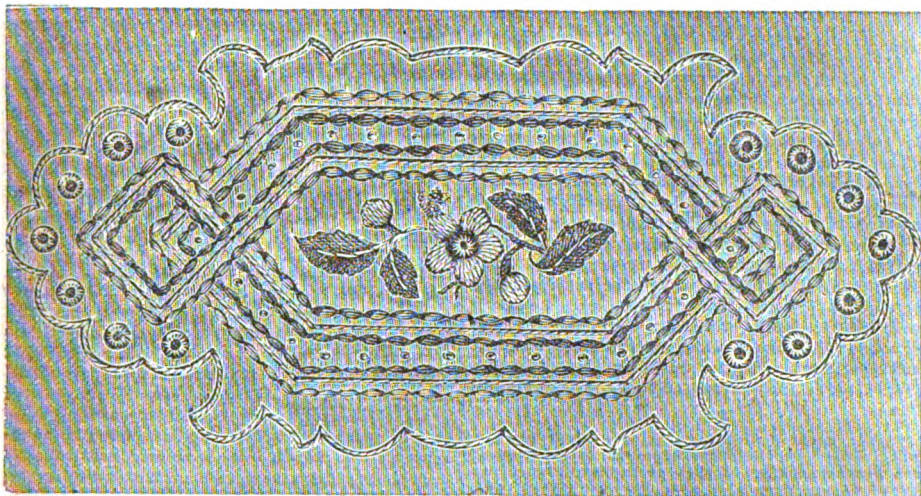


MATERIALS.—Velvet, silk or satin lining, binding; small gold or steel beads; silk cordon or gold cord; small pearl buttons.

Cut the velvet to the size required, and ornament it with the monogram and buttons, according to the design. Next line it, and bind the lining and velvet together at the edges, finishing with a dotted line of beads. Either a clasp, or buttons and loops, will serve to fasten the bracelet.

DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY FOR SEGAR-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Embroidery silks of two shades of blue and three of green; gold cord; gold silk; crimson silk; gold beads; leather, satin, or velvet for the ground-work; and pasteboard. The flower, which is a blue forget-me-not, must be worked in the natural colors in embroidery-stitch. Next comes the lines of crimson silk, then the gold cord, again the crimson silk, then gold beads, after which the silk and cord lines are repeated. The small rounds are of blue silk, with a gold bead in the center; next comes the outer line of gold cord.

BEAD ORNAMENTS. EAR-RINGS AND BROOCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Beads of two sizes, either garnet or turquoise; pearl beads; pasteboard; hair-pins; metal rings; patent pin.

For the brooch, cut a piece of pasteboard a third of an inch broad and an inch and a half long, and fasten to it a patent pin. Cover the pasteboard with white sarsnet, and place upon the upper side one large and two small buttons lying close together. For these button-shapes take the small blue beads, and fill the spaces

between them with a pearl bead, and round this a half circle of blue beads. Finish with three pearl bead tassels hanging to silver wire.

The ear-rings consist of one small button-shape with a tassel, which is fastened to the ear-ring. A simple metal hook may be used, which may be fastened to the under sarsnet covering of the button. The ornaments for the hair and dresses are easily copied by counting the beads, as shown in the engravings.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A WORD ABOUT COOKS AND COOKING.—Our readers will have noticed, that, in the receipts for cookery given in this Magazine, we try, as far as possible, to make them simple and economical. When people have good mutton, fat fowls, and succulent beef, it is not difficult to get up a dinner, though even chickens, mutton, and beef, are often spoiled by bad cooking. When the mistress of a household does her own cooking, the dishes are usually very good; and even when they are not, her husband, especially if he works out-of-doors, generally has a good digestion. The very rich, on the other hand, can mostly get good cooks. What is wanted is a knowledge of cookery among ordinary servants professing to be cooks. Such cooks are principally hired by families of moderate means, living in cities or towns, the fathers of which frequently follow in-door, and sedentary occupations. On this subject, an English journal, the *Saturday Review*, has some excellent remarks. It says:

"What people of this kind require is a cookery which will give them, from their own simple materials, wholesome and digestible dinners. But the cooks whom they engage cannot do anything of the sort. They can neither roast, boil, stew, nor broil well. Consequently their unhappy masters and mistresses daily sit down to meals which satisfy appetite at the cost of health and digestion. If these misnamed cooks could be taught to boil and roast better, it would be a prodigious gain to the health and temper of the community. We believe that the ill effects of our present bad cookery are much understated. Half of the fanaticism and intolerance of modern society is, we are persuaded, due to the savage cookery by which its melancholy life is sustained. Did it eat lighter and more digestible food, it would indulge in less intolerant and ferocious sentiments. And we are convinced that bad cookery has sent more men to lunatic asylums than either love or the commercial disasters of 1866. The only remedy is to teach cooks, as people are taught other things. Cookery, if not a science, is an art. It no more comes by nature than reading and writing do. But people don't think of training cooks, though they train ballet-girls, sempstresses, and bonnet-makers. A good *Charlotte Russe* is a higher effort of talent than a bonnet. It is less easy to set a thoroughly good roast leg of mutton on a table than to compose a piece of useless crochet. Women who are ambitious of high wages take lessons from professed cooks. But there are a small class, and only to be found in rich families. The generality of girls, who hire themselves as cooks, know as little of the elements of cookery, now-a-days, as they do of sewing. They are equally inexpert at boiling a potato and making a shirt. Consequently there is, in proportion, a much greater waste in a poor family than in a rich family, simply through the ignorance and incapacity of the servants. They are taught nothing useful thoroughly. Of course the patrons and patronesses of village schools could do much to reform this, if they chose. However, they seem indifferent to the ignorance and waste which this want of instruction generates. In our opinion, no industrial school is complete in which the girls are not taught how to make simple broths and boil vegetables in the most appetizing way. Why the poor parish-girls should not receive such instruction we do not understand. It would make them not only better servants in middle-class families, but better wives for workmen. As it is, there is no waste like the waste in the house of an average English mechanic. Many of the wives of well-to-do Australian colonists were once servants in English kitchens; and to this fact is due, perhaps, the unsurpassably bad cookery, which has introduced dyspepsia and dysentery into the homes of Sydney and Melbourne."

Parts of this do not apply to the United States, where the condition of things is so different from what it is in England. But, in the main, the article is as true of America as it is of Great Britain. What we need here is, that every girl should be taught to cook just as much as to sew or to read; and no one should be ashamed to cook. We

Americans are confessedly a dyspeptic people. Why? Because, for generations, we have been the victims of bad cookery. It is quite time there was a reform in this direction. It is a reform, too, that women only can bring about. We hope to live to see the day when every American woman, whether rich or poor, will be a good cook. If she is rich, she can teach her servants; if she is poor, she can be independent of them. While fathers and husbands are toiling for daughters and wives, daughters and wives should take pride in having healthful meals for fathers and husbands.

SEA-WEEDS.—Now is the time to be collecting, drying, and arranging sea-weed. A few hints may, therefore, not be out of place. Collect as little at a time as you can afford, according to your stay in any locality, and collect them either in an oilskin-bag or a tin can, with sea-water; for these flowers of the sea fade, and even decompose marvelously fast, when roughly handled or carelessly gathered. The best time for collecting is in the early morning, when, on your return, there is leisure for immediately laying the sea-weeds out. If you come home over-tired, and leave them until next day, the chances are that one-half of them are spoiled. The finest and rarest specimens are found in the lowest tide-pools, or cast up after a storm; but even at high tide the sea-side naturalist will find most pleasant occupation and delightful surprise, if with a microscope he investigates those very small specimens which are too insignificant for the lady's album, and finds such form and color, provision and harmony, as the Almighty Creator conceals from the unseeing eye, to reveal to our patient and intelligent research.

Supposing, however, that you have searched a few tide-pools, and brought home a tangled mass of olive, red, and green sea-weeds, get some soup-plates, fresh water, a bit of alum, some camel-hair pencils, and needles, mounted on lucifer matches, to assist in disentangling the mass. Be provided with paper cut into large and small squares; and as much of the beauty of the specimens depends on the quality of the paper, it should be fine, and at the same time stout—almost as good as drawing-paper. Now float a piece of weed in fresh water: if very dirty or sandy, wash it first, and in renewed water float it on a piece of paper supported by your left hand, whilst with your right hand you arrange the plant in a natural manner, using a mounted needle or porcupine-quill, and thinning out the superabundant branches with a fine-pointed pair of scissors. When the specimen is placed as you like it, cautiously raise the paper that the position of the plant be not altered, and let it rest somewhere with sloping inclination, that the moisture may run off, whilst the other specimens are treated in the same way. Do not leave them long thus, for they must be pressed before the paper is dry.

A convenient traveling-press consists of two pieces of deal board about two feet long and one wide, a couple of quires of whity-brown paper, and a double strap, such as we use for railway wrappers. Lay blotting-paper between the coarser paper, and you can strap them closely, and carry your sea-weed very safely in your hand. In drying them, you must have old linen or fine muslin, old and soft, to lay upon the weed and prevent its sticking to the upper paper; but do not leave it beyond a day or so, lest it leave chequered marks upon the surface of the weed, especially those with broad fronds. Experience will give the best lessons. Some sea-weeds, which are glutinous, must not be pressed at all, but laid out to dry, and when perfectly

so, then moisten the *under* side of the paper, and give a gentle pressure only. Others will not adhere to paper, and, therefore, when dry, brush them over with a little isinglass dissolved in gin, (laid on warm,) and they will then be fixed closely to the cardboard, or paper.

Another preparation is—one ounce of oil of turpentine, in which some gum-mastic, the size of a nutmeg, has been dissolved. This gives a gloss to the specimen and helps to preserve the color. You must change the blotting-paper and muslin at least twice during the process of drying larger sea-weeds; the smaller ones will be ready in a couple of days for the album, on the second day giving heavy pressure by stones and weights besides the strap.

WEAR WHAT IS BECOMING.—A very common mistake in dressing is to wear colors that are not becoming. Ladies too often buy bonnets and other articles because they are pretty, without any thought of what they are to be worn with. That parasol is pretty, but it will kill by its color one dress in the purchaser's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for all others. To be magnificently dressed certainly costs money; but to be dressed with taste is not expensive. It requires good sense, knowledge, refinement. Never buy an article unless it is suitable to your age, habits, style, and to the rest of your wardrobe. Nothing is more vulgar than to wear costly laces with a common delaine, or cheap laces with expensive brocades.

What colors, we may be asked, go best together? Green with violet; gold with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and gray with scarlet or pink. A gold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Gray and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is, to some skins, the most becoming; not, however, if there is much color in the cheek and lips; and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach-color is, perhaps, one of the most elegant colors worn. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. But whatever the color or material of the entire dress, the details are all in all; the lace round the bosom and sleeves; the flowers; in fact, all that furnishes the dress. The ornaments in the head must harmonize with the dress.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING, for this month, will recall to most persons the happy days of childhood, when, holding a butter-cup to the face, with the query, "Do you love butter?" was a favorite pastime.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Beatrice Boville, and Other Stories. By "Ouida." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—We are not an admirer of this author's fictions. We take "Ouida" to be a fast London woman; she certainly thinks and writes like one; and when we have said this, we can say nothing more in the way of condemnation. Her style is inflated to absurdity; her incidents are improbable beyond even the exaggeration of the sensational school; and the whole feeling of her books is false and flashy. This volume is a collection of stories, written, apparently, many years ago, and before her style became quite as vicious as we see it in "Idalia" and her later works. In other respects, however, the tales are as worthless as they can be. The best of them, if there is any best where all are pasto or pinchback, is the first, from which the volume takes its name. Price, in cloth, \$1.50

Stephen Dane. By Amanda M. Douglas. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—We have here a thoroughly good love-story, by a new writer, but one rising rapidly to fame. Her earlier novel, "In Trust," was very popular; but the present one is much better. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

The Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens. Peoples' Edition. With twelve illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is, on the whole, the best and cheapest of the many editions of "Pickwick." It is printed in duodecimo form, on excellent paper, and with handsome type, and has twelve spirited illustrations, after the original ones by Cruikshank. Here we have Pickwick as we have known him all our lives, and Sam Weller, and Stiggins, old Weller, and the rest of the immortal company, such as they first flashed upon the world from the brain of the great caricaturist. No artist since has risen to the height of Cruikshank's drollery in these famous etchings; and we think we may safely predict that no one ever will. The volume is bound in cloth. Price, \$1.50.

The Bishop's Son. A Novel. By Alice Cary. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—Although this is a first attempt at fiction, it is an eminently respectable one. The authoress has deviated from the beaten track of sentimental novelists, and discarding improbable romance as beneath her, has striven to give a realistic view of American life. The book is all the better for this, however, and is as far superior to "St. Elmo," to which the publisher compares it, as sense to nonsense, or truth to falsehood. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

Neighbors' Wives. By J. T. Trowbridge. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—It always gives us pleasure to announce a new novel by this author, for he is one of the few sincere literary workmen we have, doing his very best, and never slighting any detail. He writes, too, from observation, and not from books, and is, therefore, fresh and true. "Neighbors' Wives" is a story of American life, with incidents such as are happening every day; but the narrative is skillfully put together, the characters are natural, and the interest never flags. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

Sowing The Wind. By E. Lynn Linton. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An unpleasant story; almost a morbid one, indeed; though showing considerable skill in the analysis of character. We notice this feature especially in the delineation of Aylott, Jane, and Marcy. The book is a reprint from a London novel. Price, in paper covers, fifty cents.

May-Day, and Other Pieces. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a new volume of poems by one of the few original writers we have in America. It is not every one who can appreciate Emerson; but his poetry, though not particularly melodious, is full of thought and vigor. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

Little Dorritt. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another volume of what the publishers call the "Author's American Edition" of Dickens. It is a handsome octavo, with thirty-eight illustrations. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Elementary Principles in Art. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—There is more sound sense about art, in this little pamphlet, than in many large volumes. Price, in paper, twenty-five cents.

On the Border. By Edmund Kirke. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A novel founded on incidents that occurred during Garfield's campaign in Eastern Kentucky. This author always writes spiritedly. Price, in cloth, \$1.75.

The Old Curiosity Shop. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—This is the second volume of what is called "The Globe Edition" of Dickens. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Out of Charity. A Tale. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Little & Gay.—An unusually good novel, printed in double column, octavo. Price, in paper covers, seventy-five cents.

A Week in a French Country-House. 1 vol. Boston: A. K. Loring.—A reprint from "Cornhill's Magazine;" and a most charming little book. Price, in paper, thirty cents.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—The Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs are attracting much attention at the Paris Exposition. The correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, after alluding in very complimentary terms to the American Pianos in the Exposition, continues: "Nor is less artistic skill and taste displayed in the fine Cabinet Organs of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, which are acknowledged to excel whatever has yet been effected in the quality and sweetness of tones produced from reeds. The exhibition of these has been a great success, and has taken Parisian artists and builders quite by surprise, because they were, in a great measure, unprepared to find American mechanical genius developing itself so much upon objects relating to the *agrément* and luxury of life, as upon those which have regard only to profit and utility. The cases of these magnificent Cabinet Organs have also been extremely admired for their design and execution, in both of which respects they are allowed to rival the best productions of the Faubourg St. Antoine."

THE LIST OF CHEAP PUBLICATIONS published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers is unrivaled. The books which that firm prints are eminently the books for the times. Send to them for a catalogue, and order your summer reading.

A SUITABLE GIFT.—"If any gentleman," says the Bellefonte (Pa.) Watchman, "desires to make a nice present to his sweet-heart, let him forward two dollars for a copy of Peterson's Magazine for her."

THE AMERICAN TEA COMPANY is rapidly extending its connections and growing everywhere into favor. As far as we can hear it fulfills all the promises of its advertisements.

THE FLORENCE SEWING-MACHINE seems to unite more of the advantages of a sewing-machine than any other patent. At least, we continually hear so, verbally and by letter.

ECONOMY IN DRESS is easy when you have taste and know the mode. To secure these two things, subscribe for "Peterson."

THE GAME OF CROQUET.—NO. III.

THE LAWS.—We now come to the laws. But we have said so much by anticipation with regard to them that we shall pass them through very rapidly. One recommendation of the laws under review is, that they are clearer, fewer, and shorter than any other published set.

First, the rotation of play has to be decided on, the captain of each side allotting the colors as he pleases.

The first stroke is made by placing the ball anywhere not exceeding one mallet's length from the starting stick, and striking it toward the first hoop. If this point is made, the player is entitled to another stroke. If he fails to run the first hoop, (and this is the *pens asinorum* of unskillful players, and often is not run,) his ball is taken off the ground till its next turn comes round.

Some players object to taking up the ball. They think it a premium on bad play, and would like the ball to remain where it rolled. We think, however, the rule is best as here given. For were it otherwise, the first player, if skillful, might play to lay his ball just in front of the first hoop, and so, effectually block it for the next player, which would give the first an unnecessary advantage. And a bad player might do the same by chance, and so gain a benefit by his own stupidity.

The striker having run a hoop, has the privilege of continuing his turn, so long as he succeeds in making a point

in order, or a roquet on a ball in play. Having made roquet, he must next take Croquet, after which he is entitled to another stroke.

A question might arise out of this rule in the case of a rover roqueted against the winning stick. Of course the striker cannot take Croquet, as the rover is dead. But is he entitled to another stroke? The Committee have ruled that he is not, and we believe we are correct in stating it as their reason that, in most cases, the roquet of the rover against the stick is due more to luck than to skill. Putting the rover out is of itself a great advantage, and the striker has no claim to a special exception to the rule that after a roquet he must take Croquet before his next stroke. In furtherance of this view it is obvious that, knowing the law, the striker would, if the balls were close together, play to avoid roqueting the rover against the stick when he would be entitled to Croquet the rover against the stick if he pleased, and to another stroke. In practice, therefore, it would only happen that the rover is roqueted against the stick by a fluky stroke from a distance.

A ball driven through its hoop, or cage, or against its stick "in order" by the antagonists counts that point, and at its next turn is "in order" for the next point, just as though the player had made the previous one by his own play. A case might arise out of this of a ball driven through by a ball which is not in play to it. Thus: A has been croqueted by B, after which B, not having made a point meanwhile, drives A through its hoop "in order." B is in hand to A. Does A count the hoop? Decision. Yes; B is in hand to A, but A is not in hand to B.

It has been much disputed whether a ball which rolls through its hoop and then rolls back, should be entitled to the hoop or not, some maintaining the principle that the moment the whole ball has been through, the hoop is run; others, that the decision of the entire going through is attended with great difficulty, and that it is much simpler to judge the running by the ultimate resting-place of the ball. The Committee prefer the principle that going through is going through; but they lay down that the running must be established to the satisfaction of the captains or of the umpire.

The principle that the whole of a ball must go through to constitute a run, comes out again in the following. A ball driven back through its hoop "in order" the reverse way to which it is going, and resting under the hoop, is not through if a straight-edge applied in front of the hoop touches the ball; consequently, under these circumstances, the striker at his turn cannot run the hoop by hitting the ball through it the right way, the reason being that the *whole* of the ball has not been through the hoop in the right direction, but only that portion of it which went through in the wrong direction.

We now come to the most important law of the lot. It is that the course of the mallet in striking must be across the body from left to right. This regulation is intended to do away with the front stroke. Either one or both hands may be used, but the nearest to the head of the mallet must be eighteen inches at least from it. When the mallet is held in this way, and its course in striking is across the body, (i. e. at right angles, or nearly so, to the long axis of the player's feet,) the abominable practice of "spooning" is almost impossible.

If a ball is not fairly hit, but in the opinion of the umpire is pushed or spooned, and if the regulations of the law just quoted are not complied with, all benefit from the stroke is lost: the ball is to be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain, and the player loses his turn.

In domestic play, where there is no umpire, it will be difficult to enforce this penalty. The fact is, every one knows what is spooning and what is not; and where players will not make their strokes fairly, the only remedy is the one pointed out in general principle No. 9.

We have no space to enter into the vexed question of whether it is or is not advisable to permit spooning; but we may express our strong conviction that our spooning days are over, and that all really scientific players have adopted, or will ere long adopt, the stroke across the body, which, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, is in common parlance designated the *side stroke*.

Strokes must be given with the end of the head of the mallet, and not with the side. If a wire is in the way, so that the whole length of the mallet's head cannot be got down to strike the ball in the desired direction, the striker must be contented either to play in some other direction or to make a cramped stroke.

Balls struck beyond the boundaries of the ground must be at once replaced half a mallet's length within the edge, measured from the spot where they went off, at right angles to the margin.

The only debatable point here is whether the half mallet's length should be measured from the point where the ball went off, or from the point nearest the margin from where it stopped. The rule given above seems to us the correct one, as after a ball has left the boundary it is out of the game till replaced, and there is no occasion to take into account what it does, or where it rolls.

Players, on being appealed to, are bound to declare which is their next point in order; and on this ground, that Croquet is not a game of memory, and it is, therefore, advisable to render the scoring as little burdensome as possible. Clips and indicators are sometimes used, but our experience, like that of the Committee, is that they are "more plague than profit."

As regards the penalties for various offences, the one most open to argument is that respecting the slipping of the ball from under the foot when taking tight Croquet. According to the laws before us, the player who allows his ball to slip loses his next stroke, i. e., the remainder of his turn. The reason for this law is, that in taking tight Croquet the intention is to send the croqueted ball as far as possible, and that privilege, it is considered, should be permitted only on condition that the striker's ball is held firmly; that, in fact, he shall not have the double advantage of sending his adversary miles away, and of allowing his own ball to slip a short distance. On the other hand, it is argued that it is a presumable disadvantage to the player to slip his ball, as he has the option of loose Croquet, and the fact of his electing to take tight Croquet shows that he considers it his best game to remain where he is. There is much to be said on both sides; but as the Committee have decided to retain the penalty, we hope, for the sake of uniformity, that their view will be indorsed by the public.

There is a point connected with this penalty that should, we think, be legislated for in a note. It is this. Suppose a rover, in taking tight Croquet, slips his ball against the winning stick, is he "dead?" We should decide that he is, on the ground that he cannot claim exemption from a penalty which accrued in consequence of an illegal act. If he rolls against the winning stick by his own irregular act, we think he should suffer for it.

If a ball while rolling is touched or stopped by the player or his side, the player ceases to play for that turn. If by the other side, the striker may at his option take his stroke again, or, if entitled to another stroke, may proceed with the balls left where they stopped.

If the striker Croquets a ball which he is not entitled to Croquet, he loses the remainder of his turn, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced. If the error is not discovered before the player has made his next stroke, the Croquet is valid, and the player continues his turn as though no error had been committed. Similarly, if the striker, while in the act of striking, hits a ball other than his own, he loses the remainder of his turn, and the ball

improperly hit is to be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain.

With all deference to the Committee, we are inclined to think this is a double penalty, and that it would be sufficient to give the adversary the option of replacing the balls, and of allowing the striker to play the stroke again, or of compelling him to lose the remainder of his turn, the balls being left as moved.

If a player makes a second hit (as e. g. seeing that the first is not hard enough) he loses his turn, and the balls are to be replaced.

Playing out of turn with the right or wrong ball loses all benefit from any point or points made in the turn played in error, and the balls hit are to be left where they are, or are to be replaced where they were at the commencement of the turn, at the option of the adverse captain, and the person who ought to have played the turn, as he would have done had no error been made. If the mistake is not discovered till after the next striker, either in or out of turn, has played his first stroke, all strokes made in error must be allowed to stand and to count, and the rotation proceeds from the striker who is playing. In this case, if the previous striker had used the wrong ball, his ball and the one he played with are to be transposed, and the points made by the previous striker count to his ball.

If a player in his proper turn plays with the wrong ball, he loses his turn and all benefit from the stroke, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced; but if he has made a second stroke before the error is discovered, his strikes are valid, and he continues to play with the wrong ball for the remainder of that turn. At its conclusion the striker's proper ball, and the one he played with, are to be transposed, and in their next turns the players play in rotation with their right balls.

If a ball is moved in taking aim, it should in strictness (e. g. in a match) count as a stroke; but in ordinary play it is sufficient to let the ball be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain.

So much, then, for the laws of Croquet. We think the Committee deserve the hearty thanks of all Croquet lovers.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Green Pea-Soup.—Put a quart of shelled peas into a pint or a pint and a half of broth or stock, from which all fat has been removed, and add several thin slices of ham, or a small piece of very lean bacon, four good-sized onions, well peeled and thinly sliced, four lettuces, well washed and finely shred, the crumb of two French rolls, and a bunch of parsley and of mint; let them simmer for an hour, and then pour in another quart of broth, or if you have it not by you, a quart of water in which you have previously boiled the pea-shells, and boil for another hour. Then boil two large handfuls of freshly-gathered spinach, squeeze it dry, and rub it, with the soup, through a sieve. Have ready a pint of young peas well boiled, add these to the soup, put in one good-sized lump of sugar, and season to taste. Give one boil, and the soup is ready. If the broth is weak, add more peas and spinach; and a few veal-scrapes from the butcher's will greatly improve the preparation.

Friars' Chicken.—Clean and wash three chickens; skin and cut them into joints; put them, with the livers and gizzards on, in two quarts of cold water; when it boils skim it; season with salt and white pepper. In half an hour add a handful of chopped parsley, and let it boil for half an hour longer. Beat well the whites and yolks of four or six eggs, and just before serving stir them very quickly one way into the broth.

Tomato-Soup.—Wash, scrape, and cut small the red part of three large carrots, three heads of celery, four large onions, and two large turnips; put them into a saucepan, with a tablespoonful of butter and half a pound of lean, new ham; let them stew very gently for an hour; then add three quarts of brown gravy soup and some whole black pepper, with eight or ten ripe tomatoes; let it boil an hour and a half, and pulp it through a sieve; serve it with fried bread cut in dice.

Chicken Panada.—Skin a fowl; cut it in pieces, leaving the breast whole; boil it in three pints of water till perfectly tender; pick off all the meat, and pound it finely in a mortar, and mix it with the liquor it was boiled in; rub it through a sieve, and season it with salt.

Soup for an Invalid.—Cut in small pieces one pound of beef, mutton, or part of both; boil it gently in two quarts of water, take off the scum, and when reduced to a pint strain it. Season with a little salt, and take a teacupful at a time.

FISH.

To Pickle Herring.—Wash fifty herring well, and cut off their heads, tails, and fins. Put the fish into a stewpan, with three ounces of ground allspice, one tablespoonful of coarse salt, and a little Cayenne. Lay the fish in layers and strew the spice equally over it, with a few bay leaves and anchovies interspersed. Pour over the whole a pint of vinegar mixed with a little water. Tie a bladder over the stewpan and bake in a slow oven. Skim off the oil, and with a little of the liquor boil about half a pint of claret or port wine. The fish should be baked so slowly and thoroughly that when cooked the bones should not be perceptible.

To Broil Fish.—When fish is broiled, the bars of the gridiron should be rubbed over with a little butter. Then place your fish, skin side down, and do not turn it till nearly done through. Save all your butter till the fish is dished. In this way you save the juices of the fish too. Fish should be broiled slowly. When served, fish should not be laid over each other, if it can be avoided. The top ones will be made tender and moist by the steam, and will break to pieces.

Crab Dressing.—Take one teaspoonful of mixed mustard and the same quantity of good moist sugar, and very slowly add two tablespoonfuls of good Lucina or salad-oil. Still carefully mix in four tablespoonfuls of quite fresh milk and half that quantity of vinegar, added by slow degrees, lest the dressing curdle. Season with salt and white pepper or Cayenne to taste. It should present a soft, creamy appearance.

Stewed Lobster.—Pick the lobster, put the berries into a dish that has a lamp, and rub them down with a bit of butter. Two spoonfuls of any sort of gravy, one of soy or walnut-ketchup, a little salt and Cayenne, and a spoonful of port. Stew the lobster, cut into bits, with the gravy as above.

MEATS.

Fillet of Beef.—Take a sirloin or second cut of the rib; take out the bones with a sharp knife; skewer it round in good shape; lay the bones into a large saucepan, with two onions, one carrot, a dozen cloves; then the meat, with beef-stock or water enough just to cover it; let it cook slowly two hours; dish the meat; skim all the fat from the gravy; add some flour mixed with a little water, two spoonfuls of soy or walnut-ketchup; give it one boil; turn a little gravy over the meat, and serve the rest in a gravy-tureen.

Veal and Ham-Pie.—Take two pounds of cutlets, divide them into small pieces, and season with pepper and salt; then take one pound of raw ham, cut it into slices, lay both alternately in the dish, and put some forcemeat or sausage-meat over all, with stewed mushrooms, the yolks of three hard eggs, and a glass of water.

Minced Mutton.—This is a very useful preparation of "cold mutton," and will be found an excellent mode. Cut slices off a cold roasted leg of mutton and mince it very fine; brown some flour in butter, and moisten it with some stock; add salt and pepper to taste, and let it simmer about ten or fifteen minutes to take off the raw taste of the flour; add another lot of butter and some pickled gherkins, cut in slices, then add the minced meat, and let it simmer slowly, but not to boil, or the meat will be hard. In place of gherkins parsley and capers, chopped fine, may be added. Some like the flavor of onions, so that some slices may be put in the same and then taken out, or a shallot may be used in place of onion, chopped fine.

Roast Veal.—Season a breast of veal with pepper and salt; skewer the sweetbread firmly in its place; flour the meat and roast it slowly before a moderate fire for about four hours—it should be of a fine brown, but not dry; baste it with butter. When done, put the gravy in a stewpan, add a piece of butter rolled in browned flour; and if there should not be quite enough gravy, add a little more water, with pepper and salt to the taste. The gravy should be brown.

Mutton Cutlets Funnies.—Trim your cutlets neatly, and remove all the fat; set them in melted butter, lukewarm, with pepper and salt; dip each into beaten yolks of eggs, and then in bread-crumbs; do this twice to make as many crumbs adhere to the cutlets as possible; then broil them on a gridiron over a quick, clear fire for ten minutes; dress them on your dish in a crown, and serve them either plain or with sauce *maitre d'hotel*.

Lemon Sauce for Boiled Fowl.—Pare off the rind of a lemon, slice it small, and take out all the kernels; bruise the liver of the fowl with two or three spoonfuls of gravy-stock; then melt some butter, mix all together, give them a boil, and add a little of the lemon-peel.

Marinade of Beefsteak.—Mix together oil, vinegar, slices of onion, a piece of garlic, spices, and let your steak, beef, or mutton, be steeped in it ten or twelve hours before cooking, turning it at intervals; then cook in the usual way, and serve either *au naturel*, or with parsley and butter.

DESSERTS.

Apple-Souffle.—Pare and core five good-sized apples, cut them small into a basin, put half a teacupful of water to them, cover them down, set them in the oven; when thoroughly cooked, beat them into a pulp, with sugar to taste. Steam some rice, two tablespoonfuls to one pint of milk, a little salt; steam about two hours, (or boil, having previously soaked the rice;) when cooked, beat it up with the yolks of three eggs and sugar to taste. Put the rice evenly at the bottom of a dish, then cover all over nicely with the apples; beat the whites of eggs into snow, and put it roughly on the top like mountains. The white of eggs can be divided into portions, and slightly colored to please the fancy of the maker; when done, must be placed in a moderate oven for three minutes for the snow to set.

Lemon-Cream.—Pare the rinds of four lemons very thin, squeeze the juice over it, and let it stand covered up for three or four hours. Beat the whites of seven eggs and yolks of four well together; melt half a pound of white sugar in a pint of water, strain it into a spilit, strain the lemon juice over it, add the eggs, and stir one way over a gentle fire till it thickens. When cool, put it into glasses, and serve cold. Cream may be added, if wished.

Economical Pudding.—Take two tablespoonfuls of rice, put into a small saucepan, with as much water as the rice will absorb. When boiled enough, add a pinch of salt; then set it by the fire until the rice is quite soft and dry. Throw it up in a dish; add two ounces of butter, four tablespoonfuls of tapioca, and a pint and a half of milk, sugar to the taste, a little grated nutmeg, and two eggs beaten up. Let it all be well stirred together, and baked an hour.

Spanish-Cream.—Two tablespoonfuls of ground rice, the peel of a large lemon, grated, the yolks of two eggs, one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of pounded sugar, one ounce of sweet-almonds, one ounce of preserved orange or citron. Beat the eggs well first, and, after mixing all the ingredients, except the almonds and preserved orange or citron, put them into a stewpan, and set it on a very slow fire, stirring the mixture one way until it becomes thicker than custard. Then pour it into a glass dish, and ornament it with the almonds and citron cut into strips and slices. The almonds must, of course, be blanched before they are placed on the cream.

Wine-Jelly.—Soak four ounces of gelatine in one quart of cold water for half an hour. In the meantime mix with two quarts of cold water six tablespoonfuls of brandy, one pint of white-wine, six lemons, cut up with the peel on, the whites and shells of six eggs, the whites slightly beaten, the shells crushed; three pounds of white sugar; then mix the gelatine with the other ingredients, and put them over the fire. Let it boil without stirring it for twenty minutes; strain it through a flannel bag without squeezing; wet the mould in cold water, pour the jelly in, and leave it in a cool place for three hours.

Egg-Dumplings.—Make a batter of a pint of milk, two well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a batter as thick as for pound-cake; have a clean saucepan of boiling water; let the water boil fast; drop in the batter with the tablespoon; four of five minutes will boil them; take them with a skimmer on a dish; put a bit of butter and pepper over them, and serve with boiled or cold meat. For a little dessert put butter and grated nutmeg, with syrup or sugar over it.

Cocoa-Nut Puddings.—Melt two ounces of butter, stir in two ounces of sifted sugar; boil up for a minute. When cool, grate in two ounces of cocoa-nut, add two ounces of shred citron, the grated rind of a lemon, and four eggs, beat, with the juice of half a lemon. Mix, and put into well-buttered coffee-cups, and bake half an hour. The same may be made as one pudding in a dish, and baked longer.

Small Cold Puddings.—Grate the rind of a lemon into a pint of cream, (or new milk,) let it just boil and strain it. When cool, beat the yolks of six eggs, and add them to the above, adding crushed lump-sugar to sweeten it. Pour the mixture into six coffee-cups, and steam for half an hour. Next day turn out, and garnish with currant-jelly or other preserves.

Potato-Pudding.—Boil three large mealy potatoes; mash them perfectly smooth, with one ounce of butter, and two or three ounces of thick cream; add three eggs, a spoonful of brown sugar, a little salt, and nutmeg. Beat all well together, and if a few currants be added, the better. Bake, in a buttered dish, thirty minutes in an oven, or forty-five in a Dutch-oven.

Water Pudding.—To eight tablespoonfuls of water, add the juice and rind of one lemon, one quarter of a pound of butter, the yolks of four eggs, and the whites beaten to a froth. Bake it for one hour in a slow oven.

Snowed Pudding.—Half a pound of beef-suet, shred very fine and small, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade, three eggs, raisins round the mould; boil three hours; wine-sauce.

CAKES.

Kipfel.—These light cakes will form an agreeable addition to the dessert, and are also suitable for handing round with tea and coffee. They are much used in Germany, and are made as follows: Beat up one pound of pounded white sugar, with the whites of eight eggs, and a little Vanilla flavoring; when mixed, make it up into the shape of small horse-shoes, and having mixed one pound of sweet-almonds, turn these kipfel round in them. Bake the kipfel on wafers, in a very moderate oven.

Oxford Tea-Cakes.—To each pound of flour allow a dessert-spoonful of bread-powder, one egg, and half a pint of cream, or new milk, half a teaspoonful of suet and two teaspoonfuls of loaf-sugar, powdered. Rub the dry things well together, then quickly mix in, first the cream and then the egg; bake quickly on buttered tins. If yeast be preferred, the milk should be a little warmed, and strained through the yeast, as for bread; add the egg last. Let the dough stand to rise, then bake half an hour in a quick oven.

Gooseberry-Biscuit.—Your fruit should be gathered when full-grown, but not ripe. Put it into a jar, and place this in a kettle of water. Let the fruit coddle (simmer or boil slowly) till they are soft, and then rub them through a fine sieve. To a pound of the pulp, add one pound of sugar, beat fine and sifted, and the white of one egg. Beat it with a whisk till it becomes a white substance; then drop it on to white paper in small cakes. Set them in a warm place to dry gently, and afterward keep them quite dry.

Jelly-Cake.—To three well-beaten eggs add one cup of powdered sugar, one of flour; stir well, and add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in three teaspoonfuls of water. Bake in two pie-pans, spread as even as possible. Have ready a towel, and as soon as done, turn the cake on it, bottom-side up, then spread evenly with jelly, roll up quickly, and wrap in a towel.

Grantham Gingerbread.—Rub one pound of butter in three and a half pounds of flour, then mix three and a half pounds of crushed lump-sugar, with a teaspoonful of milk, half an ounce of volatile salts, one ounce of powdered ginger, and a little essence of lemon. They should be baked in a sound oven, with the door open the time they are baking. If the milk makes it too soft, add more flour.

Sand Tarts.—One teacup of butter, one and a half of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, three teaspoonfuls of water, flour to make them stiff enough to roll out thin; cut them out with a tumbler. Bathe the top with the white of an egg, and sprinkle on sugar. They will keep well for four or five months.

French Jumbles.—One half pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three eggs; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in half a cup of milk; add this, also one nutmeg; roll out the dough, and cut into small cakes of any shape, and bake them in a quick oven.

Mountain Cake.—One large cup of butter, three cups of white sugar, four of flour, five eggs—the whites and yolks beaten separately—one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one of saleratus, dissolved in one cup of milk.

Love Cakes.—Three eggs, five ounces of sugar, six ounces of flour, salt, mace, or rose-water; to be dropped, and sugar sprinkled on before baking.

DRINKS.

Spruce-Beer.—When ten gallons of water, six pounds of molasses, and three ounces of bruised ginger have boiled together for half an hour, two pounds of outer sprigs of the spruce-fir are to be added, and boiled for five minutes. The whole is then to be strained through a hair-sieve, and when milk warm, put into the cask, and a teacupful of good yeast stirred well into it. When it has fermented a day or two, it is to be bunged up, and the following day bottled. It will be fit for use in a week. The ginger is sometimes omitted; and instead of the spruce-fir, three ounces of the essence may be used, which is to be well whisked together with the molasses and a gallon or two of warm water; then put into the cask, which is to be filled up with water, and the yeast added.

Lemonade.—Boil three pounds of lump-sugar in one pint of water, add one ounce and a quarter of citric acid and essence of lemon to taste. When cool, bottle for use. A little should be poured in a tumbler, with water added, as agreeable.

Water-Melon Sherbert.—A Bengal Receipt.—Let the melon be cut in half, and the inside of the fruit be worked up and mashed with a spoon, till it assumes the consistency of a thick pulp. Introduce into this as much pounded white candy or sugar as may suit your taste, a wineglassful of fresh rose-water, and two wineglasses of sherry. Pour, when strained, the contents into a jug, and fill your tumblers as often as needed. This makes a very agreeable drink in summer.

Cold Punch.—Infuse one ounce of tea over night in half a pint of cold water. One pound of sugar, and three gills of water must be boiled in a saucepan. When cool, put it in a bowl, with the rind of two lemons and one of orange, cut in pieces; also the juice of four lemons and two oranges, and add a little cold water. Beat well, add a little of the tea, and as much rum (one to five gills) as you please. Put it in a freezer and freeze. Some people prefer two eggs added, beaten to a froth.

Shrub.—The rind of half a lemon and half an orange, pared quite thin; put it into a pint of rum, and let it remain three hours, when it should be removed. Add to the rum a small wineglass of strained lemon-juice, and the same of orange-juice, one ounce lump of sugar dissolved in a pint and a half of water. Mix all together and bottle.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF LIGHT GREEN SILK, trimmed with ornaments of black gimp and jet. This dress is of the Princess or Gabrielle form, without any seam at the waist.

FIG. II.—SEA-SIDE DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED CHALE.—The jacket is of the peplum shape, with a hood, and is trimmed, like the skirt, with scarlet ribbon.

FIG. III.—EVENING DRESS OF PINK SILK.—A black lace jacket, with a long lace sash at the back, is worn over the low body.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF DARK GREEN SILK.—The skirt is very long, and much gored. The basque fits the figure quite closely, and is trimmed with black gimp and jet fringe. A long black ribbon sash is tied at the back.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF GRAY ALPACA, trimmed with black velvet, put on in the diamond shape.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF BLUE SILK; the tight sleeves are trimmed with bands of jet. An over-dress of black silk, without sleeves, cut in scallops, and trimmed with jet fringe.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses entirely without pleats have by no means such uniform success. Ladies perceive that this style of dress is not becoming, and they almost all prefer to wear skirts with a few pleats at the back and sides. The short dress is worn mostly by young ladies, and, to be in good taste, they must be accompanied by under-skirts much longer than ordinary petticoats. Very few white under-skirts are seen with walking toilets; they are either of the same material as the dress, or of some material of a different color.

FANCY MATERIALS, of some light woolen, or wool-and-silk tissue, entirely white, are very fashionable; the dress and paletot are white, the under-skirt is colored, blue, mauve, green, or even bright rose-color. The trimming of the dress and paletot are of the color of the under-skirt; this trimming is generally composed of thick pipings or rouleaux of colored silk, arranged in round scallops, square tabs, or vandykes, coral branches, plaits, loose sleeves, interlaced rings, and so on. Gray fancy materials can be ornamented in the same manner. Many are striped; others, as we have already mentioned, are cliné, speckled, or brocaded.

SMALL FLOUNCES are again worn, as we predicted early in the season.

TRAINS are longer than ever, but only sufficiently wide to look well without hooping—none being over six yards

at the bottom. All skirts are very much gored; but almost all have one large box-pleat at the back, or a few gathers—the perfectly plain ones being very unbecoming.

THE NEW COLOR, particularly for evening wear, is a kind of red leather-color, something like a reddish salmon.

RIBBONS FOR SASHES are again coming in favor; they are from twelve to eighteen inches in width.

ALL THE NEW BONNETS of the season are excessively small. A great many are Fanchons of a very much rounded and curved-out shape. Other bonnets have a low crown, round or oval, and a very narrow border, sometimes a small turned-up curtain, sometimes none at all. Both these patterns, and almost all the others, leave the chignon completely uncovered. Ladies are far from having given up their voluminous chignons, which have but changed their shape; they are now quite round, and formed of heavy twists of hair arranged in coils, or else of thick plaits; for the evening, often, also, of short curls of different lengths; but the chignon and the Louis XV. knot are quite gone out of fashion. Plaits of velvet or ribbon are much employed for trimming bonnets, which are also bordered with garlands of flowers and fringes of beads.

A very pretty bonnet is of fine straw, trimmed all round with a narrow cross-cut band of black silk; at the side of the bonnet there was a bunch of cherries, and in the inside a small ruche of black lace; the strings were black silk, about half an inch wide, bordered with wide black lace, causing them to have the effect of lappets. These strings are not tied under the chin, but they form a bow on the chest, and in the center of the bow there is a bunch of cherries. Also a "Marie Antoinette" bonnet of gray straw, lined with pink silk; a small curtain divided in two parts, bound with pink silk, and crossed at the back; an *agrafe* of moss-roses at the side; pink strings. The new hats, intended for town wear, are all very small; but for the country, they are made large. For the latter the "Pompadour" hat is once more introduced, with its flat crown and wide brim, the whole lined with pink silk, and trimmed with pink roses. *Toquets*, simply trimmed with black velvet and straw gimp, are very lady-like.

BASQUES.—The fashion of wearing basques and ceintures, to simulate a casque, has again revived; the basques may be scalloped, or plain, but always trimmed, either with passementerie, or a satin cord, or with a wide jet fringe. A very wide ribbon, tied at the back with large bows, may be worn with these basques. Mantles are also worn of a circular shape, and may be of fancy cloth, molleton, or India cashmere, but never of the same material as the dress. The most beautiful *rotonde* may be composed of an India China crepe shawl; and those who possess such a treasure will find an admirable opportunity for displaying this long-discarded article of dress, by altering it to a circular mantle.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S DRESS OF GRAY CASSIMERE, with loose paletot jacket.

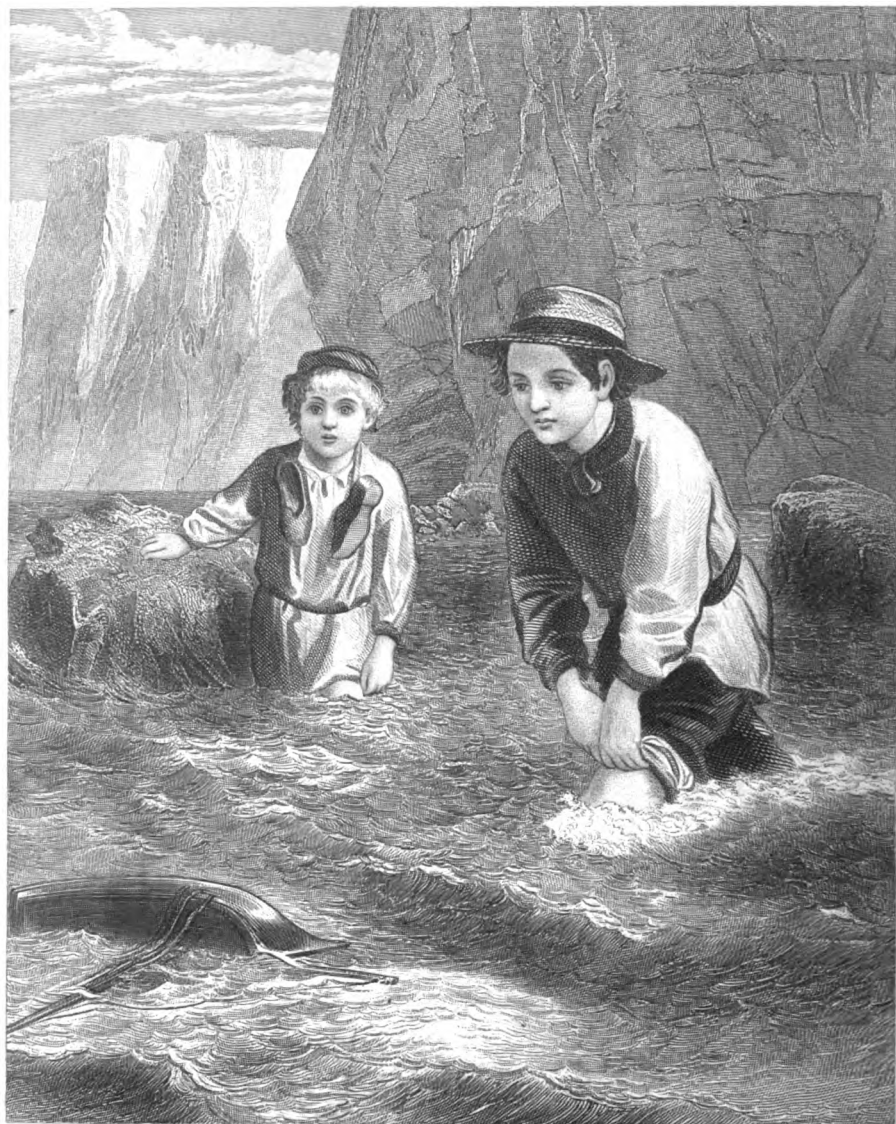
FIG. II.—BOY'S DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED CASSIMERE, the jacket is worn over a white skirt.

FIG. III.—A YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF ROSE-COLORED SILK; the upper skirt is trimmed with black velvet and jet, and is open and slashed on the right side. The body is made low, and is worn over a plaited chemisetto; but the sleeves are of silk.

FIG. IV.—WALKING DRESS AND JACKET OF GRAY ALPACA, trimmed with jet, worn over a petticoat of blue silk, with a plaited ruffle.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE, DOTTED WITH BLACK, cut without a seam at the waist, and worn over a colored under-dress.





Painted by J. M. Thomas.

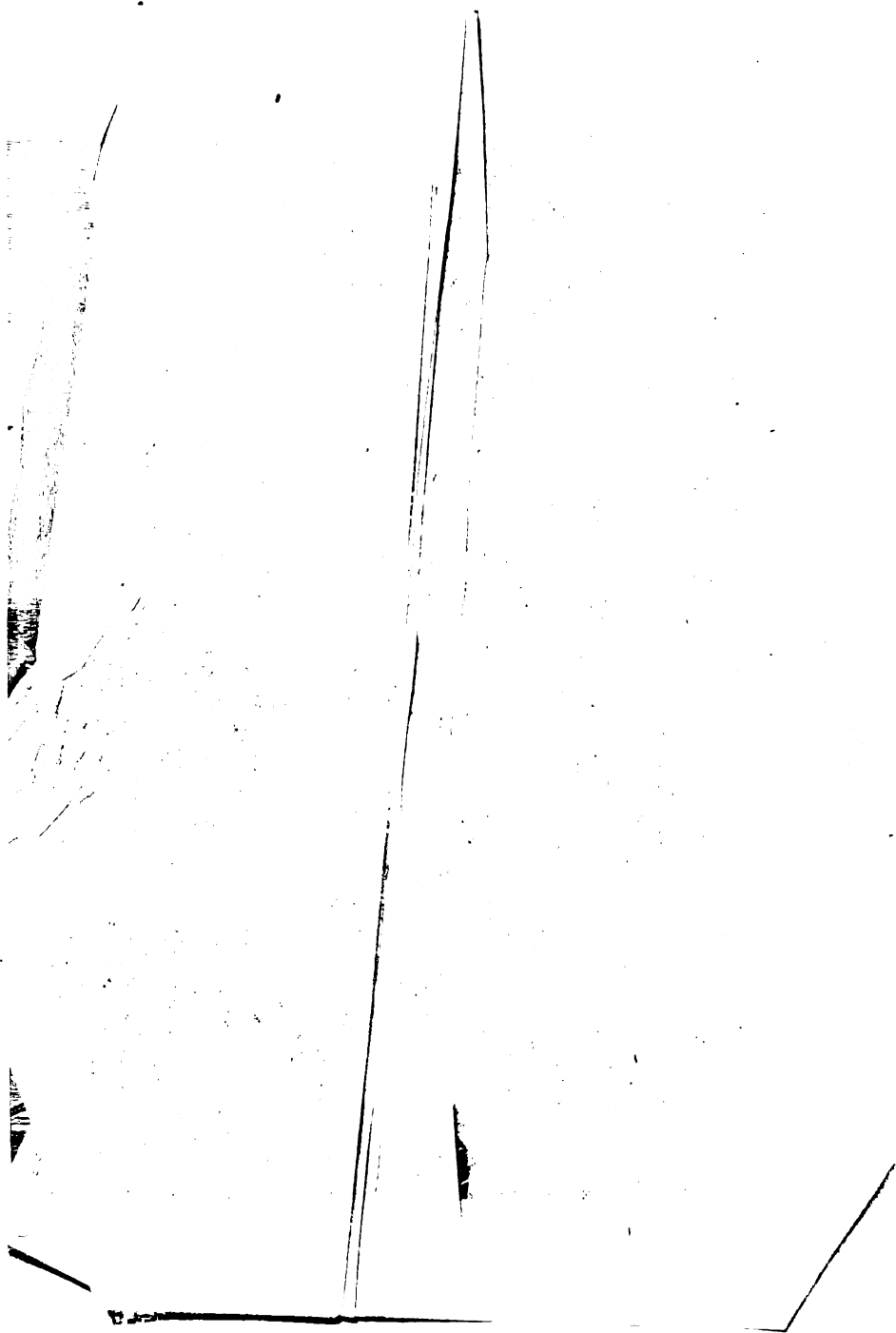
Engraved & Printed by Thomas Agnew & Sons.

THE MEDDLE AND THE SHARK

A STORY OF THE SEA.



MAGAZINE.

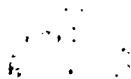


Digitized by Google



AGAZINE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
530 SOUTH EAST ASIAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60607-7070
TEL: 773/936-7000
FAX: 773/936-7001
WWW: WWW.CHICAGO.EDU
WWW: WWW.CHEM.EDU

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE: SEPTEMBER, 1867.

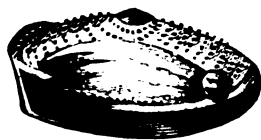


Etagère for Sponge and Tooth Brushes.



THE WOODLAND BROOK.





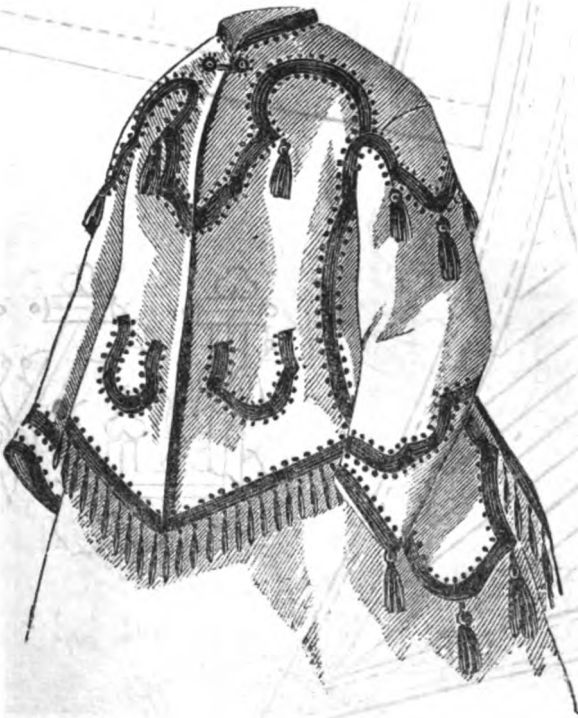
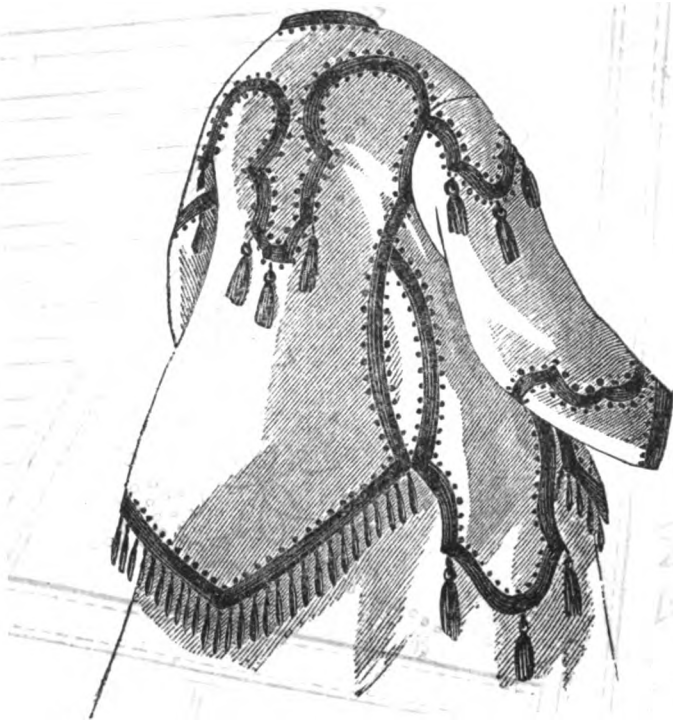
VELVET SACQUE: MISSES' HAT.



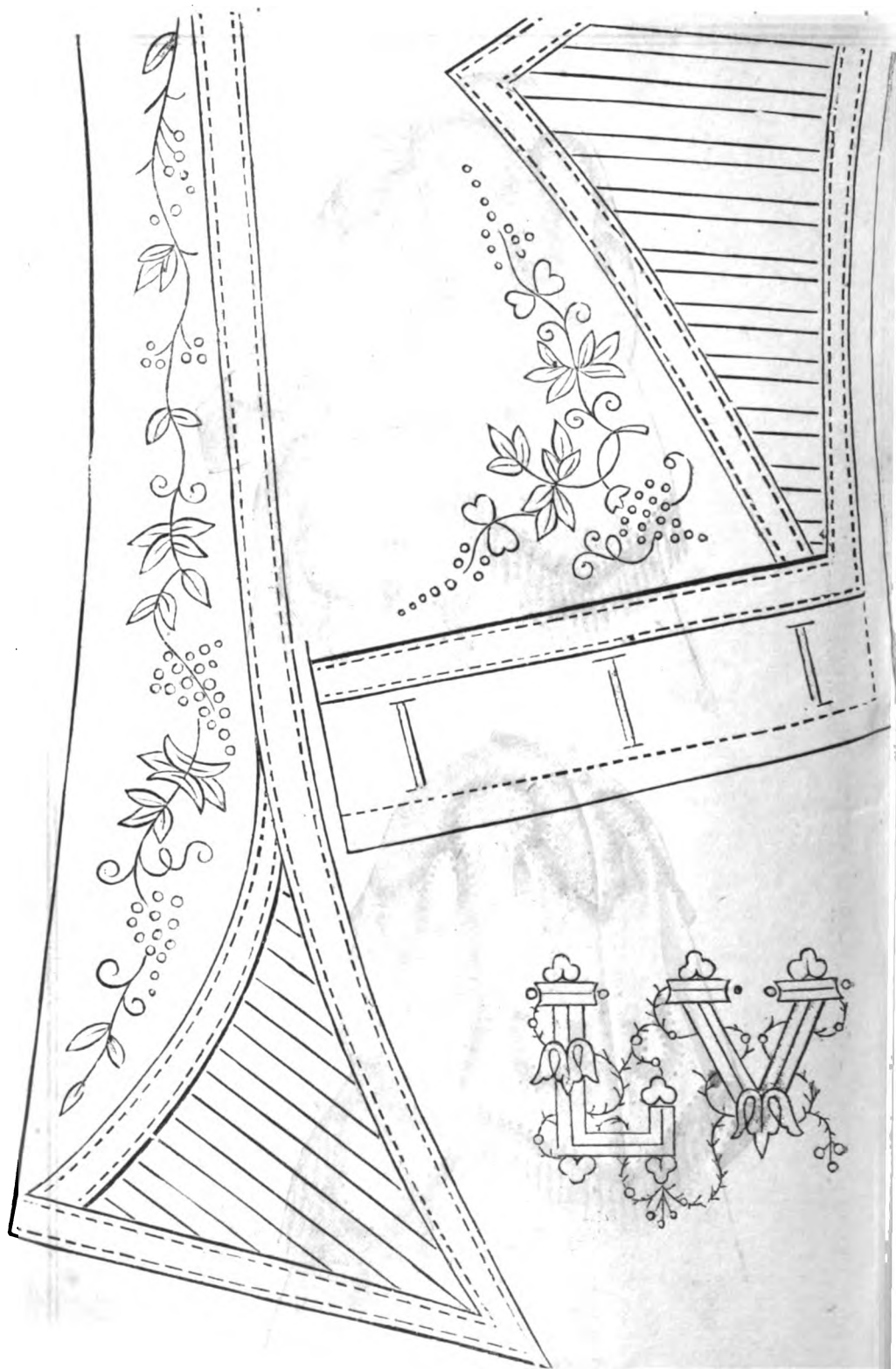
FALL CLOAK: MISSES' HAT.



BRETON JACKET: BACK AND FRONT.

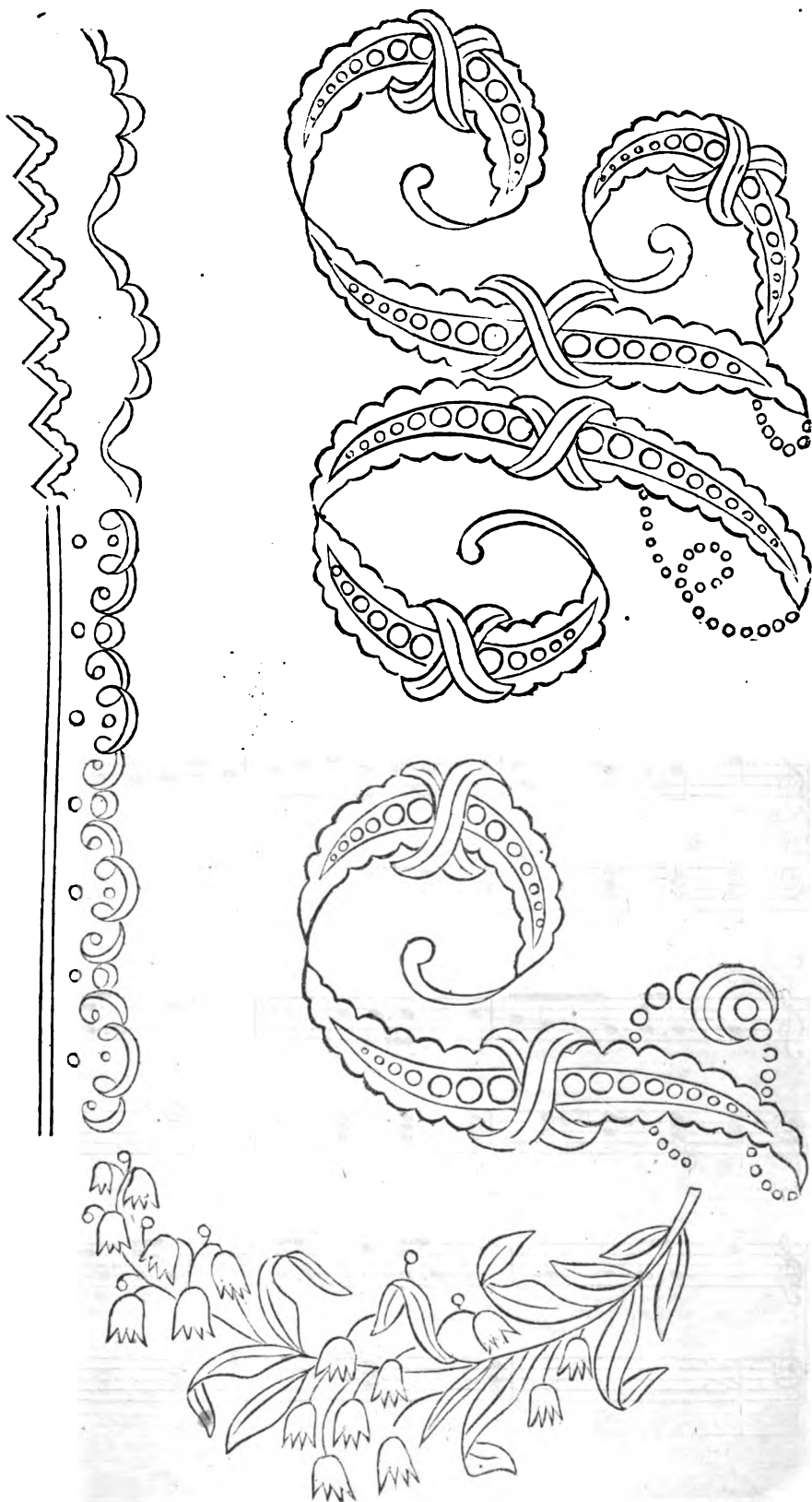


FALL PALETOT: BACK AND FRONT.



HALF OF CUFF AND COLLAR IN LINEN EMBROIDERY.

PILLOW-CASE INITIALS: SILK EMBROIDERY EDGING.



WEARING OF THE GREEN MARCH.

FOR SMALL HANDS.

Published by permission of SEP. WINNER & CO., 929 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Moderato

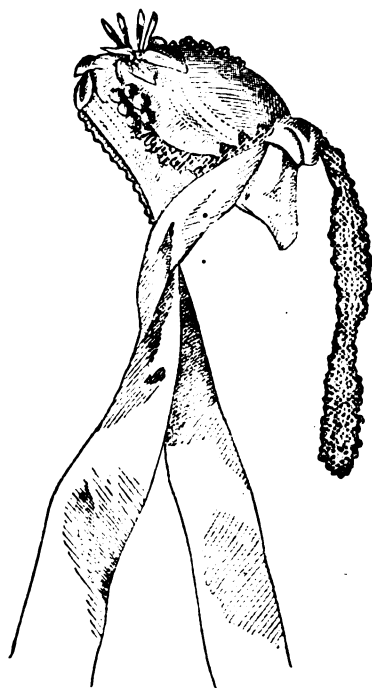
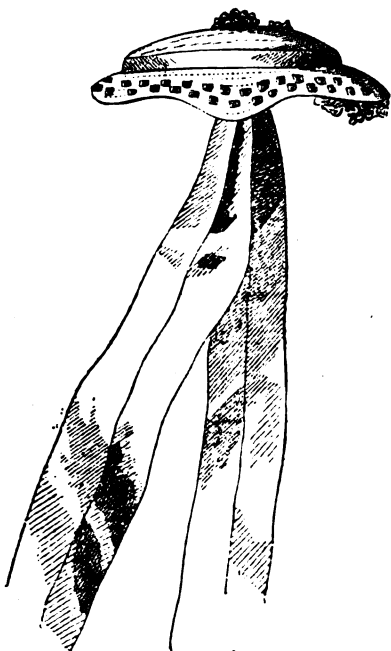
PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of two staves each. The first system is marked 'Moderato' and 'PIANO.' The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the fourth system.

WEARING OF THE GREEN MARCH.



D.C.



BONNET AND HATS FOR FALL.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1867.

No. 3.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

BY MAY CARLETON.

It had rained all day a dull, depressing down-pour; but now, just as the day was ending, the sun saw fit to burst out from behind a pile of jagged black clouds, and flood the little planet below with crimson glory. The air turned lurid red; the far-spreading sea shone like an ocean of flame; and all the western windows of the old brown farm-house were flecked with the crimson glory, as if splashed with blood.

Janet Stuart stood looking out at the radiant western sky, her heart in her eyes. The red light went shifting in fiery lances through the thick masses of her blue-black hair, and flashed back from her deep, strong eyes. They were wonderful eyes—fathomless, shining, solemn, under a broad, full brow; and they alone redeemed her dark face from the stigma of plainness. She stood there looking fixedly out at the lurid light, her back turned to the pair at the piano, talking and singing softly in the April twilight.

Presently there was a stir—a flutter; an odor of perfume came floating across the long, low parlor, and on its breath came Miss Ingalls, their city guest—a delicate, fairy figure, not at all like Janet's; a delicate rose-bloom face looking out at you through a halo of pure gold hair, delicate gauzy robe and fluttering misty laces—that was Miss Ingalls.

"Such a miserable day!" yawning behind her pink finger-tips; "and now, when it's too late to go out, it must, of course, be fine."

The young lady looked at the gorgeous oriflamme with an evident sense of injury. The gentleman, who had been bending devotedly over her at the piano, crossed the room with a light laugh.

"The heart makes its own sunshine—doesn't it, Janet? I heard you say so once."

"Oh! pray don't quote Janet!" cried Miss Ingalls, with a pretty shrug. "I don't pretend

to understand her, or half she says. What are you doing now, my dear, composing an epic to the sunset?"

"Hardly."

"What then?"

Repenting; thinking what a fool I have been this summer."

The young man turned with an uneasy glance, and Miss Ingalls laughed her pretty silvery laugh.

"You dear old oracle! I knew you would say something like that—something nobody could comprehend. Come, Mr. Etheridge, let us practice our duet once more."

The fairy figure floated back to the piano; Mr. Etheridge only too happy to follow at her beck and call. Softly and sweetly came across the room the delicious Italian song, a song full of passionate pain. Out of the western sky slowly faded the crimson sunburst, grayly crept up the twilight palely gemmed with stars.

"Darkening!" Janet Stuart thought, with weary eyes, that never left the steel-blue sky. "Darkening like my life."

It faded entirely out, the last flush of the dying day. The stars swung in the blue-black concave; and a pale, young crescent moon sailed serene up to the zenith. The wide sea sparkled as if sown with diamonds; and the fishing-boats glided out and in with the moonlight on their sails, and the voices of the rowers sounding on the salt sea wind. And still, while the day faded, and the night came, the twain at the piano never stirred. Their low laughter, their half-whispered words, their soft singing came to the listener's ear; but she never looked at them. She sat colder and whiter than snow, her still hands folded.

"He promised to love me, and be true to me always," her heart kept crying; "and see how he keeps his word!"

"In the dark?" called a cheery voice, and

old Mr. Etheridge came breezily in. He was the owner of all the broad acres that spread right and left—a millionaire, people said; and his nephew, Ernest, was his sole heir; for his wife had died nine months before, and there were no children. Janet Stuart was his adopted daughter, of course; but she was to marry handsome Ernest, and reign in the old brown homestead, where all her happy girlhood had been spent.

"In the dark, you three young owls!" called Mr. Etheridge. "Jennie, lass, where are you? Leave off billing and cooing and light the lamp."

He looked over at the piano, and the two heads so close together there separated suddenly. A tall, dark figure rose from the window.

"I'm not billing and cooing, uncle. Have you had supper?"

She lit the lamp as she asked the question; and Miss Ingalls fluttered off the piano-stool, and down on an ottoman at his feet.

"Supper? Of course, my lassie, ages ago. So it was you, little Eva, and not Janet. I won't have it. I want a wedding in two months; and you mustn't eut Jennie out."

The red blood mounted guiltily to Ernest Etheridge's face, but Miss Ingalls' musical laugh chimed softly through the room. Janet sat by the table, fixedly pale, her eyes bent on a book; but the printed page danced before her eyes; and Miss Ingalls' faint, sweet voice, chattering pretty nonsense, with her blue eyes fixed on the old man's face, sounded in her ears like the rushing roar of a water-fall. By-and-by visitors dropped in, and there was more singing, and some dancing; and Janet played waltzes, and redowas, and quadrilles, until the midnight hour struck; and she toiled up to her room, too fagged in body and mind even to think.

But she was up early for all that—up with the April birds swinging in the scented trees outside, and down on the sea-shore, staring with dreamy eyes over the dancing sea. How bright it was, all sparkling in the glad sunlight, with the saline wind strong and sweet, and the fishermen singing as they cast their nets. The rank, flame-colored marsh-flowers danced crazy fandangoes all around her; and the noisy children, rolling in the warm sands, filled the air with their glad shouts.

"Oh!" she thought, leaning against a great sea-weedy boulder, "what happy creatures there are in the world! Men who love, and are never false; women who trust, and are never betrayed. And I—to think I should have staked all on one throw—and lost."

A man's step came crunching over the sand—a man's clear whistle, "O'er the muir among the heather," on the shrill wind. She knew both step and tune, but she never turned; the rock against which she leaned was not more stony than she.

"Janet," cried Ernest, "I thought I should find you here! I know what heathenish hours you keep, and what heathenish places you frequent."

She never answered; her eyes were fixed on the far sea-line, her lips closed in nameless pain. He threw himself on the sands at her feet, and looked up with laughing blue eyes in her changeless face.

"My solemn Janet! What has come over you of late? Where has your sunshine, your sparkle, your youth, your smiles, your color gone? No, not color, for you never had any.

"Oh! rare pale Marguerite!
Oh! fair pale Marguerite!"

Tell me, what it is, Janet?"

"Nothing you would care to know."

He shifted uneasily; his eyes left her pale, still face and wandered seaward.

"You know I am going to-morrow, Jennie?"

"Yes, I know."

"I wanted to speak to you before I went, Janet, that is why I got up at this unchristian hour and looked for you here. I don't see the necessity of hurrying our marriage as uncle Etheridge wishes to hurry it—we are both young enough to wait. I should like to spend this summer in Canada and the provinces, if you have no objection."

"I have none."

"And when I come back with the September roses, Janet, will you be my little wife?"

She rose up straight, and looked in his smiling, handsome face for the first time.

"No," she said, steadily, "I will *never* be that! Here is your ring, Mr. Etheridge, and here we part."

"Janet!"

He sprang to his feet, and stood looking at her in surprise, in a sort of terror—in nothing else.

"Here is your ring—take it! You will not? Then let the waters take it, less faithless than you!"

She drew the thick band of gold, studded with brilliants, from her finger, and flung it far into the sea.

"Janet, listen to me! Janet, good heaven! are you mad?"

"I would be if I listened to you. Go, marry Eva Ingalls to-morrow, if you like! What is it to me?"

She turned and walked steadfastly away, leaving him there a petrified gazer. Straight up to her own room, there to sink down by the window, her arms dropping on the table, her face lying on them. Not in tears—not in womanly sobs; only in mute, deadly pain, weary of life, of herself, of the sunshine, of all the world.

"False!" her tortured heart kept crying, "false! And I loved him so dearly—so dearly."

The breakfast-bell rang. She rose up and went down, a little paler, a little stiller than her wont—nothing more. She did not wear her heart on her sleeve for daws to peck at. Like Cæsar, she could "cover her face and die with dignity."

Old Mr. Etheridge was there, crisp, and bright, and lively. Little Miss Ingalls was there, chattering like a magpie, her pretty ringlets freshly perfumed and curled, her roses at their brightest. Ernest was there, silent and sulky, but glad, if the truth must be known, that he was so well out of the scrape.

"She gives me up of her own accord," he thought, with a sense of injury; "nobody can blame me. I'll speak to Eva after breakfast."

But he was forestalled. After breakfast his uncle carried Eva off to get her opinion about some ornamental gardening to be done, and his tender declaration had to wait. Janet attended to her household duties; and then, with her work-basket, went and sat down by the open window. But she could not work; heart, and head, and eyes ached alike with a dry burning pain; and her forehead slipped down on her arm, and lay there as if she never cared to lift it again. From the garden below came the hum of bees, and the chirping of birds, and the scented breath of spring flowers; and presently the aching eyes closed in dull, dreamless sleep.

With voices in her ears she awoke—voices that blended with her sleep, and that confused her. They came from the garden; the voice of Ernest, tender, pleading; the voice of Eva, sweet and clear.

"Marry you, Ernest! Good gracious me! what an idea! And you engaged to that solemn Janet?"

"She is engaged to me no longer; she has broken off of her own free will—jealous of you."

"And you want me to take what another lady rejects! Flattering, really. A thousand thanks, Mr. Ernest Etheridge; at the same time—no!"

"Eva! Eva! for heaven's sake, listen to me! I love you with my whole—"

"Heart! Of course you do! And you will

break it because I refuse? I shall be shocked and disappointed if you do not. There! don't coax, I can't marry you, because I'm going to marry your uncle! Now, the murder's out!"

Janet rose abruptly and left the window fully awake at last.

"I never thought of that," she said, in her way to her own room. "I might have seen; but I never thought of that."

She kept her chamber until dinner-time, then went down to preside with that fixed and stone-like face. Only her uncle and Eva were there.

"To think the boy should go off five hours earlier than he need," uncle Etheridge grumbled. "Janet, how can you allow such capers?"

Miss Ingalls looked at her, a malicious sparkle in her turquoise-blue eyes, a malicious smile on her rose-bud lips. Miss Stuart met the look steadfastly.

"Mr. Ernest Etheridge's comings and goings are nothing to me; he is free as the wind that blows. But when am I to congratulate you, my good uncle?"

Mr. Etheridge stared—laughed—looked at Eva.

"So you have told her, pussy?"

"I protest I have done nothing of the sort," cried amazed Miss Ingalls; "but then she is a witch, and knows everything."

"Precisely. And when is it to be?"

"Well, since you have divined it, in two weeks; and you must be first bridesmaid, Jennie."

"With pleasure, Miss Ingalls."

"I'm afraid you'll find it rather dull during our absence, Janet," her uncle said. "We're going on a three months' bridal tour, and——"

"And I am going to New York. My dear uncle, don't say a word, I have set my heart on it. My old nurse lives there. I will board with her; and, really, life in this stagnant village is growing insupportable."

So it was settled; and duly the wedding came off. Eva, the loveliest of brides, Mr. Etheridge, the most ecstatic of old addle-headed bridegrooms, Janet Stuart, the stateliest and calmest of bridesmaids. Then they were gone—off to Niagara to begin with; and Janet said good-by to the old brown homestead, packed her belongings, and was whirled away to New York.

Whirled away and lost—lost to the Etheridge family, and the old home at least. When the Christmas snow fluttered white, and evergreen wreaths and red berries lit up the quaint rooms, there came an invitation back, hearty from the master, politely cool from the mistress of Etheridge Farm. Ernest was there—would Jennie

not come, too, and make their family circle complete? No, Jennie would rather be excused; she was too busy; her life-work had begun, she had turned quill-driver, and was writing a book.

Another summer, and it came out, and was a brilliant success. Another, and a second followed; and Jennie Stuart woke up one morning and found herself famous. Rich, too, or comparatively so, and able to gratify the desire of her heart, and go abroad to fair, foreign lands, with an admiring party of literary friends. Once—oh! how long ago it seemed now—she had thought to wander through these storied nations Ernest's happy wife. The old dull pain ached drearily as ever at her heart as she remembered; for there are women in the world who love once, and for a lifetime, frail and false as the sex are.

So the world went round, and the years went by, and a decade had been counted off the great rosary, when Janet Stuart came back to her native land. Wealth and fame had crowned her, but she came back Janet Stuart still, true to that old dream, a saddened and lonely woman.

There were changes before her. Her uncle was dead; his young wife inherited all his vast wealth; the old homestead was for sale, and Ernest was—where? No one knew; he had served in the army of the north, had been wounded—discharged; that was all she could learn.

Janet Stuart went back to the village of her girlhood, purchaser of the homestead where her happiest years had been spent, and settled down among the familiar sights and sounds to contented old maidenhood. There were friends there still glad and proud to welcome her—and she could do good; and with her "gray goose-quill," and her piano, and her pets, she was happy.

She stood in the May twilight under the sycamore by the gate, one radiant evening, six months after her coming, tying up early roses, and singing softly. In the opal-tinted sky swung the "young May-moon;" roses and pan-

sies fluttered in the faint sea wind; and through the amber haze of the sunset a man came slowly up the dusty road, and looked at the pretty picture. A man who walked lame, who wore one arm in a sling, who was bronzed, and haggard, and weather-beaten, and but poorly clad. A man in a blue, soldier's coat, with his cap pulled far over his eyes—handsome blue eyes still. He paused at the gate, weary and pale.

"Janet!"

She turned round with a low, shrill cry, dropped the rose-vine, and caught both his hands, her face more radiant than the sunset sky.

"Ernest! Oh, Ernest! Ernest!"

"And you really are glad to see me, Janet, after all?"

She opened the gate, her happy eyes shining, luminous, and drew him in.

"Did you know I was here?"

"Yes—why else should I have come? But I did not mean to intrude. I only wanted to look upon your face once more before I went away."

"Went away? Where?"

"To South America. I am poor and crippled; I can do nothing here; there is an opening there. And before I go, dearest, bravest Janet, tell me you forgive me for the past."

His voice broke down; the old love, stronger than ever, looked at her imploringly, hopelessly out of his eyes. She stood before him, her hands lightly on his shoulders, her dear face smiling up at him so tender, so true.

"You must not go; you must not leave me. Dear Ernest, I don't forgive—I only *love* you!"

Later, when the crystal crescent was at its highest, and the last lights were dying out of the cottage windows, Ernest Etheridge walked up the peaceful, moonlit road to his hotel. But with, oh! such an infinitely happy face, and singing as he went,

"Say I'm old, and gray, and sad;
Say that health and strength have missed me;
Say I'm poor, but also add—
Jennie kissed me!"

A SUMMER PICTURE.

BY J. NOËL PATON.

The Summer winds are whist, and noon
Lies slumbering in the lap of June;
But the starry wind-flower knows
Their coming, and with rapture glows
And blushes to her crimson tips;
And the king-cup's fervid lips.
Curl to kiss them silently;
And her meek and pensive eye

Ope the wild-wood violet,
In her covert, dawy wet;
Like virgin sweetness lowly born,
From a heart that wastes, love-lorn,
Breathing breath that poets love,
And maidens dream of; and above,
Like sun-flecks fallen in the place,
The primrose lifts her angel face.

"MAJOR AND MINOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S COLD," ETC., ETC.

PART II.

It was all over in a moment—there was no help, no hope, no escape. I had but to lift my eyes to meet the glance of haughty triumph, the smile of malicious mockery; to know myself again caged, enslaved, and bound, before summoning all my faculties, by a mighty effort, to coldly return the graceful obeisance of the handsome officer.

We were standing in the full blaze of light from the central chandelier, and before a large mirror. I had a glimpse of my own face in it, between the groups of people; and I remember to have watched it, blanched to a dull, sickly whiteness, and stamped with cowardly fear in that first instant of recognition, then flushed with dizzy, wild emotion afterward; with a sort of resolute curiosity in the intervals of the general conversation that followed, in which I was obliged to take part; not with any hope of controlling its changes, or noting how they appeared to others, but because I felt the desperate need of concentrating my attention upon something that should serve to remind me where I was, and keep my wavering consciousness back.

A servant announced dinner; Major Baylies silently offered his arm; there was no alternative, and I accompanied him. Katharine, with Mr. Anandale, was our *vis-a-vis*; just beyond sat Leonard Meredith. We had not met since the morning, and I received from him a little, smiling bow, with one of those quiet looks of interest and solicitude which always thrilled my heart with grateful pleasure, like an actual deed of kindness done. Now I almost shuddered at the recollection of this feeling, as I thought of the dreadful gulf that had suddenly opened between us, dividing me from him, and all the happy life I had lately led. A dark curtain seemed to be dropped before the gay group opposite, shutting me out from the atmosphere of liberty and joy in which they dwelt. I was again a slave, an outcast; a thing apart; a creature doomed and hunted, not of their kind, and beyond the pale of their sympathy, whose fate had fallen upon her, whose deceit had found her out, and who had but to wait, endure, and suffer.

I sat by the side of my escort, however, quite

quiet and self-contained, my brain working with plans of escape, and busy with miserable thoughts, while he imperturbably pursued his dinner, and annoyed me with unnecessary attentions during its progress—a sort of exaggerated tenderness and care in his courtesy made my position most difficult and painful to bear. I could not eat; the palatable food turned to dust and ashes in my throat, and my plate went away untouched; but he made a comfortable meal; and when his appetite was satisfied, and the noise of talk and laughter had grown loud enough to cover our *tete-a-tete*, he began the dreaded catechism, as if a few hours instead of years had elapsed since the days of my childish-subservance at Summer Hill.

"How long have you been here?" he demanded.

"Nearly three months," I helplessly answered.

"Ah! yes; the date of your defiant epistle to me through my lawyer. You have managed your escapade very well, and given me a great deal of trouble, which, I suppose, was your object. I don't mind telling you that our meeting here was quite accidental. This is the last place in which I should have expected to find you," he smiled, looking over the table; "and the very best in the world for you to be useful to me, if you decide to be sensible; and I presume you had no special motive in coming here?"

"No."

"Tell me how it happened?"

I told him.

"Poor Cora!" he resumed, when I had finished, "let us understand each other. Of course, you know that I could claim you at once, and take you away from here this moment, if I chose—but I don't choose; that is, if you will be reasonable, and give me your assistance when I require it. I have other plans in my head; plans which may set us both at liberty, provided you keep silence, and obey me implicitly; otherwise, when I go, you go with me."

I made no answer.

"I know your secret, sullen disposition," he went on, "and that you are planning how to escape again. But, believe me, now that I have

found you, and seen how greatly you can help me by staying, that can never be; for I would follow and reclaim you the world over, and your own act would seal your own misery. Take my advice; remain here quietly, as you must remain; submit to be directed by me; conform your conduct to mine, and assist me when I need it, as you only can assist, and I promise you in return the freedom you look so threateningly at being deprived of, even for a time."

The company were rising; he took a rose from the *epergne*, and laid it in my hand, and we returned to the parlor. The long evening passed somehow in music, mirth, and conversation. I played my part in all, as necessity required—abject, subdued, unresisting. The sun rose and set, and rose again upon my misery; days passed into weeks; my life was a fever-dream of alternate hope and despair—a helpless, endless captivity—a nightmare of terror and oppression. Whenever it was possible to escape from Katharine's caressing detention, I left the gay party, whose laughter jarred so discordantly on my wretched mood, and occupied myself with my pupils, or sought the safe solitude of my own little room.

Here, alone, I was free from the strange persecutions with which Horace chose to pursue me; the love-like attentions with which he surrounded me; the simulated tenderness of his tones; the subtle mockery of his manner; his open devotion, his secret disdain; his low whispers, that hissed commands or reproaches in my ears, and the soft speeches that fell from his lips, sweet flatteries to the hearts of others, barbed arrows of insult to mine—all that, by the terms of our tacit compact, I was bound passively to receive and endure. The torture must have been pleasant to him, it was so very cruel to me. Yet, I suppose, I annoyed him in return by my watchful evasion of a private interview; he had no opportunity to resume our broken *tele-a-tele*—we were never alone for a moment. Katharine's kindness cut me like a knife, conscious as I was, that, much as I loved her, I only clung so persistently to her society, to avoid Horace, who, in following me, always found her, for we were inseparable. Very hard I thought it, very wrong I felt it, that I must thus expose my darling to the influence of such a man's fascinations, utterly bad and unprincipled as I knew him to be. Worse, when I began to fancy that I read in her brighter eyes, in her sweeter smile, in her softer manner, that this constant association was having its effect, and that his brilliant exterior, and graceful courtesies

had awakened a romantic interest in her girlish heart.

I had abandoned all thoughts of escape, for Horace's threats were evidently serious—and I submitted helplessly to follow wherever he and destiny might lead. It was impossible for me to resign my place without explanation—impossible to give one; and I could not bear, by secret flight, to disgrace myself in the eyes of those who had been so good to me—in Katharine's eyes, in Mr. Meredith's. From him, since Horace's coming, I shrunk in more terrified avoidance than even of my tyrant. The experience of those few weeks of suffering had done in my nature the work of years. I knew now what was the feeling I had for him. The knowledge that I, the nominal wife of one man, liable at any time to be openly claimed as such, had learned to love another, left me degraded in my own eyes; and the secret I was hiding from him who honored me with such interest, crushed me to the earth. I felt guilty, unworthy, an ingrate and a traitor. I could not meet his look of gentle inquiry—I shrunk away from his compassionate kindness, sick at heart. I forgot that while he witnessed my bondage, he could not guess the secret; he saw me receive with acquiescence the handsome officer's attentions; he recognized the air of unconscious familiarity and intimacy which old association had established between us; our constant companionship; his influence with, and evident power over me, and yet that, though so alienated and absorbed, I was not glad, or gay, or happy. The dear, brown eyes, in which I once had learned to read the sweetest lesson of life, had no harsh judgment in them now for me, when I dared timidly to search their frequent glances. Tenderness, sympathy, pity, regret alone, watched me in the regards of the friend I had no right to keep.

Others were less charitable. Young ladies smiled and jested; the elder solemnly whispered, with their heads confidentially bent together, as we went by. The other gentlemen, by tacit consent, drew aside when Major Baylies approached. Mrs. Tournaysee herself observed me with eyes of calm disapproval. Only bright, gay, unsuspecting Katharine, divided or appropriated his gallantries, and sunned herself in the light of his handsome eyes. It was so natural that he should adore the heiress—nobody minded admiration lavished on her; and then Eugene Anandale was evidently her lover, and monopolized much of her time. Whenever she left me free to follow my own devices, I eagerly withdrew from all unkind

or curious observation, and from the triple association forced upon me, of which I had the only false position, and bore the only blame.

The last week of September drew near—the gay party must soon be broken up. Major Baylies was to be one of the first to leave, as I heard from Katharine. She had grown to blush and flutter when she spoke of him; and I felt a miserable traitress as I watched her, and had but to hope that this fancy was short-lived, and would give place again to the earlier attachment I felt sure she had long in secret entertained; but yet his departure was occasion for rejoicing as well as for fear.

The same evening on which I received this welcome intelligence, we were all to go sailing down the bay by moonlight, in Katharine's fairy yacht. I would have remained behind, but that was impossible—and reluctantly I took my seat in the bow of the boat, whither Major Baylies followed me. The position of the sail, managed by Katharine and her cousin, as owners and masters of the little craft, shut us off from the rest of the party—the noise of wind and wave prevented all conversation with them; we were virtually alone, and, settled among his silken cushions like a pasha, Horace lost no time.

"You have postponed this meeting so long, my little cousin," said he, as indolent, handsome, despotic, he lounged by my side, and looked in my shrinking face, "evaded me so artfully, outgeneraled me so successfully, that I began to think I must make our first interview a final one, by carrying you away with me when I go, which, I suppose, you know will be soon. But that won't be necessary, unless you are obstinate, and refuse to forward my plans. You don't ask what my plans are? Never mind, you will know in good time. They have succeeded very well so far; and you have unconsciously played into my hands—the last thing, probably, that you would have done, could you have helped it."

He paused; I did not answer, and he resumed.

"I told you that I am going away soon—in fact, I am going at once; but I wish nobody to know it except yourself, whose partial affection, I feel sure, will keep the secret. The truth is, I am greatly embarrassed, heavily in debt, and in other trouble besides. I came down here very quietly, but have reason to think my place of abode is known, and there will be people down to see me that I don't care to meet. Before that happens I must be off. I say this to you, because I perfectly understand your opinion of me, and know that it can make but little dif-

ference to you, that the man you married is a gambler and a cheat."

I was rising from my seat in a kind of helpless horror, but he pushed me back.

"Once more, your attention a moment, if you please. I shall leave to-morrow; you must help me to get away secretly, and you must sign some papers for me, for the last time in our nominal connection, as I then relinquish all hold on you forever. With your legal name as my wife—as Cora Horton Baylies—"

"Never! I will never—"

"Would you rather go with me? There is but that alternative. Consent, and I will give you your much-valued liberty forevermore. I shall never molest you again; refuse, and you overthrow the schemes that would set us both free, and oblige yourself to bear the name you so despise; to follow the fortunes of the man you always disliked. For I shall generously overlook the past; I will forget your unflattering avoidance of me; I will forgive your want of jealousy at my attentions to the fair Katharine; nay, I will even be so complaisant as to ignore the cause of your extreme wretchedness at the prospect of sharing my lot, since Leonard Meredith can be nothing to my wife!"

I rose up desperately, whether with a vague idea of changing my seat to escape his persecutions, or to leap into the sea, and so end them—for I was quite mad, I think, for the moment—I do not know; but the frail, painted shell rocked over instantly on its side, I lost my balance, and should have fallen overboard but for Mr. Meredith's interference. No doubt Horace's strong arm would have pulled me down into my place, and Horace's heavy hand have kept me there, had he but guessed my intention, or read aright the passive face of the creature he was tormenting; but the momentary flurry was over before he had recovered from his start of angry amazement.

For his prey had escaped, and even in that moment of danger and delirium, was almost happy. Held on my preserver's arm for one brief second, I had felt the hurried throbbing of his heart, had met the full fervor of his look, had heard the tremor in his clear, ringing voice as he spoke.

"Good heavens, Miss Horton! Do you know what you are doing?" he cried. "Major Baylies, this lady was in your charge; she might have perished! Are you not fit to be trusted with her, sir? Katharine," he added, in a tone calmer and less stern, "you must take care of your friend for the rest of the voyage, and see that she does not fall overboard again."

He slightly shifted the sail and took my vacated seat, leaving me with my head lying on Katharine's shoulder, and my hands still paralyzed with the strong, nervous grasp in which he had held them when he drew me back from death. We four sat silently, face to face, for many a long mile. Katharine looked flushed and happy as she bent over me; but my cousin's eyes glittered dangerously bright in the moonlight, like those of a lion at bay; and to Mr. Meredith's glance I dared not turn again.

I followed him from the boat mechanically as we landed, half stupid with fear and fright, and conscious only, through my trouble, that to him alone I could look for pity and protection. Horace passed me as I lagged behind, with Katharine on his arm; but stopped to bend and whisper in my ear, "Meet me in the library at dusk to-morrow," and walked rapidly on.

"Do not obey him," said Mr. Meredith, quietly coming to my side. "Miss Horton, you are very young, inexperienced, alone; you never needed a friend so much as now. As Katharine's brother, as your own, let me beg you not to enter upon perils that you cannot comprehend. Do not trust any one so fully on so short an acquaintance."

"I do not—it is not——" I stammered, at last.

"You know him well, then? Better, perhaps, than I; and yet I know much, too much. But promise me, at least, to do nothing in secret. Let him speak openly, and if you love him——"

"Oh! no, no!" I cried.

"Truly, you do not," he said, looking down at me, "or that face is not the transparent interpreter of the soul that I have always found it. Heaven forbid that I should ever cause, or receive a look like this. Yet why, if you so dread and dislike him, make such a sacrifice of appearance and inclination at his request—do you so fear him, Cora? Let me stand between you and all fear of him or others; let me love, and cherish, and protect you henceforward from all dangers and troubles in the world!"

His hand touched mine in gentle comforting assurance, but I pushed it away. "You don't know what you are doing," I answered, as calmly as I could; "you don't know what you say." He would have protested, but I prevented him. We had climbed the rocky staircase now, and stood upon the balcony above, the last—alone. A light summer shower had come suddenly up from the sea, and was patterning dismally on the pavement near; the sky was overcast; the wind hummed mournfully about the gables; the waves beat with a moaning

sound on the beach below. It seemed to me that no such desolate thing was in the world as I. I sunk down on the cold floor of the piazza, and laid my forehead against the stone, weeping wildly.

The brief convulsion of passion passed. I rose up trembling, and found Mr. Meredith still beside me. "I could not leave you till you were calmer," he said; there were tears in his eyes, and his voice slightly quivered. "You have to bear a heavy trouble, Cora. Tell me your secret, and let me help you as your father or your brother might have done."

"Tell *you*? Oh! never, never!"

"At least, then, let me communicate in your stead with the person who causes you so much grief. Do not obey him; do not meet him as he proposes; do not let him make you miserable."

"Alas! you do not know! I must."

I broke from him abruptly, leaving him still astonished at my words, and went in. I was afraid of myself, afraid of what I might betray if he urged me longer with that gentle voice, with those earnest eyes, with that irresistible kindness. The house was deserted, the guests were all safely at home, and had retired. I went up to my own. Katharine was already asleep, looking rosy and happy in her dreams. I would not wake her to be troubled by the sight of my tear-stained face; but kissed her softly, wondering at the difference in our orphan lot, and crept to my bed, to weep and wake, till morning found me really ill. Mrs. Tournesee sent up the twins on Katharine's report, with a permission to remain there and rest for the day, which I gladly accepted. I thought Horace would grow desperate with my long seclusion, and depart; but at dark, a note reached me with the words, "If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain." Will you come to me, or shall I come to you?"

I rose at once, dressed quickly with trembling fingers, and went down. Dinner was long since over; most of the guests were rambling about in the twilight out-of-doors; I met no one on my way to the library. As I entered it, two figures, standing together in a shadowy recess, started forward to meet me. Katharine, her handsome face irradiated by some new and sweet emotion, wound her light, familiar arm around my waist, and looked into my eyes with wistful tenderness. She did not speak, but she kissed me with a kiss that said, Good-by.

"What is it? Who is it?" I breathlessly inquired.

"Only Horace, dear; I thought you knew."

He is going away. I love him, I cannot part with him, and you must tell my aunt."

With broken sentences like these, she clung to me and kissed me again and again; but I did not notice or comprehend her, I was still stupefied and bewildered with other thoughts. "The locket!" I stammered.

She laughed, and drawing it from her neck, touched the spring and held it before me. It was the pictured face of Horace that looked from the golden setting complacently into mine by the dull ray of the library lamp. "Are you satisfied, sister?" she murmured, pressing her lips against my own. "Do you forgive me now? I am not inconstant. I have loved him a long time; I shall not do wrong to obey him. Be content, we can be parted for a little while; then all will be right again, and we shall be happier than ever!"

She glided away, and I was about to follow her, but Horace interposed. Papers, pen and ink, were on the table, to which he conducted me, and I no longer thought of refusing; for if these were Katharine's feelings, he could not go away too soon, and no sacrifice could be too great that would hasten his departure. I would have begun my task at once; but first, with a muttered oath, he crossed the room, and flinging open the door, which she had closed behind her, set it elaborately ajar, and looked at me with a sneering smile.

"Your chivalrous friend and champion," he said, "has insisted on being present at this 'private interview' of ours, to play propriety in the character of spy or *surveillant*, on peril of an appointment which I cannot afford to keep just now, lest it should interfere with others more important. Yet do you know I am, sometimes, half tempted to throw all other interests aside and assert my right to punish his presumption. A husband's natural jealousy, you see, must not be tried too far."

He came and leaned over my chair with a mocking display of lover-like devotion, which I could hardly have borne, but that my eyes had followed his threatening glance along the line of light that streamed from the library-door across the spacious hall without. At its furthest extremity, where he could see, but not hear all that passed in the lighted interior where we sat, stood a tall, dark figure on its sentinel-post, with arms sternly crossed, with face fixedly addressed toward us. What it cost him, with his sensitive delicacy, with his honorable pride, to be so faithful and so good to me, even I can never know; but my heavy heart involuntarily grew lighter, and heeding no

longer Horace's whispered taunts, and yet more insulting affectation of tenderness, I bent almost eagerly over the documents he offered me, with a sweet assurance of safety and protection, such as I had never hoped to feel in his dreaded presence.

I wrote as he directed, affixing my signature, without comment or question, to the papers he laid before me, which, as fast as completed, he transferred to his own keeping.

"Now swear," he said, grasping my hands in his when this was done, "to keep our past relations forever secret."

"Do you think I should be proud to announce it?"

"That does not answer me," he said, peevishly.

"Promise."

"Katharine loves you, I must protect her from you. I shall tell her as soon as you are gone."

"Do so!" he cried, with a laugh, throwing my hands away, "I give you full leave. To all others, I suppose, you will be content to remain as we were before?"

"Yes."

"Remember it, then. You will soon be free, and to divulge your secret can do no good, but much harm to more than yourself or me. I will keep my promise, see that you keep yours. Be ready when I want you. Go."

I went up to my room, meeting no one on the way but Mr. Meredith, whose grave face passed me like an accusing spirit. Katharine was out, or she did not hear me, for the door of communication between us was locked, and there was no answer to my repeated summons. Heart-sick and miserable, I sat down quietly in the darkness of the fast-closing night, and wept in useless wretchedness, till I was startled by a low knock on the panels outside.

I opened the door; it was Horace—handsome, imperious, triumphant, all his old self again. Whatever of wavering or weakness had appeared in his manner during the past half-hour, was utterly gone; and any feeble impulse of rebellion that might have risen in my mind, was extinguished as completely when I looked into his dominant dark eyes.

"Go down into my room," he ordered, "and pack all my things into the valise you see there, and bring it back to me; I will wait for you here."

I obeyed in all the meek submission of my childhood, perfectly certain that it was useless to contend against his authority, but dreading beyond all words the errand and its consequences. I sought the chamber he had occu-

pied, and entered it, happily unseen; found the valise he mentioned, and as carefully and quickly as possible filled it with the various appanages of his dandyism that lay about the room; things that, from old experiences of his college days, I guessed that he might want in a hasty flight, such as it seemed his intention to make. His dainty linen, his luxurious dressing-gown, and the embroidered slippers some fair admirer had presented; the crystal shell, and gold contents of his dressing-case, his glossy and perfumed clothing, were to be gathered up from the various places in which they had been left or thrown, and bestowed in order for his comfort. I finished my task as hastily and quietly as I could, and still, apparently unperceived, stole back, panting under the weight of the loaded portmanteau.

My employer received it and me with characteristic coolness, and rapidly reviewed the contents. Satisfied at last that everything necessary to his case had been provided, he turned to me again.

"Go and get the gold *vinaigrette* I left on my dressing-table."

"But—but, Horace——" I stammered, hesitating to obey.

"Well, what is it, you little fool?"

"It is Katharine's—not yours."

"What of that?" she is going with me, of course. Now, then, will you go?"

Trembling, faltering, with heart as heavy as lead, I retraced my steps; stupefied and mute, hardly daring to wonder, still less to remonstrate, yet with questions that must and would arise surging in my mind. If I was his wife, as he asserted, how could Katharine accompany him—was I deceived, or she? Thankful for my own escape—ought I not to secure hers? Had I a right to speak, to whom, and how? These conflicting thoughts brought me to my destination. On the very threshold, as I turned to leave it, I encountered Mrs. Tournaysee, whose chamber was opposite.

Her usually calm, lady-like countenance was flushed and disturbed; her slight hand closed upon my arm like iron. "My dear," she said, in chilling tones, "are you aware that this is Major Baylies' room?"

"He sent me, madam."

"Indeed! Has the intimacy gone so far? Then, since you, at least, know where he is, which no one else appears to do, will you tell him from me that two gentlemen are waiting for him below, and that I request him not to return to my house again. For yourself, you will please consider that I discharge you from

my service; and until you can leave, to-morrow morning, will you be kind enough to remain in your own apartment, without communicating with my niece, whom I will myself inform of the reasons for withdrawing my confidence from the two persons with whom she has chiefly chosen to consort."

Mr. Meredith was behind his aunt, the witness to my humiliation, and this thought it was that most stung me, as, released from her, I fled back to my tyrant, conscious that he was following me and striving to speak, but not daring to stop or interchange a word with him; lest in my desire to justify myself in his eyes—the only eyes in the world that looked so kindly on me, I might be led to an explanation, and divulge what I had been so warned and threatened to keep. I would not betray Katharine, whose infatuation I could remove with a word, and I dared not defy Horace. For myself, I did not care; my trammels, light as they were to what they might have been had he chosen to claim me, were already intolerable; and publicity seemed to offer some hope of relief or protection from Leonard, at least, in whose presence it was difficult not to feel protected from everything harmful. Some powerful influence seemed to arrest my steps; I was ready to turn, to speak, to confess; but I had been heard approaching. Horace impatiently opened the door of my room, and without seeing the pale, astonished face behind me, drew me hastily within, and closed and double-locked it.

"Well, what is the matter?" demanded he, facing me as I gave him the little golden trifle I had risked so much to get. "Your eyes are glittering, and your cheeks are burning crimson red. You were gone a long time. Were you detained? Who stopped you?"

I told him the cause of my delay, and Mrs. Tournaysee's message.

"So!" he said, drawing a long breath between his closed white teeth. "But we will change all that! And what did you answer?"

"Nothing."

"Upon my word, you are a little trump, and you look splendidly handsome at this moment! I say, Cora, if I had known you were so spirited and so pretty, I would have taken you with me instead of her; your fortunes are about the same, and I believe you'll be the greatest beauty yet. But I suppose it's too late now. So, good-by, and thank you; and don't bear malice to me for the past, we'll probably never meet again."

He held my hands firmly in his own, and took a long kiss from my reluctant lips; then hastily assuming his cap and gloves, and lifting

the valise on his arm, with some muttered curses at its weight, he lighted his segar, and strode through the door that separated my room from Katharine's.

I heard her girlish laugh and words of greeting as he entered. My heart had bounded at the thought of the eternal separation he promised me—future freedom and peace from him; but I remembered that my escape involved her bondage, that my happiness was the price of her misery, and felt bold to tell her all, that duty might be done. I followed him to the door, but it was locked; and the murmur of their voices seemed to be already passing out upon the long porches beyond her chamber, from which a flight of steps led down nearly to the sea. Half frantic, I rushed out into the gallery, to try the one communicating there; but it too was fastened; and I sank down before it, weeping and beating my hands upon the panels in vain distress, calling wildly upon Katharine till, for the first time in my life, I fainted.

It must have been many hours later that I awoke; for the morning sunlight was already shining in at the windows of the school-room, in which I lay upon a little sofa drawn in front of the burning grate. There were several faces bending over me, but I only noticed those of the mistress of the house and her nephew. Mr. Meredith was the first to speak.

"My dear aunt," said he, "she has recovered now, and can be spoken with, but she is still very weak, and ought to be treated kindly. Remember her sad circumstances, and be as gentle as you can."

"I don't share either your opinion or your compassion," was the dry reply; "but I will do my best;" and approaching, Mrs. Tournaysee bent over me, and said,

"Miss Horton, we are very uneasy about my niece. Can you tell me anything of Katharine?"

"She has gone with Horace."

Mrs. Tournaysee instantly drew back, her smooth brow darkening. "I think she is wandering in her mind," she whispered to her nephew; "we had better leave her."

"I do not believe that she is," he answered. "Can you trust me alone with her for a short time—a few minutes?"

"Certainly, my dear Leonard, with any one, for any time; but pray consider——"

What he was to consider I did not hear; for while I was still bewildered in my weakness, the room was cleared of all but we two; and Mr. Meredith coming near, bent over me with infinite tenderness and pity in his eyes.

"Cora," said he, at last, "I believe I know

you better than any one living, except, perhaps, this man who is gone. I know that I love you better than he, for I would not so expose you to unworthy suspicion; and far from coinciding with my aunt, I will, on your simple assertion that he is nothing to you, take you away with me as my wife when you leave this place, and shield and shelter you against her and all the world, if you can trust me to do so. Only tell me what I ask, and I shall be sure it is the truth, for I never read anything but truth in your innocent dark eyes yet."

Most painful were my sobs as I was obliged to answer, "I cannot—I cannot."

He paled a little, and tried to soothe the tumult. "You cannot tell me, or you cannot love me—which is it?"

"Oh, yes! I do—I do!" I cried, clinging with both arms about him in an agony of gratitude and despair. "You loved me, you believed me, you pitied me—how can I help it? But I can never marry you."

"And why? What is this man to you?"

"He is my cousin."

"I see——" he said, with stern vehemence, his eyes lighting hotly. "The dandy! the scoundrel! he was ashamed to acknowledge the poor little governess cousin, and so compromised her in making her a blind for his courtship of the rich heiress. Oh, Cora! leave his punishment to me, I will avenge you!"

"You must not. He had, he has a right to my obedience, because—because——"

"I am waiting to hear."

"Because I am his wife."

Mr. Meredith became frightfully pale; his hands dropped from mine cold, and heavy as a stone. After struggling in vain to speak, he turned to leave the room; but I sprung up, strong with the energy of desperation, and prevented him.

"Don't go," I begged. "Don't leave me, or hear me before you utterly cast me off! I never meant to deceive you; but he made me keep it a secret, and said if no one knew it but our two selves, he would one day give me my freedom. He has given it to me now. Oh! Mr. Meredith! if ever you loved me, have pity on me, as you would have for your own little sisters. I am as innocent of wrong or harm as they; as guiltless of loving him, or caring for him. When he married me I was but a child; I only obeyed others; I knew not what I did. From the moment of the marriage I have never seen him till he came here, and then only in your presence. He has never claimed me by so much as a name. He has never sought or

cared for me; had he done so, I would not have gone with him, nor borne the burden of his love or crimes. Surely such a marriage as this can be worth nothing, can avail nothing, except to make me miserable for life; and that is already done, without your ill opinion!"

His voice was low and altered, but his manner was quiet enough as he answered. He took my hands and led me back to my seat, for I was trembling, and hardly able to stand.

"I do not dare to tell you how much I pity you, Cora," he said, "for I must be neither man nor lover, but simply lawyer, till your position is settled. Tell me, as you would a legal adviser, all the circumstances of the case."

I told him as collectedly as I could, and he listened with grave attention. When I had finished, he put some keen, lawyer-like interrogatories.

"Then he has never written to you since the marriage?"

"Only to tell me to sign papers—he was my guardian, too."

"To what property?"

"My uncle John left me something—I don't know how much."

"Was that John Horton, of U——? One of the richest merchants we had. I knew him well. Ah! I see the whole! You were left an heiress under his guardianship, or his mother's, with certain restrictions. He went through a fraudulent form of marriage with a minor, in order to obtain, through your fears, a secret hold on the property. No doubt he has spent it all—but that is nothing; the main point is, your freedom; and that, I think, can be easily obtained. Such a marriage would not stand in any court, even if the accomplice was legally qualified to perform the ceremony, which I doubt; and it is proof enough of its being illegal and void, that he never dared assert or substantiate it; besides, the fact, that he has deliberately contracted another. Poor Katharine! I am forgetting her in my absorption in you. I must go at once and see what can be done. Of course, in this land of steamboats and railroads, an elopement, five hours old, is '*un fait accompli*.' She is his wife by this time, and we must make the best of it. Perhaps, by threatening exposure, and terrifying him with my knowledge of his past misdeeds, I may make

better terms for her than others could do, and secure a trifle of her property to herself, safe from his rapacity. But I have little hope. Poor girl! what a fate for her, when she discovers the character of the man she has so romantically trusted; and yet, though I have loved her all my life, it seems less hard than to sacrifice you, Cora!"

With this, and a parting pressure of my hand, a look that encouraged and cheered more than his words, he went away, and I was left to be kindly nursed and cared for by Mrs. Tourneysee, whose woman's heart obtained the ascendancy as soon as she heard my story from her nephew.

A few hours later he came back with Katharine, weeping, distracted, terrified—a wife and widow; bereft by the sad calamity with which we were shocked on receiving the morning papers. Horace, always restless, always reckless, had jumped from the platform at L—— while the cars were still in motion, and losing his footing, fell under the wheels of the carriages, from which he was not rescued till the whole train had passed over him, breathless, senseless, irre recognizable. I could not bear malice against that lifeless body; and yet how much fear and trouble seemed buried for me in his grave. Since it was closed I have better and brighter hopes in life; instead of a tyrant I have a counsellor and comforter; in place of terror and anxiety, love and care, and kind protection.

But Katharine can never be so blest, not knowing what she has escaped. She married, long since, a man who makes her happier than ever Horace would have done; who loves her better, who cares for her more—a just man, a good man, a tender husband, a loving father; yet she has never ceased to mourn for that early dream, that brief romance, that lost love and lover of her youth. She wept for him long—she never forgot him; he is in her fond imagination both hero and saint. She devoted her fortune to the payment of his immense debts, and but for the secret interposition of mine, which paid half the penalty, would have been left penniless. She discourses to me often on the virtues of the dear departed; and I hear her in silence, for by illusions we all live; and there are some it would be cruel to shake.

STRIVE ON!

STRIVE ON! Though dark and wild the clouds,
Behind them shines the sun.

Strive on! By steadfast souls alone
Are peace and victory won.

HAROLD'S IDEAL.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT. X X

His name was Harold Moore. I am sure that is a pretty name; but he was not a handsome man—indeed, he had a very ugly nose. I think he must have broken it some time; but one man can't have all the graces, of course, else what would become of the rest of the world?

He was, somewhere about thirty-five, and though thirty-five does not make a Methuselah of a person; it is not twenty-one—oh, no! not by a great deal.

Everybody said he ought to have married a long while before, and he could not contradict them. He had heard such things said of all bachelors ever since he could remember, and took them for granted, as everybody does, without arguing the matter to see where the "ought" comes.

There are a certain set of platitudes which have been repeated ever since Noah was a young man, that nobody ever thinks of gaining, and I suppose they will be repeated until the end of time.

Now you needn't all fly out at me at once. I have made my statement, and I won't argue. Come back to Harold and his particular case.

Why had he not married? He hardly knew himself. He had seen women enough whom he might have loved; and doubtless there were those among them who could have loved him, and would have married him—but he never asked any of them.

He looked back now, and thought it a little odd that the grand emotion had never come across him. Of course he had had fancies and likings, but there was nothing real in them; and he had known it all the time—that had destroyed a little of the poetry, though they had been pleasant enough.

He looked back now with a sort of bitterness easy to understand. He felt that he had been defrauded of a portion of his youth; he had lost the wonderful sensation which makes a landmark in most lives.

Now he wished, with all his heart, he had loved somebody—even the memory of a great suffering, once lived through, would have been satisfactory.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

So Tennyson sings, and Harold repeated the lines to himself, and thought,

VOL. LII.—13

"I suppose he is right. 'Loved and lost,' that sounds very romantic; I wonder how it feels."

Then he took his pipe and smoked over the idea just as I am doing now; just as Tennyson did himself, I dare say, and thought that, at all events, he had written some very pretty verses, whether they were sound logic or not.

The more he thought about it—Harold, I mean, not Tennyson—the greater pity he thought it, and grew quite indignant with his destiny, which had never shown him the path into the magic land.

While he was smoking and reproaching fate, there came a letter, which offered him material for a very pretty dream. He was given yet to building castles in the air, and this one was gorgeous enough, with rainbows about every turret.

A letter from India—that of itself would have been sufficient; for a letter from there always gives anybody a thrill. I mean anybody foolish enough to indulge in fancies, reminding one of sandal wood and delightful perfumes, and sunshine and diamonds, and all sorts of fairy accompaniments.

This India letter was from an old, old friend, who had gone out, when almost a boy, to join his brother-in-law in acquiring an enlarged liver and a great fortune.

He and Harold had been fond of each other, and had kept up a correspondence to bridge the gap of time and separation, and now this missive came.

The brother-in-law had been dead several years, and his widow, with her daughter, was returning to her native land. Fleming himself could not accompany them; but the widow's health demanded a speedy change, and come she must.

For the sake of the old time and its friendship, would Harold undertake the charge of them; settle them in a home, and until Fleming could follow, be a brother to his widowed sister, and a sort of guardian to the young girl.

Ah! there was the interesting point in the letter—a young girl of sixteen, evidently the chief jewel in her uncle's mass of wealth.

Of his sister, he only wrote that she was in delicate health—a dear, helpless, though never troublesome little creature; but this girl—

Fleming was full of thought for her and her future.

She was so much older than her age in certain ways, that he hardly liked the idea of confining her in a school, she was so handsome, and so full of life.

Would Harold be kind to them, and find them a house in the country for the summer, as it will be late in the spring when they come, and he wanted everything settled before they arrived?

Would he? Harold really felt grateful to his old friend for his request. How it would have been if there had been mention only of the "widowed sister," I am not prepared to say; but as it was, he went about the fulfillment of his commission with a zest that he had not put even into amusement for a long time.

Easily settled, too, the matter was. It just happened that Cloverfield was to let, with the house already furnished—one of the prettiest spots on all Long Island; the next residence to Harold's own—quite a fate, certainly.

So Harold walked down Broadway with a light step to the agent's office; and as Fleming had distinctly said money was no object either to the widow or himself, he was not long in having everything arranged.

It was late in May when he received another letter from England; the travelers were so far on their way—Fleming accompanying them on account of business to that happy island. They had been spending some weeks there, and would sail in the next steamer.

During all those weeks, I do not hesitate to acknowledge that Harold Moore had gone on dreaming in the most absurd fashion; but it was so pleasant and so natural that I can't be ill-natured about it.

It did seem to him that this was a premonition; the change was coming just when he had begun to lose all hope.

So, about a week before the Cunard was due, Harold took the train down into the country, so beautiful in its early summer luxuriance of leaf and blossom, to be certain that everything was in order in the new home to which the strangers were to come.

His old housekeeper had taken the carrying out of details upon herself; and when Harold went over the dwelling, he was pleased to find that she had added new laurels to her reputation, for what the Yankees call "faculty."

Everything in-doors was perfectly arranged—under-servants already engaged. Fleming had written that Mrs. Lumley was accompanied by the man and woman who had cared for her house ever since she had one.

The grounds were looking their prettiest; the lawn, with its thickets of lilacs, was a perfect paradise for birds; and altogether, Harold thought that the woman who could not be happy there must be more impatient than Eve herself.

He went back to his own house, and though it was on a larger scale than Cloverfield, he thought it looked lonely and desolate. Somehow he could not brighten it, as he had done the other dwelling, with visions of a graceful girl flitting about among the shadows, and making sunshine wherever she moved.

Now he was to return to town and wait until the steamer arrived, so that he might greet the strangers on their landing, and keep them from experiencing any of the homeless, Wandering Jew feelings, which the best regulated people are likely to endure on such occasions.

But the old proverb, "*l'homme propose*," etc., was as applicable to Harold Moore as to other men; and so he found it just now, to his extreme annoyance and disgust.

Only the night before he was going back to town, a stupid horse must needs stumble with him, and my Harold was fortunate to come off with only a sprained ankle. He fumed, of course; but there was nothing for it but to be quiet for a week, at least, and in the meantime the steamer would arrive.

He was forced to send and have a substitute in readiness, with a letter from himself for Mrs. Lumley, explaining his absence, and rather apologizing for the liberty he had taken in spraining his ankle. Oh! the visions of a young face, brightening into girlish beauty, made Master Harold very humble for once.

They came—they stopped in town a day for some feminine reason which did not appear; then journeyed out, and took possession of their new house at the close of a lovely afternoon, which would have made a poet of Diogenes.

Harold was getting better; he could walk with a cane. How he anathematized that limp; why, it would make him look like a middle-aged man.

The next morning he drove down to Cloverfield, and by means of his stick walked into the house with tolerable dignity.

Face to face in the hall he met the prettiest girl, with great, shy eyes, who came forward in the most cordial way, exclaiming,

"I am so glad to see you—it is Mr. Moore, I know! Oh! we are so much obliged to you. Please to go into the sitting-room, I want to call mamma—she is wild to thank you."

Then she was gone before Harold could do

more than make a beginning of several sentences; and he took his way as she directed.

As he entered the room he saw another pretty picture—a lady in the whitest and freshest of morning-dresses, leaning back in a crimson chair, so intent on a book that she did not hear his step.

Who could she be? Some visitor they had brought. Harold thought he had never seen a face that was such a poem, with its low, broad forehead crowned with plaits of golden hair, and a complexion which a child might have envied, only a little too pale for perfect health.

He was looking at her intently, when she turned and arose without even a trace of surprise—it is a way some women have, and the gracefulest thing on earth.

"I beg your pardon," said Harold; "I am waiting for Mrs. Lumley."

"And I am Mrs. Lumley," said she. "How do you do, Mr. Moore?"

She held out her hand, and her face dimpled with the sweetest smiles of welcome.

Harold just stared, stupid and aghast; he had taken it for granted she was an elderly woman, and here was a creature with no more sign of having gone out of her first youth than the girl he had met in the hall, only it was the face of a woman who had thought and felt, and the other was that of a creature yet to be awakened and developed.

He did manage to speak, to say things that were proper; but there was a dreadful buzzing in his ears all the while.

"I don't know how to thank you," Mrs. Lumley said, after she had made him sit down, asked about his accident, and smiled on him till he was dazzled.

"I beg you won't try," he answered.

"Words are such poor things," she said. "I do so hope you will keep on being good to us. I seem to know you well, my brother has talked of you so much."

So they got to conversing about old times, and how it happened they had never met; and more than once Harold had to bite his tongue to keep back the words, "I expected to see an old woman—are you sure you are Mrs. Lumley?"

But he didn't say it, and he had no idea there was any surprise in his face; all the while the widow read him as easily as a book, and was hugely delighted.

"I must send for my daughter," she said; "she wants to thank you, and to make acquaintance with you."

"I met your—Miss Lumley, in the hall," replied Harold, it seemed too ridiculous to

say, "your daughter." "She thought you were up stairs, and went to look for you."

"And here she comes," continued the lady. "Emily, Mr. Moore tells me you and he have already made acquaintance."

"Yes, Blossom," returned the tall girl—and she came and sat down on the sofa beside her mother, nursing a kitten as coolly as if she had only been three feet high.

"Really," said Mrs. Lumley, with her gay laugh, "you are doing the infantile this morning."

"I can't help it," returned she, laughing, too; "I am so tired of being a young lady. Isn't it a shame, Mr. Moore, to be so tall? I wonder Blossom doesn't hate me, any other woman would."

"Emily," expostulated Mrs. Lumley, "remember, Mr. Moore is a stranger to your odd ways. We have thought about you so much, we can't feel you really are one," she added, to him.

"I hope not," he answered.

"Of course not," said black eyes, decidedly. "Dear me, Mr. Moore, I used to read bits out of your letters ages and ages ago. That's the way uncle taught me to read writing."

"Ages and ages ago!" Harold felt like a moss-grown mausoleum.

"I suppose you can't believe Blossom is really my mother?" she went on.

"Indeed, I cannot," he said, honestly.

The widow laughed in the most delightfully malicious way.

"I think, at first, Mr. Moore was a little inclined to dispute my identity," said she. "I suppose that was because I wore no cap or spectacles."

"Isn't it a shame I wasn't her sister?" put in Emily, before he could think of anything to say.

"I might just as well have been; and it would have been more sensible, now, wouldn't it?"

They both laughed heartily at the idea; but Emily was quite indignant.

"It's not a laughing matter," said she.

"Why, think of a blossom being afflicted with such a bud! Did you ever see anybody grow so tall as I have, Mr. Moore?"

"You know what Shakspeare says?"

"Haven't the least idea. Blossom has, though; she knows him by heart."

Mrs. Lumley was busy arranging some flowers which Emily had flung in her lap. She remembered Benedict's speech, though; but she was thinking of a letter of Mr. Moore's to her brother, that she once read.

A letter written when his thirty-fifth birth-

day was approaching, in which he lamented that he never had loved, and said that now, if he married, he should look for the fresh heart of a young girl. He was sick of wisdom and worldly ways—he wanted nature. Such a pleasure it would be to see a youthful mind develop; its appreciation of the beautiful grow; and to feel that it was his work, his love that had done it. He drew a very pretty picture of a schoolmaster sort of life, which had made her laugh heartily at the time; she thought about it now, and was rather pleased.

They spent a very pleasant morning, and made rapid progress toward a more intimate acquaintance.

But all the while Harold's head was in great confusion; and he was trying to recollect dates, and find out how old this golden-haired creature really was.

Then he stopped thinking about it, and listened to Emily's open and quaint remarks. He could not help noticing how the Blossom—for the life of him he could not even think mother—made her appear at her very best; and what a pretty sight their love for each other really was.

Here was his ideal—just such a young girl. There was no denying that; still, somehow, he felt a sort of disappointment. Then he felt a little indignant with Mrs. Lumley for looking twenty-two. Just then Emily got off something particularly nonsensical and childish, and his indignation, for the moment, was directed toward her. It did seem rather an impertinence of her to have shot up so rapidly.

"I want to learn to ride," Emily said, suddenly. "Can I get a horse, Mr. Moore?"

"Without any difficulty," he answered. "Will you accept my services as guide?"

"And Blossom must try, too," said she.

"My dear, I never should have the courage. I have grown foolishly timid and babyish, Mr. Moore."

At all events, she looked very pretty talking about it; and somehow he thought it rather praiseworthy, in spite of all his old and well-digested opinions.

So, as I said, they spent a very pleasant morning, and took a long step toward a familiar acquaintance. Then Harold went home to think the matter over, and speculate upon all the changes that were likely to take place in his daily life.

He thought about the girlish face which had looked so brightly at him; not beautiful yet, but with such a promise in it that nothing could be pleasanter than to watch the change a few

months, or a new experience, would bring into it.

She was a mere child in most things; but he had for years told himself that was what he wanted to find—a mind fresh and young, which he might help to develop into strength and beauty.

Then, somehow, his thoughts wandered off to the golden-haired creature whom she called by such fanciful names; even yet it seemed too ridiculous to think of her as the mother of that tall girl.

How old must she be? He absolutely hunted up a package of Fleming's letters, written in their youthful days, to see where there was mention of his sister. Here and there he found allusions to her. Ah! here was more! Why, she had been only fifteen when she married and went to India. She was thirty-three now; it did not seem possible she could be over twenty-five.

Thirty-three! He had been accustomed to think that a woman at that age was no longer young. It was different with a man—nobody would think of calling him near middle age.

She could not have much strength of character—a weak, pliable thing. It must be she thought and felt very little. Why, it was almost the face of a girl—really, he felt indignant with her.

But this child; this actual revelation of his ideal—could she be made to love him, to become all that he desired?

Truly these were early days for such thoughts. Harold, after a time, himself recognized their absurdity, and went away to his books—for he was that happy man, a student.

But every now and then a face would seem to flit between him and the old Greek play, a gleam of golden hair would dazzle his eyes, or a girl's laugh make him start, the fancy was so real.

At the end of a fortnight, Harold and his new neighbors were on the most friendly and intimate terms, as was natural under the circumstances.

If he did not appear every morning at the cottage with some plan of amusement, Emily scolded him without hesitation, and Mrs. Lumley was very frank and kind in her pretty way.

Still she left the two a great deal together, and never hesitated when with them to pursue her own occupations without the slightest reference to them.

So Harold had the field clear enough; but, somehow, his acquaintance with the girl was on different grounds from what he had expected.

She would not be treated like a woman—she would be a child; and he did not find it quite so pleasant as he had anticipated.

Still she had a certain aptitude for study—in many ways she was in advance of girls of her age.

"You must have had careful masters," he said, one day, in reference to some book with which she was familiar.

Emily laughed, and called to her mother, who was entering the room.

"Do you hear that, Blossom? Mr. Moore compliments my masters, and not me."

He did not pay much attention to her; he was looking at Mrs. Lumley, and thinking he never saw grace so easy and perfect.

She would have put even a more beautiful woman to disadvantage. Someway her singular delicacy of complexion, her low, gentle voice, a nameless charm in every movement, made even Emily appear almost coarse beside her.

It was unintentional—he did her justice there. From the first he acknowledged that she did love her daughter truly. She made a companion of her in every way possible, and the affection between them was good to see.

During that first fortnight Emily had talked so much, and made nonsense so much the order of the day, that he had been inclined to believe the mother a little frivolous—of course, it must be she.

Yet, somehow, lately, every visit gave him a new surprise in regard to her.

One evening he walked down to the cottage—he had entirely recovered, to his great relief, from the effects of his accident—to make them an impromptu visit, for he had been in town during the day.

Some one was singing, and he stood in the hall to listen. It was not Emily's voice—richer and sweeter than hers, and evincing a cultivation which hers could not yet have received.

When the music ceased, he went on into the parlor, curious to discover the vocalist. Standing in the moonlight, he saw Mrs. Lumley seated at the harp, with Emily curled up at her feet like a Maltese dog. They saw him, and both rose.

"You are a wretch to have left us," said Emily. "But, oh! did you hear Blossom sing?"

"I never heard anything so beautiful!" he exclaimed, involuntarily.

"And she hardly ever will sing for any one," continued Emily. "Oh! you don't half know her, Mr. Moore, she is the most artful little creature."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Lumley.

"But I do mind," retorted Emily. "Why, Mr. Moore, you were talking about masters—I never had any but her."

"A sentence that would puzzle a grammarian," said Mrs. Lumley, laughing to hide a little confusion.

"Never mind, my meaning is clear—isn't it, Mr. Moore?"

"Perfectly," he answered, feeling as much surprised as if somebody had unexpectedly given him a shower-bath.

"She can read Greek like an old professor with spectacles," said Emily.

"Do you mean I read with spectacles?"

"Now don't be provoking, Blossom! I am going to tell all your ways. Why, she knows everything, Mr. Moore, innocent as she seems."

"Please don't look so shocked, Mr. Moore," said the widow, laughing gayly; "I am not so wise—don't imagine me strong-minded. I took to books when I went to India—I was so much alone, and almost as much of a child as this girl."

Harold was so astonished that he did not conceal it well.

"I thought you admired learning," cried Emily, beginning to fill with wrath; "and you said women ought to know Greek, and all sorts of horrid things."

"So I think now," he answered.

"Then, why don't you praise Blossom?" she asked, indignantly.

"These are subjects beyond praise," he said.

"Ah! that's better! Blossom, did you hear?"

"I think we might have lights and a cup of tea now," she only answered; "and put the Greek books on the shelf."

"Won't you sing to me first?" Harold asked.

She complied with the greatest readiness—sang in turn whatever Emily demanded; then they had tea and a long talk; and it was altogether delightful.

That was the first evening Harold really heard her converse. It was very different from the girlish chatter he had listened to and tried to like of late.

Emily was nestled close to her Blossom, and quiet as a mouse; and, somehow, both of them got to talking very freely, not at all discomposd by her being a listener.

That the ethereal-looking little woman could be anything more than a sweet, weak creature, born to be petted, had never occurred to him. Unconsciously her revelations that night enlightened his mind.

He saw how even the perfect equality on which she lived with Emily had been the means

of giving her an acquaintance with, and an influence over the girl, nothing else could have done.

They talked about the old India life; and Emily made her tell an incident that happened when she was a baby, and her mother had gone up to a bungalow in the hills to avoid the warm weather.

There had been some trouble with the natives in the neighborhood, and one night they came to the house, knowing Mrs. Lumley was alone with her servants.

And it came out that Blossom had proved herself a heroine. She first laid her baby down, and turned herself into a general without loss of time.

The servants had been going to flee; but her example and words made them ashamed of themselves; and they astonished the assailants by fring on them with such vigor that the attack was relinquished.

"And Blossom fired a pistol at a man," said Emily. "He was trying to get into the room where I was."

"Oh! that was dreadful!" said she, with a shudder.

"But wasn't it brave?" cried Emily. "Then, when it was all over, she fainted away. Then she came to, and they picked up the wounded man, and she nursed him till he got well."

"He made us a faithful servant after," said Mrs. Lumley. "But don't let us talk any more of those old things! How far off that life seems—how far off."

Harold caught the dreamy, absent tone, with the memory of old weariness and pain. He would have given worlds to have known all the secrets of those years.

"But isn't she a wonderful woman?" persisted Emily. "Just like the women in books—only nicer."

"Very much nicer," Harold said, laughing a little; but, somehow, he was wonderfully touched at the thought of the strange life she had led, so unlike what one would have pictured for the frail, fair thing.

That night was a new era in Harold's acquaintance with Mrs. Lumley; and after that, each day showed him some new grace or perfection.

She treated him with the greatest familiarity and kindness; but there was not a shadow of coquetry in her manner. She evidently told the truth when she said, that, except where Emily's future was concerned, she had grown accustomed to think her life at an end where change or incident were concerned.

The words haunted Harold; they annoyed him, too, because they were evidently heartfelt.

Very pleasantly the days glided on, and the summer was passing before any one was conscious of it.

Harold Moore's ideal had faded so completely away, that I doubt if you could have made him believe he had ever set it up as a model, the reality of which he must find in order to brighten life out of its staleness.

He and Emily were the best possible friends; but he had grown to consider her a mere child, and she was quite happy in being so treated.

"I like you so much better than I expected," said she, one day, with her usual frankness. "I thought at first you were going to keep me on my company, grown-up behavior all the while—but you soon left that off."

"She is a singular compound of child and woman," Harold said, to Mrs. Lumley, as she left the room.

"I haven't wanted her to grow old too fast," she answered. "I never had any girlhood; I was determined she should not be deprived of hers."

He could not quite ask what she meant; indeed, in certain ways, he understood from his own experience. So few people do have a real reason of boy or girlhood. It is a pitiful thing to see fifteen, with a sort of knowledge of life and books which only later years should give; and yet it is the grand fault of the education of our age and country.

Of somewhat similar subjects they talked; and then they wandered off to other things, and were rather losing their depth in some metaphysical train of thought, when Emily looked in at the window.

"I knew I heard Mr. Moore talk about his *Ich*!" said she. "Now I won't have you getting German and dreadful. Just come out and look at the peacock; he isn't troubled with an *Ich*, but he has got such a beautiful tail! Come along, Blossom."

There was nothing for it but to follow her out on the lawn; there was no hope of peace, except in compliance, when she was in one of her ridiculous moods.

They stood laughing and talking, and Emily began playing tricks with the great dog, making him sit up on his hind paws, and wear Mr. Moore's hat.

"Did you ever see an expression of such resigned wretchedness, said she. "Oh! Mr. Moore, I am sure he has an *Ich*, too!"

She went off to gather fresh flowers for the vases, and they sat down on the veranda,

watching the white clouds sail slowly over head, their edges tipped with golden light, and a quiet reigned over everything that was at rest.

"He hath made all things beautiful in their season," Blossom said, suddenly.

She was unconscious that she had spoken aloud till she saw him looking at her.

"I think it so often," she continued, "as life grows more quiet and I grow more patient—it all comes right at last."

He understood her, and could follow her train of thought—thought which only comes after life has lost a portion of its fever, and the mists of self clearing from before our eyes, enable us to believe and to know that all does, indeed, come right at last.

But Emily hurried back with her flowers.

"I have one regret in life," said she.

"And that?" they asked.

"That I couldn't have been a boy long enough to climb a tree just once. Such plums as there are out here!"

They all laughed heartily; but Harold did wonder if any mortal man could ever prefer the crudeness of early youth to the matured perfections of womanhood, such as he saw a realization of beside him.

It was approaching the Indian Summer; the pleasant home would soon have to be given up. Mrs. Lumley was going to town that Emily might have the benefit of masters, and advantages concomitant.

They were walking up and down the lawn in the sunset—Blossom and Harold—talking of the pleasant weeks, and dreading to have a change, as people do when they have learned to rest on any gleam of sunshine which offers, grateful for peace.

"I dread going," Harold said, suddenly. "It will all be so different."

"You will find us the same," she answered, with the old candor.

Suddenly the words that had of late been so often on his lips rushed up; he told her what she had grown to him—how he loved her.

It was all settled there and then; and when they went into the house, Emily only needed a word to catch the truth.

"It's just as it ought to be," said she. "Thank goodness! Mr. Moore will keep me a child forever, for fear somebody should think his Blossom was growing old."

So Harold found his ideal, and was content.

DREAMS.

BY MRS. F. M. CHESBRO'.

DEAR are remembered gleams of love,
That come to us in dreams of night,
When all the midnight stars above
Change darkness into silvery light.

Sweet is the memory of the kiss—
The dream of girlhood's blessedness;
The sweetest pledge of earthly bliss—
True seal of woman's tenderness.

Shine on, thou stars of Summer night!
Make diamonds of the glistening dew;
Sparkle and shimmer pearly lights,
Imbosomed in thy Heavenly blue.

Spread silence o'er the land and sea;
Let not a bird-song wake the dell;
A dream of love is circling me—
Weaving o'er me a blissful spell.

Deep down into my spirit sinks—
A Heavenly peace, a sweet repose;
Oh! morning sun! rise now and drink
The dew-drop from the budding rose.

No longer linger, shades of night!
Sing, bird! Wake flower and sunbeam!
Spring up to life, oh, listening earth!
Thou can'st not drive my dream away!

REQUIESCAT IN PACE!—TO MY BROTHER.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

REST thou in peace from all the ills that vex
These human hearts of ours; cares that perplex,
And griefs succeeding grief that never cease,
And pain and weariness—rest thou in peace!

At peace from every trial that can fret
Us here below; temptations that beset,
And will not yield the struggling soul release
Until the heart is stilled—rest thou in peace!

Rest, brother, rest, from toil, and sin, and strife!
The weary warfare of this mortal life;
In peace the hearts that mourn thee ne'er may know
Until they, too, have done with all things here below.

Rest thou in peace beneath the fragrant sod,
Until the archangel's trump shall call to meet their God,
Earth's buried hosts; then, with the ransomed blest,
Be thine Heaven's perfect, never-ending rest.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

BY ELLA RODMAN:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110.

"I CANNOT imagine, sir, what is the matter with you," said Dr. Mulbrie one day, to his strongest patient. "It does not seem to me that there is any organic disease, as you appear to think; but if you choose to fancy this, and remain for Water-Cure treatment, I do not object in the least to your doing so."

"I will let you into a secret, doctor," replied Mr. Rogers, confidentially. "I am a member of the faculty, and have come here for the express purpose of making certain investigations, knowing that there is a prejudice, owing, probably, to medical jealousy, against establishments of your admirable class. I intend to see for myself; and be assured, sir, that I will do you justice. Meanwhile, I depend on you not to betray me."

Dr. Mulbrie grasped his hand in an excess of gratitude. "Sir!" he exclaimed, rapturously, "I honor you! I have been the victim of more prejudice and misrepresentation than I can well explain. People have actually gone from this establishment, and said that they were starved."

"You don't tell me so!" murmured Mr. Rogers.

"I am a reformer," continued the doctor, excitedly; "a martyr, perhaps, for the cause of humanity. It is human nature, sir, to gormandize, to cram itself with all sorts of unwholesome food, that naturally engenders a train of diseases; and because I keep people from digging their graves with their teeth, they turn upon me with the ferocity of—of—"

"Tigers!" suggested Mr. Rogers, seeing that the "reformer" paused for a suitable comparison.

"Then," continued the wrathful doctor, "they pamper themselves with luxurious beds, which accounts of itself for the wretched effeminacy of the human race; and call the sensible couches that I provide fit only for paupers. I have a way of hearing things," he continued—

"They!—holes are convenient"—thought his audience.

"A sort of second sense, that keeps me pretty well advised of the sentiments of this establishment—and I *know* that such sentiments are held. The human race, sir, are idiots, bedlamites, and must be dealt with accordingly."

198

"To what planet, then, do *you* belong?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"Of course," replied the doctor, "there are redeeming exceptions—one of which is before me; but I repeat it that, as a general thing, people are great fools."

"I remember a story," said his companion, innocently, "which, of course, only confirms what you say. It was of an Irishman, I think, who said that it was always his fate to be on a jury with eleven of the most obstinate men he ever saw, for he never could bring them over to his way of thinking—showing conclusively that *he*, at least, was a fool."

The doctor was not quite sure whether this story was for or against him, and he looked at his companion sharply to ascertain the fact; but Mr. Rogers' face was quite impervious to such examination.

"One of the few sensible people in this establishment," continued the proprietor, "is that young girl, Helen Trafton."

Mr. Rogers winced involuntarily at this familiarity, and replied very stiffly that "*Miss* Trafton was a young lady of uncommon discernment."

"Just the woman," said the doctor, warmly, "to enter heart and soul with a man into a noble work of reformation; and I don't mind telling you, sir, that I have had very serious thoughts of associating her with me in this establishment as my wife. I think a step of this kind, on my part, would have a beneficial effect on this great undertaking."

Mr. Rogers restrained a strong disposition to knock down the dogmatic fool before him, as he asked, in suppressed rage, "Has *Miss* Trafton given you any encouragement to entertain such an idea?"

"I can't say that she has," replied the enthusiastic lover, "as I haven't asked for any yet. I am not one to go dilly-dallying round a woman for a year and a day, and living on smiles and such nonsense; but when I get ready to put the question, I shall *put* it, and undoubtedly receive a prompt, 'Yes.' Do you suppose that any conscientious woman could refuse such a mission as this?"

The doctor confounded himself so inextricably

with his establishment that it was impossible to answer him rationally; and his companion suddenly turned on his heel and left him to his own reflections—if he ever had such things.

A blue muslin dress was fluttering among the trees at the back of the grounds, and thither Mr. Rogers directed his steps.

The Grecian features were bent over the pages of an absorbing book, and the wind played with the golden tresses; but Helen apparently neither saw nor heard.

"Do you feel in the humor for an offer of marriage?" asked the gentleman, suddenly.

Helen looked up with a quick, angry blush, and the one exclamation, "Lennox!" but he continued hastily, "I came to warn you that Dr. Mulbrie entertains the project of inviting you to preside over his establishment—I had it just now from his own lips."

"Has that wretch taken leave of his senses?" asked Helen, indignantly; "or does he mean deliberately to insult me?"

"As to the first," replied her companion, "I do not think he is burdened with any to take leave of; and far from meditating an insult, he evidently considers it a very high compliment. As for myself, Helen," he continued, sadly, "the only hope I have is, that I may, one day manage, perhaps, to save your life, and then your father will relent; or some one will leave me a fortune, which would amount to the same thing."

"I should really like to have the opportunity of telling that miserable doctor what I think of him!" said Helen, trembling with indignation.

As if, in answer to, this desire, the "miserable doctor" suddenly appeared, and observed, with the utmost composure, "I should like a few moments' conversation with you, Miss Trafton."

"You are at perfect liberty to speak," returned that young lady, with the air of a queen; "there can be no secrets between us."

The doctor hesitated rather awkwardly; and Mr. Rogers considerably withdrew, divided between rage and amusement, as he wondered if the doctor considered that the time had now come for him to "put it." He then tried to philosophize, by reflecting that it was the fate of pretty young ladies to be made love to; but, in spite of his attempts, he could not keep himself from a feeling of angry discomfort.

Meanwhile, the doctor's wooing prospered no better than his rival could have desired. Helen waited in haughty silence for his remarks; and, for the first time in his life, he felt disconcerted.

"What do you think," said he, at length, "of the establishment?"

Helen's face seemed to express the question, "Did you come out here to ask me that?" But she merely replied, with freezing coldness, "In what respect?"

"Oh, well!" said the doctor, beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable, "in every respect—I mean like a person who felt a sort of interest in it, you know."

"As I do not feel the slightest interest in it," replied the impracticable damsel, "such a question cannot possibly concern me."

An awful pause, during which Helen coolly resumed her book, and seemed to have forgotten the existence of her puzzled lover.

When, on the verge of despair, the doctor was visited by a bright idea—he had not been sufficiently explicit; and gathering fresh courage, he propounded the inquiry,

"What would you think, now, of presiding over such an institution? In concert, I mean, with some one of experience?"

"I should not think of it at all," said Helen, without lifting an eyelash.

"Look here!" exclaimed the doctor, losing all patience, "I want to let you know that I am asking you to be my wife. I really think very highly of you; and I am sure that we two together could make the establishment the very model of a Water-Cure, and hand our names down to posterity emblazoned in letters of gold."

"Now listen to me," replied Helen, calmly, and looking very white and quiet; "this thing must be stopped at once and forever. Let me hear such words from your lips again, and my aunt and I will immediately leave the place. It suits our convenience to remain at present, and my aunt imagines herself benefited; but another word from you of the nature of those just uttered, will cause our immediate departure."

As Helen swept indignantly into the house, the rejected lover gazed after her in a perfectly bewildered frame of mind, and gave utterance to the valuable sentiment, "The ways of women are past finding out!"

"What is the matter with you, child?" asked Mrs. Lellworth, in her merry way, as she suddenly encountered Helen. "You look as though you had just had an offer."

Rushing unceremoniously past her, Helen gained her own apartment, and gave herself up to the luxury of a good cry. Aunt Sybilla was in the pack, and would be safe for the next hour; and she improved the time to such

advantage, that, when her astonished relative returned from her aquatic expedition, she found her pretty niece with such ruby-colored eyes and nose, that, whatever poets may say to the contrary, she had made a perfect fright of herself.

"What is the matter?" asked her aunt, excitedly. "Have you a pain in your heart? You know that you would never let Dr. Mulbrie—"

"Aunt Sybilla!" exclaimed Helen, petulantly, "I want to go home with you. Do let us leave this horrid place at once!"

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Miss Sybilla, reproachfully; "but the baths are doing me a great deal of good."

"I will stay, then," replied Helen, "if you will promise not to let that horrid doctor come near me again—he had the impudence to ask me to marry him."

The ridiculousness of the thing overcame her, and she became hysterical, to Miss Sybilla's great distress, who scarcely knew what to do with her; and kept patting her on the back until old Phoebe happened to come in, and took her regularly and skillfully in hand.

"Ole fool!" muttered Phoebe, apostrophizing her master. "Any one kin see with half an eye what *he's* been up to; I've knowed it was in him for ever so long—only wish she'd boxed his ears!"

When the aunt and niece next appeared in the dining-room, Dr. Mulbrie found himself treated with such pointed contempt, that he heartily regretted his presumption.

Mr. Rogers was enjoying it all very much; but he continued to be the life of the company, notwithstanding.

"It is a very sad thing," he observed, "to be a continual deception. I suppose, now, that no one here would take me for an invalid?"

A universal, "No," assailed him; and Mrs. Mintley, who had made a holiday for her husband by coming down to take her boiling tea at the table, assured him that he looked far less like an invalid than the doctor himself.

The person referred to did not appear to relish the compliment; and Mr. Rogers thought the comparison was by no means a strong one.

"I have had a great many narrow escapes," continued the speaker, with the laudable intention of infusing a little life into their dismal repasts. "When a small boy, I fractured my skull; and after that I swallowed an iron screw, that remained in my left lung for five years. Every one thought I was going into a consumption."

"Did you go?" asked Mrs. Lellworth, with a comical twinkle in her eyes.

"No," he replied, composedly, "I thought better of it; but I never could look as an invalid ought, and so got little credit for my sufferings. It is just the same here; but I hope soon not to require any sympathy, as the Water-Cure system is doing wonders for me. Why, before I came, I could not be induced to eat stale bread and mush, and now I am thankful even to get them; people who are starving, you know, will eat anything. It is a great comfort to me that the doctor and I understand one another."

The doctor looked as though he was not at all sure that he *did* understand him, and began rather to wish that Mr. Rogers would express some intention of leaving.

"I believe that you are more of a humbug than an invalid," whispered Mrs. Lellworth, "and time will show if I am not right."

"Do you recollect the story," said Mr. Rogers, in the same tone, "in which the boy calls to his father, 'Father! father! they've found me out?'"

"I really don't know what to make of you," continued the lady; "I am afraid you are not canny. Do tell me, if you can, what is the trouble between Miss Helen Trafton and the doctor—I am quite curious on the subject."

Such an unmistakable flash of anger appeared in her neighbor's eyes, that her curiosity on the subject was allowed to rest.

"For pity's sake, Mr. Rogers!" she exclaimed, in the course of the evening, "do tell us what to do with ourselves! We are just as stupid here as dormice. Can't you get up some sort of excitement for us? I almost wish we could become intoxicated by way of variety."

"Did you ever take any *hasheesh*?" asked the gentleman addressed.

"*Hasheesh*? No! What in the world is that? Something to eat, or drink, or inhale? And what are the effects of it? And do you have a good time? And is it dangerous? And where do you get it? And how much do you take? And what put it into your head? And will the doctor find it out? And did you ever take any yourself? And I want to know all about it."

"So I should imagine," said her companion, dryly; "but I should be afraid of *your* taking it. Nothing short of tearing the roof off would satisfy you, while under its influence."

"Oh! yes, it would," she replied. "If I could shake the doctor within an inch of his life, I think I should be quite happy."

"I cannot imagine why you are so spiteful against the doctor," said her companion. "Is

he not what you ladies call an agreeable man?"

"Now, Mr. Rogers!" exclaimed the lady, turning on him with unfeigned indignation, "that is so exactly like a *man*! I think you are all born lawyers, for you never admit anything if you can possibly help it—that is, not in words. But I have seen a flash in your eye that has shown me pretty plainly which way the wind lies; so, you may as well take off your veil of hypocrisy, and let us talk honestly face to face."

"I thought you wanted to talk about hasheesh," was the provoking reply. "I do not care to talk about the doctor."

"Very well," said Mrs. Lellworth, "we will talk about hasheesh, then; and, perhaps, if I take it, I will manage to punish you for this. Now, what is your plan respecting hasheesh?"

"I have no plan," said he; "but I have some hasheesh, which is of the nature of opium, and said to produce pleasant feelings, and make people do queer things. As you expressed yourself to be dying for something to do, this might be a good opportunity to frighten the doctor, and create an excitement."

Mrs. Lellworth clapped her plump hands in delight.

"I hope they'll all take it!" she exclaimed; "Mrs. Mintley and all, and be just as bad as ever they can. I intend to do *my* worst."

"I have no fears for *you* on that score," laughed her companion. "I only hope that you won't be so bad as to put an end to the establishment altogether. I should really like to test the doctor a little," he continued, "and see whether he has sense enough to find out that his patients have been tampered with."

The hasheesh was passed around, and rapidly disposed of, amid many questions and much laughter; and even Mrs. Mintley took her full share, though under protest from Mr. Mintley, who mildly remonstrated.

"My dear love, pray remember the oyster!"

But the "dear love" persisted that the oyster had nothing whatever to do with hasheesh; and not only partook of the fascinating drug herself, but, like her great ancestors, succeeded in deluding her Adam into eating likewise.

It seemed a very crazy performance on the part of all those sane men and women; but the monotony of their life was unbearable, and the experiment promised to be so exciting that it was not to be resisted.

Miss Sybilla, who was suffering from tooth-ache, was drawn into the conspiracy by a promise of speedy release from all pains and

aches; and Helen took it because the prospect of "going out of herself" for awhile was the only one that promised any sort of comfort.

In the course of the evening, Dr. Mulbrie received a peremptory summons to Mrs. Mintley.

When he entered the apartment, he found that lady seated in a large chair, with her cap on one side, and a pair of bellows in her hand. Mr. Mintley stood in a corner, looking foolish.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Mintley, severely. "I wish to inform you that you are an elaborate parrot, with a wooden leg, and I intend to blow you up."

The doctor trembled; this extraordinary, but unfortunately profitable patient always kept him in a state of suspense as to what phase her disease would take next; but this address manifested a decided aberration of intellect that was really alarming. Mr. Mintley, he thought, was, probably, frightened to death; but when that gentleman, with a rakish air, began to sing something about "Blow, gentle zephyr," as an accompaniment to his wife's performance with the bellows, the case was still more perplexing.

"Why, you've both been drinking!" exclaimed the doctor, after steadfastly regarding the pair. "You are perfectly aware, Mr. Mintley, that I allow no spirituous liquors in my establishment—what does this mean, sir?"

"I know you don't allow anything to drink in your establishment," said Mr. Mintley, with a very silly smile, "nor anything to eat, either; but Arethusa——"

"Silence!" shouted Mrs. Mintley, making a sudden lunge at the doctor with her bellows. "You are a horrid old tom-cat! you know you are! And if you say a word to Adam, I'll tear your eyes out! You've been killing me ever since I came here, and now I'm dead and buried, I'm going to haunt you as long as I live. Let me cut off your hair, and put some of it into the beds—they're dreadfully hard, all the people say so."

By this time, Mr. Mintley had seized the doctor in an affectionate embrace, and was whirling him around the room, and singing wildly, "We won't go home till morning!"

"Go home this instant!" screamed Mrs. Mintley, punching him through the half-open door with her bellows. "How dare you stay in my room so late, keeping Adam up, and making such a commotion? I know you're intoxicated, and you may be thankful that we don't turn you out of the house!"

The next room was Mrs. Lellworth's; and the astonished doctor knocked at the door to make inquiries respecting the scene he had just

witnessed. An audible sound of weeping saluted his ears, and an angry voice said, "Come in."

He entered to find Miss Tweedy in tears on the sofa, and Mrs. Lellworth apparently in the sulks.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor, of the weeping fair one.

"I want my money," she replied, with a loud sob. "You told me I should have it to-day."

"You are a fool!" said the doctor, vehemently. "I have had nothing to do with any money."

"That is the way he always talks, Carrie," said Miss Tweedy, appealingly, and crying harder than ever. "He said he'd keep it for me; but now I want him to give it back to me."

"Madam," said the doctor, turning fiercely to Mrs. Lellworth, "what does this woman mean? Do you know what is the matter with her?"

But Mrs. Lellworth remained speechless; and the doctor began to wonder if he were awake or dreaming. Such conduct had never been witnessed in the establishment before.

"When are you going to marry me?" asked Miss Tweedy, with a sudden change of subject.

"Never!" replied the person addressed, with most eloquent emphasis.

"You hear that, Carrie?" continued the tearful lady, again apostrophizing her silent friend.

"And how in the world am I to get my money?"

"I believe you are *all* drunk to-night!" exclaimed the harassed doctor. "And if I can only ferret out this mystery, I will certainly expose the conspirator, or conspirators."

Mrs. Lellworth rose deliberately, and walking up to the excited speaker, administered as severe a castigation as the nature of the implement (a parasol) would admit of; and saying, in a withering tone, "Leave the room, sir, until you are fit to show yourself in the presence of ladies!" calmly shut the door on him.

After this assault and battery, the doctor was almost beside himself with anger and perplexity, and scarcely knew where to turn his steps.

Just then the packing woman besought him to go to Miss Trafton. "The old maid," she whispered, "she's in *such* a way!"

Trembling inwardly, the doctor approached Miss Sybilla's bedside.

"Five small imps, and two curly-tailed demons," said that lady, as though she were counting them on the patchwork bed-quilt. "It is very singular that I never got into such society before I came to this place; I am not at all pleased, Dr. Mulbrie, with the style of

company you keep here. My niece, too, has been murdered!" she proceeded, calmly, as though this were a slight inconvenience not worth dwelling upon; "and I shall be obliged to you if you will send in your bill, and tell the first train to be at the door at midnight."

The doctor turned hastily toward Helen; but she was lying in a deep sleep, perfectly quiet, and looking like a piece of beautifully-sculptured marble.

"Slow poison!" whispered Miss Sybilla. "I think we shall bring an action for this. But *will* you send those imps away or not? How very rude of them to stay under the circumstances!"

"My good-lady," remonstrated the doctor, while the perspiration started to his brow at the dreadful condition of his patients, the cause of which he was unable to fathom, "my good lady, you are certainly laboring under a mistake."

"Don't take the other two out of your pocket," was the rather irrelevant reply; "I must positively object to having any more let loose in the room. I wonder you do not keep them properly chained. I really believe you are the Evil One himself!" she continued, excitedly. "Go out of the room immediately, before it is full of brimstone!"

This was the third expulsion in the course of the evening; and full of a determination to punish somebody, the doctor inquired furiously for Mr. Rogers. That gentleman was supposed to be in his apartment, and thither the enraged M. D. directed his steps.

Mr. Rogers was extended upon his couch, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, and his tongue very hard at work. Indeed, he had nearly exhausted the British poets, and was now in the full tide of Poe's "Raven." As the doctor entered, he greeted him with the complimentary address,

"Are you bird, or are you devil——"

"This thing must be stopped, sir!" interrupted the doctor, looking very fierce, and trembling all over.

"Or thing of evil?" proceeded the speaker; and when he had gotten through with the "Raven," he took up "Thanatopsis;" and could not be prevailed upon to speak at all except in the words of another.

It allayed the doctor's suspicions to find the new-comer apparently in the same condition as the others; but it by no means satisfied his curiosity. He did not relish the idea of having the Western Water-Cure converted into a lunatic-asylum; and he was obliged to admit to

himself that, in this case, "the eye of science" was entirely at a loss.

As he was leaving Mr. Rogers' room, that gentleman called piteously after him:

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh! give me back my heart!"

One gentleman flung a pair of boots at the doctor, and another called him an old humbug; while Phœbe seemed to be peeping behind all the doors, and enjoying the fun intensely. Not being able to seize any one else, the doctor seized her, and interrogated her severely.

"Now," said he, sternly, "have you any idea what is the matter with all these people? What have they been eating and drinking?"

But Phœbe, knowing the value of her services, laughed his authority to scorn.

"Eatin' and drinkin'?" she repeated, with a chuckle. "I guess it's the *want* of it's made 'em crazy; or mebbe," she continued, trying the sarcastic vein, "mebbe that hot supper to-night, with the fried chicken, and oysters, and strong coffee, was too much for 'em. Shouldn't wonder, now, if that was it."

"You're a great fool, Phœbe," said the doctor, turning off worsted.

"Mebbe I am, and mebbe I ain't," said the colored woman to herself; "but ef I *am* a fool, there's a pair of us."

Every one came down to breakfast next morning, and every one looked as though nothing had happened—except the doctor; and on the first opportunity, he addressed the company with the unexpected remark,

"I shall now insist upon having last night's performances thoroughly explained."

"I am very glad," said Mr. Rogers, calmly, "that such is your intention, for I had a very singular night of it. I began to be afraid there were housebreakers about; for the conviction that there was a rogue of *some* kind in my room last night was so strong upon me that I could not possibly shake it off. I dreamed, too, that I put him to flight by quoting poetry to him—a novel weapon, was it not?"

The doctor's face was a deep mahogany color, and Mr. Rogers continued, "I had come to the conclusion that this might be nightmare, or something of the kind, until you, too, spoke of a singular experience last night, and I thought we could not both be mistaken. Did any one go to *your* room, doctor? And are the spoons safe?"

"No," replied the doctor, after a vain endeavor to confuse the calm eye that gazed so steadfastly into his, "no one visited my room; but I visited several rooms, and met with a very strange reception."

"I had the most vivid dream about the Evil One," observed Miss Sybilla. "It affected me so unpleasantly that I could scarcely believe it wasn't *real*; and I thought, too, that Helen was murdered!"

"And I," said Miss Tweedy, with a contemptuous glance at the doctor, "had the most ridiculous dream, in which I was troubled because I couldn't do a thing that nothing would induce me to do in my waking moments. An odious man like that, too!"

Here her expression became so vindictive, that the doctor absolutely trembled.

"Well," said Mrs. Lellworth, indifferently, "I have a distinct recollection of being in a great rage, and pommeling somebody well—but *who* I can't, for the life of me, say."

"And I," said Helen, dreamily, "thought that I was in heaven, and never wanted to come back to earth."

"The doctor has not yet told us *his* dream," observed Mr. Rogers, with much suavity.

"I dreamed that you were all crazy," was the sudden reply; "and I am by no means satisfied that it *was* a dream."

The doctor disappeared as he said this; and Mr. Rogers looked very much like laughing.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Mrs. Lellworth, incredulously, "that all this was *hasheesh*?"

"Every bit of it," was the reply; "but I really had no idea that you would all conduct yourselves in so extraordinary a manner."

"What *did* I do?" asked Miss Sybilla, in great trepidation. "I believe it cured my tooth-ache; but, dear me! I hope my conduct was not unlady-like. I wonder what I said to the doctor?"

"Nothing worse, I believe, than calling him the Evil One," said Mr. Rogers. "He seemed to receive a general blowing up all around."

"Mrs. Mintley began it with a pair of bellows," said Mr. Mintley, evidently very proud of his wife's performance.

"Bravo for Mrs. Mintley!" exclaimed the chief conspirator; and all were so interested in hearing how Mrs. Mintley conducted herself on this important occasion, that the devoted husband was the center of attraction.

There was a great deal of laughter among the invalids, especially after Phœbe had been questioned, and added her testimony to the light already thrown upon the subject; and all agreed that the doctor must be thoroughly puzzled respecting the cause of such singular conduct.

The *hasheesh* experiment had succeeded even

better than he expected, and Mr. Rogers was wicked enough to enjoy most thoroughly this odd sort of revenge upon Helen's presumptuous lover. It was a very dog-in-the-manger-ish feeling, though, after all; for he progressed not one step in the matter himself, and quite longed for the house to burn down, or something to occur by which he might save Helen's life, and thus win the right to watch over it forever after.

Dr. Mulbrie came to the conclusion that, as it would not be exactly wise to turn all his offending patients out of the house, he could do no better than to ignore entirely the subject of their inexplicable conduct of the night before; and he did this so well, that it was quite hopeless to hazard a guess as to what he thought.

Helen had improved wonderfully during her sojourn at the Western Water-Cure; and the roses that Dr. Tormesbury charged her to gather had really made their appearance. Miss Sybilla was quite proud of the success of her experiment; and she often found herself wondering what "brother Isaac" would say to Mr. Rogers as a son-in-law. Such a very agreeable and desirable young man—only that he seemed rather silent on the subject of his antecedents; and she had never yet found out exactly where he came from.

She couldn't get Helen to speak of him at all; but then Helen was different, in most things, from other girls, and, as far as her observation went, she believed that she was by no means indifferent to him. But Miss Sybilla had a great deal of delicacy, and scorned the office of match-maker; she, therefore, let things take their course, especially as they did not seem to be taking a very decided one.

Mr. Rogers was not happy; and he had begun to ask himself if his expedition to the Western Water-Cure had been at all productive of the success that the sacrifice deserved. He had been near Helen, to be sure, and had seen her daily and almost hourly—but what advantage was there in that when he seemed to be farther off than ever? He could not say but that he respected her more than if she had acted in direct opposition to her father's wishes, and disobedience to his commands—but it was certainly very unsatisfactory.

He tried hard to invent some exploit by which matters could be materially altered for the better; but invention seemed to fail him entirely, and he was obliged to wait quietly, with a Micawber-like faith, that something would turn up.

As October approached, and Miss Clarissa

Trafton got deeper and deeper into the mysteries of pickling and preserving, she became more anxious for "sister Sybilla's return"—especially as she did not feel quite easy about "sister Pamela."

She was unwilling to admit this, even to herself; but one or two remarks dropped by Mrs. Rolles had set her thinking, and particularly that question as to whether Dr. Tormesbury was not *very* attentive. He certainly was "very attentive"—more so, she believed, than was at all necessary; and it seemed to her that he became more and more so. Suppose that, on sister Sybilla's return, she should find things not quite as she would like them, would not the blame naturally attach itself to *her*?

And yet the poor soul could not imagine what to do. That something should be done she felt pretty sure—but what it was she could not tell. She had a dreadful, indefinite sort of feeling that something was going to happen—something that would not be at all agreeable; and Catharine had declared, from certain infallible signs, that a wedding was to be looked for, either in that house, or of some one belonging to it.

Miss Clarissa did not feel comfortable; and after a few minutes, at night, spent in thinking the matter over—for she was one of those inveterate sleepers who, unless they fall asleep in the act of undressing, consider that they have had rather a poor night's rest—she resolved to "speak" to sister Pamela—in other words, to ask her what her intentions were.

This conclusion was not arrived at without much trepidation. It seemed a formidable thing to make an attack upon sister Pamela, of whom she stood greatly in awe; but arming herself with two of the finest of her peaches for preserving, she entered upon her mission.

Miss Pamela was lying gracefully on the lounge, in her everlasting white dress, with a red crape shawl picturesquely disposed about her. The doctor was expected every moment.

"How do you feel to-day?" said Miss Clarissa, awkwardly enough, and just in the tone of a person who evidently wished to be saying something else.

"About the same, thank you," replied Miss Pamela, a little surprised at her sister's manner; "I never vary much, you know. If I could have some *well* days, I suppose I should receive more sympathy for my sick ones."

"Pamela," said her sister, suddenly grasping the dreaded subject by the horns, "do you really think that Dr. Tormesbury does you *any* good?"

"Clarissa," was the somewhat unexpected reply, "you are certainly an excellent house-keeper—and as to pickles and preserves, few can equal you; but excuse me for saying that, when you enter upon questions of this nature, you get entirely out of your sphere. Now, Dr. Tormesbury——"

"Hold on there!" exclaimed a cheerful voice. "No slander, if you please—Dr. Tormesbury is here to speak for himself. Which of you ladies has been endeavoring to blacken my character?"

Poor Miss Clarissa certainly looked guilty enough; and murmuring something about preserves boiling over, made a hasty retreat, with an inward resolution not to attempt "speaking" to sister Pamela again.

Not long after, Miss Pamela made her appearance quite unexpectedly in the kitchen. Her sister was almost frightened, as she looked hastily around from her preserve-jars.

"Clarissa," said the invalid, suddenly, "I am going out for a drive; and—and I want you to kiss me."

Now it was not an unusual thing for Miss Pamela to go out for a drive, as Dr. Tormesbury laid great stress upon her "taking the air," and he seemed to think that she could take it to the best advantage in his buggy; but it was an unusual thing for her to condescend to go into the kitchen and request to be kissed.

"Oh, Pamela!" murmured her sister, as she gave the desired embrace, "what are you going to do?"

"I am going to take a drive," replied Miss Pamela, composedly, which was the truth, but not the whole truth, as the result proved.

Dr. Tormesbury had said very eloquently that it was best to do things quietly and not make a fuss; that people were very apt to reconcile themselves to what could not be helped, when, had they been consulted beforehand, they would have opposed it with all their might; that maiden sisters, as a general thing, objected to people's getting married, but were rather glad of it, on the whole, when once it was well over, with much more to the same purpose, which had the effect on Miss Pamela Trafton, a sober lady of forty odd, of inducing her to take the extraordinary step of being clandestinely united to a man whom no one could reasonably have objected to her marrying in an ordinary way. But Miss Pamela had glided out of her teens and her twenties without encountering any romance; and if it did come rather late in life, this was certainly better than not coming at all.

Poor Miss Clarissa made strange mistakes in the putting up of those memorable peaches,

for she felt more than ever the conviction that something unpleasant was going to happen; but when she found that she had actually emptied the vinegar-cruet into the syrup, she retired to the nearest chair and relieved her feelings with a good cry.

Crying, however, never yet remedied mistakes, and poor Miss Clarissa was continually reminding herself that she was not the kind of figure to indulge in sentiment. She had no doubt, too, that she was very foolish, and sister Pamela was certainly old enough to take care of herself; but just as she reached this conclusion, a small boy appeared with a note, and eyed her with much curiosity.

Miss Clarissa trembled uncomfortably as she received the daintily-folded epistle, so characteristic of Miss Pamela; but when, in answer to her question, the boy replied that "Dr. Tormesbury had sent him," her heart fairly sank with apprehension. A glance at the inside of the note confirmed her worst suspicions.

It was signed "Pamela Tormesbury," and the poor lady went regularly off into a good strong fit of hysterics.

"Oh, Pamela! how could you?" murmured the sufferer, when all the orthodox remedies had been expended upon her. "If you had only waited until Sybilla came! And to think of you marrying Dr. Tormesbury, too!"

This sounded as though Miss Pamela had unwisely selected the doctor from a crowd of more eligible admirers; a theory that Catharine, who was armed with hartshorn and other pungent remedies, was by no means disposed to adopt, for she whispered rather audibly to "Crissy" that "She didn't see, for her part, who else she could have married!"

Miss Clarissa roused herself at this, and assumed what dignity she could. She picked up the note again, and tried to understand its contents.

This was not an easy matter, however, for it had been a labored composition on the part of the writer, relating as it did to the one great event of her life, the one rainbow-tinged bit of romance, in which it had been her good fortune to figure. She had composed the note some time, and rewritten it again and again, until at length she deemed it worthy even of the crisis that it was intended to announce.

And Miss Pamela had written, with a smile on her lips, what gave her poor, weak sister such unmitigated sorrow in the perusal—for was not she, Pamela Trafton, about to emerge from the secluded valley of commonplace existence into the broad highway of incident and

adventure? Was she not to cast off the chrysalis of old maidism, and come out in the full-bloom butterfly character of Mrs. Dr. Tormesbury?

So, the note was worthy of Miss Pamela, and worthy of the occasion; and it ran thus:

"My dear sister, you will, of course, be surprised at the communication I have to make, and I scarcely expect you to realize it. There are some things, Clarissa, that cannot be talked about; and I certainly do not expect you to understand how two congenial natures can melt imperceptibly into one."

As this chemical process was quite beyond the range of Miss Clarissa's mind, she did not attempt to comprehend it; but turned to the next clause with a mournful sigh, as she "wondered what sister Sybilla would say," and felt very much like a culprit at the idea of meeting her.

"In Dr. Tormesbury," pursued Miss Pamela, "I have found all that I need; a strong, manly nature to lean upon, counsel, comfort, and chivalrous devotion; all, in short, that my prisoned soul has sighed for while beating its prison bars in weary disappointment."

Miss Clarissa read this over until the sentiment became more and more indistinct; and then she went on in despair,

"You know, Clarissa, how my sensitive nature shrinks from a harsh, disapproving word or look. I do not expect to lift others up to my own height, but I cannot bear to have my most sacred feelings misconstrued; to have dull, prosaic eyes endeavoring to decipher what must always remain to them an unknown language."

Miss Clarissa began to wonder if her "dull,

prosaic eyes" had not better give up the helpless task.

"It would *kill* me to talk of that which sensitive natures learn by intuition; to speak of finding in another a mirror of thoughts, and feelings, and sentiments, that I fondly thought had been locked in my own bosom. Those who cannot understand me will, doubtless, condemn the step I have taken; those who *can*, need no explanation of the causes that have led me to sign myself

PAMELA TORMESBURY."

To say that Miss Clarissa was left in a hopelessly-bewildered state by this epistle, which said so much and told nothing, would scarcely express her feelings; she was totally at a loss to account for the extraordinary step which she had divined from the signature above; and could only console herself with the reflection that, as she never *had* understood sister Pamela, it was not to be supposed she could do so now.

Then she fell to considering Pamela's prospects. Dr. Tormesbury had just finished building a very comfortable house, that had excited the admiration and surmises of the town generally; and it was a standing joke that he was making ready for a young wife. He had an extensive practice, was of unexceptionable character, and considered, in every respect, "well-to-do in the world." If he chose to marry Pamela, and Pamela chose to marry him, there was nothing to be said against it; but poor Miss Clarissa was utterly crushed by the inexpressible *silliness* of the elopement.

It was quite evident that she had not a particle of romance in her composition.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE PORCH OF PINES.

BY ELLIS YETTE.

The pines are towering overhead;
The river winds below;
And waving boughs in the Summer air
Alternate come and go;
And up above the sky is fair,
And the winds are whispering low;
And down beneath the river slow
Gleams like a silver thread.

Between, the towering pines are ranged
In close and even lines;
And at their feet grow masses green,
Bright edged with columbines;
And sunbeams slant, with glittering sheen,
In soft, bright golden lines
Are glancing through the somber pines,
On dainty mosses green.

A still, hushed calm is over all,
Like pauses after prayer;
Or like the thankful, sweet content
That souls triumphant wear;
The memory of a life well spent—
A happy closing year;
The end of every pain and care—
The calmest sweet content.

Pleasant it is, on Summer eves,
When winds are whispering low,
And pines are waving overhead,
And the river gleams below,
To leave the world and seek instead,
The ledge where mosses grow;
Where peace and calm are found below
The pines' sweet, silent bed.

ANNIE BREVARD'S TROUSSEAU.

BY MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

"Why, Kate, you are quite out of breath. I know you have something to tell me by your face."

"That I have, Sue; and it will take your breath away when you hear it; I rushed over to tell you as soon as I knew it myself—Annie and Dick are going to be married next month."

The speakers were two girls, in Raleigh, North Carolina, in the last years of the war.

"What! Your sister, Annie, and Dick Brevard?"

"Yes; Dick has been ordered to join Gen. Hardee, and will pass through North Carolina on his way. He has written to father, and begged him to let Annie marry him at once, instead of waiting till the war is over; and father, to our utter surprise, has consented. You know they have been engaged ever since Annie was thirteen."

"Yes, I knew that."

"Mother is in a terrible worry, for they are to go right off; and she says she never can get Annie's *trousseau* ready; and there is no telling when we shall see her again. I expect to do nothing but sew for the next three weeks—but that would be a trifle if we only had something to sew. The blockade-runners never seem to think of us ladies, and bring nothing but gray cloth and ammunition."

"But Mrs. Grennough's wardrobe is to be sold here next week; perhaps you can get something for her from that," said Susan Linwood, who was Kate Brevard's bosom friend, and took as much interest in Annie's *trousseau* as Kate did.

"I don't believe Annie would wear a single thing that is in it, at any time, much less get anything for her wedding outfit from it."

"Well, I don't blame her; when I think of it, it does seem as bad as marrying on Friday; to furnish one's *trousseau* from the wardrobe of a dead woman. But let's go and see it, Kate; it is to be exhibited for a week, and then sold at auction; and if Annie won't wear the things, she won't object to seeing how they are made, and what the fashions are."

"No. But, oh! for the good old days before the war, when all we had to do, when there was a wedding in anticipation, was just to go to McDimmor's or Tucker's and get what we

wanted; or if they did not have it, ask them to send for it."

"Just think of it, Kate," said Sue; "can you realize thread at ten cents a spool, calico at fifteen and twenty-five cents a yard; and nice little slippers, with rosettes, and sandals for two dollars and a half a pair. I had one new calico for my winter's outfit, and it cost just two hundred dollars; and one pair of balmoral boots, that I thought myself lucky to get at ninety."

"I don't mind the cost so much," replied Kate, "but the impossibility of getting the things at any price. I broke the tenth commandment, the whole of last Sunday morning, until I had got it up into such little bits there was no breaking it any more; and it was all because of a pair of kid gloves that Mrs. Gov. Vance had on in church; they came over in the Advance from Nassau last week. I know that every trip it makes she can get just as much finery as she wants; it's a nice thing to be a governor's wife in these times. But, dear me, I must run back and tell Annie about Mrs. Grennough's wardrobe. I left her and mother in deep consultation as to the wedding-cake—for Nan declares she will have a supper, and will have an iced cake; and mother is equally bent on a real old-fashioned black-cake; and how they will manage it I can't conceive, for I don't believe there are raisins and citron enough in the Southern Confederacy to make one; and I know there is not sufficient white sugar in Raleigh to ice it when made."

By four o'clock that afternoon the three girls were in Litchford's establishment, where the wardrobe of Mrs. Grennough was exposed for inspection, prior to being sold.

Kate Brevard was right when she said Annie would not hear of purchasing a thing in the collection; but she was as eager to see it as either Kate or Sue Linwood. Shopping was fast becoming a forgotten art.

"I think it would be a good thing, girls," said Kate, as they went along, "if we could just appoint a day, and all meet every spring and fall in the rotunda of the State House, and exchange our old dresses with each other, since we can't buy real new ones."

"Charming!" replied Sue. "My old black

silk waist is hopeless, but the skirt is perfectly good; and if I could only persuade you to give me yours, which is just like it, you know, in exchange for something of mine, I could take your skirt and make myself a new body and sleeves, and come out as good as new."

"*Merci, mon ami!* But what would I do for a basquine in that case? I'm saving my skirt to have one made out of it next summer."

"Oh! you can get something here that will do for that, I am sure," said Sue, as they stepped into the room where the wardrobe was. "Look, here is the very thing!" she continued, taking hold of a heavy, black moire antique court dress that hung near the door. "Annie, if I were you, I wouldn't mind getting this to rip up and make a basquine of; and there is enough for two—so Kate could have one, and spare me her skirt. Kate, I've got a right new muslin dress, not made up, that mother bought and laid away before things got so scarce; I'll give you that for your old skirt; you remember it, don't you? It's blue, with a white dot."

"Yes; I saw it last fall, and I wanted it terribly then. I'll trade, as the men say, if you can make Annie say she wants that black silk dress—for I shouldn't mind cutting it up into a basquine a bit, if I were her; and mother will get it for her, I know, if she will consent; and as she can't buy half of the dress, and there is enough to make two basquines, I will fall heir to one. Thank you for the suggestion;" and then she added, "I'd like Annie to have a bonnet made of a piece of that green-silk dress—it would be so becoming to her with pink roses inside."

"But where are the roses to come from?"

"Oh! we could get something in Richmond that would do, I dare say."

"It's of no use, Kate; I won't have a single thing in the collection," said Annie, positively. "I would rather get a block of number fourteen cotton, and have a dress woven on the plantation, than wear any of these things."

When the girls reached home, they found Mrs. Brevard holding a kitchen-cabinet meeting with her prime minister, aunt Sylla, the cook, and John, the waiter, who was opening a box that he had just brought from the depot.

"What is it, mother?" asked Annie.

"I don't know, my dear—it comes from Harry. Capt. Lewis called, shortly after you left, and said that the day he left Richmond your brother was in town, and sent this box to me."

"It's something new for soldier's to be

sending boxes home; the reverse is generally the case," said Sue.

"I 'spect mar's Harry is sending home his old clothes to misses to cut up for carpet-rags," said John, grinning. "He get powerful mad when he was home last time, 'cause misses had his old gray pants cut up and wove inter her carpet, and said he was going to send her home all the old clothes he could pick up out'n his regiment to keep her out'n his wardrobe. I told him them old pants was all full of holes, and warn't fitten for him to wear; but he said it would ev bin jest the same if they was bran new, for when misses got a rag-carpet in the loom, it never did git wove till it had swallowed up every single rag he had 'cept what he had on."

"Take care, John, don't split that top; I want that box for a hat-box, it's such a nice one."

But Kate spoke too late, John had, in his eagerness to tell of 'mar's Harry's old gray pants,' split the white-pine board so as to render it useless—and Kate lamented over it as she might have done, in former days, over the ruins of a Saratoga trunk.

A letter to Mrs. Brevard was the first thing visible; and while she read it, the girls hastily rummaged the box, greeting the discovery of the contents of each parcel that John lifted out, with a series of shrieks, varying according to their relative value.

Oh! Sue, it's coffee—real coffee! and sugar, white sugar—a whole loaf of it!" exclaimed Kate.

"And tea, too—only look, Annie! Two pounds at least!"

"Praise de Lord, for all his benefits," said aunt Sylla, devoutly. "Mar's Harry allers was a good 'pendence in time of trouble; and, goodness knows, I was troubled to think we couldn't do the 'spectable thing when Miss Nan was gwine to git married. Brandy, too!" she exclaimed, as John slowly drew out a bottle, marked, "Otard." "We don't want nothing now, mistress, but the fruit, to make a black-cake. There's spice and brown sugar in the store-room; and here's white sugar to ice with; but whar's the fruit to come from—the raisins and currances, and the citren? Look furdur, John; mabe mar's Harry is sent them, too."

But all John's research was in vain—no fruit was found.

"You'll have to use dried peaches, aunt Sylla," said Sue.

"Go way, Miss Sue! Who ever heard tell o' making a fruit-cake out'n dried peaches?"

"But they make a splendid plum-pudding, if you'll cut them up with a pair of scissors, and then make the pudding as if they were raisins."

"Make so; but puddins is biled, Miss Sue, and cakes is baked; and how is dried peaches going to turn out of a bake-oven, and what I going to do for citren?"

"Oh! use watermelon-rinds; I preserved some last summer, and dried them in sugar, and they look very nice, indeed."

"Yes—but how does they taste? Like sweetened chips, I'll bet."

Sue did not think it was prudent to discuss the taste of her citron any further with aunt Sylla; so she contented herself with assuring her that it would *look* quite as well as the real.

"What does Harry say, mother?" asked Annie. "Where did he get all these?"

"He must have captured some sutler's wagon," said Kate. "A colonel's pay don't allow a man to indulge in the purchase of such luxuries as white sugar, tea, and coffee, to say nothing of real old 'Otard.' Harry has been on another raid."

"You have guessed it," was the answer. "He says he will get a furlough next month, and hopes he can be at home to Annie's wedding."

"For the next fortnight nothing was thought of in Mr. Brevard's house but Annie's *trousseau* and wedding-supper. Aunt Sylla's tribulations were numerous. Like most good cooks, she scorned economy in the use of her materials; and to be stinted in sugar was the horror of her existence.

"You see, misstis, I ain't never cooked, 'cept for quality; and I can't fetch my mind and hand down to these here mean times; but as we hain't got no rasins, I s'pose I'll have to give up 'bout that fruit-cake; and as we's got some white sugar, make a silver-cake in its place."

"Annie won't think she's married, aunt Sylla, if she doesn't have a fruit-cake, or something that looks like one. Suppose we try the clipped dried peaches that Miss Sue Linwood told us of," said Kate, who was helping aunt Sylla, or rather, as the old darkie asserted, "a hinderin of me quite as much as helping; but I likes to have you round, honey, so don't mind," was her apology, when she feared she had "hurt her baby's feelings.

Kate was her special pet; but even she could not go too far without being called to order when Sylla was in one of her tempers. She was in a "tall one," as Harry used to say, whenever there was any special cooking to be done; and he often declared that aunt Sylla

never did justice to herself in the cooking line until she was "half mad," when she rose to the occasion, and laid Soyez in the shade. She was decidedly three-quarters mad this morning, and in reply to Kate's suggestion, vowed she wouldn't make a dried-peach cake.

"And I jest wish, Miss Kate, you'd clear out of my kitchen, and go into the parlors, where you belongs."

"That's just what I mean to do, you good-for-nothing cross old thing!" said Kate, throwing down the egg-beater, and untying her apron; "and when I get married, I'll send for aunt Jenny to come up here and make my wedding-cake; you shan't touch it, since you are so obstinate, and won't try to please Annie," and with that Miss Kate flitted out of the kitchen in a well-assumed wrath, and betook herself to her bed-room, well knowing, by long experience, that it was best, in aunt Sylla's case, to fight fire with fire; and that the more conciliating she became, the more unmanageable and unendurable aunt Sylla grew.

She had been about half an hour working on a new Alamance-plaid traveling-dress for Annie, when the door opened, and Jake, aunt Sylla's son, who, under John, was being trained as a waiter, but had as yet only reached the dignity of wielding the fly-brush in summer, and "tending the door-bell," put his head in and said,

"Miss Kate, mammy says if you ain't busy, stop there a minit."

"Tell her I am busy," was the short answer.

"Flag of truce number one," laughed Annie, to whom Kate had narrated her encounter with aunt Sylla on the subject of the peach-cake.

In five minutes Jake returned.

"Miss Kate, mammy says you reckon Miss Sue Linwood would give her some watermelon-rinds, if she was to send me over to ax for 'em?"

"Tell her I don't know whether she would or not."

"Flag number two," said Annie.

Fifteen minutes elapsed before Jake reappeared.

"Miss Kate, I'se bin over to Miss Sue's and got the watermelon-rinds, and mammy says, must she put 'em in the cake same as sure-nuff citron?"

"Tell her I don't know anything about it."

"Flag number three," said Annie, as Jake closed the door. "How many more are you going to make her send, Kate?"

"I don't know; if I don't bring her down, she'll 'bother us,' as she only can, for a whole week; she's always twice as good after we have had a regular battle-royal."

"Here he comes again," said Annie, as Jake was heard trotting up stairs.

"Miss Kate, mammy says, if you'll jest step down in the kitchen, and read her the receipt for making dat ar cake what Miss Sue told you 'bout, she'll see if she can't 'complish it somehow."

"Tell her I'm getting ready to go out to uncle Joe's to spend the day, and will stop as I pass through the yard, and read it to her."

"You are not going, really—are you?" said Annie.

"Not a bit of it. She'll be up here herself in three minutes, if she thinks I'm going out."

And so it proved. In less than that time, aunt Sylla put her head in at the door-way instead of Jake, and, all smiles, said blandly,

"Do, Miss Katie, honey, step down to the kitchen before you begin to dress. I didn't mean to make you mad, honey; you know old Sylla gits cranky sometimes."

"Very well, I'll come directly," said Kate, coolly.

"I know'd she'd come if I went after her; but fer all that, this here nigger ain't gwine to fall from her word, and make no sich messes as a dried-peach cake," chuckled Sylla to herself, as she crossed the yard. "Let this darkie alone fer gitting out'n a tight place, and making something out'n nothing."

Kate followed her in a few moments, and was received with a mysterious nod of the head, and,

"I didn't want Miss Annie to know it, honey, so I wouldn't say nothing before her; but lets I and you keep dark, and make a cake for her out'n dried-cherries, they'll look a sight more like rasins than clipped peaches will; and we won't tell nobody at all but misstis, and set 'em all to guessing what it is, like we did 'bout the black tea we made out'n dried blackberry leaves."

"That's the very idea, aunt Sylla," said Kate, enthusiastically, her assumed anger vanishing as soon as she saw it had produced the desired effect. "You are a real old trump; and I won't get-married till the war is over, and we can get raisins and currants; and you shall make Annie a sure-enough black-cake at the same time you make mine."

"That's right, honey; don't you go to gitting married in these here war times; for I 'clare to gracious, if Miss Annie was taking up long with a stranger, and not one of the family, I should feel down right mean and ashamed of myself to be a-making of her wedding-cake out'n dried-cherries 'stead of rasins; but mar's Dick, he knows tain't stinginess, 'case he's

seen how we lives in sure-enough times. Med-jure out the brandy, Miss Kate, honey, will you—my hands is in the batter."

Kate poured out the brandy, sifted the spice, and rubbed the dried-cherries into flour, while aunt Sylla's arm and tongue both kept time to the pat of her foot on the floor.

"Taste it, Miss Kate," she said, when all the ingredients were mixed, "and tell me if there's brandy enough in it."

"Hm'n, hm'n! aunt Sylla! it's as sour as if it was all dried-cherries; put some more sugar in it."

"I can't, Miss Kate, I 'clare I can't; 'twon't be so sour when the cherries is cooked; and ef I puts a ounce more of sugar in it, 'twill make it heavy. I can't make it taste like real black-cake, Miss Kate; but I kin make it look like it, and looks is what I'm striking at now."

"It does look just like really black-cake; bake me a little one, aunt Sylla, in a patty-pan, that I may taste it."

"Yes, honey; jest hand me one off the shelf, will you?"

Kate obeyed; and half an hour afterward drew from the stove as nice a looking little black-cake as aunt Sylla ever produced from that recess. The two tasked it anxiously, and could not deny it was sour, but not so sour as to be disagreeable; so they unanimously voted dried-cherry cake superior to dried-peach cake, and by night had a large loaf of it nicely iced, and securely hidden where Annie could not see it. It being one of aunt Sylla's superstitions that the bride should know nothing of the cakes prepared for the wedding, as a glance from her eye was sure to make them heavy before they baked, and tough afterward.

"Annie," said Kate, next day, "I am distressed about your bonnet. What are we to make it of? You must have a dress bonnet."

"Perhaps father will get me one in Augusta. He will be at home to-night; so don't worry about it yet."

"If he does not, I shall certainly beg him to buy that green silk, and have one made of that."

"What, a green bridal-hat! No, indeed! If I am to have a colored one, it shan't be green; nor will I have any of those old clothes, Kate—and it's no use talking about it. There! who says that's not pretty," and as she spoke, Annie held up a black-and-white Alamance-plaid, trimmed with bands of blue merino and steel buttons.

"Put it on, and let me see the *tout ensemble*," said Kate.

"Very well, I will, if you will get my hat

out of the wardrobe. There! how does it look?"

"The dress does very well; but the hat looks bare—it needs a plume; that black velvet bow is not enough."

"It will have to do, for I can't get a plume."

"I mean to make John catch the old rooster and pull out his tail. I can make a splendid *plume de cog* of it, with some of the neck feathers to finish it off."

"Wait till he goes to roost to-night, it will be the very thing; the hat is too dark, and the orange neck feathers will set it off very well."

"No, I can't wait. I must have it right off;" and down stairs Kate ran, and soon had John chasing the old rooster round the yard, with Jake to head him. Between them they caught him just as aunt Sylla stepped out to see "who was a-fooling with that there chicken-cock."

"Law! Miss Kate, there's a whole bunch of them feathers in the spare-room bureau-drawer, if that's what you want. I tied them up for little Miss Laura, and forgot to give 'em to her. Run up there, Jake, and get 'em out the top drawer."

Jake soon returned, and the feathers he brought, added to those Kate had already secured, enabled her to trim Annie's traveling-hat in a most coquettish and becoming style. Mr. Brevard arrived that afternoon from Augusta, where he had gone on business a few days before, charged by Kate to buy everything pretty he saw, and, if possible, get Annie a bonnet; but no bonnets were to be had."

"Nothing but hats, Katie, darling; Palmetto hats, the lightest, prettiest things imaginable. I bought one for each of you."

Kate shrieked a little shrill scream of delight, as she opened the box and took out two little hats made of split Palmetto; so light as to be hardly felt on the head, and plaited as neatly as any straw she had ever worn in the days when she always had the best that money could buy. They were daintily trimmed with black velvet, edged with black lace.

"Now, if I only had a bonnet for Annie. Mother has given us her black silk for basquines; father and I have made Annie the prettiest dressing-gown you ever saw out of a Turkey red curtain; it is trimmed with black alpaca, and looks quite French. It was too gay for a dress, but it saved the calico she was going to make up into a dressing-gown, and gives her one more morning-dress; and we have made over all those elegant silk dresses mother had when she used to go to Washington city with you, that she has never worn here

because they were too handsome; and I have taken all the baby-clothes that mother has been hoarding ever since Laura was a baby, and made white bodies and under-sleeves; and I have ripped up that buckskin gun-cover of yours, and had it washed; and Miss Tilly is making her a pair of gloves of it for every-day wear; and to-morrow you are to go to the auction and buy her some of these stockings, and two pairs of kid gloves, that were brought out, in the blockade-runner, for Miss Gren-nough."

"The mischief I am! Do you know what I gave for these hats? One hundred and fifty dollars a piece."

"Well, and you'll have to give fifty dollars a pair for the gloves, and as much for the stockings; but in return you shall have a cup of real coffee for your supper to-night that shan't cost you a cent, and a lump of white sugar to put into it."

"That's a bribe, certainly," said Mr. Brevard, who was very fond of coffee, and missed it more than any other luxury—indeed, it was almost a necessity to him.

"Oh! sis Kate, what is them pretty white things in the shuder-dish?" asked little Laura, as Kate ostentatiously took up a lump of white sugar in the sugar-tongs to drop into her father's cup of coffee.

"You poor little baby!" said Kate. "Is it possible you have forgotten what white sugar is?"

"Tain't shuder—it's salt; you's jest trying to fool me."

"Taste it, monkey!"

But Laura demurred, and it was only by great coaxing she could be brought to put a bit in her mouth.

"It does taste like shuder," she said, as she swallowed it.

Obedient to Miss Kate's orders, Mr. Brevard attended the auction; and on his return threw into her lap two parcels, saying,

"There, Miss Kate, I've bought a thousand dollars worth of 'woman's fixings' for you and Annie; look at them, and see if they are what you wanted."

Kate opened the parcels, and found stockings in one, and gloves and handkerchiefs in the other.

"What would they have cost, mother, in the old times?" he asked.

"Well, I think the stockings would have been about fifty cents a pair, and the handkerchiefs about the same, perhaps a little more; and the gloves would have been a dollar."

"Then I did not give too much for them according to the price of gold? Take them to Annie, Kate, and tell her I had a telegram, about an hour ago, from Dick, who will be here this afternoon in the train; and Harry is coming with him, mother."

"And I haven't invented, contrived, or created a bonnet for Annie yet," said Kate, as she gathered the things slowly up.

"Can't you find anything in mother's stores?" asked her father.

"No. I've rummaged everything; and mother got almost angry when she found I had cut up grandma's black crape shawl to make a Garibaldi waist; she only forgave me when she saw how pretty it was. The wedding-dress is made of three white crape shawls, and the lace on it is the same that was on mother's. She is to wear mother's wedding-veil, also; and I have covered a pair of slippers for her with a piece of your wedding-vest; it won't show the yellow hue by candle-light, though it's almost cream-colored."

"Why, Kate, what will we do when your time comes? You haven't left a thing for yourself, I'm afraid."

"Oh! I've promised aunt Sylla that, for the respectability of the family, I won't marry till the war is over. But I must go up stairs and take one more rummage in the scrap-trunk; perhaps I can find something there."

But nothing was forthcoming from the scrap-trunk that could be made available; and leaving Annie to prepare for meeting Dick, Kate put on her bonnet and ran over to consult Sue Linwood.

"I was just going over to see you, Kate," said Sue. "See what I have for Annie;" and she held up a bunch of feather flowers made of white pigeon's feathers. "I would not tell you till I was sure I should succeed. Now these white jessamine and these lily-buds, mixed with that green wreath of Annie's, which is almost new, will make a beautiful trimming for her bonnet."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Kate, taking up the flowers, which were really as well made, though not colored as artistically, as those of the celebrated nun, Clementina, of Madeira.

"But, oh, Sue! where is the bonnet to come from?"

"Why, couldn't we make her one out of shucks?"

"Shucks?" said Kate. "Do you mean corn-shucks?"

"Yes. See here," and Sue drew a box from the drawer of her bureau, and opening it,

showed Kate a delicate white braid, something like that of which her Palmetto hat was made. "I learned to do it last summer, and have almost enough done for a hat; I shan't want it till next summer, and can braid another by that time. Now, why can't we cover a bonnet-frame with alternate rows of this and white lace, and trim it with these feather-flowers and green leaves?"

"Sue, you are a friend, indeed, for you are a friend in need!" exclaimed Kate.

"Don't tell Annie about it till it's done. I have no lace—but you have plenty; so bring it over here to-morrow, and we will take all the material to Mrs. Thompson, and see if she can't make it."

"Let us go at once. I shall sleep better, and enjoy Harry and Dick's company twice as much if I have this bonnet off my mind."

In fifteen minutes they were *en route* for Miss Thompson's. Miss Thompson had made Mrs. Brevard's wedding-dress, and been for a generation the milliner and mantua-maker of Raleigh. She readily undertook to do her best for Annie, and succeeded wonderfully. The lace was really handsome; and Sue's feather-flowers did not shame the French artificial leaves made of *crepe*; while the broad, white strings, when caught together with a diamond star, which had belonged to Annie's grandmother, were, Kate truly said, infinitely more graceful and becoming than a bow of ribbon would have been.

But when aunt Sylla saw the tall, fine-looking groomsmen, who accompanied Harry and Dick Brevard, and marked the evident admiration of Kate, she began to fear that her "young Miss" would forget her promise of not marrying till the war was over; and even the perfect success of her dried-cherry cake could not console her under this reflection. John, however, comforted her, by telling her, "them as stood up together as bridesmaid and groomsmen never would stand up as bride and groom;" after which she entered, heart and soul, into what was going on, and declared, "that, after all, Miss Annie's wedding warn't such a bad thing; you know, John, if she had 'er got married in peace-times, mar's Harry and mar's Dick wouldn't 'er had on their new uniforms, with their gold stars on their collar, and the quereccies on the sleeves—and them sets off a man mighty, I can tell you."

"Yes," replied John, "I hain't heard a word from mar's Harry 'bout them old pantaloons that misstis cut up to go in her rag-carpet, since he got that there new uniform; and it's

my 'pinion that she couldn't do better than to keep making raids, as he calls it, into his clothes, and giving of 'em to me, so as to 'bleege him always to wear new ones. He fotch home a span new piece of gray cloth to make another coat of; and 'fore he could mor'n git it out his trunk, Miss Kate lit on it like a duck on a June-bug, and had me a-carrying of it round to Miss Pottses, to see if there was enough to make Miss Annie a cloak out'n it; and she tuck mar's Dick's right new brass buttons to trim it with 'fore he could say Jack Rob'nson—he gin ten dollars a piece for 'em."

"Ah! she's a smart one, Miss Kate is; and if it hadn't been for me and her, Miss Annie wouldn't 'er had no wedding-clothes, and no wedding-cake nuther."

And in this belief, aunt Sylla sipped the glass of egg-nog she had taken to drink Miss Annie

and mar's Dick's good luck in; and carefully folding up a piece of the dried-cherry wedding-cake in a piece of newspaper, put it into her bosom to dream on, vowing she'd keep it till she was ready to make Miss Kate's wedding-cake; as it was bad luck to let the seed of wedding-cake get out'n the house, once it comes in, as long as there was daughters in it to marry.

Never did bride look prettier than Annie Brevard did in her white embroidered Canton-crepe dress, half covered with the folds of the elegant lace veil which her mother had worn as a bride twenty-four years before; and Kate, as she looked at her sister standing under the full light of the chandelier, gave a sigh of relief, and said to her sister-handmaid, Sue Linwood,

"At last, Sue, my mind is at rest about ANNIE'S TROUSSEAU."

JUST OVER THE WAY.

BY LETTA C. LORD.

THE sun is descending, its golden beams
Are tinging each tree and flower;
Nature seems dressed in her richest robe
At this beautiful sunset hour.
The birds are trilling their evening songs—
How blithesome and happy are they;
And I'm thinking the while of a brown-eyed maid,
Who lives just over the way;
A brown-eyed girl, with dimple and curl,
Who lives just over the way.
The brooklet is dancing adown the vale,
With a merry, hurrying sweep,
Gayly kissing the moss a good-night,
And lulling the flowers to sleep.
I wonder if she, with the soft brown curls

That over her fair brow stray,
Is thinking of me, as I think of her,
Who lives just over the way;
That brown-eyed girl, with dimple and curl,
Who lives just over the way.

There's a wine-wreathed cottage beside the brook,
Nestling 'mid trees and flowers;
There are roses as sweet, and lilies as fair,
As blossomed in Eden's bowers.
The golden rays of the setting sun,
Fell softly o'er branch and spray;
They'll soon be blessed by the presence sweet
Of Maggie just over the way;
That brown-eyed girl, with dimple and curl,
That lives just over the way.

THE RELIQUARY.

BY CLARENCE FREDERICK BUHLER.

In the heart are secret chambers,
Where the breath of Memory clears,
From the jewels in the necklace
Of affection, dust of years.

There are trivial relics valued
For the giver's sake, and there
Are the birds'-nests found in childhood,
Rusted rings and locks of hair.

There are broken toys, and albums
That, between their leaves, have got
Many a sweet memento folded,
Like a pressed forget-me-not.

There's a cradle, on whose pillow
Is the print of baby cheeks;
And those chambers' every echo
With a prattling accent speaks.

There are portraits that Remembrance,
Like an artist, as they fade
Oft retouches, and the fragments
Of a bridal-wreath decayed.

Take, oh, Time! the frail enjoyments
That make life a holiday;
But thy hand on those pearls stringing,
Memory's thread lay gently, pray.

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUBY GRAY never closed her eyes that night, but walked her room like some hunted animal. Hour after hour, as she sat in her easy-chair, pondering over the bitter thoughts that had seized upon her, till the poison stirred her whole being, in her growing wrath she fairly hated the innocent girl who had robbed her of the man she so madly loved; for now that she had lost him, Ruby owned to herself that with all her life and strength she adored Preston Moreton. At last the morning broke, soft and gray over the water, and with a thrill of pain, such as she had never in her life felt before, Ruby watched a flood of glory break into the sky, and kindle up the water till each tiny wavelet seemed crested with rose-leaves scattered from the heavens. Then the woman arose, with a fierce joy at her heart, the morning had come, and she could act. In a few hours young Gray would be with her to fulfill his appointment of the previous afternoon, which seemed years away from her now, so completely had the suffering of one night broken chasms into her life.

The day broke upon her sitting in front of a large mirror in full dress, just as she had gone up from dinner the day before. But all the bloom had gone from her face. Dark shadows, so blue that they were almost purple, lay under her beautiful eyes, which had lost their velvety softness, and covered with smouldering fire.

"How haggard—how white I am!" she said, pushing the hair back from her temples with both hands. "One would think I had been ill a month; my very face has grown thin. Great heavens! is it true? Can I love any man like this? Can I suffer so? I, Ruby Gray, the coquette—the—the—"

A wild laugh broke from her, and, covering her face with the folds of her white dress, she rocked to and fro, now in tears, now laughing hysterically.

There had been flowers on her bosom the night before—roses, and one of those feathery Japan lilies that seem to have sprung into bloom out of a snow-drift; but they were all

broken and crushed now, and lay upon her disturbed dress a handful of soiled leaves, colorless and bruised, "As my heart has been—as my heart has been," she muttered, tearing them out from the folds of white muslin, and dashing them from her, leaving a stain on the outside of her bosom, and aching hot within. "Yet they were fresh only yesterday; and I so confident, so certain of him."

She got up, wearily, and changed her dress, brushed out her long, golden hair, and swept it back in rippling waves from her forehead, which still remained cloudy and contracted, spite of the almost metallic splendor that crowned it. "And all this for him—for him," she cried, dashing the palm of her hand against the white cheek, as if she hated herself for the suffering she could not help. "Will nothing bring my color back—not even a blow? See how the red fades away again! But I have rouge somewhere. How I scolded the poor maid for daring to bring it to me! But I will use it now. No human being shall know how he has struck me on the heart."

With a gesture of loathing, Ruby took the rouge from her dressing-case, and brightened her face with it for the first time in her brilliant life.

"There," she said, defiantly, "who will dare to say that I have not slept well? A little on the lips, too. Let them talk of whitened sepulchres—I know what it means now."

Ruby went down stairs in the freshest possible dress, with forced smiles and false color on her face. She longed for the pure air; for the passionate sorrow that had hunted her down in the night, seemed to have drained the life from her veins like a vampire. She opened a French window and went into the garden, which was just then brilliant with verbenas and scarlet geraniums, on which the dew was hanging like jewels. A troop of humming-birds was flashing in and out of the trumpet honey-suckles, and burying themselves in the bells of the white lilies, making them tremble on their stalks in yielding up the honey which gave sweetness to their brief lives.

Ruby drew a deep breath, but the perfumed air made her faint. What was it to her that the earth was beautiful, or blossoms fragrant, if he enjoyed these things with another?

Ruby wandered on, treading down the flowers with her high heels, and dashing aside blossoming vines which trailed over her with bitter violence. She was in haste to look toward the farm-house, and see if any one was stirring there, just as one is fascinated by the writhing of a rattlesnake, which it would be happiness to kill and trample into the dust. She took out poor Zua's poem and read it over again, biting her lips fiercely as each word struck its venom into her soul. "Oh! if I could kill her—if I only dared!"

She thrust the paper into her bosom, though every nerve in her body shuddered from it, as Cleopatra must have shuddered when she first felt the asp bite.

"Great heavens! that she should have written like this, while I, with all this idolatry, this agony of love, am struck dumb. How dare she? How dare she?"

Ruby stopped under a juniper-tree that slanted down the bank, half uprooted, but still clinging to the rocky soil with that sharp tenacity of life which makes some trees seem almost human, and cast a quick glance toward the farm-house. A boat was putting from the shore, in which one man was rowing.

Ruby had no glass, but she could see that this person carried the dress and air of a gentleman.

What if it were Preston? He had begun to walk now, and might be coming that way to explain all that seemed strange in his conduct. He had loved her once, she was sure of that. *Could* a few short weeks change any man so completely? Billy Clark might be mistaken—she was a fool to trust his weak judgment in anything. The poem—oh! how that stung her! But was *he* responsible for the poetic frenzy of a girl so new to the world as Zua Wheaton? Besides, the best and wisest, when once given to vice, would exaggerate. What if the lines that seemed burning into her heart had sprung entirely from the imagination? Such things had been, and would be again, no doubt. Yes, yes, it must be him; the man was tall and slender; the low hat shaded his face, but it must be—it must!

She sat close to the juniper, which quivered in all its fruit-laden branches as she leaned against it, and watched the boat, holding her breath with intense expectation. She would have given anything for a glass, but made a

tube of her pretty hand, through which she gathered in every plunge and curve of the little craft.

At last she dropped the hand into her lap and uttered a low cry, which was almost a wail of pain.

"Oh! God help me! it is that other man, Wheaton! I cannot see him—I will not see him."

She sprang up, like a hunted thing, and began to make her way along the zig-zag path, hoping to escape the man her coquetry had so often invited; but when about half way to the house, she turned slowly back and went down the path again, passing the juniper on her way to the shore.

"I will see him," she thought; "he can tell me the truth. Bitter as it may be, I had best learn it from him. The man loves me as only persons of his age can love. I think that years, which should make them grand, leaves them abject, as if love were merely a thing of youth! Oh, me! I should love *him* if he were thrice my age. Why not—why not?"

She came down on the beach as these thoughts were in her mind, and seemed busy gathering mosses from the stones, and tiny shells from the sand, which she flung away again, striving by this careless exercise to gain composure, and force back the anxiety which gnawed at her heart like a vulture. All this time she seemed so occupied, that any person in the boat would have thought his approach unobserved. Her look was toward the farm-house now, and she was walking slowly, with her face to the island, stooping now and then to pick up a pebble or shell in an idle, listless way, which seemed full of indolent grace. A step on the sand, following the grating noise of a boat pushed swiftly ashore, became audible, but she she did not look back.

"Mrs. Gray! Dear lady!"

The deep, manly voice that uttered these words trembled a little, and she felt that it was full time to recognize the intruder's presence. Turning quickly, as if taken by surprise, she saw Mr. Wheaton flushed with exercise and breathing quickly.

"Mrs. Gray, this is fortunate—I was coming to the house."

"Indeed! It is very early. We have not breakfasted yet—at least I have not."

"As I expected and hoped. Forgive me, lady; but I have something to say which will gain me the privilege of sharing your meal, or leave me without appetite for any other. You can guess—you must know, Mrs. Gray, how

dearly I love you, how more than anxious I am to make you my wife. Be frank, be generous, and tell me if there is a shadow of hope that, some day, you may return this love?"

The man spoke earnestly, honestly, and with a certain pathos in his voice that would have aroused noble feelings in a generous woman. Ruby Gray was taken by surprise; she had not expected this point-blank, almost abrupt proposal, and was thrown into confusion by it. She lifted her eyes, softened and made serious by that night of suffering, and let them dwell a moment on the face bent so eloquently over her.

"I am unprepared, Mr. Wheaton—you surprise me so!"

The woman absolutely faltered, and the trouble at her heart swelling up again, made her voice tremulous with real feeling. She felt a sort of aching pity for this man, who, like herself, was loving hopelessly.

"You cannot be surprised, Mrs. Gray. Words are nothing when a heart loves earnestly. Besides, I have almost asked you before. Look up. Oh! give me one glance, to say that you have expected this, and are not offended."

"I am not offended, Mr. Wheaton. How could any woman be that, when so honored? But there are obstacles, impediments."

"None that a love like mine shall not remove."

"But some obstacles are beyond the power of the strongest man," she said, gently.

"You speak of my age; true enough, I cannot remove that disparity—would to heaven it were possible."

"It was not that. With me, a few years, more or less, might pass unheeded; but you have other ties—a daughter."

"Yes, the sweetest and dearest girl in the world; but she will not stay with me forever. This very morning I have had a conversation which threatens my home with deeper loneliness, unless you will turn my desolation into a paradise on earth."

Ruby Gray's face turned deadly pale, so pale that the red glow of the rouge she had used burned upon it like fire on white ashes. The voice in her throat grew husky, and struggled to her lips with a pang of burning anguish and bitter hate. She spoke almost in a whisper,

"Is your daughter about to be married, then?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Do I know the person?"

"It is his greatest recommendation that he is a friend of yours."

"You mean—you mean——"

She could not utter the name. The pride in her struggled hard, but it died on her lips, leaving them cold and white.

"You have guessed rightly, sweet Ruby. It is our guest for whom Zua is about to leave me—a noble fellow as ever lived, I do believe."

"Mr. Wheaton," said Ruby, in a low, constrained voice, which seemed to leave her lips reluctantly, "I must advise—I must warn you."

"Oh! what? Of whom? Speak out, dear one."

"If you desire me—if you are in earnest."

"In earnest? Great heavens! do you doubt that?"

"I—I doubt everything since—— But what am I saying?"

"Nothing to which I could not listen forever."

Ruby had been very near making charges which might have demanded proof. She grew more cautious after the first shock passed, and retraced her steps adroitly as of old.

"I—I was about to say that if all other impediments were, or could be removed, the society of your sweet daughter would be one great inducement. You cannot think how I love her, so bright and beautiful! Oh! Mr. Wheaton, put this thing off. She is so young, and I fear—oh! I fear so much."

"Fear what, Ruby? My queen of gems—let me call you so!"

"Call me anything that pleases you; only do not say—that is, do not, I implore you, part with that dear girl so suddenly. Half the charm that seems to draw me to your house against my will rests in her."

"In her? And have I no share?"

Ruby lifted her velvety eyes after a fashion that had brought many a victim to her feet, but said nothing. Indeed, she was too keenly agitated for fluency of speech. Mr. Wheaton saw this, and prided himself upon it. What but gentle timidity, and that trembling consciousness which the truest passion of love gives, could have so effected Ruby Gray? For the first time he felt assured that she loved him well."

"Then you care for me a little?" he said, stooping over her.

"A little?" she murmured; and another glance from those beautiful eyes made the heart leap in his bosom. He threw his arms around her as they stood within the shelter of the bank, on which some cedars grew thickly together, and strained her to his bosom, kissing her forehead, her hair, and, at last, her lips;

at which she broke from his arms with a struggle of revolt which startled him.

"Have I offended you, Ruby?"

She was white as marble, and her blue eyes flashed angrily. She could coquette, and deceive, and tempt, like a syren; but, with her whole heart belonging to that one man, her entire being revolted at this outbreak. But even that feeling, strong and real as it was, she soon smothered down and half concealed.

"You frighten me,"

Her eyes filled with genuine tears, her lips quivered. She could subdue her anger, but that deeper feeling which true love gives, even to a bad heart, had been wounded, she dared not show how keenly. Wheaton was touched by this sensitive modesty, which seemed without alloy.

"Forgive me!" he pleaded, taking her hand respectfully, as if she had been an empress. "Forgive me! I would not offend you for the world; only say that you love me."

"I can say nothing now. See how I tremble."

She held out her white hands pleadingly. It was true, they trembled like lilies in the wind, and her face wore a look of distress that touched her generous lover to the heart.

"And I have done this. In my rude manhood I forgot how delicate, how sensitive you are. Shall I leave you now?"

"Yes, yes—do! To-morrow! Any time I shall be glad to see you; but this is so sudden. I was expecting——"

She paused suddenly, and her pale face flushed scarlet.

"You expected more—more form, more dignity in a man of my age—and so it should have been; but this new, this exquisite passion has brought back all my youth. I cannot feel like a boy and act like an anchorite. You will not think the less of me, dear one, because I have been so rash?"

"No. Leave me, now, dear Mr. Wheaton. I shall be more composed, more reasonable, when we meet again."

He turned to obey her, but she called him back in a breathless, hurried way, that surprised him.

"Mr. Wheaton, will you make me one promise?"

"A thousand, if that will bring back your smiles again."

"Then do not be in haste about this marriage. I speak of your daughter. I should feel chilled to enter your house if she were away. Besides, the probation of a year will do no harm where a man like Moreton is concerned."

"Why, Ruby? Be frank with me. Do you know anything against him?"

"I? Do not ask me. We sometimes like people, and are friendly with them, in spite of great faults. Mr. Moreton is my friend, I must not say one word against him; only be sure of this, no harm can arise by delay. The time of any engagement should not, in prudence, be less than a year."

"Oh, Ruby! how cruel!"

She smiled, in her winning fashion, and said, gently, "Unless the position of the person is so assured by general respect and long residence as to make delay a simple matter of convenience."

Wheaton took her hand and kissed it softly, as if it had been a flower he was afraid of bruising.

"How good you are!"

"In my heart, yes. But there may arise circumstances to which all feelings must yield."

"Oh, Ruby! Why raise my hopes to dash them so?"

"I do not say that anything of the kind really exists; but all things are possible."

"Except that I should cease to love you, or be content to live without you."

"Perhaps," she said, with one of her sweetest smiles. "But you have not promised yet."

"Promised what, about Zua? Why, of course, I shall do as you wish."

"That is generous—that is trustful! Believe me, I have your daughter's best interest at heart."

"I believe it. Who could doubt such goodness. Besides, your suggestion is a wise one. I have been rash in sanctioning this engagement without more knowledge of the man. But he was so ardent, so intensely in earnest, that my better judgment was carried away."

Wheaton broke off suddenly, and flung his arm around Ruby Gray, to support her, for she turned white as snow, and was attempting to support herself by the trunk of a cedar, which was so far off that she must have fallen but for him.

"How pale you are. Look up, darling, and tell me what it is!"

"Am I pale? How absurd. It was only a garter-snake—not poisonous, I am told—but still a snake; and his very rustle in the grass made me faint. So young Moreton is urgent—impetuously in love, I dare say."

"Impetuously in love? I should think so."

"And she?"

"Oh! one does not confess such things of one's daughter."

"But, of course, she is interested—fascinated."

"There is little wonder at that, dearest, when you think of the man. Moreton is a magnificent fellow."

"And he will be hers—her husband?"

Had the garter-snake come back and crept across her heart, the woman could not have looked more coldly pale, or shivered with such bitter revolt. But, all at once, her blue eyes fired up, her cheeks became scarlet, and the edges of her white teeth shone through the curved redness of her lips.

"But you have promised me," she said, pressing his arm till her fingers grasped it firmly.

"Promised? Yes, gladly enough! But you, Ruby—have I your pledge, also?"

"How can you doubt it? But go, now; I must have time to think."

"I shall only think of you. Say that I have not offended you before I go."

"Offended me? If I was disturbed a moment, it is passed now. I must say, good-morning!"

She held out her hand, smiled upon him, and turned into the zig-zag path which led upward to the garden.

Wheaton watched her till the last flutter of her dress was lost amid the greenness of the trees, then went down to his boat, and pulled himself out upon the water; so happy, that he fairly sung to the even dip of his oars, and smiled back a beam of joy to every glint of sunshine that twined the drops he threw upward into diamonds.

Ruby Gray looked back upon him as she stood, sheltered and concealed by the cedar-trees. The smiles upon her face had changed to mingled pain and hate. The wrath of a heart bitterly wounded burned in those blue eyes.

"Go," she said, in a firm whisper; "go and work for me. You have had full pay in advance—smiles, and sweet words, and promises, that match yours as brittle glass meets iron; but that reward is enough. Insolent vanity! to believe that I, Ruby Gray, could love him; could accept life in that house! I wonder how such men can be so easily deceived. Charles Gray would have understood me at once."

"Yes, fair lady, Charles Gray flatters himself that he usually does understand you tolerably well."

Ruby started. She had been talking aloud, while Charles Gray stood within a yard of her, laughing pleasantly at her agitation.

"Charles! Mr. Gray! What does this mean?"

"You invited me, fair lady, and I have come. That is all."

"True, I did; but not exactly in this easy fashion, or so early."

"Oh! I have come over to breakfast. Van Lora's cook pleases me; and, after a sharp ride, one can readily put up with worse fare than I have found here. You want to talk with me, and *vice versa*. Let us start fair, with a good breakfast. The morning is all before us, and I have discovered a lovely little cove, where the water sets up into a ravine, down yonder, with hemlock shadows all around it. We will have our confidences out down there; the solitude is perfect."

Ruby laughed, half scornfully.

"With what masterful selfishness you arrange things," she said. "But this time your will suits mine; any solitude will do, if we can have it to ourselves."

"No one can reach us there, *ma belle*, unless they drop down the steepest banks you ever saw, or come upon us from the water. My horse shied from the brink as I looked down. Believe me, it is safe. Now let us go in to breakfast. I met Van Lorn in the garden, and he asked me to find you; the family is waiting."

"I have no appetite. Go in, and join me by-and-by."

"That I will not, Ruby. Go in and take a strong cup of coffee, it will stop that shivering. Come."

"Shivering! Do I shiver? Go in, Charles, I will follow."

"Take my arm, Ruby; don't be afraid. What has come over you, child? I never saw you in earnest before. Has your heart made a plunge into deep water for once? All this looks like it. Now a sharp fellow would say that he had found your weak side, Mrs. Gray."

Ruby turned away her head angrily. She felt that this bad, selfish man was getting her at a disadvantage, and made a stern effort to retrieve herself.

"What nonsense, Charles! Had I been weak in anything, you would have found it out long ago. But here is Mrs. Van Lorn, all impatience, I dare say. We must not keep her waiting longer."

She sauntered into the house, chatting lightly, as if no deep or painful feeling existed with either of them. They greeted Mrs. Van Lorn with smiles and excuses, chatted lightly over the table, while Gray eat a hearty breakfast, and Ruby drank two or three cups of the strongest coffee with unconscious eagerness. All this was irksome to the woman, and she

fairly hated the young man for his self-possession. Of this she gave no sign, but sat languidly playing with some fruit that had been placed before her, bandying jests with him all the time.

"Now," said Gray, at last, arising from the table and taking his hat, "if you will point out that fancy boat of yours, sister Ruby, I will show you the place we were speaking of."

Ruby arose languidly, and took her hat and parasol.

"I dare say it will prove nothing worth the trouble," she said. "But I have no other engagement."

She took his arm and went out among the flowers. Mrs. Van Lorn looked after them, and observed to her husband what a fine couple they were.

"Yes," he said, looking up from his paper; "splendid, if she would not force me to eat a cold breakfast five mornings in the week. A charming guest, but for that."

Mrs. Van Lorn did not answer; she was busy looking after the handsome couple, as they descended the hill-path. In her heart she believed an engagement would be recorded that day between the two, and took a womanly interest in the proceedings, as married ladies will, after working out a life romance for themselves.

"I should not be surprised in the least," she muttered, turning from the door.

"Surprised at what?" came from behind the newspaper.

"If they made a match," answered the lady.

"Let them; what is it to us, if she chooses to throw herself away," answered Van Lorn, laying down his paper.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEITHER Charles nor Ruby Gray spoke a word, after they left the house, till they came in sight of the little boat, which the lady considered almost as her own. Gray untied the cable, helped her into the pretty craft, and took his seat at the oars in a grave, manly way, that convinced Ruby that, for once, he was as much in earnest as herself. The sun was bright now, and flickered over the waves like quicksilver; but Gray kept within the shadows of the bank, where the very waters took a greenish tinge from the dense foliage, and rowed on in silence. More than once he cast a glance at Ruby, who sat pale and still in the boat, with quivers of pain passing now and then over her face, which was fixed and resolved as he had never seen it before.

At last the boat curved into a little bay, and

lost itself in the deep shadows of hemlock, cedars, and pines, that dotted the precipitous banks on all sides, except that which opened upon the blue and the sunshine of the waters. There rocks, covered with lichen, ferns, and moss, greener than emeralds, loomed above them, darkened by one vast entanglement of branches, and woven together by the roots of young birch-trees and wild grape-vines, that never found sunshine enough to ripen the fruit from spring-time to autumn.

Young Gray drew in his oars, laid them carefully down, and addressed the lady so suddenly, that Ruby uttered a faint shriek; for the gloom of the place had oppressed her, and a sleepless night had left her nervous beyond anything she had ever experienced before.

"Now we are in a safe place; let us be honest with each other for once in our lives, Ruby," he said.

She looked at him in amazement. This was not the usual fashion of his speech. She had expected protestations of love, intercession, entreaties—anything but honest frankness.

He saw that she was perplexed, and went on.

"Ruby, the time has come when you must decide. I will be trifled with no longer. You shall not put me off, or tamper with me as you do with other men. To cheat me as you cheat them is impossible. The truth is, Ruby, we know each other too well, you and I—so let us take a fair stand-point, and have the thing out."

Ruby looked at him with wondering eyes and parted lips.

"Go on," she said, after a pause. "Go on, and let me know what you are aiming at."

"For once in my life I am aiming to be honest. How is it with you, my dear?"

Ruby laughed scornfully. How could she help it, knowing him as she did.

"Don't attempt impossibilities, Charles."

"I will not urge them upon you, at any rate, fair sister. Still, if you can be truthful, confess at once that you detest me."

"In this case," answered Ruby, the truth will be such a luxury, that I cannot resist it. With my whole heart I do detest you. Will that suffice?"

"Bravo! We shall get on now. Never fear; you detest and dread me."

"No, sir—no, I dread nothing."

Gray shook his head with mocking gravity.

"Oh, Ruby! you disappoint me. While the honest fit was on, why not encourage it, and say that while you hate me more intensely than you ever will or can love any one, it is with a

sort of terror lest I may block your wishes, or wound you in some way? What else has forced you to endure me?"

She looked at him bravely, her beautiful eyes wide open, her lips apart, watchful and amazed.

"What if I said it was from respect to my husband's brother?"

A loud, scornful laugh rang up through the hemlock boughs, frightening the birds out of their shadows.

"Respect for your husband's brother? Why, beautiful cheat, you never respected *him*, dead or alive."

"Is this a specimen of your honesty, sir?" cried Ruby, starting up with a violence that made the boat rock.

"Exactly," was the steady reply. "Like yourself, I find truth a luxury, and relish it."

"Why talk in this way, Charles? I came here for a serious purpose."

"True, and so did I. Tell me how it was that you ever professed to love me?"

"Did I? Or was it you that forced the subject upon me, welcome or not?"

"Did I force you to write me daily letters—and such letters?"

"No; that was my own folly, bitterly repented of."

"Now we are coming to the truth again. Why did you write those letters?"

"I have asked myself that question a thousand times."

"And the answer? For even then you did not love me."

"I did not then know what love was."

"And did not even fancy that you loved me?"

"Yes, indeed I did. The solitude of my mourning was so deep. I saw scarcely any one but you, and—and——"

"I understand. Let that pass."

"Would to heaven it could be!" she exclaimed, passionately; "that one folly of my life has made me a slave."

"Ruby, listen to me; you love that handsome fellow over yonder." Her face was scarlet, her eyelids drooped with shame. "You love him, and this love has lifted you out of the luxurious selfishness of the old life. If I were not in the way you would marry him."

Those white lids were suddenly uplifted, and the eyes they had shrouded flashed like stars.

"Marry him? Would I? Great heavens!"

"Yes, I see; but you dare not. I have but to toss that package of letters in his way, and any fancy he may have for you would vanish."

"Charles Gray, I am weary of these threats, they make me hate you. It was to free myself,

to get these foolish letters out of your possession that I made this appointment. It is not love that makes you pursue me so."

"As we are indulging in the truth, Ruby, I answer, No, it is not love—it never was. Like yourself, I did not know what love was in those days."

"But you do now?"

"Yes, you and I have found our fate at last."

"If this is true, Charles, why persecute me? You blush—there is shame in your eyes. I know why it is that you have harassed me all this time, and why you were so eager to marry me, till this new passion put other thoughts into your mind. The wealth which fell to me from your brother."

"It was my father's property, and your husband had one-third more than I had. You won it out of the old man as serpents charm birds; by right it was mine."

"But you had plenty, and he gave it to me; you did not complain at the time."

"Because I expected to win it all back when you become my wife."

"Oh! I comprehend. This is a bitter truth, Charles; but I thank you for it. Still you were rich, you and your mother. 'Why crave that which legally came to me?'"

"Ruby, I have determined to speak out. Every dollar of my father's estate is gone. You are rich, I am poor."

"And—and your mother?"

"Do not speak of her. She has one humble roof to shelter her—that is all."

"I see it all; you were driven to seek me, and now you love another. Who is it, Charles? Zua Wheaton? Not her! If it is—if it is, I will divide every dollar I have on earth with you. Ask it of me on your wedding-day. Tell me, is it her?"

Ruby started up in the boat, eager, flushed, breathless.

"Great heavens! why don't you speak? Tell me that it is Zua Wheaton, and that it is you she loves."

Gray took both her hands in his, and drew her to his side with a feeling of profound compassion.

"Why, Ruby, what is this? How you tremble! Why the tears fairly flash from your eyes? Do you really love the fellow so much? I did not think it in you, Ruby; though it did seem suspicious that day when you were hanging about his bed; but you carried it off splendidly, I must say that."

Ruby lifted her eyes to his face, searching for the truth through her tears.

"Tell me, Charles—oh! tell me if that girl really cares for you?"

"Dear Ruby, do not look at me so piteously, or I shall be in love with you, spite of everything. No, no! Don't shrink so. That girl, Zua, does not care two straws for me; and I wouldn't give a look from the one you will never guess at for fifty of her. I think she is rather in your way, Ruby."

Ruby dropped back to her seat with a faint, low moan.

"You cannot help me. I would have given you half I have, oh! so gladly; but you cannot help me!"

Gray went over and took his place by Ruby; all the scorn and flippant disrespect which he had felt for her was merged in genuine compassion. She was so beautiful in her humiliation, so womanly in the passion of her love, that he was, for the moment, drawn out of himself by pure sympathy.

"Tell me all about it, Ruby; I will help you, right or wrong. The fellow ought to be your husband, you were made for each other. What is that girl, with her black hair and eyes, in comparison to you? She has got the inside track, no doubt, while he was sick; but what of that? Gratitude is sure to die out when he gets back into the world. Make a friend of me, Ruby, and we'll get him into the traces."

She lifted her eyes to his while he was speaking, and a smile crept back to her lips, as sunlight flashes between red rose-leaves, making them shiver with sudden warmth.

"But he has asked for her," she whispered; "her father told me so this morning."

"Well, what then? Get it put off. He will go up to town, and so will you. Let him see you as you are now, earnest, womanly, subdued with tenderness, and her chances are gone. If there is any one thing that you can depend on, it is the ingratitude which follows a personal service, especially if the benefactor is a woman. Men like to give care, it wounds their pride to receive it. Depend on it, before that fractured bone is well knitted, Moreton's heart will swerve round to its old attachment. Why, he used to be as jealous as the deuce if I only looked at you."

The smile grew brighter and warmer on Ruby's lips; every word that fell from Gray was full of hope and comfort to her.

"How kind you are, Charles," she murmured. "I never expected this of you. Only help me, stand by me firmly, manage to sweep this girl from my path, and I will make you rich again."

"That seems like a mercenary bargain, Ruby;

but it must be, or I am ruined. Besides, Moreton is a millionaire, and a few thousands, more or less, with a wife, will be nothing to him; so that all I take from you will be given back double, and no harm to any one. Is this to be our contract, Ruby?"

"I will do all that I have promised. The day that I—that is on our wedding-day, you shall be put in possession of half I possess."

Gray hesitated, and fell into thought.

"You think so now," he said, coloring to the temples with the shame he strove hard to conquer; "but when the time comes, it will seem a large sum to part with."

"Compared to what you will have done for me," was her eager reply, "it will count but as a handful of pebbles. Indeed, indeed, Charles, had I known that all your inheritance was gone, much that has been painful between us might have been spared."

Gray laughed, but it was like a man who feels the tears stealing into his voice.

"You see, Ruby, how much better we are for having a little truth come into our lives," he said. "It is diamond cut diamond when you and I attempt to cheat each other. Let us start on a new basis, and at least be honorable to each other. To begin, here are the letters about which I have tormented you so long. Take them, now they might be a temptation, if you were to provoke me again."

Ruby snatched the package with a cry of joy.

"This is generous, it is noble," she said, with tears in her eyes. "Oh, Charles! how can I thank you?"

"Don't try," he answered. "We are allies now, and need not carry weapons of defence."

"But I know, I have just thought how to repay this confidence for confidence. If I had a pen and ink now!"

Charles Gray took a little fancy case from his pocket, in which was a tiny inkstand and a gold pen.

"Will this answer?" he said, smiling as he screwed the joints of the pen-handle together. "Here is paper, too, if you do not require much; there you can make a table of the bench."

In the excitement of her gratitude Ruby took the pen, spread the paper on the table, and wrote a promise to give Charles Gray, her late husband's brother, one half of the property which she had inherited from the family, immediately upon the event of her marriage with Preston Moreton. It was almost the first really impulsive act of her life; and in less than three hours after signing it regretful thoughts crept back upon her, and she would gladly have ex-

changed it for a verbal promise; but it was too late for that, as Gray remembered with exultation, not that his actions had not been generous at the time, but the distrust of a life-time is not to be swept away by the smiles or tears of a woman who has never commanded trust before.

"Now," said Ruby, for the first time giving a thought to Gray's affairs, "tell me of the lady who has driven me from your fancy; I hope she is lovely enough to save my pride."

Again the hot crimson swept over Gray's face.

"You may not think it. The girl will, probably, seem unformed, and even vulgar to you; but, upon my word, I believe she will make a splendid woman, worth, worth——"

"A dozen of me, you were about to say," cried Ruby, laughing so merrily that the birds above her broke into song, and shook the branches with a sudden outbreak.

"Was there ever a man who did not think the woman he loved far beyond any other lady on earth?"

"But this girl is not a lady."

"Oh!"

"She is poor as a church-mouse."

"And you love her?"

"Bred by a rude, iron-natured mother."

"And this is your choice?"

"Has a romantic, silly fool for a brother."

"What—what?"

"Doesn't know how to lace up her boots straight, and couldn't put on a pair of gloves properly to save her life."

Ruby sunk back into her seat breathless with astonishment.

"And you love her?"

"Better than my life, better than myself."

"And you will marry her?"

Charles Gray did not answer at once, the color went and came in his face. He took up the oars as if tired of the conference and eager to break it up; then laid them down softly in the boat, and answered,

"Yes, if I had that money, I would marry her to-day. By Jove! I would, believe it or not."

"She must, indeed, be a wonder."

"I tell you she is nothing of the kind! There isn't a woman of your set who would not pronounce her too coarse for a lady's maid."

"I do not understand this."

"And will not understand her; never were two persons more unlike."

"But she must be beautiful?"

"Is she? I am not sure."

"Well, at last, pray tell me who she really is?"

"Certainly; but let it be in confidence as yet. Her name is Amanda Clark, and she is your washer-woman's daughter."

Ruby sat for a moment silent and aghast; then she seemed to gather up her faculties and come out of her astonishment.

"No," she said, "I am not astonished. Of the two girls I should have chosen her. *She* would have been a rival that one does not easily conquer. Wild vines weave themselves so closely around a tree, and always struggle up to the sunshine. There is no guessing what a creature like that may achieve—fresh, young, with capacities of thought and beauty. I am glad it is the other."

"You are muttering to yourself. Speak out and say at once that I have made an idiot of myself," said Gray, impatiently, "I expect it. But do not be too sharp. I too am going up to town, and may think twice of it. These clover-fields and pond-lilies make a fellow romantic in spite of himself."

"You are wrong," answered Ruby, coming out of her fit of thought; "that girl possesses, as the Irish say, the making of a fine woman in her. There is something very nearly approaching to genius in her originality. If I wonder, it is that you should have discovered it."

"Is this really your thought, Ruby?" said Gray, seizing the hand which lay passive in her lap.

"Upon my honor it is!"

"Thank you!" Why, Ruby, if you and I were to stay here with this lovely bay before our eyes, and these remarkable people—for they seem remarkable to me—always with us, we might be as frank and happy as they are. Even you have changed till I hardly know you."

"Yes," said Ruby, "it is a glimpse of what life could be, if men and women were really honest."

The beautiful woman spoke sadly. Some hope had been given her that day; but love had deepened her character, and made her comparatively humble.

"Come," she said again, "let us go into the open air; this place is gloomy. We are friends now, and firm allies; now that you have thrown off all ideas of being my lover, we can be true and useful to each other. Let us go."

Gray was about to push his boat into the bay, when the sound of dipping oars made him pause and listen.

"Some one is coming; we must draw back till the boat has passed," he whispered, backing

his little craft close up to the inner curve of the deep inlet which sheltered them.

"Yes," said Ruby, breathless with agitation, "it is a boat; I even see the prow—Wheaton's boat, by the color, and pointing this way. What can we do? No one from that house must see us in this place."

Gray looked eagerly around; behind him was a broad-spreading hemlock, whose roots had in some by-gone years been partly loosened from the entangling soil, and sent the tree itself downward till it bowed almost horizontally over the water, where it lapped the rocks blackest and deepest. Quick as thought the young man shot his boat behind this screen of branches, and there, concealed by the gloom and dense foliage, waited.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARY, MY MARY.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

You plighted your troth to me, Mary, my Mary,
Under the boughs of that tall maple-tree;
Only the nightingale heard, if it listened,
All that you whispered so sweetly to me.
Low spoken words they were, Mary, my Mary,
Happy they made me, as happy could be.

Softly the moon-light fell over you, Mary,
Crowning a brow that was wondrous fair;
Gently the south-wind rustled the branches,
Lifted the curls of your "bonnie brown" hair.
Blessed the moon-beam, and blessed the zephyr,
Bringing us beauty and fragrance there.

Oh! how I worshiped you, Mary, my Mary;
Talking the language of love as we stood;
Dear one, your tones were the sweetest of music,
Under that maple-tree, near to the wood.
Oh! how I worshiped you, Mary, my Mary—
Beautiful, dutiful, earnest and good.

Only a year ago! One little year ago!
Then I was happy in loving you so!
Now, in the night, I am weeping, am weeping—
Now in the day I am murmuring woe!
They said that an angel was wanted in Heaven;
Mary, my Mary, oh! why should you go!

WITH, YOU KNOW WHO?

BY ROSE STANDISH.

Dost remember the time,
In the Summer's sweet prime,
When down in the meadow of red and white clover,
Spotted with butter-cups over and over,
Spotted with violets, white and blue,
You went walking with—you know who?
Don't shake your ringleted head, I say,
In such a provokingly charming way.
Ye gods! how the color flies!
Don't hide your blue, blue eyes!
Say, don't you remember it, honestly—true?
You sweet little sinner! You know you do!

I could tell of a time,
In the Summer's sweet prime,
When down in the meadow of red and white clover,
Some one begged you would take him for a lover;
Told you your eyes were like violets blue.
You mischiefs! I guess you remember it, too.
Don't shake your ringleted hair, I say,
In such a bewitchingly pretty way.
Down in yon tell-tale eyes,
The sweet, sweet story lies.
Oh! wondrously poor must your memory be,
If you have forgotten that "some-one" was—me.

RETROSPECTION.

BY MRS. M. L. MATHESON.

When the golden sun no more I see,
And the evening shadows grow,
I sit by the waving chestnut-tree,
And dream of one I'll no more see—
The loved of long ago!
Then I think of a love that once blessed me;
And I think of a smile that smiled on me;
And I dream of a face I'll no more see—
The face of long ago.

Long ere those waning years were fled,
When life and love were new;
How bright the beams its glory shed,
About my young and sunny head,
In the days of long ago.
How sweet the love that then blessed me;
How soft the smile that beamed on me;
And dear the face I then did see—
The face of long ago!

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"But she is only a farmer's daughter!"

The speaker, as he said these words, took his segar from his mouth, and looked at his friend as if he had decided the question.

Both were young men. Both had an air of refinement. But there was a marked difference in the faces of the two. The speaker had a handsome countenance, but it was wanting in force. His companion, on the contrary, had a face that distinguished him, at once, as one born to be "a ruler of men."

"Look here, Harry," was his reply. "You and I ought to be above that nonsense. We live in a republic, where one occupation, provided it be honest, is just as honorable as another. To be a farmer, or a mechanic, is as reputable as to be a lawyer or a banker. Let us have done with this caste-feeling. Let us leave it where it properly belongs, to the worn-out societies of the Old World!"

"Good heavens, Jack!" was the response, "how wild you talk. With your antecedents, too. Born in the best society, educated at one of our first universities, traveled, rich—I declare I don't know what to think of you."

The other laughed pleasantly.

"I don't believe you do, Harry. But, in this matter, you ought to understand me. I tell you I am going to marry Miss Beaumont, and you answer as if your argument was incontrovertible, 'She is a farmer's daughter.' Now, if you had said she was vain, or a flirt, or stupid, or bad hearted, or ignorant, you would have said something to the point. Come, give me a light: I have talked so much that my segar has gone out."

"But you don't mean to say that birth and education go for nothing? That culture doesn't become hereditary? Isn't bred into bone, and muscle, and brain? Why, even Holmes, that funny fellow, I mean, that wrote a book to show a woman was a snake, tells us differently; he wrote the book, in fact, to prove it."

"You have never heard the story of the lion that wrote his own history, have you, Harry? Oh! I thought you hadn't. Well, all our dandy *literati* are doing the same thing. They wish to get up a notion that there's a sort of Brahmin caste here, an intellectual aristocracy, and that they, heaven preserve us! are its high-

priests. Now, my lad, it's the real bone and sinew of this land, the actual workers, who will be both its brain and its aristocracy. All our great men have come from the people. And our greatest women, let me tell you, are the women of the people——"

"Lord! Jack——"

"Stop. Let me finish. I don't wish to be misunderstood. Culture, I admit, is an excellent thing, though true culture does not consist merely in knowing how to be graceful, or to dress well, or even to talk about art; but there are other things more needful than culture in a wife—and a great womanly heart is the first of these. Now, I don't assert, that, because a woman is rich, and, as you say, 'well-born,' she cannot have such a heart; but I do assert that her riches and birth certainly do not give her any monopoly of them. In fact, neither the very rich, nor the very poor, are as likely to have this quality as one belonging to what you, with your European phraseology, would call the 'middle-class.' To find a really healthy and perfect flower, you must not look in a hot-house or a desert."

"Oh! I don't mean to say a word against Miss Beaumont personally," said Harry, with some embarrassment. "Of course she is all you declare. I was only speaking in the abstract. Certainly she's very handsome. But for all that, Jack, she is only a farmer's daughter—and what the deuce will your sisters say to it?"

"It will make little difference to me what they say. Probably they will try to snub her. So much for a fashionable education. Had my four sisters," and his voice had a touch of sadness in it, "not been so rich, perhaps they would have been better women. There is no truer saying than that a restless egotism is the curse of wealth."

"Well, I give you up," answered his companion, knocking the ashes from his segar; "you talk like an agrarian, like a *sans culotte*, like a Chartist, like—like—— 'Good heavens, Jack! you don't know how you talk.'"

"I talk, I hope, like a man of sense. I see, around me, in our fashionable society, chiefly giddy girls or fast women; and I don't want any such material as that in a wife. I want some one, on the contrary, who will know how

to rear her children in the fear of God; who will think her home her true sphere, and who will love her husband a little more, at any rate, than her pet ponies, or her last Paris bonnet. I want a companion and a helpmeet."

"And such you have found in Miss Beaumont?"

"Such I have found in Miss Beaumont. You acknowledge that she is beautiful. Well, she is well educated, too; not in the sense of having acquired mere accomplishments, but in the higher sense. She is a companion, intellectually, for any man. The mere surface-varnish, which you call the air of good society, she can acquire readily, for she has tact, a good heart, and natural grace. If she had been born to a great fortune, and bread in fashionable life, her naturally fine nature might have been corroded by selfishness; as it is, being only a farmer's daughter, she is 'the noblest Roman of them all.' And you'll live to admit it, Harry."

"Oh! I'll admit it now," replied Harry, with perfect sincerity, as he rose to go. "I don't see how it all is; how you and that fellow, Holmes, can settle these things; but you were too smart for me at college, and have been too smart ever since; and all I know is, that I've found you right in the long run, and so am sure you must be right here. But, bless me, Jack! what a row your sisters will make."

"One word, Harry, before you go," said his companion, laughing at the dismal face of his friend. "Don't fancy I marry Miss Beaumont because she is a farmer's daughter, though, as

I have just said, even that has its advantages; I should have married her, if she would have had me, had she been a princess, just as soon. What I marry is the woman; and I, or any other true man, ought to marry the woman he loves, and who is worthy of his love, whether she be beggar or queen."

"King Cophetna, and all that: 'pon my soul I'm dazed, as they say in the lake country, in England. But, good-by! good-by! It shan't make any difference to me, old fellow."

Jack had another good laugh after his old college chum had left. Jack had wide sympathies and a broad intellect; he liked Harry for his good heart, and for old associations; but he often had to laugh, as now, at the weaknesses of his friend. "Poor Harry!" he said, "he'll marry some fashionable girl, and sink into the life of the clubs, and never know, either, what he has missed. But there must be human oysters, I suppose. As for me, I aspire to something higher."

To aspire, usually, is to win. Jack won. He married Miss Beaumont, in spite of all that his sisters said, and to the amazement, we must admit, of most of his male friends. But time vindicated his choice. His wife proved to be, in every sense of the word, a helpmate. She was his companion, his counsellor, his best friend.

Five years have passed, and Jack is now a distinguished member of Congress; but he traces much of his success, and all of his happiness, to his having made a wise choice in a wife.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

BY ELLA HOWARD.

YEs! this is my silver wedding-day,
And 'tis twenty years and more,
Since I stood a bride, in white arrayed,
In the old St. Mary's door.

And fair to see were my bridesmaids three,
Who stood closely by my side;
Smiling, chatting, and laughing were they,
To lighten the heart of the bride.

The morn was frosty, and cold, and clear;
The choir in harmony sung;
The priest with "*Benedictus*" blessed,
Our vows 'neath the chapel dome.

I felt all joy that bright bridal morn,
As, arrayed in purest sheen,
I leant on the arm of the adored,
Who cherished his manhood's dream.

The years that have passed since that fair day,
Mingled joy and woe have seen;
And I have grown grave who once was gay—
But my love is ever green.

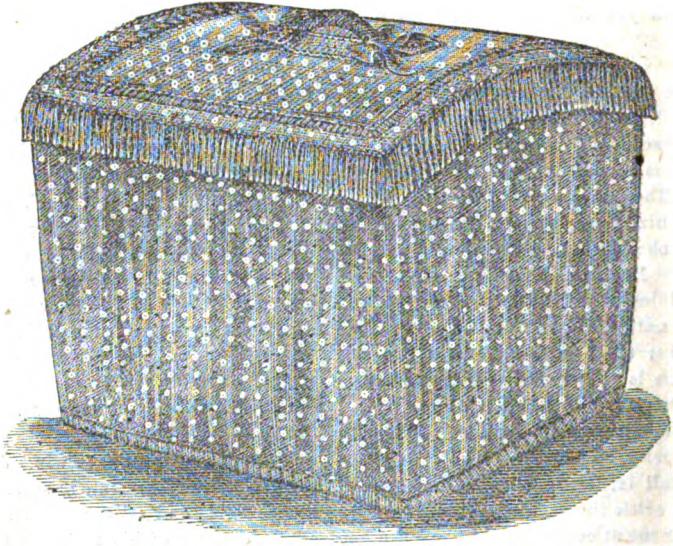
As I view the gifts before me, I feel
With joy almost carried away;
I find in their midst a silver ring,
To wear on this happy day.

The glass before me shows to my gaze,
A shadow stealing away;
After veiling my brow with its silvery haze,
He steals brown locks, and leaves me gray.

I care not that time has ruthlessly shown,
Tresses with which my love did play;
The morn of my life had a happy dawn,
And all clouds are silvered this day.

BONNET BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

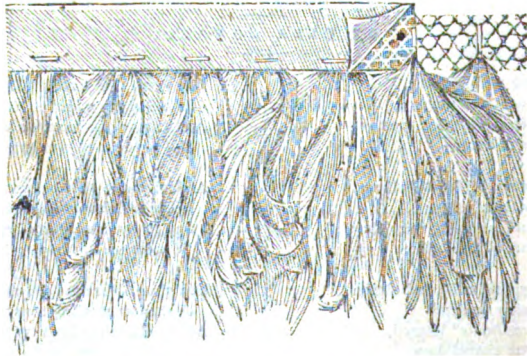


MATERIALS.—A wicker basket; glazed calico; spotted muslin; gimp, fringe, and ribbon.

The basket is covered inside and outside with glazed calico put on quite plain, and over this—on the outside—on the four walls, there is a covering of thin spotted muslin put on full, and the lid is also covered with the same muslin put on plain, and ornamented with a heading of narrow pink gimp and a fringe. The handle is first covered with glazed calico and mull, and then pink ribbon is wound round, and finished off with a bow on each side.

FEATHER FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE feathers, as will be seen in the design, serve to make fringes. When a sufficient length is made, bind the net with a thin sars-net ribbon.

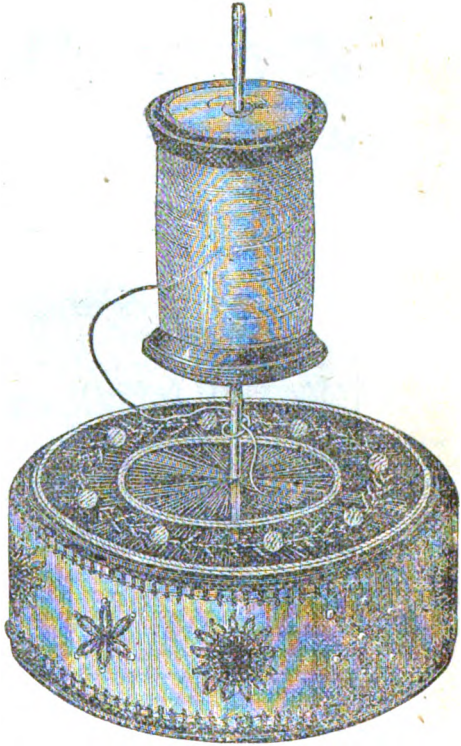
REEL HOLDER

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—A round pasteboard band-box two inches and a half in diameter, and about an inch high; lead; a thick steel knitting-needle; white and colored cloth and cashmere; little pieces of American leather; silk cordon, in several colors; gold beads.

Take off the top part of the box, so that only the edge of the cover remains; stick a part of a thick knitting-needle, five inches in length, in the middle of the bottom, and fill up the box with lead, so that the knitting-needle stands up in the middle; then cut two round pieces of brown American leather, three inches in diameter, and ornament one with a little embroidery pattern for the upper cover, according to design, which is ornamented with a green fish-bone stitch, and a raised pattern in bright colors, and on both sides of these fine gold cord is sewn; and there are also lines of stalk-stitch in colored silk. Put the embroidered part over the needle, bend the leather edge close on to the upper part of the box downward, and the part covering the bottom of the box upward, and tie them together with thread, making it close by laying the leather in folds.

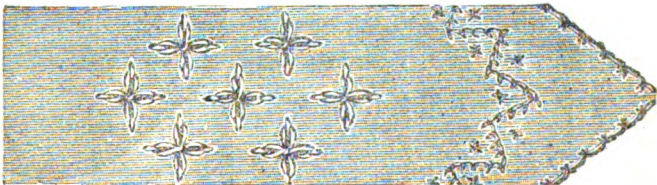
Ornament it all round the edge with embroidery, beads, flat-stitch, or a little applique. Our model is worked in *broderie a la minute*, with green silk upon white cloth, and little stars ornamented with gold beads, alternately with large rosettes outside, which are little



button-hole stitch in yellow silk. A button-hole stitch edge is worked above the embroidery in green silk over gold cord, and sewn a little round of green cloth, fastened with round.

CRAVAT END.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

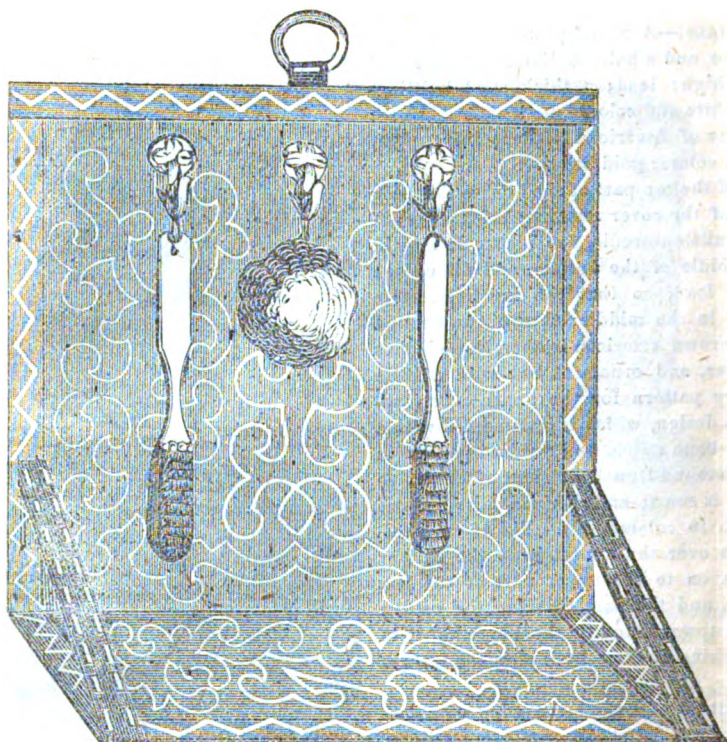


MATERIALS.—Velvet, silk cordon, and sars-

net. velvet, and worked at the edge with a separated button-hole stitch. Colors may be chosen, according to taste.

ETAGERES FOR BRUSHES AND SPONGES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



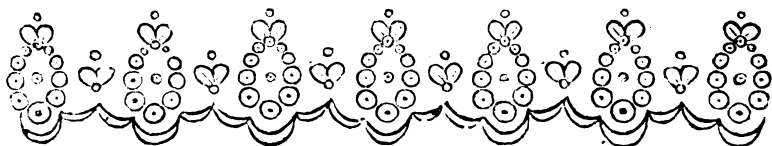
BRUSHES and sponges are kept sweeter and dryer if exposed to the air when not in use. In the front of the number we give a colored design of a small Etagere for hanging either above, or at the side of a wash-stand. It will be found a neat receptacle for these necessary toilet implements.

It is made of green cloth, and is ornamented with white braid and chalk-white beads. The piece for the back should measure ten inches both in length and breadth. The shelf at the bottom should be four inches in depth, the width being the same as the top. Both these pieces of cloth should be ornamented with nar-

row white braid in any fanciful design; both are then lined with black alpaca, and bound with white braid; the waved lines on the braid are produced with chalk-white beads, five of which are threaded on the needle at one time, and stitched down with a back-stitch.

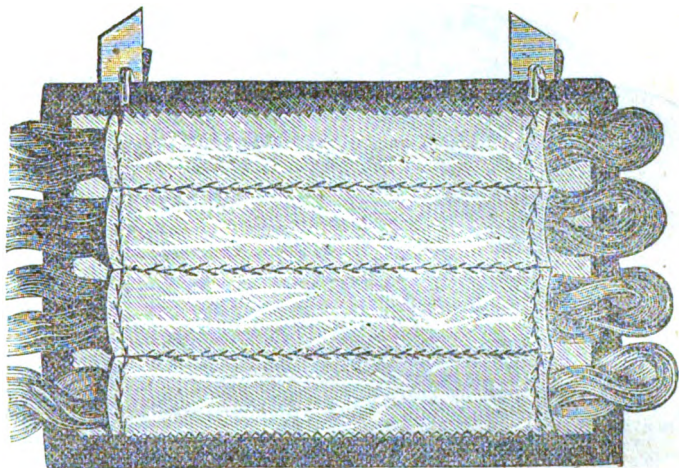
The shelf is seamed to the back on the wrong side, and is supported with straps of braid ornamented with chalk-white beads. Three brass hooks must be inserted into the cloth, and the brass ring at the top is fastened by a ribbon sewn to the back of the cloth. This useful Etagere is not by any means difficult to construct.

EMBROIDERY.



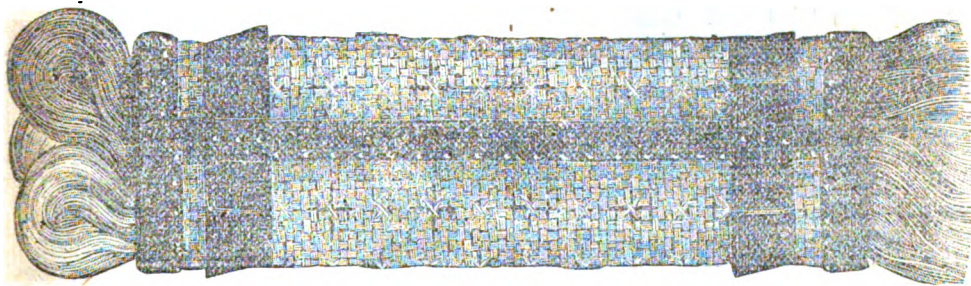
CASE FOR EMBROIDERY COTTON, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Java canvas; black-and-red fine embroidery chenille; twisted gold thread; red velvet ribbon, half an inch broad; gold beads; white silk.

The outside of this little case is a piece of Java canvas, seven inches long and five broad, ornamented with a little embroidery. Our model is worked in point Russe, with red-and-black chenille, and twisted gold thread; the latter forms cross-stitches between and upon the large chenille crosses, as shown in No. 2. Cut a lining of white gauze or muslin the size of the embroidered part. Lay over it on both the cross sides a strip of silk about two inches and a half broad, and then with a piece of silk, six inches long and five broad, make the division for the cotton, silk, etc., making the hem and marking the divisions, in fish-bone stitch, with red sewing-silk, (see No. 1.) The prepared inner part must be fastened on to the back of the embroidered part, and the whole bound with red velvet ribbon; and a little gold bead must be worked in on the right side with every stitch. Upon the wrong side the velvet ribbon is firmly sewn on with a cross-stitch of fine black silk. On one long side place two hooks, upon the right side, and on the other long side, about half an inch from the binding, put two eyes of red silk in button-hole stitch: cover the places where the hooks are sewn on with a flat red velvet bow, ornamented with gold beads.

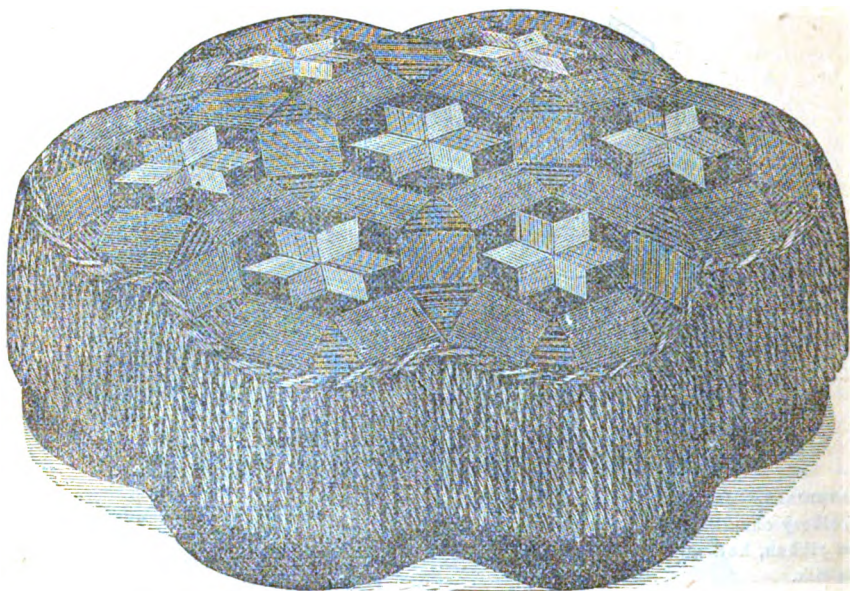


EDGING.



OTTOMAN IN PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Pieces of velvet, reps, damask, or cloth of varied colors; five colors are necessary to form the pattern; fringe about four inches deep; furniture-cord, velvet, damask, cloth, or rep, for the back.

Our model is a sort of mosaic of green-and-brown furniture damask, black cloth, red furniture reps, and gray put together. The two last materials forms the seven stars; the black cloth, the hexagon round the stars; the green, the square patterns; and the brown, the triangle. The patterns are so arranged that one pattern fills up the other. The colors may be varied, according to taste. The cardboard, over which the stuff is placed, must be cut very exactly.

The cushion had better be prepared by an upholsterer.

STAR FOR ORNAMENTING DRESSES. ETC.

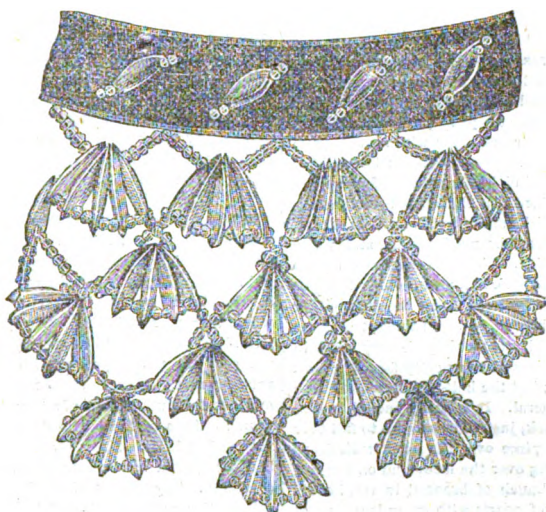
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cut leaves according to the shape shown in the design in velvet, and line them with stiff net. Work a straight line of beads as a vein for each leaf. Finish the centre with a button worked with beads.

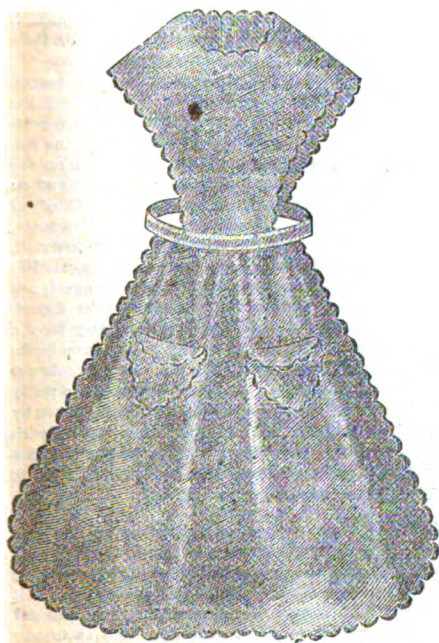
TRIMMING OF MELON OR GHERKIN-SEEDS, FOR COLLARS, CRAVATS, DRESSES, ETC.

BY MRS JANE WEAVER.

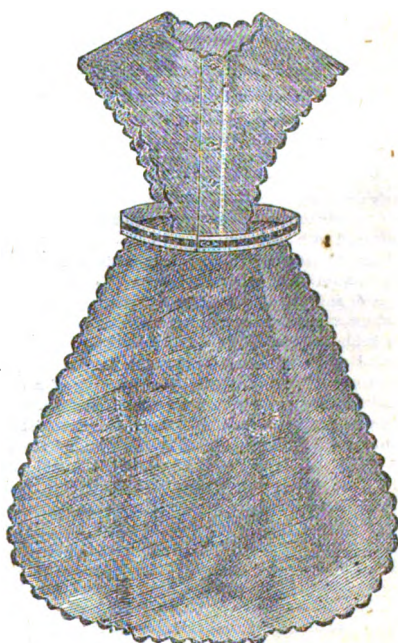


MATERIALS.—Seeds, ribbon velvet, and steel necessary. Care must be taken to soak the beads. The mode of working is so clearly shown in the design that no description is difficult to stick the needle through them.

SCHOOL APRON FOR LITTLE GIRL.



FRONT.



BACK.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BONNETS, BRIDAL DRESSES, ETC.—The bonnets worn in Paris, this season, are smaller than ever, coming just to the top of the back hair, and quite flat over the face. The old-fashioned notion of bonnet-caps is quite exploded. A few of the present head-gear are made with a small band of ribbon, or tulle, or velvet, across the front; but most of them have nothing of the kind, but bunches of flowers and wreaths of flowers are placed on the edge of the bonnet, outside, and so form a finish round the face. Pearl-drops, crystal drops, silver acorns, bronzed leaves, and white flowers, are most fashionable. The strings are worn quite narrow, and tied under the back hair; while long tulle, or lace, or blonde lappets, are fastened under the chin, either by a band of flowers, a brooch, or an ornament of some kind or other. The French saucer shape is very much in favor for quite young girls, and to a pretty face it gives a very piquant expression; but the half-handkerchief shape is, after all, the most general. It is easily enough made: a piece of lace at the back, just wide enough to fall over the back comb; another piece over the front, with drops of pearl or crystal hanging over the face; and on the top, where the laces join, a bunch of bronzed leaves, beetle-fringes, or flowers made of pearls with green leaves; add to this lappets of lace or tulle, with a bunch of the same kind of leaves or flowers under the chin, and it is complete. One bonnet in particular, rather curious in its shape, but very becoming to the wearer, has appeared. It is of a round shape, coming only to the top of the ears, and tied with the inevitable tulle strings; but at the top it is slightly raised, so that it almost reminds one of a hat. It is composed of white crape sewn with pearls, a piping of satin round it; and long drooping lilies of the valley fall over the face in front; a little bow of satin, fastening a bunch of lilies, comes quite at the side, between the back hair and the ears. White bonnets, very small, with leaf trimmings and pearl or silver ornaments, are the most fashionable, though a few blue and mauve bonnets are worn with toilets of the same color. The Lamballe veils, worn in points over the face, are all the rage; but—perhaps on account of the smallness of the bonnets—a great many of the veils are merely squares of tulle thrown carelessly over the head, apparently not fastened at all; and like the bonnets, whether large or small, they are heavily bedizened with beads.

A great many bridal dresses are made of white muslin, very elegantly trimmed with either Valenciennes lace or *guipure*, and worn over white silk slips. These are infinitely more becoming and appropriate (especially when the bride is youthful) than the more elaborately ornamented silk and satin toilets which have recently come into vogue. The muslin dresses consisting of a series of *bouillonnes*, separated with lines of lace insertion, are those to which preference is given. Sometimes the skirt is only trimmed *en tablier* with these *bouillonnes*, and the rest is left plain. Plaits or *tresses* of white silk round a muslin skirt form also a very pretty trimming for a wedding dress. Those members of the French aristocracy, who marry in the private chapels of their country-houses, almost invariably order white muslin for the bride's dress.

Bodices made entirely of Gandillot, or, as it is more usually called, Cluny *guipure*, are now always to be seen in a handsome *trousseau*. This *guipure* is still imposed by the decrees of fashion, and continues to enjoy a legitimate success. It has well nigh dethroned the Valenciennes, as even pocket-handkerchiefs are now trimmed with Cluny

guipure; and *guipure* initials are also fabricated and *appliqué* on the cambric. Handkerchiefs are now trimmed with insertion above the hem, and not with a bordering of lace, as was the case when Valenciennes was the fashion. Another popular ornamentation for handkerchiefs is an embroidery of leaves worked at every corner with colored cotton; oak and olive leaves in lilac cotton are the favorite designs; a wreath of laurel-leaves all round is also popular.

A WORD ABOUT BOOK NOTICES.—It is a frequent complaint that notices of new books, in magazines and newspapers, are unreliable. Most of the magazines are owned by book-publishers, who, to a certain extent, use their periodicals as vehicles to puff and advertise their books; and even when they do not do this, their opinions about new books will always be liable to be suspected by the cynical. Very many of the newspapers are indirectly subsidized by advertisements. Editors, almost unconsciously, see more merit in the publications of a firm that advertises liberally, than in those of firms who do not advertise at all, or advertise but little. Sixty years ago, criticism in England had sunk, from somewhat similar causes, to the same low condition. The advent of the Edinburgh Review worked a reformation, and English criticism is now comparatively reliable. The Philadelphia magazines alone, in this country, are not owned or influenced by book-publishers. We ourselves have no interest in any book-house, nor, we believe, has Mr. Godey, or Mr. Arthur. In "Peterson," we try to speak the truth about new books, without fear or favor. We endeavor, also, to avoid the cant of cliques. No writer is, in our view, infallible. A Philadelphia author, or publisher, is no better to us than a New York, or Boston one. We have no local pets. There are certain principles in literature, as in all other departments of art, which, if honestly applied, will test the merit of a book. By these principles we endeavor to pronounce our verdict.

Nor ought a book, which has been written by a woman, to be judged on different grounds than a book which has been written by a man. We know that a contrary practice prevails, and that praise is considered due to the sex. But critics must pronounce on the author, not on the woman. Art is art. If a book is bad, it is bad; and an honest reviewer must say so, even if his best friend, or worse, even if a woman, has written it. Our limited space, indeed, does not allow us to review books much in detail, nor, perhaps, would our readers thank us for doing it. But we endeavor to give an honest opinion on the new books that come out, especially on those in the lighter departments of literature, so that our subscribers may have a notion of what is going on, and be able to select new books for their perusal, if they wish it. Some books we do not notice at all. It is, as a rule, better to pass over a really vicious book in silence, than to call attention to it even by deserved rebuke. We will add, that, when readers wish to buy any of the books we notice, they must apply at a book-store, or address the publishers of the books, inclosing the price, as we do not ourselves sell books.

MAKING WAX-FLOWERS.—A subscriber asks us to give some general directions for making wax-flowers. We did this in 1860, and also gave special directions for making the principal flowers, accompanied with engravings. Is it the general wish that we should repeat these instructions? We owe something to old subscribers as well as to new ones, and would not like to repeat what thousands already know, unless a very general desire for it was expressed.

OUR TERMS TO CLUBS are lower than those of any other magazine of equal merit. We send five copies for \$3.00, and an extra copy, as premium, to the person getting up the club. Or eight copies for \$12.00, and an extra copy as premium. Or fourteen for \$20.00, and an extra copy as premium. We have published the same number of pages in every number during the year, not reducing the number, as so many other magazines do, in the summer months. It is not boasting to say, but only stating a fact, that in consequence of this cheapness and merit combined, "Peterson" has more subscribers this year than it ever had, and more than all the other ladies' magazines combined. And we shall go on improving wherever it is possible.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.—The Whiteside (Ill.) Sentinel says of this Magazine:—"It has now reached its fifty-first volume, but loses none of its vigor and usefulness by age. It is the cheapest and best Magazine of its class now published, and the universal favor it meets with is the best test of its merits."

LOVERS, according to Rochefoucault, are never tired of each other's company, because they are always talking of themselves. Is this true?

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by H. W. Longfellow. 3 vols., 4 to. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—It has been the ambition of Mr. Longfellow's life, we believe, to translate Dante into English. No such translation, entirely satisfactory, it is conceded, has ever been made. Yet Mr. Longfellow has failed almost as completely as his predecessors. But it is only fair to state that he has not succeeded, because complete success is, in the nature of things, impossible. A translation of Dante must be either literal or liberal. If the former, the poetry, to a great degree, evaporates: a dry, hard, involved verse is the result. If the latter, the text cannot be given with that perfect fidelity which is desirable. Mr. Longfellow has preferred the literal method. He has endeavored to render Dante word for word. He tries to get the exact equivalent in English for every phrase employed by the poet, selecting a word, whenever possible, that has been derived from the Italian one in Dante. To him, as to all Italian scholars, such words have the force of the original. But to the ordinary reader they are shorn of half their suggestiveness. When languages are nearly allied to each other, this method of translating has much to recommend it. It is not unwise, in translating from the German, to use the derivatives of that tongue; for they have substantially the same force in English as in the Teutonic. Moreover, in the endeavor to be literal, Mr. Longfellow frequently becomes involved. His idiom is often Italian rather than English. There is a translation of Dante, lately made by another American, which affords an example of comparative success, where Mr. Longfellow's has been a comparative failure. We allude to the translation by Dr. T. W. Parsons. This gentleman has not attempted a literal translation. Where he has found a word entirely equivalent, he has employed it; but he has never sacrificed the spirit to the letter. Hence he has preserved more of the feeling of the original than Mr. Longfellow, and has really succeeded in giving us a poetical translation of the great Italian poet. The translation of Mr. Longfellow, on the contrary, is comparatively hard reading. It can never become popular. To the public at large it will always be dry and lifeless. Either Cary's translation, or Parsons', will generally be preferred. The volumes are superb specimens of printing. Price, in cloth, \$15.00.

The Bankrupt Law, with Orders and Forms. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very convenient edition, in paper covers, price twenty-five cents.

History of the American Civil War. By J. W. Draper, M. D., LL. D. In Three Volumes. Vol. I., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an attempt, in the words of the author's preface, to write "a history of the causes which led to the civil war, and of the events connected with it, considered, not in a partisan, but in a philosophical and impartial spirit." So far, too, as the work has proceeded, the effort appears to be successful. Dr. Draper, well known as the author of that remarkable book, "The Intellectual Development of Europe," has many qualifications for such a task, and to a very great extent, therefore, is able, though a cotemporary, to anticipate, in some respects, the verdict of posterity. The present volume treats of the causes of the war, and the events preparatory to it, up to the close of President Buchanan's administration. Dr. Draper considers that the conflict was not the sudden result of the passions of the hour, but was connected with influences, some of which were generations old. Hence, he says, its origin dates back before any of its chief actors were born: hence, also, it came upon us in an unavoidable and irresistible way. These facts, he adds, should hasten the return of kind feelings. "Perhaps," he continues, "in little more than a single generation, our agony will have been forgotten in the busy industry of a hundred millions of people, animated by new intentions, developing wealth and power on an unparalleled scale, and looking, as Americans always do look, only to the future, not to the past." It is a book to read and think over carefully. The volume is very handsomely printed. Price, in cloth, \$3.50.

Early and Late Papers, Hitherto Uncollected. By W. M. Thackeray. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—It is no secret that these papers have been collected and arranged by Mr. James T. Fields, the senior member of the publishing house of Ticknor & Fields, and himself a poet and author. We are glad that the task has been assumed by such competent hands. Thackeray was always a conscientious writer, and has left behind him little, therefore, of which to be ashamed; but even Thackeray wrote sometimes better than at others; and hence the advantage of having an editor of taste and tact, who knows what to select, and what to reject. We could have wished that Mr. Whipple's essay on the genius of Thackeray had been prefixed to the volume. It is, by all odds, the best that has been written on the subject; as fine a bit of analytical criticism, indeed, as one might wish to read. Some of the choicest things that Thackeray ever wrote appear in this collection, and they are all the more enjoyable, because they are short. The book is well printed, and embellished with a portrait of Thackeray. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

The Last Chronicle of Barset. By A. Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—If people are satisfied to read life as it is, they cannot do better than to patronize Trollope. He gives one nothing to satisfy one's ideal; but he describes England and the English exactly as they are; and he is particularly happy in hitting off cathedral towns and their clergy. His present novel brings before us again some of his best characters, whom we knew before in "Barchester Towers" and "Framley Parsonage." It is, we think, one of his most successful. Grace Crawley is a fine delineation. This edition is illustrated. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

Beauséjour. By the author of "The Household of Bouverie. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—This novel belongs to the sensational school. Mystery and murder, horror and homicide, are furnished in full doses. There is a certain kind of power in the book, but a want of artistic skill; it is especially at fault in having two distinct plots, one of which remains unsolved. Price, in cloth, \$1.75.

Barnaby Rudge. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—This is the third volume of the "Globe Edition" of Dickens' works. The type is beautiful, and the book cheap. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Old England: Its Scenery, Art, and People. By James M. Hoppin, Professor in Yale College. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—We have found this very agreeable reading. Personally we can testify to the truth of Professor Hoppin's descriptions, especially his descriptions of the old English cathedrals. Next to the pleasure of visiting objects of interest, is that of knowing the impressions they make on others. Perhaps, however, the greatest pleasure is that of reading, for the first time, what a cultivated traveler has to say about cities and people, which, as yet, the reader has had no opportunity of beholding. Yet the book is not as good, after all, as it might be. Howell's "Venice," in its way, is far better. The publishers issue it in very neat style. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

The Cameron Pride; or, Purified by Suffering. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—The author of this new novel is an American lady, well known to the reading public. She has published several successful works, among which we recall "Darkness and Daylight," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Leua Rivers," "Hugh Worthington," etc., etc. Her present work, on the whole, is an advance on former ones, and as she has quite a large circle of admirers, it will have, we presume, a very successful run. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

The Newcomes. By W. M. Thackeray. 1 vol., 24 mo. New York: M. Doolady.—Another volume of the "Diamond Edition" of Thackeray. We have already expressed our dislike to the very small type of these editions: it will, in time, weaken, if not destroy, the best eyesight; and we think, therefore, that such editions ought to be discontinued by everybody. A book that radically injures the eyes is never cheap, no matter how small the sum for which it is sold. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

The Man with the Broken Ear. Translated from the French of E. About. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.—Written in Mr. About's best manner. The chief feature of the story is a humorous, though philosophical, illustration of the fact, that, when a man dies, he will find it more agreeable, in some respects, to remain dead, than to return to life fifty years afterward. Mr. About is more than a mere story-teller; he is a man of science also. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty. By J. W. De Forest. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—One of the best American novels that has appeared for years. The character of Carter is enough to make the reputation of the book: it is so graphic it must have been taken from life; Scott's "Dugald Dalgetty" alone surpasses it. The heroine is drawn with great skill also; and so are her father, Mrs. Larue, and others. In every way it is a brilliant novel. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

Thackeray's Lectures. The English Humorists. The Four Georges. With Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very neat edition of the famous lectures, which Thackeray delivered here and in England. It is a book which every person of literary tastes should own. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Far Above Rubies. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A new novel by a popular English author. It is not so good as "George Geith," the best of Mrs. Riddell's works, but is better than others of her fictions. Price, in cloth, \$1.75.

Father and Sons. Translated from the Russian. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.—This book is not only excellent as a novel, but it also gives us vivid pictures of Russian life. We find it one of the most interesting works of the season. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Nora and Archibald Lee. By the author of "Agnes Tre-morne." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A reprint of a readable English novel; Nora, the heroine, is original, yet loveable. Price, in cloth, fifty cents.

Martin Chuzzlewit. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The fifth of the "Diamond Edition" of Dickens, illustrated with sixteen engravings, after designs by S. Eytinge, Jr., and printed in type dangerously small. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

The Clergyman's Wife, and Other Sketches. By Anna Cora Mowatt. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—A collection of pen-portraits and paintings, as the author calls them, by Mrs. Ritchie, formerly Mrs. Mowatt, the actress.

Raymond's Heroine. A Novel. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A clever love-story, reprinted from the London edition. The character of "Minna" is a very beautiful one. Price, in paper, fifty cents.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS.—The Atlantic Monthly for July says:—"At this point of development the instrument was taken up by Messrs. Mason and Hamlin, who have covered it with improvements, and rendered it one of the most pleasing musical instruments in the possession of mankind. When we remarked that the American Piano was the best in the world, we only expressed the opinion of others; but now that we assert the superiority of the American Cabinet Organ over similar instruments made in London and Paris, we are communicating knowledge of our own. Indeed, the superiority is so marked, that it is apparent to the merest tyro in music. During the year 1866, the number of these instruments produced in the United States by the twenty-five manufacturers was about fifteen thousand, which were sold for one million six hundred thousand dollars, or a little more than one hundred dollars each. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, who manufacture one-fourth of the whole number, produce thirty-five kinds, varying in power, compass, and decoration, and in price, from seventy-five dollars to twelve hundred. In the new towns of the great West, the Cabinet Organ is usually the first instrument of music to arrive; and of late years it takes its place with the piano in the fashionable drawing-rooms of the Atlantic States."

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY. TO QUERIES.—The American Agriculturist says:—"Before admitting their advertisement, we learned that a large number of our clerks and others had for several months been buying their Tea and Coffee from this Company, without its being known who they were, and that they had been highly pleased with their purchases, both as to quality and price, and were all recommending their friends to the same course. As we have published the advertisement for many months, and received no complaints, we conclude there is no humbug about the establishment."

THE "PEOPLE'S ILLUSTRATED EDITION" is the cheapest and best edition of Dickens' Works published in the United States; and the one which everybody ought to buy. The type is not too small, the paper is excellent, and the illustrations are the original ones. In this edition, compactness, elegance, and cheapness, are happily combined. The price of each volume, bound in cloth, is only \$1.50. A year ago, we believe, \$2.50 was asked for similar volumes. Inquire for "Peterson's Illustrated People's Edition," and refuse to buy any other, at least until you have compared it with its rivals. Or address, at once, inclosing your order, T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE "WASHINGTON MEZZOTINT," or either of the "BUX-YAN MEZZOTINTS," will be sent, postage paid, for \$2.00. Or any two will be sent for \$3.00; or the whole three for \$4.50. Address, C. J. PETERSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

"It is PRE-EMINENTLY the Ladies' Magazine," says the Newcastle (Pa.) Journal, speaking of "Peterson."

HOUSEKEEPING, ETC.

TO GIVE DINNER-PARTIES.—The giving of dinner-parties is becoming, every year, more fashionable. In England this is a favorite method of entertaining, and, when the company is well selected, is a very pleasant one. Perhaps some of our subscribers would like to have a few hints on the subject of dinner-parties; for even if they do not give dinners themselves, they may wish to know how others do it, or ought to do it.

In our great Atlantic cities, the very rich entertain, at dinner, in the most costly and elegant style. It is no trouble to give a dinner-party in New York or Philadelphia. Money is the only thing that is required. In Philadelphia, especially, a lady has but to give her orders, either to her own servants, or to some one of the many public waiters who get up dinners, balls, etc., and the affair is managed without any further trouble on her part. The public waiters in Philadelphia are usually colored men, and many of them have great skill in their profession. The number of persons is comparatively few, however, even in our great cities, who can entertain in this extravagant way. Most American women, even if they attempt to give dinner-parties, must consult economy, and depend on their ordinary household help. It is to such ladies that our remarks here are principally addressed.

The first requisite is to know how to cook. In this country, as a rule, you must teach your servant how to cook, or else you never have a good cook. The next point is not to have too large a dinner-party, unless you can afford to get help, on that day, for the cook, or hire additional waiters. It is well to have two waiters if the guests are more than six. Where the meats are carved by the host, or hostess, or both, an active waiter can easily attend to six, that is, can place the dishes on the table, hand around plates, etc., etc. But, in this case, the dinner ought to come up in a dumb-waiter, or be brought to the door of the dining-room by the cook, or the assistant cook. Women wait with peculiar neatness and quickness, when they have a turn for it. A man, or boy, is, perhaps, more stylish for a waiter; but often not as good. A nice dinner-party is one of twelve persons, with two waiters.

The table must have spotless damask, of course, and the dessert must be laid upon it. A small party should never be annoyed by a great arrangement of flowers in the center. The lights from the ceiling will enable you to have your flowers in the center, but it is essential to keep them low, so as to have all faces easily seen. Plenty of green and scarlet, if possible, is required, on account of the white table-cloth. A low, round, glass-dish, full of flowers, dressed flat, and four little glasses, tall and thin, with drooping foliage, placed close to the low dish, so as to make four corners, has a very good effect.

The dessert should be plentiful, and arranged with attention to color; trimmed with foliage sparingly, and distinctly: ferns, and ice-plants, with the foliage of the fruit in some instances, as with grapes and oranges, but no flowers are wanted here. There should be no feeling of confusion when you look at your table; color at regular intervals, neatness, and even stiffness, is required to produce an abidingly pleasant effect. As to silver, china, and glass—of course our friends with moderate means must use what they have. They need not be afraid of common things, if they will so arrange them as to produce a pleasant effect; but our business at present is less with the furniture of the table than with the food.

As to food, a dinner may consist of three, four, or five parts. We will take the last. There is the soup and fish—there is something on which to employ the guests while the great substance of the dinner is dishing up; then comes this more substantial part; after which appears the game; and the concluding part is made up of sweets, puddings, and pastry. Here are two bills of fare. If you have two

waiters, everything will be handed round the table; and if you have only one, then the soup and fish, and the substantial joint must be placed before the master and mistress, and helped by them on the plates, which will have to be carried round.

It is a good plan to put written bills of fare on the table. They may be written in the way shown here:

- | | |
|------|-----------------------|
| (1.) | Gravy Soup. |
| | Fish. |
| | Sweetbreads. |
| | Curried Eggs. |
| | Boiled Chicken. |
| | Quarter of Lamb. |
| | Partridges. |
| | Scalloped Crab. |
| | Baked Almond Pudding. |
| | Jelly. |
| (2.) | Soup. |
| | Fish. |
| | Timbales. |
| | Oyster Croquets. |
| | Mutton Cutlets. |
| | Boiled Chicken. |
| | Haunch of Mutton. |
| | Game. |
| | Rabbit. |
| | Soufflee Pudding. |
| | Jelly. |
| | Pastry. |

These are excellent bills of fare for a dozen persons. The fish may be whatever kind is in season, or which can be had good at the place where the dinner is given. If your party is smaller, you may have a plainer bill of fare. Here are two of this kind:

- | | |
|------|-------------------------|
| (1.) | White Soup. |
| | Fish. |
| | Roll of Rabbits. |
| | Loin of Mutton. |
| | Partridges. |
| | Pudding—Tartlets—Cream. |
| (2.) | Carrot Soup. |
| | Fish. |
| | Calf's-Head Hash. |
| | Leg of Mutton. |
| | Pheasant. |
| | College Puddings. |
| | Tartlets. |
| | Mock Turtle Soup. |
| | Fish. |
| | Stewed Beefsteak. |
| | Rabbit. |
| | Anchovy Toast. |
| | Pudding. |
| | Pastry. |
| | Cheese Straws |

Our list of dinners shall close with one for a very small party:

Remember that every arrangement for the dinner-table should be made for one end—the *comfort of the guests*. Every one should have water, and dinner-rolls, and salt within reach. A dinner-table for ten or a dozen, with salt at the four corners only, is a melancholy spectacle. Green or rose-colored glass salt-cellars all down a table have a very bright and pleasant effect, and silver ones may still be at the corners, if you like. Of course, if, with your one servant you have to place three dishes on the table, when their turns arrive, which require carving, you cannot have your top and bottom dessert-dishes there. They will have to be brought in at the last. As attention will thus be directed to them, they should be particularly pretty. The way of carrying out this suggestion may be safely left to the lady's taste. And now, before we close, a word about wines; for, at fashionable dinner-parties, wines are always drunk.

At the more expensive dinners, oysters are generally served, on the half shell, as an appetizer, when the guests sit down; and in this case a glass of sauterno is usually handed to each guest. Sherry is served with the soup; sometimes both sherry and madeira. Champagne comes on, after the fish is removed, and when the meats, etc., appear; and continues to be served till the dessert. At large dinner-parties, hock, madeira, and claret, are also served with the meats, according to the taste of the guests. Some people drink but one kind of wine: in this case, find out, if you can, what they like, and give it to them; but where all kinds are served, they are sure to get what they prefer. At the best tables, salad, with cracker and cheese is offered just before the dessert; and in this case a glass of port-wine is handed around at the same time. After dessert, give a glass of curacao, and subsequently coffee. If you have any very fine hock, madeira, or claret, it is to be drunk after the dessert. In England, the ladies always leave the table first, the gentlemen following a half-hour, or hour, later. In France, ladies and gentlemen leave the table at the same time.

HORTICULTURAL.

PRESERVATION OF DAHLIA-ROOTS.—Being fond of good dahlias, and grieved at the frequent losses that come under our notice, we beg to commend to the attention of those who too often have to lament the loss of their favorites, the following effective method of preserving their roots; and we mention the subject thus early, so that all our subscribers may get our hints in time. The tops being killed by the autumn frosts, and thus become unsightly, must be cut away, leaving the roots undisturbed for several weeks in order to feed the nascent buds destined to break the following spring. For, if at the time of removing the plants from the ground these buds are immature, there is great probability that the tubers will perish before the spring; or should their vitality remain, there will be found a difficulty, if not an impossibility, of getting them to "break." The next business is to lift the plants from the ground; and in doing this, the greatest care should be taken to preserve their fibrous roots, for the plants require constant nourishment. A number of these rootlets will, however, under the most careful handling, be broken off, and the supply of sap interrupted until new roots are made; but with those plants that have well-swollen buds their reproduction is soon effected. When the tubers are raised from the ground, they should immediately be transferred to their winter quarters, where their fibrous roots must be carefully spread upon a thin layer of sand or earth, and at once covered with about an inch of the same, leaving the greater portion of the tuber bare. During winter they should be kept slightly moistened. For wintering these tubers there is, perhaps, (unless a special place is provided for them,) no better place than under the stage of a cool

green-house; but, whatever place may be assigned them, it is indispensable that it admits a moderate amount of light; is kept cool, but above the freezing point, and that the atmosphere is such as suits growing plants generally; alike free from both saturation and dryness, which will with equal certainty engender putrefaction.

HYACINTHS.—Hyacinths may be grown in moss or sand equally as well as they can be in water. If sand be used either for pots, saucers, or zinc trays, there should be some means of escape for the unappropriated water, or it will collect and become stagnant, to the serious injury of the bulb. The same remarks apply to the use of moss, but this requires more water than does sand; the moss should be packed firm both beneath and around the bulbs. For those grown in glasses, river, pond, or rain water should be used, and the base of the bulb should be placed close to, though not quite in contact with, the water. The water need not be changed, but should be added to meet any decrease by evaporation and absorption of the roots. If a small piece of charcoal is placed in each glass, it will prevent any tendency to putrefaction. Place the glass, when the bulbs are set in them, in a dark, cool position for two months, when they may be gradually inured to a full exposure of daylight, and brought into a warm room, but not sufficiently heated to amount to anything like a forcing temperature, or many of them will become weak. Hyacinths are too often, when under the care of fair readers, subjected to too much of this warmth and an insufficiency of light and air; and we would here remind them that the greater the exposure to light and air the stouter and healthier they will be, and the finer the colors.

GENERAL HINTS.—The following maxims should be learned by heart:

- 1st. The more light plants receive, the better will they endure or enjoy a corresponding increase of heat.
- 2nd. The more heat and light they receive, the more they require an increase of air-moisture.
- 3rd. The more light, heat, and air-moisture they receive, the greater need is there for a liberal ventilation.

We need scarcely remind our readers that the above maxims refer to plants in a growing state.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Friars' Chicken.—Put four pounds of a knuckle of veal into four quarts of water; boil it gently for two hours; strain it off; cut three chickens, or two young fowls, into joints; skin them, and when the broth boils, put them in; season with white pepper and salt; let them boil a short time, and add a handful of parsley chopped small; when the chickens are boiled tender, have ready six or seven well-beaten eggs; stir them quickly into the broth one way immediately before taking it off the fire. This broth may be made entirely of veal instead of chickens.

Rabbit Soup.—Cut one or two rabbits into joints; lay them for an hour in cold water; dry and fry them in butter till about half done, with four or five onions, and a middling-sized head of celery cut small; add to this three quarts of cold water, one pound of split peas, some pepper and salt; let it stew gently for four or five hours, then strain and serve it.

Rice and Milk.—To every quart of good milk allow two ounces of rice; wash it well in several waters; put it with the milk into a closely-covered saucepan, and set it over a slow fire; when it boils, take it off; let it stand till it is cold, and simmer it about an hour and a quarter before sending it to table, and serve it in a tureen.

FISH.

Lobster Patties.—Make some puff-paste, and spread it on very deep patty-pans. Bake it empty. Having boiled well two or three fine lobsters, extract all the meat, and mince it very small, mixing it with the coral smoothly mashed, and some yolk of hard-boiled egg, grated. Season it with a little salt, some Cayenne, and some powdered mace or nutmeg, adding a little yellow lemon-rind, grated. Moisten the mixture well with cream, or fresh butter, or salad oil. Put it into a stewpan, add a very little water, and let it stew till it just comes to a boil. Take it off the fire, and the patties being baked, remove them from the tin pans, place them on a large dish, and fill them up to the top with the mixture. Similar patties may be made of prawns or crabs.

To Pot Trout.—Take from six to eight trout, from a quarter to half a pound in weight each. Gut, scale, and wipe them dry in a clean cloth. Then dispose of them in a shallow dish, about two and a half inches in depth, containing a very small portion of water at the bottom, enough to supply a sufficiency of steam to pass through them. Add to them a supply of ground mace, ground black pepper, salt, and two or three bay-leaves, covering the dish over with a tin protection, and consign the same to a slow oven, to admit of the fish being steamed through. When the prongs of the fork will pass readily into them, they will be done, and may be taken up. When cold, remove the bay-leaves, and let them be well covered with clarified butter.

Lobster Rissoles.—Extract the meat of a boiled lobster; mince it as fine as possible; mix it with the coral pounded smooth, and some yolks of hard-boiled eggs, pounded also. Season it with Cayenne pepper, powdered mace, and a very little salt. Make a batter of beaten egg, milk, and flour. To each egg allow two large tablespoonfuls of milk, and a large teaspoonful of flour. Beat the batter well, and then mix the lobster with it gradually, till it is stiff enough to make into oval balls about the size of a large plum. Fry them in the best salad oil, and serve them up either warm or cold. Similar rissoles may be made of raw oysters, minced fine, or of boiled clams. These should be fried in lard.

MEATS.

Minced Veal.—Cut the veal into very small pieces, but do not chop it; take a little white gravy, a little cream or milk, a bit of butter rolled in flour, and some grated lemon-peel; let these boil till of the consistence of fine thick cream, shake flour over the veal, and sprinkle it with a little salt and white pepper; put it into a saucepan with the other ingredients, and make it quite hot. Be careful it does not boil after the veal has been put in, or it will be hard. Before being taken up squeeze in some lemon-juice, and serve it on a dish over bits of toast.

Veal Chops, Breaded.—Take six or seven handsomely cut chops; season them with salt and pepper, and put them into melted butter. When sufficiently soaked, put them into beaten eggs, take them out, and roll each separately in bread-crumbs; make the chops as round as you can with your hand, and lay them in a dish. When all are breaded, broil them slowly over a moderate fire, that the bread may not be too highly colored. Served with clear gravy.

Beef au Gratin.—Take cold beef, either boiled or roasted, and cut it in thin slices. Grease a tin pan with butter, dust with bread-crumbs, put in a little chopped parsley, and lay on the slices of beef. Put salt, and pepper, and parsley on top, dust with bread-crumbs, drop on lemon-juice, and a little broth, just to cover the bottom of the pan, and place it in the oven.

Ham Pie.—Make a crust the same as for soda-biscuit; line your dish; then put in a layer of potatoes, sliced thin, pepper, salt, and a little butter; then a layer of lean ham; add considerable water, and you will have an excellent pie.

Tripe Stewed.—Cut tripe into stripes, put them in rich gravy, with a lump of butter the size of a hen's egg, rolled in flour; shake until the butter is melted. Add a tablespoonful of white wine, some chopped parsley, pepper, salt, pickled mushrooms, a squeeze of lemon. Shake well together and stir until tender.

Oxford Sausages.—Chop one and a half pounds of pork, one and a half pounds of veal, free from skin, etc., three-quarters of a pound of beef-suet; mince and mix well, stir the crumb of a penny loaf in water, mix with the meat. Add sage, salt, pepper, and allspice to taste. Roll into balls, flatten, and fry of a light brown.

POULTRY.

Goose.—This requires keeping, the same as fowls, some days before cooking. The goose is best in the autumn and early part of winter—never good in spring. What is called a green goose is four months old. It is insipid after that, although tender. Pick well and singe the goose; then clean carefully. Put the liver and gizzard on to cook as the turkey's. When the goose is washed and ready for stuffing, have boiled three white potatoes, skin and mash them; chop three onions very fine, throw them into cold water; stir into the potatoes a spoonful of butter, a little salt and black pepper, a tablespoonful of finely-rubbed sage-leaves; drain off the onions, and mix with the potato, sage, etc. When well mixed, stuff the goose with the mixture, have ready a coarse needle and thread, and sew up the slit made for cleaning and introducing the stuffing. A full-grown goose requires one hour and three-quarters. Roast it as a turkey, dredging and basting. The gravy is prepared as for poultry, with the liver and gizzard. Apple-sauce is indispensable for roast goose.

Savory Sauce for a Roasted Goose.—A tablespoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, and three spoonfuls of port-wine. When mixed, pour this (hot) into the body of the goose before sending it up. It wonderfully improves the sage and onions.

To Bake a Turkey.—Let the turkey be picked, singed, and washed, and wiped dry, inside and out; joint only to the first joints in the legs, and cut some of the neck off if it is all bloody; then cut one dozen small gashes in the fleshy parts of the turkey, on the outside and in different parts of the turkey, and press one whole oyster in each gash; then close the skin and flesh over each oyster as tightly as possible; then stuff your turkey, leaving a little room for the stuffing to swell. When stuffed, sew it up with a stout cord, rub over lightly with flour, sprinkle a little salt and pepper on it, and put some in your dripping-pan, put in your turkey, baste it often with its own drippings; bake to a nice brown; thicken your gravy with a little flour and water. Be sure and keep the bottom of the dripping-pan covered with water, or it will burn the gravy and make it bitter.

Stuffing for a Turkey or Chicken.—Take some bread-crumbs and turn on just enough hot water to soften them; put in a piece of butter, not melted, the size of a hen's egg, add a spoonful of pulverized sage, a teaspoonful of ground pepper, and a teaspoonful of salt; there may be some of the bread-crumbs that need to be chopped; then mix thoroughly and stuff your turkey.

VEGETABLES.

To Stew Cucumbers.—Obtain a brace of garden-frame cucumbers, of a moderate size; divest them of their rinds, cutting them lengthways down the middle, lay them in a skillet with one pint of good veal gravy, a few blades of mace, and a small quantity of whole black pepper. Let them simmer for half an hour over a gentle fire, thicken with a small quantity of butter and flour, and stir in a glass of port-wine before serving them up, which should be done in a root-dish accompanied with toast sippets. Salt can be added *ad libitum*.

Mushrooms Broiled.—These should be of the best description, not too large, but of medium size; they should be grown in any airy position, should be white-skinned, fleshy, and undecayed—that is, not quite black and soft. It should be noted that many of the best mushrooms for broiling lose the whiteness of their skin in part, and look brown and sunburnt, but this is rather a recommendation. A brownish-skinned kind, which is apt to grow half hidden with earth, is very good, but not common in some places. Having obtained good mushrooms, pepper and salt them well, lay them, with the stem upward, on a small gridiron, broil them rather quickly, and serve them with strong gravy. Some persons like them with fresh butter, and will place a little on them while broiling.

Vegetable Marrow.—Peel the marrow, then divide down the center, and take the seeds out; cut the marrow in pieces, boil until quite soft, then drain in a colander until all the water is out, beat well with a fork, and season with pepper, salt, and a lump of butter. They are also very nice sliced and boiled, then laid upon toast, with melted butter poured over, like asparagus.

DESSERTS.

Fritters of Cake and Pudding.—Cut plain pound or rice-cake into small square slices half an inch thick; trim away the crust, fry them slowly a light brown in a small quantity of fresh butter, and spread over them, when done, a layer of apricot-jam, or of any other preserve, and serve them immediately. These fritters are improved by being moistened with a little good cream before they are fried; they must then be slightly floured. Cold plum pudding sliced down as thick as the cake, and divided into portions of equal size and good form, then dipped into batter, and gently fried, will also make an agreeable variety of fritter.

Gelatine.—This is prepared for jellies by soaking overnight in very little water; allow one ounce for each quart of jelly. If the isinglass is not pure, it must be clarified. Mix in half a pint of water a teaspoonful of the white of egg, and a little lemon-juice; beat well, and stir it into two ounces of isinglass, which is dissolved in half a pint of water; heat these together gradually, constantly stirring; remove all the scum, and pass it through a flannel jelly-bag.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—MORNING DRESS AND BASQUE OF WHITE PIQUÉ, richly embroidered. Sailor straw hat, trimmed with red ribbon.

FIG. II.—HOUSE DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED FOULARD, for the skirt. The white body is made with tucks and insertion, the insertion being lined with violet-colored ribbon.

FIG. III.—DINNER DRESS OF LIGHT GRAY SILK.—The long skirt is quite plain; the upper skirt is trimmed with black guipure lace and deep fringe; to the upper skirt is attached a low body, worn over the high one, and trimmed with black guipure.

FIG. IV.—WALKING DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED FOULARD.—The skirt is short, worn over an under-skirt of the same material, and like the basque, without trimming. Small round hat, trimmed with cherry-colored silk and a wreath of ivy-leaves.

FIG. V.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE SILK.—Cherry-colored silk sacque, embroidered, and trimmed with rich ball-fringe.

FIG. VI.—SHORT BLACK VELVET SACQUE, trimmed with broad guipure lace. The sleeve is loose.

FIG. VII.—ROUND STRAW HAT, dotted with black, and bound with black velvet; short scarlet feather.

FIG. VIII.—CLOAK OF VERY LIGHT GRAY CLOTH, OF A PEPLUM SHAPE, trimmed with jet and narrow black guipure.

FIG. IX.—ROUND STRAW HAT, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The unbecoming, convenient, short dresses are still worn, but scarcely any two look alike, the style of making and trimming are so different. Sometimes the skirt is sufficiently long to dispense with the trimmed petticoat, and trimmed with three or four bias ruffles or folds; sometimes the petticoat is of the same color and material as the dress, sometimes of a pretty contrasting color. Then the upper skirt is often looped up with bows or rosettes, or rounded off at the sides, or tied at the back with a bow and ends. Handsome silk-petticoats, prettily trimmed, are also worn under long skirts, which are simply fastened at the back by means of a wide sash, which forms a loop through which the skirt is passed. This is a most convenient style of wearing dresses with trains out-of-doors.

THE WIDE, LOOSE SLEEVE has not been as much worn, during the summer, as was expected; and as the autumn approaches the close sleeve will most probably be the most popular. Still the *Jewess* sleeve is very suitable for dresses of heavy material, and paletots, and is by some very much liked; it is a wide, open sleeve, made round, slightly pointed, and very long.

THE RIDING COAT, a style of nearly half a century ago, is again coming in fashion. It is an over-dress, cut in the Gabrielle style, buttoning all the way down the front, without a seam at the waist, and is just long enough to show the silk petticoat underneath. A small pelerine cape, of the same material, is worn with this dress.

EMBROIDERY in straw, silk, and beads, is much used for dresses; but satin is still very popular.

JACKETS, without sleeves, continue to be worn, embroidered with straw and braid, or beaded.

LONG BASQUES, tied at the back, are fashionable, especially for young ladies, as well as a peplum belt of jet.

VELVET NECKLACES continue popular, for they are so generally becoming. The "dog-collar" necklace, which is tied close around the throat, and has long hanging ends and bows, is sometimes edged with a straw or jet fringe, or, for more "dressy" occasions, with tiny rose-buds.

PALETOTS are usually of the same material as the dress for walking-dresses, though fancy cloths and black silks are a good deal used. The style of making has not varied as yet.

BONNETS still continue very small; the mantilla style, with a veil thrown over a perfectly plain bonnet, ornamented with a rose or pomegranate, and fastened under the chin, is the prettiest. Strings tied at the back are not popular, except tulle lappets are used in front; they have a vulgar look.

HATS are of a variety of styles, mostly small, and trimmed with velvet and bands of feathers; though large Swiss hats, lined with some pretty color, and with wide strings tied at the back of the head, have been worn.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE, FOR A LITTLE BOY.—It is trimmed with black braid and large, flat buttons. Gray straw hat, trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF WHITE DOTTED MUSLIN, trimmed with blue ribbon, and worn over blue silk.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF STONE-COLORED CASHMERE, looped up over a petticoat of crimson cashmere. The paletot is without sleeves, the under-body and sleeves being of the same color as the petticoat.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED POPLIN, trimmed with green velvet, for a little girl.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF WHITE ALPACA, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is trimmed with black lace and rows of scarlet velvet. The jacket is of the Breton shape, with a small figure of a peasant embroidered on the left side. Small white hat, trimmed with scarlet.



Painted by J. Becker

Engraved & Coloured by Wm. Smith

“NIMBLE’S PET”

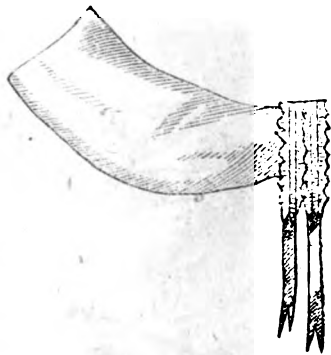
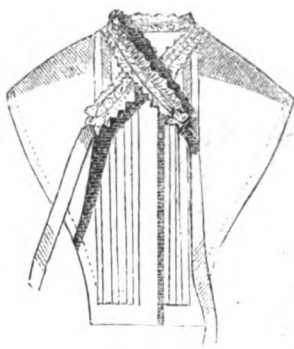
Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine



STRIPED MITTEN.



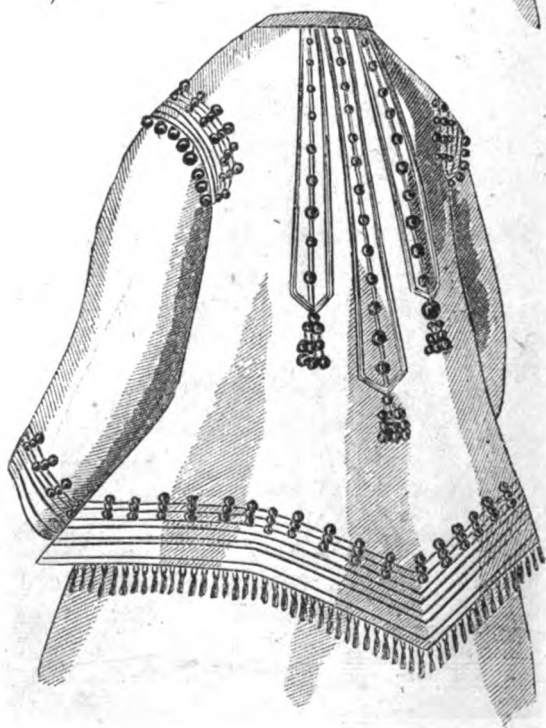
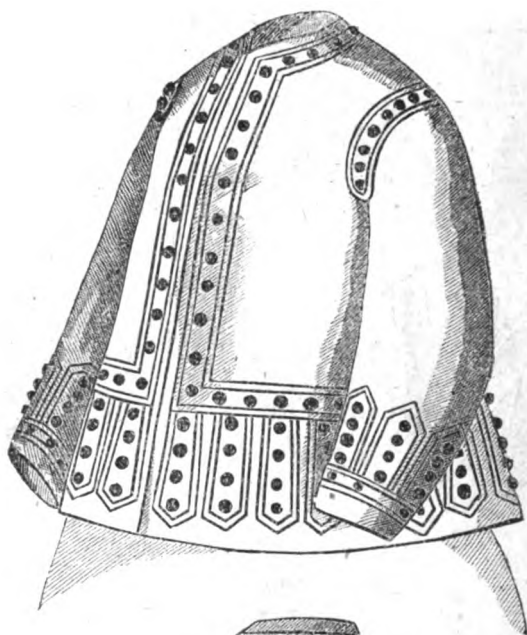




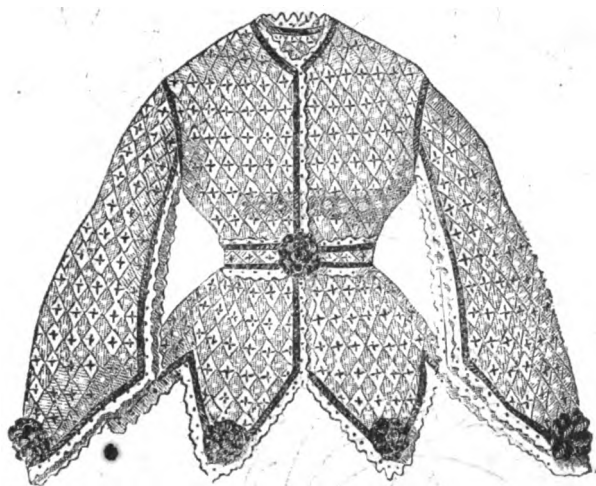
WALKING DRESS: COLLAR AND CUFF.



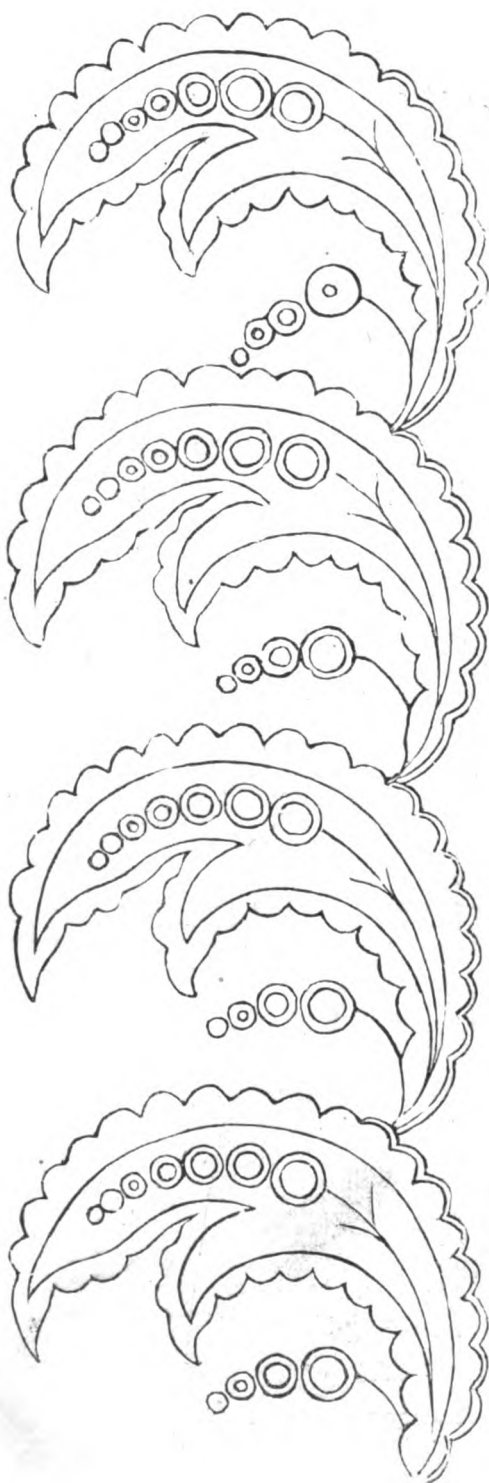
EVENING DRESS, AND CAPE.



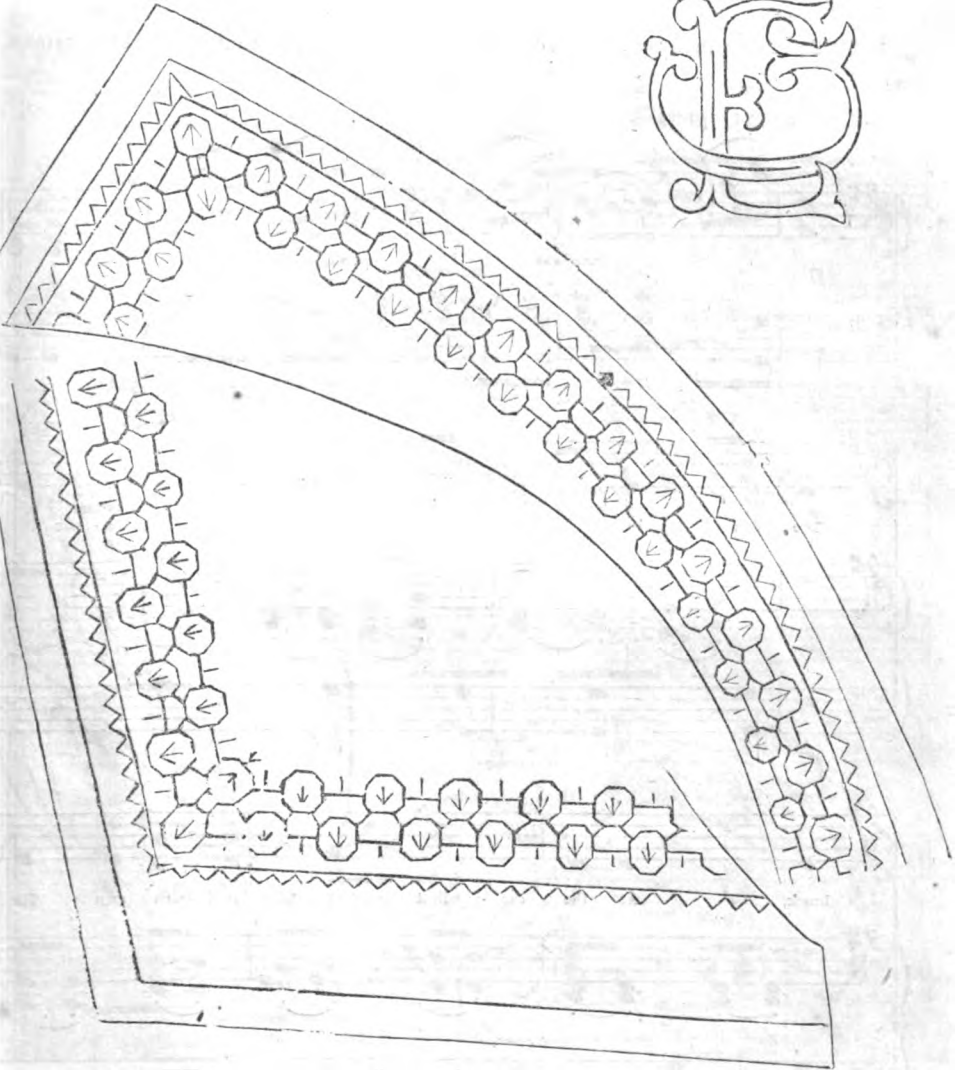
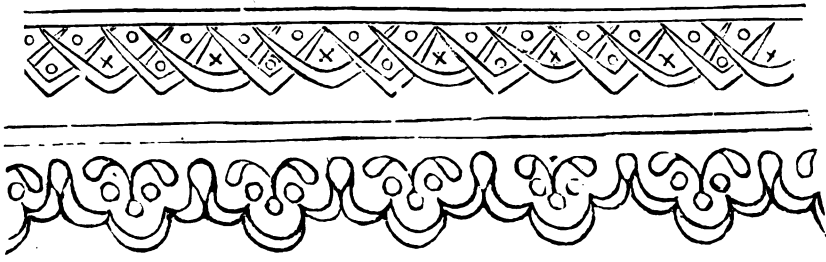
WINTER PALETOTS.



BABY'S CLOAK, AND BLACK LACE BASQUE.



DESIGN IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



EEGING FOR CHEMISE YOKE: MONOGRAM: HALF OF COLLAR AND CUFF.

"FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

A BALLAD.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CLARIBEL.

Published by permission of SEP. WINNER & CO., 929 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Moderato con espress.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and a final measure with a double bar line. The bass staff begins with a piano dynamic marking (*p*) and contains a harmonic accompaniment of chords and moving lines. The key signature and time signature are consistent throughout the system.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff contains the vocal line with the lyrics "The, dew lay glitt - ring o'er the grass, A mist lay o - ver the". The bass staff provides the harmonic support. The notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the musical flow.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The treble staff contains the vocal line with the lyrics "brook, At the ear - liest beam of the gold - en sun The". The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line. A *cres.* (crescendo) marking is placed above the bass staff in the final measure.

"FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

swal-low her nest for-sock; The snow-y blooms of the haw-thorn tree Lay
 thick-ly the ground a-dorn-ing, The birds were sing-ing in
 ev-'ry bush, At five o'-clock in the morn-ing, The
 birds were sing-ing in ev-'ry bush, At five o'-clock in the morn-ing.

p
mf
dim.

2. And Bessie the milkmaid merrily sang,
 The meadows were fresh and fair,
 And the breeze of morning kissed her brow,
 And played with her nut-brown hair;
 But oft she turned and looked around
 As if the silence scorning,
 'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe
 At five o'clock in the morning.

3. And over the meadows the mowers came,
 And merry their voices rang,
 And one among them wended his way,
 To where the milkmaid sang;
 And as he lingered by her side,
 Despite his comrades' warning,
 The old, old story was told again
 At five o'clock in the morning.

Gertrude

Elisabeth

Anna

NAMES FOR MARKING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1867.

No. 5.

THE SKATING PARTY.

BY ALICE GRAY.

It wanted but a week of Lucinda Hurd's wedding-day. With her it had not been exactly the old story of the rich, respectable wooer, and the fascinating, ne'er-do-well, for the two who had tried to win her were equal in position and fortune; but there was a dash of unreliability and mystery about one of them—Hull Tremaine, who was said to have gipsy blood in his veins. As for the other, John Peters, every one knew all about him. Even strangers, who could not be acquainted with his circumstances and antecedents, could give a tolerably good guess at them and their results half an hour after being introduced to him. He it was who had won the prize—bright, loving, willful Lucinda. And now, while he in the neighboring city was choosing a bridal-gift, she was walking down a quiet village lane, going slowly, sometimes looking behind her, and scarcely noticing Mr. Wilson's "hired-man," Jeremiah Terry, who passed her. He looked back and saw her standing still at the turning, apparently lost in thought. Chuckling to himself, he said, "I'll be shot if that wasn't Hull Tremaine I see dodging about the stile there. Didn't know he'd come home. Shouldn't wonder if Lucindy 'd met him, bin a-walkin' with him, 'praps. Don't call that jest the thing for a young woman that's to marry another feller in a fortnight, and sech an honest, hull-hearted feller as John Peters, too."

Soon afterward Jeremiah met Miss Stoddard, the dress-maker.

"Your folks usually well, Miss Stoddard?" he began.

It appeared that they were.

"Work a leetle mite slack jest now, isn't it?" said he. "I calk'late the gals has got their winter fixins made up by this time."

"I am pretty busy," said Miss Stoddard.

After a pause, he continued, "You've bin a-workin' up to Mr. Hurd's a spell, hev'n't ye?"

"Yes; and I'm going back there next week," answered Miss Stoddard.

"Wal, keep your eyes open!" said Jeremiah.

"What do you mean?" said Miss Stoddard.

"Oh, nothin'! A piece of advice, that's all. Shan't charge ye nothin' for it."

A few days afterward, Lucinda Hurd entered the spare-chamber, now littered with certain suggestive paraphernalia, where sat Miss Stoddard, showing unusually sallow and gaunt amid the white satin and delicate tulle. Lucinda trod ruthlessly across the shining shreds, the smile and the beautiful blush fading from her cheek, and stood by a window silently gazing out. What sight replaces the anticipation of light and music, and orange-blossoms, and groups of admiring, loving friends, wherein the bridegroom, even in his young, noble manhood, sinks into comparative insignificance? A vision of a vast bareness, far away, as on a plane projected in some distant region, where surroundings are not, and are not needed, would be unheeded beside the clasp of a firm, lithe hand, the gaze of two dusky eyes into her own? As she looked around, she caught Miss Stoddard's keen glance fixed upon her, and colored as vividly as if the dress-maker's spirit had gone out with hers on its journey, and been cognizant of all it had seen and felt.

Then she curled herself down on the floor by her side. "Miss Stoddard, were you ever in love?"

"Not what you call being in love," returned the dress-maker, dryly.

"Why, what do I call it?" asked Lucinda.

"I think you have some queer notions about it," answered Miss Stoddard.

"Well, never mind about me," continued Lucinda. "Tell me about yourself. How did you do?"

"I never told you I had a lover," said Miss Stoddard, grimly.

"Oh! but I know you had," said Lucinda.

"No, I have no story to tell you," answered Miss Stoddard. "Come, I'm ready to try on now."

If Miss Stoddard had followed her inclinations, she would have left the mark of her bare hand on the smooth, white shoulder she was fitting.

"'Queer notions' have I?" murmured Lucinda, as she went down stairs. "Well, maybe they are queer, though she don't know anything about them; but, oh! this thing I cannot do!" and she opened the door of the room where her lover awaited her, and walked directly up to him. With broken words she managed to get out that feeling as she did toward another, she could not, it would not be just or right to marry him. John Peters' ruddy face turned pale, and his burly frame trembled.

"Who is it?" he asked, hoarsely.

Lucinda's head bowed low, and no reply came.

"Is it Hull Tremaine?"

A burning blush answered him.

"You know," Lucinda added, "he has been away for six months, and I thought I'd got over it—or rather, I never thought about it; but now I've found out——"

"Have you seen him? Has he spoken of love to you?" interrupted John, fiercely.

"No, no! he has not," replied Lucinda. "He did not say a word; he just took hold of my two hands and looked down into my eyes, and—I felt that I must tell you. If I could not meet him calmly a week before we are married, I could not a week after, or a year after."

"There you are mistaken," said poor John, coming back from the window to which he had turned. "Perhaps I cannot put into words what I mean—I am not good at such things; but you need not think that, as a wife, as a matron, you would be—what shall I call it?—subject to such a feeling; that after a year of wedded love and confidence, such as I know could be ours in spite of this, would not place you above the reach of such a feeling. It is a sort of a fascination—it is not love, you say yourself——" and here the poor fellow broke down.

Before they parted Lucinda yielded, borne along by the momentum of that resolute, great-hearted manhood. Perhaps, she thought, John was right; after she was married all might be very different.

Two or three days afterward there was a skating party on the river. John Peters and Lucinda Hurd both skated well, and flew over

the ice, hand-in-hand, their friends following with looks of admiration and affection her glowing cheeks and light floating hair. She had no need of the soda or lime-water used by many of our fashionable belles to bleach *her* hair. Later in the afternoon, Peters became interested in skating with a young lady of Central Park fame as a skater. The principal interest of the party centred around them as they executed wondrous geometrical figures. As twilight closed in, it was discovered that Lucinda Hurd was missing. After ineffectual hallooing and searching, the now trembling, sobered girls returned to their warm, comfortable homes, where the cheerful lights shone, and the warm fires crackled, and the hot suppers were spread; while the young men, headed by John Peters, proceeded down the river with lanterns. About ten o'clock they returned, unsuccessful. They had gone down till the ice become broken and floating, large cakes drifting out on the tide.

The next morning a party started again. As Peters came out from his hurried breakfast, he encountered Jeremiah Terry lounging about his barn-yard.

"Middlin' good lot of wood you've got here for winter," said Jeremiah.

"Yes," said John. John's face was set, and his eyes looked wild, and so mournful, they would have made you cry.

"Guess I shan't go with the men this mornin'," resumed Jeremiah. "I went last night, you know."

"Yes, I know you did," returned John, shortly.

Jeremiah watched his preparations a few moments longer, and then he strolled toward the gate, as if going. Then he turned back and said, "Oh! here's something I found last night. I thought I'd fotch it to ye," holding out a bit of a woolen scarf.

"I never saw it before," said Peters.

"It's rather a curis pattern, you see."

"Yes; I don't know it."

"I do," said Jeremiah. "I've seen Hull Tremaine with one like it; and he's the only one I ever did see with it."

"What do you mean?" said Peters.

"Why," said Jeremiah, "Tremaine was on the ice yesterday afternoon. Don't believe anybody sec'd him—down by the bend in the river, when you was cutting up fandangoes with that New York gal up by the willows. And I've bin up to the old Tremaine place, kind o' lookin' round, and from what I can learn he hasn't bin to hum last night. Now I thought, mebbe,

you'd like to hev me keep this matter quiet-like."

"What matter? What do you know about it? You——" said Peters, with a sudden blaze of anger.

"You hev'n't no call to git riled at me," said Jeremiah. "You see folks don't know, mostly, as Hull's come back. Don't believe none on 'em knows it 'cept me. He's kept himself pretty close; and old Miss Tremaine, she's down with rheumatis; and their hired-gal, Sophrony Ann Perkins, is as mum as a weasel, and so——"

"Get out of here! Go along with you! Get out of the yard," shouted John.

Jeremiah moved off, but before he got out of hearing, John called, "Here!"

The "hired-man" turned round and looked at him, but did not come back.

"Here! Come here, can't you? I want to speak to you," cried John.

"I'd about as live you'd come to me," said Jeremiah, standing still.

"Confound you!" muttered John; but he came out of the gate and went up to him. "I suppose you want me to make it worth your while to hold your tongue?"

"Wal, I wan't thinkin' so much of that nuther; but I donno why I should put myself out to obleege my neighbors, and not git a civil word for it, let alone nothin' else."

John held out a greenback. "Come to me some other time. I'll remember you."

The big drops stood on his brow, even in the frosty air, as he turned back into the woodshed and leaned his face against the wood-pile. He did not go with the searchers that morning.

About noon they returned, empty handed, but having gleaned some scant tidings from a dweller in a lone house down the river; from a passer-by; then from one amusing himself with a spy-glass; it was like three *tableaux vivantes*—three glimpses through a veil of darkness. The first was of a man kneeling with extended arms at Lucinda's feet. The next showed the ice on which they were, separated from the main body, and she trying to regain firm footing, and he stubbornly and fiercely preventing her. With up raised hands she seemed to adjure him, and her shrieks were borne on the sunset air. At last the spy-glass revealed them beyond all hope, on a cake of ice, sweeping down to the river's mouth, he standing immovable, with folded arms, she sometimes clinging to him, sometimes tearing her hair—that lovely, long hair, which the hand of her betrothed had caressed a few hours before. Strange and startling links, but easily filled up.

That night a wagon was driven up to Deacon Peters' door, containing the body of young Tremaine, which had been found jammed among the rocks. That he was yet living was almost a miracle. "We fotched him in 'here, deacon," said the men; "it's a good two mile farther to the Tremaine Place, and it's late, and the team pretty nigh used up. He won't live till mornin', we don't think."

But Tremaine was alive the next night, and delirious. From his ravings the whole household learned that Lucinda's going off with him had not been a premeditated, hardly a voluntary thing on her part. John sat with his father in the library. When this reached him he started to his feet, and a deep-toned, "Thank God! thank God!" burst from the bottom of his mighty chest.

There was a call for help to keep the patient in bed, and John ran up, and gently, but firmly controlled him. Hull then essayed to make a speech, with much gesticulation and earnestness, to an imaginary audience, and in the middle of it a half consciousness of his absurdity crossed him—and he laid his head down and wept like a child; and John, big, strong, rough John, stood and cried over him a perfect rain of tears. That night no voice or hand but John's could soothe him; and when the late dawn glimmered through the window, John still sat on the bedside with Hull's pale face pillowed on his shoulder. After that he installed himself as nurse—and no woman could have been more delicate and assiduous in attendance. Everybody wondered, except his old father, the deacon, who only smiled, and said, "I always knew that John was a true follower of the Master's. He proves it now."

Week passed after week. They asked Tremaine of Lucinda, and he replied with a groan, "I know nothing."

But one morning a letter came from Lucinda herself, post-marked in a distant city. She had been picked up by a schooner. The letter told a harrowing tale of exposure and despair, and concluded by bidding her horror-struck friends never to expect her return home. Her path in life, she said, lay far from theirs, and she had already made arrangements to follow it. She gave details with a sad, firm preciseness.

The letter was read to young Tremaine, who had lain in a half stupor for some time. A long-drawn sigh of relief was his only response.

The next morning he rose, dressed, and with tottering steps gained the library, where John Peters was.

"You, Tremaine! Up—dressed!" exclaimed John. "Is it possible?"

"Yes," said Tremaine. "I have come to say good-by, and to thank you. You will let me thank you?" holding out his hand.

John clasped it. "Good-by; but just one question—you are going to *her*?" and his breath came laboringly through white lips.

"No," answered Hull, "we shall never meet again. She rejected me. I told her all on the ice, and she pronounced the bar insuperable. And then I—mad that I was— And then the sights at the mouth of the river, I can see them

yet—I always shall see them. Well, good-by! You are a noble man."

Hull is still a wanderer, and Lucinda an exile.

"When shall they meet? I cannot tell,
Indeed, when they shall meet again,
Except some day in Paradise—
For this they wait, one waits in pain.
Beyond the sea of death love lies
Forever, yesterday, to-day.
Angels shall ask them, Is it well?
And they shall answer, Yea."

My story is a sad one. But life is not all sunshine; and it is well to see truth, be it sad or gay.

JUST TWO YEARS OLD.

BY P. H. PETERS.

Two blue eyes and cheeks of cherry,
Prattling tongue and laughter merry,
Throughout the livelong day.

Paddling in and paddling out
With a joyous, happy shout,
Driving dull care away.

Grasping at sunbeams, laughing in glee,
Little hands lifted—blithe as a bee;
Charm of the household, pet of the fold—
Roguish-eyed Harry, just two years old.

Dimpled face, and hands mischievous;
Temper mixed—ay, sometimes grievous—
Cloud and sun together.

Pulling this, and hiding that,
Cries to don our great big hat—
Storm and fairy weather.

Grasping at sunbeams, laughing in glee,
Little hands lifted—blithe as a bee;
Charm of the household, pet of the fold—
Roguish-eyed Harry, just two years old.

Hiding toys and slapping sister;
Pulls her hair, then turns to kiss her!
Autocrat of the house.

Peeps in pockets, and tears our clothes,
Kisses, fondles all his toes—
Quick and sly as a mouse.

Grasping at sunbeams, laughing in glee,
Little hands lifted—blithe as a bee;
Joy of the household, pet of the fold—
Roguish-eyed Harry, just two years old.

Balmy breath and rosy vapors;
Deep blue eyes brim full of capers;
Never at all at rest.

Little feet just learning to run,
Soul as pure as the setting sun—

Darling boy; mamma's best
Grasping at sunbeams, laughing in glee,
Prattling and humming—sweet melody;
Laughing at sorrow, thou "pet" of the fold—
Roguish-eyed Harry, just two years old.

"THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND."

BY SYLVIE A. SPERRY.

TWILIGHT shades are falling
Dreamily around;
Comes there now no sound,
Save the night-hawk calling,
As the shades are falling?
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!
Mournfully, but still
Whip-poor-will!

There's a presence near me;
Spirit kisses soft
Press my hot lips oft,
Comes the thought to cheer me,
There's a presence near me;
There's a soft hand pressing,
Tenderly caressing,
On my head in blessing.

Loving fingers twining,
As in days of yore,
Curl the damp locks o'er;
Moonbeams softly shining,
Light those fingers twining,
Mother's fingers on my aching brow;
Mother's fingers now
Cool the fever of her daughter's brow.

Lover's kisses falling,
Tenderly and soft,
On my hot lips oft;
His the whisper calling,
As the shades are falling,
Oh! my love, the years are long and dreary,
And my feet are weary,
And the way is rough, and dark, and dreary!

NUMBER THREE.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

HER name was Kitty Gordon, and she was the veriest witch I ever saw.

I don't mean that she was "fast" or "loud," or any of those abominable epithets with which modern Mrs. Grundy sets the seal of disapprobation upon girls who happen to be a little different from the commonplace order. *En passant*, though, did you ever chance to notice, that those same girls who are laden with the ominous sentence, often times make the finest women in the end, for they occasionally keep a fresh, unsullied heart—and that's more than most of the *beau-monde* do? All of which has nothing to do with my Kitty—she was a trump. *Messieurs et Mesdames*, pardon the slang.

Neither was Kitty a beauty; but after you knew her a week, you never paused to think of that. She was by no means ugly, please remember—for her turquoise eyes were lovely, and her smile a bit of sunshine. I would rather look like Kitty Gordon, and possess her ways of bewitching people, than be as beautiful as Coralie Rivers. You see, Kitty is my bosom friend, and I love her dearly. Ever since we were wee bits of children we have been together. There is a distant connection between our families; and after our nursery squabbles were over, we got on famously. She always took the lead in everything; and mamma used to say that half the scrapes I got into ought to be laid at Kitty's door. I believe she loved mischief for mischief's sake; at any rate, she hasn't lost her innate roguishness to this day. But the oddest thing about Kitty Gordon was the comical fate which was continually making her the confidante of all her friends, male and female. She seemed to be, she used to declare, "a sort of general depository for the secrets of disconsolate lovers." And what's more, she always had a pair of them upon her hands. Kitty's experience, as far as I am concerned, was absurd enough. I'll tell you about it; for that was the way she came to be dubbed "Number Three."

I, that is, Dot Worthington, spinster, (called Dot, because I only measure five feet and half an inch in my highest-heeled boots,) had two lovers. I mean two that amounted to anything—and I was most dreadfully bothered with them. They were Fred Leighton, who was one of the

greatest beaux in New York, and Capt. Elliot, a West Point graduate, and stationed on Governor's Island. Fred was Kitty's friend before he was mine; and I shall always believe that she *did* flirt with him, notwithstanding her declaration to the contrary. However, they were devoted friends, nothing more, when Fred took it into his brain to become my shadow. He was such a fascinating fellow, and I— Well, sometimes I fancied I was desperately in love with him, and then again I concluded I wasn't. Larry Elliot was essentially Fred's antipodes. Fred was a genuine flirt; whereas, Larry was too straightforward for anything of the kind. Fred had certainly the most lovable disposition in one sense, for he was extremely genial and sunny, and got along with everybody, gliding over the rough points because he was partly too gentle, and partly too lazy to enter on a dispute. *Au contraire*, Larry had a right quick temper; but he was as generous as he was fiery. Whenever he encountered obstacles, mental or physical, he commenced a vigorous crusade against them, never resting until he came off victorious. He was so determined that he frightened me sometimes; and then, too, I hadn't any special vocation for army life. So (I confess it) I flirted just as hard as I could with both all winter; and Kitty used to lecture and laugh at me by turns. When June came, we made up a party to go to West Point; and mamma being something of an invalid, auntie Graham offered to matronize us. Now, I must say that I did not quite fancy the arrangement. I haven't, naturally, a very large bump of veneration; and what little I possess always vanishes into thin air when auntie descends, like a wet blanket, upon me. And she didn't look with favorable eyes upon either Fred or the captain. Of the two, she rather preferred the civilian; but she had a horrid fashion of folding her hands and pronouncing Fred "So extravagant, my dear!" that always put me in a temper, and made Kitty's eyes dance.

Kitty, dear child, accompanied us—and a lively time she had of it, I can tell you. The night before we started, as Fred and I sat in the parlor, with the gas very low, and Kitty, discreet Kitty! in the most distant window-seat; Fred got very much in earnest. In fact, he

came just about as near saying, "Will you?" as ever a man did. That was a fashion of Fred's: and I must say it made it uncomfortable. What possible right had he to go on making me like him, and acting, yes, even saying, "I love you, Dot," but never going a step farther? I've arrived now at the sensible conclusion that it was very dishonorable; but, dear me! I was such a goose in those days that I thought he would surely propose before the end of our trip. Therefore, when we reached West Point, I was in a state of ecstatic bliss; and that night I confided the whole matter to Kitty, as we were taking down our hair. Query? Is there something in the "witching hour of midnight" that unloosens feminine tongues? Because I've noticed that girls have an unfailing predilection for long talks just when the "clock tolls the hour for retiring."

"Well," quoth Kitty, perching herself in the very center of the bed, and crossing her feet *a la Turc*, comically, "it's my private opinion, in the words of the illustrious 'A. Ward,' that my friend Fred needs *reorganizing*! Now, Dot, don't be a goose! If you don't make that man take the final step over the Rubicon in two days, I'm afraid he'll slip through your fingers. In fact," added Kitty, with an air of immense antiquity, "I've seen more of men and the world than you have," (she is just six months and three weeks my senior,) "and I advise you to be careful."

"Oh, Kitty!" said I, tearfully, "I can't do anything of the sort. I don't know how to go to work."

"Pshaw!" she said, contemptuously. "You're a woman!" with which aphorism Kitty bounced off the bed, and taking me into her arms, tried to comfort me.

"I'm very fond of Fred," said she, candidly; "and we always have been great chums, you know. He treats me more as he would another man, than as he treats most women. I get out of patience with him, though, at times. There's your other admirer, my dear—your military hero. I am really getting up a huge admiration for him. Suppose I try a mild flirtation in that quarter? You and Fred are wonderfully enlivening company, Dot; and it would be an absolute sin if the captain and I do not improve our opportunities."

You may judge if I felt in a very good humor next morning, when, on coming down to breakfast at the *table d'hôte*, the first group my eyes fell upon was Fred and Larry, both talking to Coralie Rivers. Coralie is a beauty and a belle; but I never could abide her, because she is so

superficial. You need not accuse me of spite, though, on that particular morning, I did feel as if I would like to annihilate her! Fred behaved beautifully the first two days, notwithstanding Coralie's advent. We had three lovely talks in our private parlor, while Kitty "played propriety," and sat off in the window with a book. However, she is the most dreadful little dragon about seeing everything. Will you believe it, she actually saw Fred holding my hand under a sheet of music, which we pretended to be looking at. Kitty glanced toward the mirror and saw the whole transaction, and then told me of it in the wickedest, sauciest fashion, after Fred went off. But the main object didn't progress any, no matter how lover-like Fred was in our talks *a deux*. And what's worse, Kitty carried her threat into execution, and began to be bewitching (as she knows how) to Capt. Elliot. Why, he was perfectly devoted to her, and, perhaps, you think that was pleasant for me; for, no matter how much you really care for one man, you never like to see another, who has been very much in love with you, worship at somebody else's shrine—that is, if you're a woman. I didn't, and, for one, am frank enough to say so.

Then Fred began his performances. Hanging over Coralie's chair, dancing the German with her, and asking her to sing, all, as he said, "to keep auntie Graham from talking." Just as if she didn't talk twice as much, and give me horrid hints about girls that never were able to "keep their admirers." And then Kitty—I do believe I was jealous of her! And the provoking girl wouldn't notice it, but was so kind and sweet, and tried so hard to make Fred behave himself, as far as I was concerned, that I was half distracted between my jealousy of and my love for her. Of course, matters couldn't go on that way long—so, just one week after our arrival at West Point, Fred and I had an explosion. Kitty had gone off to Fort Putnam with auntie and Capt. Elliot, and we had the parlor to ourselves. I don't care to say much about that talk with Fred. I had begun to feel that I didn't care very much about him, after all; and though I got up a few tears for the occasion, feeling the dignity of my first love affair too much not to remember what I owed to society, and do it perfectly *en règle*, I wasn't broken-hearted. But after he left me, I had a good, honest cry; and when Kitty came back, she found me with the blinds all closed, and my head buried in the sofa-pillow.

"What's the matter, Dot?" said she, surveying me with the queerest little smile.

"Matter enough," said I, between a sigh and a snuffle. "I told—Fred—I didn't love him—one bit!"

"Bravo!" cried Kitty, "I'm delighted to hear it. Aren't you ashamed of yourself for letting him play with you so long?"

"Much obliged to you," said I, getting very red and angry. "I don't think I've let him play with me any more than I see *you* play with Capt. Elliot every day."

Kitty looked at me steadily for half a second, and the quick tears sprang to her eyes. I expected a bitterly sarcastic retort, and my heart smote me for my ugly speech; but she turned away with a little laugh,

"Don't be absurd, Dot," said she; "and please don't try to quarrel with me." And then she dressed herself *a la reine*, and during the entire afternoon and evening she was with Larry Elliot, and finally went off with him for a moonlight walk. The consequence of which was, that I would not speak to her while we were undressing—and I went to sleep in a positively awful fit of the sulks.

We came down to breakfast next day, but without my aunt. She had one of her worst neuralgic headaches; and when Coralie Rivers tried to get me to join her party, and go down to hear the band practice, I declined, on the plea that I must stay with auntie. So I went off hastily enough to her room, and stayed there for at least an hour. At the end of which time she said she thought she could go to sleep, and accordingly I took my work and departed to the parlor. Oh! how blue I was. I had treated my darling Kitty abominably, and Fred had behaved like a traitor, and even Larry Elliot, whom I thought I could depend upon, had deserted me. So I disconsolately sat down and cried over it, and was engaged in that cheerful occupation when the door opened, and admitted Kitty. She came up to me with her sunniest smile.

"Poor little Dot," said she, pulling me off the sofa, "what's the matter, dearie?"

"Oh! Kitty, I'm so sorry," I sobbed, penitently; "and I'm so blue."

"What about?" said she, in the most matter-of-fact way. I felt like shaking her for her obtuseness.

"Nothing—only—Larry, you know——"

Out rang Kitty's mischievous laugh.

"At last," said she, "do you really mean, Dot, that you've done me the honor to be jealous?"

"Yes," said I, shamefacedly. "I don't believe you care a pin, Kitty; but I think Larry is worth a dozen Fred's."

"Army and all?" questioned Kitty.

"In the bargain," said I, ruefully. "Kitty, I think I've been acting like a fool!"

"Ah!" said wicked Kitty; and then what do you suppose she did? Called out, in her clear, ringing voice, "Capt. Elliot, I think you may come in now!" and, to my utter confusion, in marched Larry.

"Children," said Kitty, rising, and addressing us in her comic, matronly fashion, "I feel it my duty to lecture you both. First, you, Dot, for being so silly as to mistrust *me*; and secondly, you, Capt. Larry, for being faint-hearted. You may explain matters to each other. I shall subside into my favorite number—three! and (as auntie Graham is safely asleep) I think you may be trusted with the parlor to yourselves," and away she ran, laughing heartily.

That was how Larry and I came to an understanding; and very thankful we were to Kitty, I assure you. Larry, following out the usual order of things, had confessed all his hopes and fears to Kitty; and when I unjustly accused them of flirting, it seemed they were only talking of me. We had a particularly nice time for ten days after that, Kitty being "on guard," as she said, to see that nobody intruded on our *tete-a-tetes*. Stupid enough she must have found them; and Larry used to declare that she was a living contradiction to the popular prejudice against "number three," for although she was the third, she was never *de trop*. At the conclusion of the above mentioned ten days, we began talking of going home; but Kitty received a letter from her intimate friend, Mattie Howland, (I was always desperately jealous of Mattie, and thought Kitty should have no intimate friend beside myself,) and that letter took Kitty off in another direction.

"In fact," said Kitty, explaining it all to me, "Mattie has got herself into a dreadful muss generally. My pet cousin, Allyn Vernon, has been madly in love with her for some time. Mad! my dear, the man is nearly beside himself, and I, being his sole confidente, have a pretty lively time of it. He has been very ill, too, all on her account, and looks wan and weak enough to frighten any girl. So, there's no help for it, Dot, I must go on and see Mattie. She's visiting at a most out-of-the-way place, up in Washington county; a farm-house, I believe. Gone there to recruit; and if I accept her invitation and go, there is a possibility that Allyn may be able to come on while I'm there. In which case, those forlorn lovers may be permitted to see each other. The fami-

lies oppose it, and there is no end of a bother. How convenient it is to have one's lover cousin to one's bosom friend! Ropes are usually three-stranded, Dot, if they are good for anything, and I mean to always be the third strand for somebody. Heigho!" quoth Kitty, with a serio-comic sigh. "I believe that must be my niche, and my mission in life. When I get to be an elderly spinster of thirty-five, I shall emigrate to our newly-acquired Russian America!"

So Kitty departed; and sorry enough we were to lose her dear, bright face, and *riante* ways. I went down to New York, where Larry settled it all with papa, and I was plagued to death with congratulations. The rest of Kitty's exploits I gathered from other sources; partly from her letters, and partly from Mattie. I think that Kitty must have been about right when she stated that her friend Mattie had gone to an "out-of-the-way place;" for it was a genuine country village, with only the "store," and the post-office, as buildings for the public good. However, Kitty did not have much time just at first to be lonely, for she found poor Mattie wretchedly ill and out of spirits. Kitty was very tender-hearted, and perfectly devoted to Mattie; so she petted and soothed her, and finally prophesied better times. Then she varied matters by scolding her; and, at last, in despair, sat down and privately indited an epistle to Allyn Vernon, bidding him come and plead his own cause. And come he did, so very suddenly and unexpectedly that he terrified Mattie into a fainting fit, and Kitty could hardly bring her to for laughing at that tragic proceeding. As there was not much danger of an unexpected intrusion on the part of Mr. Howland, *pere*, Allyn took up his quarters at a farmhouse a little way out of the village. There being no dragons to circumvent, Kitty had time to rest from her philanthropic labors. At first she rather enjoyed it, but after a few days she grew lonely. Then she exhausted her stock of new novels, and finally she proceeded to clear off her debts of correspondence.

"Don't talk to me of dead and alive places," wrote Kitty to me about this time. "I feel utterly forsaken, and go roaming about *solus*, in a most independent manner. You and Larry were more considerate than my latest importation of lovers; but then you and Larry had smooth waters to sail in, and poor Mattie's are troubled enough, heaven knows! Allyn and she sit in the parlor with closed doors, and faces so preternaturally solemn that I experience a cold chill, and hardly dare venture inside the room without a water-proof cloak!

I am fairly longing for a game of croquet; and it would be absolutely bliss to see a piano. Last evening the household awoke from its apathy, to watch the arrival of some boarders in the adjoining mansion—a gentleman, a nurse, and a small child in Knickerbockers, age, anywhere from four to six. This young gentleman seems sufficiently lively, for half an hour after his arrival, he amused himself and terrified the family by falling out of a cherry-tree. It's a perfect wonder that the child did not break his arm; but I imagine he escaped with a few bruises. His screams were the worst part of it—they brought our pair of lovers out of the dark parlor to the hall window, which overlooks the garden of our neighbors. I had a good look at the papa of this enterprising infant. He is a fine-looking man, tall, and rather slight, with a dark mustache, and very soft brown eyes—but he looks so melancholy. Also, he seems devoted to the child. Item. From the chatter of the somewhat countrified maiden, who performs the domestic work of the household, I learn that the new arrival is a widower, a New Yorker, and his name is Rutherford. I fancy it is Edgar Rutherford, who married the Boston belle, Miss Throgmorton. I think she died abroad. Now, if you were but here, my dear sympathetic little Dot, what a chance you would have to play the part of consoler, provided Larry didn't interfere. As for me, I take long walks in the morning, and in the evenings amuse myself by watching my neighbors. It's dreadfully demoralizing; and I believe that if I lived long in a country village, I should get to be an inveterate gossip."

Truth to tell, Kitty did grow rather *ennuyée* after a week of the above desperate solitude. Mattie would *not* make up her mind to anything decided; and poor Allyn grew on the verge of despair, and drove Kitty nearly wild. One morning they had a very stormy scene, in which Kitty came to the rescue, and scolded them both vigorously for half an hour, winding up by an exhortation not to embitter the moments in which they were lucky enough to be together. After which, Miss Kitty put on her shade-hat, and started off for a regular tramp. She had explored pretty nearly all the vicinity; so, to-day she concluded she would go to a distant farm, the white house of which she could just see peeping through the trees. As she started out of the door, she saw a wagon at the neighboring gate, in which the young gentleman in Knickerbockers was standing, calling loudly for "papa," and screaming, "whoa!" at the horse.

"Why doesn't Mr. Rutherford do a charitable act, and ask me to accompany him instead of that infant?" mused Kitty, putting up her parasol—"very stupid of him! I wonder if widowers are good company! Mr. Rutherford looks as if he might have something original in him. But as he hasn't vouchsafed me a stray glance yet, he evidently is not a ladies' man."

Kitty was rather a rapid walker, and she accomplished the distance in about an hour; but she found she had taken the road which led past the back, instead of the front of the place, and she cogitated some minutes whether she should get over the fence, or try a longer walk round. She finally decided upon the fence. Now it was rather high, and New York girls are not adepts at climbing fences, generally speaking, so, in jumping over, she caught, somehow, the sleeve of her pretty lilac muslin, and rip it went! open to the shoulder, leaving her white arm and neck bare.

"Pleasant!" thought Kitty, in dismay. "I can go on to the house, however, and ask the people to give me a needle and thread to mend matters. Oh, mercy!" with a violent jump—"there's a dog!"

Now Kitty is dreadfully afraid of dogs, and she says this was a remarkably ferocious one. At any rate, his dogship did not apparently approve of the intruder, for he gave a deep growl, and showed his teeth ominously. So Kitty started to run, in the direction of the house, as fast as possible. Of course, the dog gave chase, and they had a rapid race of it. Kitty was going so fast, and was so intent upon distancing her enemy, that she did not turn out of the more direct way for a pile of boards that lay in her path. Now these boards had been put there by the farmer to cover up an old well that had fallen into disuse; and it just happened that one of them was loose. Kitty did not know that, of course, so, up goes the board, and plump! down goes Miss Kitty into the well. Not being one of the screaming kind, she only gave one terrified gasp as she fell, and then recovered breath to find herself standing on her feet, fortunately, with the water only about to her waist. After a minute or so, her terror passed away, and her eyes growing accustomed to the dim light, she surveyed the situation. Then she began to laugh! I do believe Kitty Gordon would laugh, under any circumstances, at her own expense; her fun and elasticity of spirits is perfectly irrepressible.

"Well," said Kitty, gleefully, addressing the dog, who stood looking down at her amazingly through the hole, "I hope you're satisfied!

The idea of landing me at the bottom of a well. How am I ever going to get out again? Keep on," for the dog immediately began to bark and howl at her; "only, don't you dare to come down here, you beast! If you do, I'll drown you, as sure as my name's Kitty."

The dog continued to bark, and Kitty to laugh at him; and in the course of a few minutes she heard a man's voice say,

"Rover! Rover! What's the matter, sir?" Then a child's shrill treble,

"Oh, papa! somebody's got into the well!" and to her mingled amusement and dismay, Mr. Rutherford's grave face looked down at her.

"Good-morning," said Kitty, with politeness.

Mr. Rutherford certainly will never forget the tableau. The damp, gloomy well, with the bright sunlight streaming through the broken board, and a young lady, with lovely turquoise eyes and snowy shoulders, laughing archly up in his face. He was so struck with surprise that he stood perfectly still, looking at her.

"I am Miss Gordon," said Kitty, demurely; "and I believe you are my neighbor, Mr. Rutherford. Please excuse the informality of the introduction, in consideration that I am, like truth, at the bottom of a well. However, don't consider it your duty to leave me there! I assure you I did *not* come to steal cherries, and the spoons are safe!"

Mr. Rutherford burst into a hearty laugh. Kitty's absurd gravity was irresistibly funny, not to speak of her coolness under the combination of disadvantages. "My dear young lady," said he, recovering himself, "do let me relieve you from such an uncomfortable predicament. Harry, my boy, run as fast as you can back to the house, and tell farmer Gibson to send two of his men here, and a ladder."

The boy rushed off to execute the errand; but, although the farmer and his men came as speedily as was possible, Kitty found herself experiencing several very uncomfortable shivers before the united efforts of the company landed her on *terra firma*. And then she became at last conscious of the rent in her dress, and blushed deeply as she saw Mr. Rutherford's grave eyes glance at it.

"You'd better hurry along," said the farmer, good-humoredly, with just the least twinkle of merriment in his eyes; "my old woman must give the young lady a hot sling o' some sort, to prevent her taking cold. Just to think you should have fallen down the old well! And to be afraid of Rover—the quietest dog."

Kitty sped along over the ground, on Mr.

Rutherford's arm, as fast as her dripping dress would allow, only desirous of getting a shawl, and going home as soon as possible. She soon found she must make the best of it, for Mrs. Gibson took her off up stairs, and insisted upon Kitty's exchanging her wet clothing for some of her own dry apparel. The clean calico was immense for Kitty's dainty, trim figure; and she looked regretfully at her lilac muslin, tear and all, as she left the room. When they finally returned down stairs, the good woman gave her a strong dose of spirits; and though Kitty laughingly protested against it, Mr. Rutherford stood by the table, and made her drink it up, to the last drop.

"And now, Miss Gordon," said that gentleman, when Kitty had thanked Mrs. Gibson, with due politeness, "if you are ready, I shall be happy to take you home in my wagon."

Kitty announced that she was; and after a kindly farewell to the good country people, found herself perched up in the wagon, Harry on her knee, and Harry's papa holding the reins. After she got over her sense of the ludicrous side of the proceeding, and successfully strangled her wicked propensity to laugh, she made herself very charming to Mr. Rutherford, and, in return, found him so agreeable and well-informed, that she was secretly enchanted with the result of her morning's exploits. As for the juvenile member of the party, Master Harry, he was so pleased with his new acquaintance, that before they reached home, he whispered in her ear, shyly, that he wanted to give her his "*New bu-ti-ful, silver watch!*" which remark his papa overheard, and laughingly congratulated Kitty upon having made a conquest, as the said watch was Harry's greatest treasure.

Of course, when she drove up to the door in such novel company, Allyn and Mattie were slightly amazed, and made all manner of fun of Kitty's amusing adventure, especially when they found out that Mr. Rutherford was a widower. Allyn gravely declared that it was all a preconcerted arrangement on Kitty's part, to become acquainted with the fascinating Mr. Rutherford; in fact, there was no end to his quizzing. Such being the case, Kitty did not think it necessary to communicate to anybody that her morning walks were no longer solitary after this. It was really astonishing how often she saw in the distance, advancing to meet her, the Knickerbockers, and the prancing feet attached, and walking gravely behind the boy, his distinguished-looking papa. Also, it was quite wonderful how Mr. Rutherford's face

gradually lost its melancholy during Kitty's month's visit. But, as I said before, Kitty carried some sort of witchcraft about her; so, perhaps, he was not much to blame. It was always an enigma to me, however, that Allyn and Mattie were so dreadfully obtuse. To be sure, they were accustomed to Kitty's thoughtful way of leaving them to their own devices; but they might have been interested enough, I think, to find out whether the poor little thing was left alone all the time. At any rate, Kitty announced one morning that she was going home.

"Going home!" cried Mattie, transfixed.

"Yes," said Kitty, resolutely, "and Allyn is going, too. He has been here quite long enough, and so have I."

"But," said Mattie, with downcast eyes, "I have just made up my mind that I cannot do without him."

"Very well," answered Kitty, with an arch toss of her head, "then I can see no help for it—you must come, too. What tiresome people you both are! Don't you see, your father knows all about it?"

"Knows—*what?*" gasped Mattie.

"My dear," responded Kitty, with virtuous indignation, "I despise any clandestine performances; and I knew there was nothing for it but a downright row, and there's a settlement of affairs, one way or the other. So I coaxed my dear, amiable papa to advocate the cause with *yours*, and, after a great many pros and cons, they have concluded that you and Allyn may have your own way at the end of six months' probation. I didn't tell you while the storm was going on, as you and Allyn have contrived to make each other sufficiently uncomfortable without any foreign element. So I can give you my consent to be just as happy as you like. Don't smother me, Mattie! But your example has been contagious—I *accepted* Mr. Edgar Rutherford two days ago!"

Kitty never gave me any lucid account of what Mattie said or did, for when she got just here in her narrative, she always burst out laughing. But when I went to see my dear Kitty, on her return to New York, and she told me she was regularly "engaged," I felt inclined to beat her on the spot for treating me so.

"You see, Miss Dot," said Mr. Rutherford, who was with us at the time, Kitty having introduced me, and electrified me in nearly the same breath, which, I insist, was very unfair in her, "it was all the force of circumstances. Kitty knew her last pair of lovers were safely provided for, and she was spoiling for some-

body to take care of; so she took me, purely to keep herself occupied."

"Nonsense!" retorted Kitty, with becoming indignation; "I never knew that *ennui* was an incentive to love! And I don't believe such heresy. Don't mind him, Dot; it was all the irresistible attraction of my favorite number. You know; Edgar, that Dot says my most appropriate *soubriquet* is 'Number Three;' and I am beginning to be a convert to her opinion, and feel uncomfortable out of my niche. Somebody to take care of! Indeed, *monsieur*, I should like to know if you and Harry do not need me to make the party complete? Come here, Harry!" the restless Knickerbockers stopped

their prancing, and the little chubby hand was put confidently in Kitty's, "and tell papa that three is the very best number in the language."

"You will always be *first* with me," said Mr. Rutherford, fondly; and his eyes rested on Kitty's blushing face with a look of absolute adoration.

It's all very well for Kitty to joke, as that's her normal condition; but, for my part, I am delighted to think she is so radiantly happy. Though, single or married, she will always be my dear, faithful, warm-hearted Kitty—the jolliest chum, and the truest friend in the whole world.

N. B. Fred is engaged to Coralie Rivers!

A BROTHER'S PORTRAIT.

BY HORACE B. DURANT.

Down from the wall of our lonely room,
Half in shadow and half in light,
Silent and motionless through the gloom,
A watcher still gazes all day and night.
Little we thought, but a year ago,
That our hearts should sigh and our eyes be dim;
That the Unseen River should moaning flow,
Dividing the loved from our sight below,
And this, this shadow be all of him!

Little we knew, when we saw him place
It there with his living hand,
That this should be left, with its spirit-face,
Linking our souls to the Spirit Land;
Calling us back from the paths that stray,
Winning the heart from its treasures vain,
Beckoning on to a brighter day,
Whose dawning shall banish earth's dreams away,
On the other side of this stormy main.

Cold are his hands that hung thee there,
One day on our cottage wall;
Vanished the smile that he used to wear;
Silent his steps in the lonely hall.
Up on the hillside, amongst the dead,
Sadly we buried him in his prime;
There, softly he sleeps in his narrow bed,
Crushed like a reed 'neath the Pale King's tread—
Dead with the leaves in the Autumn-time.

Shadow of earth! Image of one
Who, living, was like to thee!
Gone, like the dew in the morning sun—
Drifted away o'er the silent sea;
Back to that cheek and that dreaming eye;
Back to that brow with a glow of bliss,
Like the crimson flush on the dawning sky,
A light steals down from the world on high—
And we scarce can think he is gone from this.

THEN AND NOW.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The hills were purple in the twilight haze;
Eastward the full-moon showed her silver rim;
And whitely o'er the land-locked chain of bays
The damp, cool sea-fog on the breeze sailed in.

They stood together by the garden-gate,
Lengthening the sweet, sad moments as they might;
The West sky lost its crimson, and, like fate,
Upon their heads fell down the weeping night.

He held her hand, and all his ardent face
Grew radiant at the touch so subtly sweet;
This old, old earth, for him, had gained new grace,
And turned to love and Heaven beneath his feet.

He said his love was like the eternal hills—
Steadfast, unchanging as their line of blue;
And in the quiet of the Autumn stills,
He gave his solemn promise to be true.

She trusted him. Women were made to trust—
It is their instinct. Strange, they never think
That idols crumble oft to veriest dust,
And joy and full cups break on the fountain's brink.

To-night—this Wintry night of frost and snow—
She sits alone, sad eyed, with silver hair;
Her cheek has lost its roundness and its glow,
And all her features are deep-lined with care.

And he? within a crowded city's din
He has a home of splendor, grand and cold;
A black-haired woman reigns in pride within;
Her hair was like the sunshine's living gold.

Well, life is life—and very brief at best;
We do not live and leave grief's ways untrod;
Happy if, when we go to seek our rest,
Our sorrows have not made us false to God.

BESSIE.

X BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON X

"Yes, the grave is green, and well kept, as you say. It is in a pretty spot. She liked just such nooks—the shelter of this great, gray rock, over which the elm-trees hang, with the tinkling brook going by near enough at hand, so you can hear its voice as you sit here in the still afternoon. I would have given my life to please Bessie Armstrong when she was alive. It was a little thing to lay her, when she was dead, where she would have chosen."

We were silent then for a few moments, he sitting beside the grave with his face in his hands, and I listening to the voice of the brook, the hum of the insects, the breath of the wind among the trees, or the drowsy notes of the few birds who broke the stillness of the June afternoon. At last the man—Giles Seabury his name was—lifted his head, and began to watch the movements of a golden-haired child, who was pulling at a little distance some early wild-flowers. I, meanwhile, looked at him, and tried to gather from face and figure what manner of man he was. I had been in the little village for three weeks, and knew him, as I did most others in that small place, by name; but knew nothing more about him till I came upon him this afternoon beside the grave. I was no good physiognomist, or his face was not legible—it told me few secrets.

I should have said it was a hard face, but for the gleam I had seen in the eyes, the quiver round the mouth, when he called the name of Bessie Armstrong. The features were rugged, with only the attraction of an austere manliness. You felt, in looking at him, that he would never swerve from his integrity; but you gathered no hint of his capacity for a boundless, unselfish, unflinching love—for a fidelity which held in it the elements of knighthood. His figure was strongly built, but a little bent; his hands were toil-hardened; his clothes similar in fashion and quality to those of the practical, working farmers in any of our New England towns. There was little about him, it seemed to me, to charm the fancy of an imaginative woman; and I wondered if this Bessie Armstrong, who loved flowers, and trees, and running water, would have shrined so rude an image in her heart. With a longing to find out the story, I said, gently,

"Then you cared for her very much?"

He looked keenly at me.

"So you want to hear the story. Well, why not? You are one of the strangers in the village; summer swallows, here to-day, there to-morrow. It will harm neither Bessie or me. Yes, I did care for her. It would have been better if I had cared less. The good book says something, doesn't it, about keeping yourselves from idols? I made an idol of her; but my sin found me out, as, I take it, most sins do, soon or late.

"I was ten years older than she, and I suppose that seemed a great deal to her. I had loved her ever since she was a little mite of a thing; and I used to draw her to school on my sled, and take her part whenever any one teased or troubled her. I guess she always thought of me pretty much as an older brother, and that went against my chances for ever making her love me as I wanted she should; for when she got to be sixteen, and the prettiest girl you would see in a day's journey, I began to understand my feeling for her, and to know that if she wasn't my wife, no one else ever would be. But I let a couple of years go by without saying anything to her. She seemed to me just like a rose-bud shut in by its green calyx, as I believe botanists call it; and I wanted to wait for her to grow naturally into a rose, not force my flower into bloom too soon. I suppose other men have made such mistakes, maybe. It's a great thing to be pioneer in a woman's heart, but I did not know it then. I had seen very little of the world. So I let her grow up to be eighteen years old without ever saying one word to her that her brother might not have said.

"I didn't tell you that her mother was a widow, and Bessie was all she had. They loved each other more than mothers and daughters in general, for that reason, I suppose. I used to do a good many things for widow Armstrong about her place—a little place, just the house, and a meadow behind it, where she pastured her one cow, and a great garden at one side, set round with gooseberry and currant-bushes, and full of all manner of sweet-scented, old-fashioned flowers. I used to keep the garden in order, and do any little matter that came up

about the house. I might have done it all out of pure neighborliness, considering that Mrs. Armstrong was a widow, if there had been no Bessie in the world; but her bright smile and thanks sweetened anything I had to do into a positive pleasure.

"One June evening I went over to carry them a basket of early strawberries, and found Bessie in a little flutter of excitement, which I perceived in the deeper pink of her cheek, the brighter glitter of her eye, before I had heard its cause. She was looking rarely lovely in her thin blue muslin, with a rose-bud in her soft, bright hair. I remembered that she was eighteen. Soon, now—to-night, perhaps, if I could beguile her out into the moonlight, I would tell her what she was to me, and what I hoped she would be. But first I must chat a little with them both.

"We are to have a boarder for the summer," Mrs. Armstrong said, when she had emptied my strawberries. "He comes next week. He was driving by to-day, and the place pleased him, and seeing us in the garden, he stopped and petitioned to come here. He is a nephew of Judge Woodward, in the next town—so there's no doubt about his being all right; and he'll pay in advance. He didn't seem to mind price at all."

"Saw you as he passed?" I asked, carelessly.

"It was Bessie he saw first; but she called me, and we both talked with him. Indeed, he came in for awhile, and a pleasanter spoken young man you never saw."

"Not that night would I beguile Bessie out into the moonlight to hear my story. A flash of second sight seemed to illuminate my vision. I would wait, at any rate, until this danger I scented in the air had come and past.

"One evening, the next week, I made an errand over to the widow's cottage. They were all sitting in the porch outside, over which the Madeira vines rioted, filling the air with an almost oppressive fragrance. The boarder, Mr. Hemmingway, was there—a fiercer-looking man than one often sees, and yet with an expression in his black eyes and about his haughty lips which I did not like. It was a face which kept its own secrets. You might gaze forever into those eyes, and see only the reflection of yourself there as in a looking-glass. Still he was very handsome, and he looked so cool and elegant in his speckless white linen suit, that I felt, in my hot, black broadcloth, like an awkward boor. Nor did his conspicuous attempts to put me at my ease help the matter. There

was an air of condescension about him which stung me, and made it impossible for me to remain in his presence. So I went away, feeling as if I left my dove in the power of the fowler.

"I did not see much, through the summer, of either the widow or Bessie. I felt myself in the way whenever I went there, and Mr. Hemmingway's grand airs were more than I chose to endure. My only hope was that Bessie was not a grand enough lady for him to want to marry her.

"I went over early one September morning with a basket of pears. I thought my fine gentleman would not have left his bed, and I should see the widow, and possibly Bessie, for a few moments, without the oppression of his presence. At the door Mrs. Armstrong stood, her face stained with weeping, wringing helpless hands. When she saw me she drew a note from her pocket, and gave it to me silently, as if she dared not trust herself to speak. It was in Bessie's writing—a few most fond and tender words, but yet a farewell. She was going away with Mr. Hemmingway, going to be his wife. She had not asked any consent for fear of refusal. She had thought it easier to get away, like this, without the misery of any set parting. She knew her mother would forgive her, for she knew how her mother had loved her. As I read, it seemed to me my very heart turned to gall and bitterness. When I handed the note back to her I said—it frightened me afterward to remember it,

"God will curse her. She has forsaken her best friend, and he will forsake her."

"Mrs. Armstrong shuddered.

"Oh, Giles!" she said, "for the love of heaven don't you say such awful things. It wasn't Bessie's doing—it never was Bessie's doing. My girl loved her mother. I want you to go after them. They would have to wait till eight o'clock at Pentonville before they could get the train, and there's almost an hour left. Don't you think you could do it?"

"I looked into the white, despairing face, where just this one ray of hope gleamed. It was ten miles to the car-station, but I would try.

"Five minutes before car-time I rode a reeking horse into Pentonville. They stood upon the depot platform—he haughty, and strong, and masterful as ever, she clinging to his arm shrinkingly and timidly, yet with a fondness I understood, and which pierced me to the soul. I went up to her.

"Bessie," I said, "you are breaking your

mother's heart by leaving her in this way. Only come back, and be married there. You need not fear that she will oppose you. Only bid her good-by, only kiss her, once more and take her blessing—that is all she asks. For God's sake, don't leave her like this.'

"Tears swam in Bessie's eyes and overflowed on her pale, pretty cheeks. She looked imploringly at her lover. 'Oh, Gerard!' I heard her say; and then he bent his head to catch a few words more, so lowly spoken that I could only gather their import from her pleading face, and his reply, polite but firm.

"You must choose for yourself, Bessie. I cannot go back. The steamer sails to-morrow, and I must be in Boston by noon to-day. You do not know all you are to me; but I say nothing of my own feelings. I leave you free to choose between me and your mother. You can best tell which you would find it easiest to live without.'

"With that he turned away and paced up and down the platform, as if to leave her to make her own election. She turned toward me, her pale face quivering with emotion.

"Go back without me, Giles, and tell mother I am not worth her mourning after. We are to be married in Boston this afternoon, and to start to-morrow for Europe. There is no time to go back, unless I give him up, and I am not strong enough for that. He is more to me than my hope of heaven.'

"Just then the car-whistle sounded, and Mr. Hemmingway came up, offered his arm to her with an air of assurance, and bowed to me with the cool, haughty grace, which always angered me like a blow. Her sad, lovely face glanced back at me from a window for an instant, as the train flashed away. Then I mounted my spent horse and rode slowly home. After all, I had been but a poor, faithless friend. If I had known more of the world I should have gone to Boston on that train, and seen those two married. I blamed myself for that in the years afterward; so much that I could not find it in my heart to blame Bessie at all.

"I rode back, and told her mother how my errand had sped. She never uttered one word of complaint or reproach, but she was a changed, broken-down woman from that hour.

"Four years went on, and through them all we never heard one word of Bessie. I lived alone, with a housekeeper and a chore-boy, in the house where I used to hope Bessie would be mistress. I was growing old. At thirty-two, with my grizzled hair, and the deep lines in my face, most people would have taken me for past

forty. But I had no interest in making the best of myself. I was done with hope, and memory was pain. So I worked hard days, trying to keep thought under, and read late into the nights.

"One chilly autumn night I sat over my books as usual. It was just past midnight when a knock came, clear and sharp, on my window-pane. I had been reading the 'Night Side of Nature,' and my first thought was of some ghostly visitor. 'What is it?' I asked, as I opened the window. The answer came, clear and earnest, in a well-known, well-loved voice,

"It is I, Giles, your old friend.'

"I went to the door and opened it, and let her in—the girl who should have been my wife. But she was so thin and frail, she might almost have been the spirit I fancied her at first. Her great eyes looked with a strange brightness out of her white face; and standing there in the light of my reading-lamp, I could see that her fair hair was turning gray already. Poor child, only twenty-two.

"I have traveled far,' she said, 'and I want to lay my little one out of my arms, and sit by your fire and rest. May I, Giles?'

"I would have spoken if I could, but something choked me. I motioned to a lounge, and she took out from her shawl a little creature with glittering golden hair, such as hers had been once.

"Poor little Bess,' she said, as she laid the child down, 'she is so tired, she sleeps heavily.'

"Then she sat down herself by my fire, which I heaped afresh with wood, I wondered why she had come, rising so like a ghost out of this long silence, and why she had come to me; but I would not mar the freedom of my welcome by asking her any questions. At last she spoke,

"I saw your light, Giles, and came here because I dared not disturb mother so suddenly. I feared, too, to go to the old home; I am not worthy to set my feet on its threshold, and I will not until she has given me leave. I never was married to that man. He promised, when one and another obstacle arose that day in Boston, that the ceremony should be performed on shipboard; and afterward he was always ready with excuses, or else he would be so angry that I was afraid. I ought to have left him at any risk, any cost—but I couldn't, I loved him so. I couldn't even be wretched, for my great love for him swallowed up reason and conscience until baby came, and I felt not good enough to be her mother. We were in Italy, then, and I

was helpless. I had no one but him; and though my conscience began to goad me to madness, there seemed nothing I could do. Besides, I never doubted, never once, that he would be true to me forever. A year ago we came home, and last week he was married to another woman. He would have given me money enough to take care of me through life, for he could not be indifferent to me or his child; but I would only take what would bring me here. When the day breaks you must go to my mother, and tell her the truth before she opens her doors to me.'

"I think I could not have answered her, my heart was swelling so with curses against that man. If I had spoken, it must have been to utter them; but just then the little one threw up her arms, and cried, and the poor girl-mother forgot my silence in soothing her and hushing her on her bosom.

"When the dawn came, I went over to widow Armstrong's cottage. She answered my knock herself, and something she read in my face roused in her an intuition of what had come. She put her hand against the door to steady herself, and her breath came fast.

"Tell me quick, Giles,' she said. 'You have news of Bessie!'

"I made her go in and sit down, and then I told her all Bessie had said to me, word for word. When she had heard me through, she rose eagerly.

"Did she think, Giles, that sorrow, or shame, or sin, could shut a child, an only child, out of her mother's heart? Come, Giles, come!"

"She had caught a shawl near at hand, and tied a hood over her hair, and, frail woman as she was, she hurried me breathlessly across the fields. I led her into the room where Bessie sat. There was one cry of love from both lips, and then I saw them in each other's arms and closed the door upon them softly. When I went back, Mrs. Armstrong was sitting on a low chair before the fire, holding baby Bessie in her arms, and crooning an old song to her, with such a look of content upon her face as I had not seen since Bessie went away. She took them both home that day, just as she had taken them into her heart, without reserve or question.

"All that winter Bessie seemed to be fading away; but when the spring came, I thought she would mend; and through those winter months a purpose was growing steadily into my soul. Just as she was, she was more to me than anything else on earth; and just as she was, even

a mark for this world's scorn, I longed to shelter her and her child from all coming sorrows in my home and heart. Her mother had suffered so much that she held the world now by a very frail tenure; and when she was gone, who was there for Bessie but me? I felt a secret joy in the thought of being to her an earthly providence.

"One day in March I went to see her, full of this purpose. I found her looking more like her old self—a bright, warm color in her cheeks, and an unwonted light in her eyes. I took courage, and showed her my heart—how long and well I had loved her, how faithfully and entirely I loved her now. When I had done, she was sobbing passionately.

"Oh!" she cried, 'I am not worth such love! I am worth no human love, except my mother's, who forgives, and my baby's, who knows nothing better. Even if I could care for you, in that way, I would not let you link your unstained life to the wreck of mine. But I couldn't. There never could be any kindling again of that dead flame. Its very ashes are warmer than any new fire.'

"And seeing the unnatural glitter of her eyes, holding her feverish hands, I felt all the force of her words, and took myself and my dead hope out of her sight. I never pained her by anything like that again.

"But the days afterward were few—in April she died. The pink beauty of her cheeks, which had given me hope, had been the token of her doom. We buried her here, in this nook she had loved; and I put this cross at her head—emblem of her suffering, and promise of her hope."

"Only twenty-three when she died," I said, sadly; "and yet she had sounded the whole gamut of life, and found its last chord despair. Does her mother live yet?"

"No; she lingered through the summer, and in the fall I laid her beside her dead husband. I took little Bessie home—my sole gain out of so much pain and loss."

And just then the golden-haired child I had seen at a little distance, having finished her flower-gathering, came up and hung a wreath on the marble cross at the head of the grave. As the man, Giles Seabury, took her hand to lead her away, the sunset radiance glittered in her hair, and its rosy brightness flushed her face, till she looked to me like a child-angel, sent to bear healing to that lonely heart; and I understood how, in the midst of judgment, the Father had remembered mercy.

CARRY'S COMING OUT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I AM a rapid young woman. I make that declaration in the outset, because I dare say it will shock proper people—and I like to shock them.

I wanted to call these papers by some name expressive of my peculiar attribute; but these magazine publishers have their fancies, and don't like to shock people, so I was obliged to cast about for something a little smooth and romantic. I hate it myself, and so I tell you; and I hate my own name, and always did—it is a namby-pambyish misnomer, and that's what it is! I ought to have been called Diana, or Josephine, or anything that has a jolly nickname that sounds like a boy's. It has been a perplexity and a drawback to me ever since I set out in my career—but I am not to blame. I was not my own godmother; nobody is, I suppose, though, I am sure, my sister Arabella is old enough to be hers, blue spectacles and all; and Matilda is not so much behind, in spite of her airs and graces.

But, bless me, I am getting things dreadfully mixed, and so I had better see if I can't find a head or tail somewhere.

First, let me tell you how I came to take to the jolly, fast dodge—that's slang, of course. Oh! I know lots of it, and I use lots that I don't understand any more than Arabella does the big Greek books she pretends to read when the parson is about; but it makes proper people roll up their eyes to hear me, till they look like choked monkeys, or dandies who have drawn their neck-tyes too tight; but la! that's one comparison, after all.

Yes, I wanted to be fast! Every girl, when she comes out in society, must adopt a style, aunt Mazy says. Aunt Mazy lives with us and does propriety, because papa and mamma went to be seraphs before I can remember—so I cast about for a style.

Arabella, I suppose, had done it when she slipped her shell; and a pretty business she made of it, trying the learned dodge, and studying long words, and hunting beetles, and making a guy of herself generally. It has brought her to blue spectacles and wrinkles, and skin and bone, and thirty-five for a birthday, and to lead apes, (hunt in Shakspeare for the meaning of that,) and that's what the learned dodge has brought her to.

350

Then there's Matilda; she wants to be called Mathilde—but I'd die before I would call her so! I name her Melancholy Mat and Titivating 'Tilda, and everything else that's an aggravation; and I will while she's such a nasty old cat, in spite of her simpering and her poetical quotations. She hates me, and you may as well know it in the start.

She did the sentimental! Now, it's my belief that style went out when Lord Byron did; anyhow, see what it has brought her to! She's twenty-seven years old, and wears long ringlets, and talks about "we young girls," and her neck is scraggy, and her elbows are as sharp as exclamation points; and that's what she has come to with her sighing, and her pining, and her Lord Byron—and it serves her right.

So I told aunt Mazy I meant to be fast; and though she was a little shocked at first, she gave in as she always does, if you step on her hard enough; for she's a dear soul and loves me, and I never snub her as that sighing 'Tilda does.

Aunt and I were alone in the country last summer—for I only came out since we got back this autumn; but about that in its place. I'm so fast I get ahead of myself, when I made up my mind. The girls had both gone; Arabella was off on a geological tour with some of her learned friends, who carried stupid, old owls of wise bachelors in their train; and 'Tilda had gone to Saratoga with Mrs. Sheridan Sheribles.

Of course, you know Mrs. Sheribles—she's at the apex of society, and people lie down in the dust for her to walk over; and once she was a bar-maid, and after that she was a widow, and always she's a born Satan—but no matter. Old Sheribles could buy the whole of Muncy Hill ten times over; and she has more diamonds than Eugenie, and carriages enough to have given all Solomon's court an airing—so, of course, people idolize her.

You may wonder she took 'Tilda. So did I at first, till I saw that fool of a 'Tilda thought Gregory Dasher had fallen in love with her; and Mrs. Sheribles wanted to flirt with Gregory, and 'Tilda answered for a blind. Bah! you can't fool me, I was born too late in the century.

So, being alone with aunt Mazy, I decided on my style, for I meant to come out this winter

in spite of 'Tilda and her claws. I ought to have been out a year ago. Why, I was seventeen last July; but that old cat kept me under.

I just went to work to learn all sorts of things that a fast girl ought to know—and a pretty time I had of it. The only thing that wasn't a trial was the riding horseback. I can ride like an English duchess, and I own it. But, dear me, I wanted to learn to row a boat; to fire a pistol without screaming; to have all sorts of odd words at my tongue's end; and to pretend to understand lots of things that I didn't.

I did it pretty well, because I was determined; but sometimes I hated it, and wished one needn't have a style; but there was no use moaning—I hadn't the regulation of society in my own hands, and I must do the best I could with such means as I had.

That pistol business—bless you, I never could get over shutting my eyes when I pulled the trigger; and that interfered with the correctness of my aim, and I had to scream when the report deafened me—but I was not to be stopped by trifles.

My cousin, Bob Rider, and the Lacy boys, were staying up at the Lacys' place, and they helped me. I just told them outright what I meant, and what I wanted; and they helped me like trumps, and vowed it was much jollier than the nonsense most girls attempted when they came out.

I tell you the truth, because I'm not a lying thing—lying goes with the sentimental style, according to my experience. What with the boys encouragement, and the interference by a set of old tabbies, who thought they had a right to lecture me because they had known me all my life, and my own natural dizzy head, that is no better than a feather at the best, I did a thousand things that I am frightened at when I look back; and I've cried myself to sleep many a time on account of them—but I'd die before I'd own it to anybody but you.

I rode horseback in a blue jockey, with a long scarlet feather in my cap; you think that was bad taste—you're a fool! There's a shade of blue that a bit of scarlet lights up in a wonderful way, and I wore it. They were trying to get up fox-hunts in the English style, and I was at the head of everything. We never had but one run, though, and dearly enough it cost the men.

Away we went—the start was a picture; three Muncy Hill fellows rolled off their horses before we got out of Lacy's grounds. Miss Push lost her water-fall, and it landed on cousin Bob's cap, and I pinned it there; and he wore

it till we got back, and Miss Push nearly died in a fit. Away we dashed up the road, over a rail fence, and down went more horses and more men; across the trout brook, up the hill, bang into farmer Hansom's orchard; and he stopped us, the maddest old chap you ever saw; and come to find out it was only a weasel the dogs had routed out, after all.

Mr. Hansom was going to thrash the boys on the spot, and send the whole lot to prison; and they were all tolerably frightened, and discovered that trying to live a chapter out of an English novel was a very different thing from reading it.

But I just got off my horse and told him all about it, and before I was through, said he,

"I tell you what, Miss Car'line, yew might ride right thru my kitching, ef you wanted to!"

I invited him to go back with us and look at the dead and wounded—such fun! Miss Push sat screaming in a mud-puddle; Count Theophile de Riveire, that Frenchman people make such a fuss over, and who looks like a tiger that had been brought up a valet, was hitched fast on a picket-fence, and his horse stood at a little distance, eyeing him for a fool; and one Muncy Hill chap, that had told me about riding a steeple-chase with Lord Somebody, when he was in England, lay by the side of the road, with his coat split up the back like a locust; and the other Muncy Hillers had limped over to the Lacy's house, and were drinking sherry-cobblers on the lawn; and one had a black eye, and another a sprained wrist, and the whole lot of them looked disconsolate enough.

All the people in the neighborhood had gathered at the Lacys to see us off; and all the tabbies were ready to pitch on me. But as we rode up the avenue, cousin Bob said,

"Keep a stiff upper-lip;" and, indeed, I was so excited that I was ready for anything.

Nothing had happened to Bob or me, or the Lacy boys, and up the lawn we dashed; and I put my horse clean over a laurestine thicket, and pulled him in at the hall-door, and blew a great blast on a little gold bugle Bob had given me, and looked at the tabbies and laughed.

The men got about me and praised me, and told me how handsome I looked. I shouldn't have believed them; but when I saw the girls go glum, and first one said something spiteful, and another tried to make me think my hair was coming down, I knew I did look my best.

We had a charming morning, and I suppose I acted like a witch; and even aunt Mazy seemed a little troubled, till she saw how the men praised me and crowded about me, then

she thought it must be all right, because her creed is that you must please them, no matter what the women think.

But if I did say daring things, which I didn't in the least understand, and did slap the Lacy boys with my whip, and taste a sherry-cobbler—and very nasty it was—that was no reason why a stranger, and a man at that, and for whom I did not care two straws, in spite of his position and his airs, should look approvingly at me—but he did.

It was that stiff Walter Wyman, and I had never seen him till then. He only reached the Lacy's house the night before; and there had been so much talk about him, and all his grandeur, and his talents, that I was anxious to see him.

It seemed he had denounced the hunting-party, and told the boys it would be a failure; but I had not met him until, as I sat on my horse, with the men about and the girls looking pins and needles, I happened to turn my head, and there he was staring at me as if I had been a monster, and he a stupid prig as he is—nasty thing! I hated him from that minute.

He was not handsome a bit, after all they had said—tall and pale, and with great solemn eyes, that looked you through and through. I wanted to make a mouth at him, standing there with his back against a pillar, and looking so indifferent and so deadly superior.

I'd have said some sharp things to him if he had come up; but, would you believe it, he never came to be presented even!

I was tired, somehow, and wanted to go home; but Mrs. Lacy would have everybody stay for luncheon; and whatever I might do, she petted me and stood by me.

I wished it had been because she liked me. I thought it was for some time; but once I overheard her tell that horrid Miss Push I was so rich, and would be such a catch for Oscar, that she wanted to humor me in every way.

Oh! that miserable fortune! I wished uncle Jermyn had never left it to me. I declare it has seemed just a touchstone to show me how false people are! But he did leave it—a quarter of a million; and from the time I was sixteen I had the interest to spend as I pleased, because dear old uncle said, in his will, that I had more head than anybody about me.

But where was I? Oh! tasting the cobbler and trying to like it, and seeing Walter Wyman look at me.

Yes, for a minute I felt that I wanted to get home, and have a good cry after the excitement. Then my temper flashed up, and I gave him a

look which made him turn away quicker than he'd moved in a month, I'll bet!

I sounded my bugle again, and jumped off my horse, and cried out,

"If I am to stay you mustn't be slow; I'm not going to be smothered with dullness! Let's shoot, or roll ten-pins, or something to put a little life in us."

Bob and the Lacy boys voted for pistols. It made me wink only to think of it; but I wasn't the one to show the white feather.

Away we started round toward the croquet-ground, where the boys had a target set up. A wonderful thing, that, when you hit it, and rang the bell, out stepped a young woman in red, with a wreath about her temples, and very much astonished she looked always, when she was suddenly ushered into the presence with such a twinkling of that little bell.

Everybody came to look on, but the men were all about me. I can walk in a habit, I am happy to say, and not look like a lame peacock, as most women do.

None of the girls would shoot, of course; and they tried to make it appear very unlady-like in me by their pretty tremors; but I soon settled them, and managed to say so many things that were tolerably witty, that they were glad to leave me in peace.

Bob fired, and Oscar Lacy fired, but, as it happened, neither hit the target plump; and they wanted me to try. I got the pistol in my hand. I talked faster than ever, because I wouldn't let anybody see how nervous I was; but I was mortally afraid I should disgrace myself by shutting my eyes.

I happened to see Walter Wyman looking at me again, as he leaned his back against a tree, just as he had leaned against the pillar, and looking sermons. I didn't care then; I'd have fired if my hand had dropped off!

Bang went the pistol, and by accident I rang the bell, and out stepped the young woman in red, as if to know why her house was assaulted in that way; and I said more sharp things, and wished more than ever I was at home.

We had a charming day—that is, any quantity of laughing and nonsense; and toward the last I wanted to be quiet from sheer fatigue. But, as I was going through the hall, I heard that Walter Wyman—he was leaning against the banisters now, and looking more deadly superior than ever—say, in answer to some remark of that nasty Miss Push, who had got her water-fall on again,

"Yes; but, poor child! it makes one sorrowful to see her. Has she no mother; no one to tell

her that this conduct, if persevered in, will alienate every true friend?"

He meant me, it was certain. My blood boiled, and yet I wanted to cry—just as I felt when 'Tilda was aggravating and unjust. But I pretended not to see either of them, and swept past, singing a hunting song, and blew my bugle in their ears, and brought all the men up again.

Aunt Mazy and I went home in the carriage at last; and if she had scolded me, it would have kept my spirits up, but she only cooed because the men had admired me so. And then I hated it all, and myself, and everybody, and that statue of a Walter Wyman worst of anybody.

I was fairly started, and I kept it up for a week, and the neighborhood rang. We had no end of fun, though I was not out; and at last the news reached 'Tilda, and she wrote a dreadful letter to aunt Mazy, which made Mazy cry, for she could not bear to be scolded. I told her not to mind, and gave her an emerald bracelet; and then she cheered up, although she trembled to think of the wizzing she would get when titivating 'Tilda came back.

Would you believe it, that Walter Wyman managed so that he was not presented to me for several days, and kept away from me as if I had been a black spider with a bite in it?

Yes, he did. He spoke once; but it was something to make me hate him worse than ever.

I was at the Lacy's with a lot of young people. I don't know what I said, but it must have meant what I did not think or know, for the women looked scissors, and some of the men glanced at each other and grinned.

Up spoke Walter Wyman, and said,

"Miss Carry means so and so," and gave a pretty sharp cut at the dandies.

I know I must have been scarlet—I was frightened half to death, not knowing what I might have really said; but I would not show it.

"I am fortunate," said I, in a voice as cool and drawing as his own, "to have so elegant an interpreter in a gentleman whose acquaintance I have not the honor of possessing."

It stung through all his superiority; he looked, not angry, but hurt, somehow. But I didn't care how he looked, or wait to see. I walked straight off, with my head up, whistling to the dogs, and making them jump at Oscar Lacy's cane, that I had in my hand.

The next day he spoke to me. I had gone out shooting with Bob and the Lacy boys, and was waiting for them on the trunk of a tree, and crying like a baby over a golden-winged wood-

pecker one of the cruel wretches had shot and brought to me, when up came Walter Wyman.

I turned my head away, and pretended to be pulling the yellow feathers out of the poor bird's wings; but he must have seen my tears, for he said,

"Is there anything the matter, Miss Carry?"

I forgot to tell you that the day before Mrs. Lacy introduced him to me with many wonders at her own carelessness, and I had stared at him with a bow stiffer than his own.

"Are you hurt?" he asked again; when I did not speak, being busy wiping away my ridiculous tears, and getting my voice in order.

"Hurt?" cried I, trying to imitate the voice the actresses use in Lady Gay Spanker, "I'm pulling feathers out of this bird's tail. Do hold him steady, unless you're afraid of a little blood."

He set his lips under his long mustache, but he wouldn't look angry—that was so aggravating.

"I am afraid I offended you yesterday," he said.

I looked at him so innocently—I know I did it well.

"Yesterday?" I drawled out. "I don't remember seeing you."

I thought, certainly, he would be angry then. Not a bit of it, the horrid thing! He smiled a little, just as one might at a child that had been pert.

"I spoke," continued he, "because I saw that in your thoughtlessness and entire unconsciousness, you had made a remark which small-minded people might misinterpret."

I declare I was near crying again—there was no safeguard but to be rude and angry.

"I had forgotten you, sir, and your impertinence," said I; "but since you remind me of both, excuse me for saying that I don't wish to talk to you at all."

He paid no more attention than if I had not spoken—the monster!

"What a pretty bird that is," said he. "It was a shame to kill it; and I don't wonder you cried. You shall have those bright yellow feathers."

He stooped and began to pull at the bird I had let fall on the grass. I felt actually ashamed of myself; then I was more furious than ever to think that I could be so easily put down, when the whole county was talking about me and my vagaries.

"I wasn't crying," said I, pettishly.

He glanced up at me and smiled again, as one might at a naughty child. I just thought if I

gave in then, I might as well give up forever trying to be fast.

"Yes, I was crying," said I; "it was a do when I said I wasn't. A do is slang for fit, you know. I was crying because aunt Mazy wouldn't let me wear a blouse and trousers when I came out shooting with the boys."

I thought I had settled him then; I expected him to go off in a spasm. Instead of that he smiled again.

"Children have odd fancies," said he; "you'll get over them in time."

I thought I should burst a blood vessel, I was so angry.

"Compared to men near forty I may be a child," said I; "but I don't care to see any but young fellows about me."

"I am glad I am only twenty-nine," returned he—and he laughed outright. "See this pretty yellow feather."

I fairly struck it out of his hand and dashed away into the woods, hating him more than ever.

I ran, not caring which way; and, oh! dear me! I lost myself, and nearly starved to death before they found me.

It seems there was a great excitement when I could not be found. Aunt Mazy had hysterics—she has them on every possible occasion; and the men and the dogs hunted me as if I had been an escaped fox, or a Camanch chief.

To think it should have been that Walter Wyman found me. I would rather have been buried in the marsh.

It was growing dark. I had wandered about in a circle till I did not know whether I was five miles or fifty from home; and at last I could not move another step, and sat flat down in the marsh, and thought I should die there alone, and be found a wet, miserable dead body. I was afraid, too, as anybody might have been; and there was a horrible sound, all of a sudden, that made me run a few steps, and sink down more exhausted than ever, when I discovered that it was only a great cat-owl giving the premonitory hoots for his concert.

I didn't cry. I felt sorry to think of dying; but I was not afraid of that; only I pitied myself so, somehow, as if I was pitying somebody else.

"I am so young," I said, quite aloud; "and I don't want to die!"

And somebody said,

"Indeed, you shall not just yet!" and there was Walter Wyman.

He began to pity me, and I had to cry, and he pitied me more; and then I flew into a rage.

"I'll tell you what!" I screamed, feeling just

as aunt Mazy acts when she has hysterics, "I'd rather have died than you should find me! I hate you! I hate you!"

He just unfolded a great shawl he had brought on his arm, as if he was certain in advance that he should be the one to find me—the aggravating creature! wrapped me in it till I could not see or breathe, picked me up in his arms, and ran away with me as if I had been a baby.

My will was good enough to kick him; but all the while he kept saying soft words of comfort; and, finally, I lay still under the shawl, and had a good cry, and felt better after it.

He carried me out to the road, where cousin Bob had a carriage ready—and they got me home. Oh, dear! the plight I was in!

"Keep a stiff upper-lip, dear!" Bob kept saying; but I felt that no amount of mental proping could enable me to do it just then.

Walter Wyman did not go home with us; and the next day I heard that he was gone. I said I was glad of it—and I was; and I wished I might never set eyes on him again.

Well, I carried on like a witch for two weeks longer, and then titivating 'Tilda came back, more sentimental than ever, and ten times crosser, because Gregory Dasher had slipped through her hands.

She gave it to aunt Mazy all sorts; but I stood up for aunt Mazy, and fought like a dragon; though, when 'Tilda scolded me, I would rather give in than quarrel, because I hated to have any real trouble with my own sister, and I wanted to please her if I could. I was a good deal richer than she, and I used to coax her into a little good nature with presents; but I don't know how it was, she took the things, and seemed to hate me for having them to give.

When we came back to town, Bob and the Lacy boys tried to make me stand up for being "brought out;" but 'Tilda did torment aunt Mazy so that I kept quiet for her sake.

Arabella was above taking a part in our quarrels; she used to look at us through her blue spectacles, as if we had been absurd insects she was examining with a microscope—the only way in which she could bring us in sight from her grand elevation—and beg us not to disturb her cogitations by our frivolous chatter.

She was busy getting up a pamphlet about some ology or other, and had more bits of odd stones and beetles, and frouzy professors about than ever, and cared little whether I came out or staid in. I could not interfere with her learned society and their reunions. Goodness knows I didn't want to, only I liked to play

tricks on the professors, and make them look more frouzy than ever. But Arabella was so high up in the clouds she could only just distinguish me away below, and repeat, good-naturedly,

"Heed her not, my soul friends; she is a child—a babe! her mental has not yet wakened!"

I thought if it didn't waken till I wore blue spectacles, it might sleep forever. But Arabella was too amiable to tease; so I let her pretty much alone with her beetles and her fossils, whether of a geological or a human sort.

But 'Tilda would not be let alone or let me alone. I declare, she worried aunt Mazy till the poor soul went about looking as confused as if she had just knocked her head against a post; and at last I said,

"Oh, 'Tilda! if your money won't buy a husband, take mine, too! Only do get away, and leave aunty and me in peace!"

Then 'Tilda wept—she was fond of striking attitudes and shedding tears. She said she was alone in the world—a gushing soul in a desert, a pining nightingale surrounded by daws, and a great many other poetical things, which she wasn't in the least. I told her plainly there was no daws in this country; so whatever other birds aunty and I might be, we couldn't be those.

"Vultures, then," groaned she.

"There are no vultures, either," said I. "Do be correct in your ornithology!"

And I appealed to Arabella; and Arabella peered down through her spectacles, as if she could barely distinguish us crawling about at the base of her pedestal, and answered,

"Weary me not! My soul was in a trance! I saw plainly the early geological formation of the antediluvian——"

"Oh, stop!" I interrupted. "Go back and look at it, and don't say another word."

She shook her head patiently, elevated her brows, and soared upward again; and I thought I would rather never have a trance which showed me the early geological formation of the earth, if it made me squint so horribly as it did her.

'Tilda passed from the sentimental stage into a dreadful fury, and at last I grew angry myself. I did not care a straw for what she said to me, but my temper was up to a height beyond her own when she called poor aunt a viper, and told her she lived on us.

"It is false!" said I. "Aunt has three thousand a year of her own!"

I had not meant to make a boast, but I was so angry; I bought a deed of gift that I had been able to execute, although a minor, from havnig

the interest of my money, (though, for that matter, my guardians, who would have eaten their thumbs to oblige me, would have done it,) and I laid it on aunt's lap.

How she did cry over me, and made me quite damp, to be sure; and 'Tilda shrieked and stamped herself into hysterics, and had to be carried to bed; and I gave her such bitter doses she was glad to be quiet.

It was all about a ball she was going to give. Aunty wanted me to "come out;" thereat 'Tilda exploded. Now, if it had not been for her violence to aunt Mazy, I would have staid peaceably in my room. I was having fun enough, and going out a good deal as it was, and making a sensation, too; for I didn't care a bit what I said or did—and I suppose my pretty face and my fortune carried me along.

I made up my mind to punish titivating 'Tilda in a way that would make her long ringlets straighten with horror.

I held my peace; quieted aunty; was sweetness itself to 'Tilda, and made her a present of a new dress for her ball; and as my money was to pay, she did not mind how expensive a rig she chose, you may be certain.

I took nobody into my confidence but cousin Bob and our black waiter, who was devoted to me. Somehow, I could make the servants do anything for me, which vexed 'Tilda, because they hated her, and bothered her, as servants can the queen, if they see fit.

The night of the ball came. Oh! the flutter 'Tilda was in! Arabella was above balls; so she went off to a geological party at some frouzy professor's, where she was to read a few chapters from her half-finished pamphlet.

'Tilda ordered me out of her room while she painted herself, and coaxed me back to give the finishing touches to her toilet, which even her French maid could not do to suit her; and after she did not want anything more she pecked me like a vicious parrot. Worse than that, she pecked aunt Mazy, who chanced to come in, and reduced her to plaintiveness.

"'Tilda," said I, "your tongue is sharper than a knife; but it is not half so sharp as your elbows!"

And before she could speak I had aunty out of the room; and she had to beat her poor French maid with a hair-brush, by way of soothing her feelings.

The men think the women of this century don't do such things, which were considered a legitimate portion of a lady's privileges in Queen Elizabeth's time; but, I can tell them, if the waiting-maids of this generation were to

write their memoirs, there would be disclosures, in the way of the varied uses to which ivory-backed hair-brushes and dainty-heeled balmorals can be put, which would astonish the bachelors.

I went off to my chamber after comforting aunt by a kiss, and sent her down to the drawing-room. I sat comfortably in my easy-chair reading a fairy-story—I'm ashamed to own it, but for all I am seventeen, and a fast girl, I like fairy-stories as well as I did when twelve—until I heard the rush of carriages, and the sound of voices, and the first notes of the band.

Then I called my own dear old nurse, whom I would not change for a legion of French angels fresh from Paris; and she and I together got me into a dress that was enough to make any woman past twenty-five die with envy to think she could not venture to wear one like it.

You don't want a description. I am writing for the men—I ought to have said that in the commencement! Of course, the women will call me dreadful names for these disclosures; and, bless you, it's astonishing what a variety of unpleasant appellations we sweet creatures have at our tongues' ends!

The dress was white and full, and looked like a fleecy cloud. I put a black ornament about my neck; a long, drooping spray of scarlet flowers in my hair; and I looked—well, I'm not going to stop for trifles—I looked gorgeous! With it all, I looked so young, and I am so slender and lithe—I don't care, I know every one of you men would have fallen in love with me, you are so easily turned into howling Dervishes, the best of you, if a woman has any brains, which most of us have not; and if we had, we would be dreadfully at a loss in a world where the generality of the men know less.

I was ready to strike my *grand coup*—and I do say it was fairly Napoleonic, if there is such an adjective.

Our house is what we call, in New York, "double"—we are always finding silly names for things in New York. There's one comfort, Philadelphia is worse; and as for Boston—oh! good gracious! I may as well stop!

But, being "double," our house has a suite of drawing-rooms on one side, a dining-room and library on the other; and the back rooms open into a great apartment we call the ball-room—and why shouldn't we?

I don't tell you this so that, if any of you fall in love with me, and want to break into the castle, you will know how it is arranged, but to make my story plain.

The great drawing-rooms were full of people; the ball-room was at its gayest; only the library left deserted, because Arabella had vowed she would not have the people stumbling about among her books.

It was a grand crush, they told me, after 'Tilda was doing her prettiest. Everybody had danced themselves out of breath; and everybody, almost, was expecting some sort of surprise from judicious whispers Bob and the Lacy boys had spread about.

Suddenly in the ball-room door-way appeared our majestic black waiter, and chanted volubly, "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Carry is out. So, if anybody wants to find her, they must please step along to the library and be presented."

I had taugth him. I dare say it was ridiculous and horrible! I didn't care—I'm afraid I don't much now.

Imagine the scene! 'Tilda nearly fainting, but left to faint alone, if she felt disposed; for, after the first second of astonishment, there was a rush toward the library, and aunt Mazy was borne along among the foremost; so I had her beside me, and quieted her by a few whispers.

Everybody crowded about me. Aunt Mazy deferred her hysterics, and presented such people as did not know me; and I sent Bob off to find 'Tilda, with this warning scribbled on a card,

"Come in—put a good face on it, and nobody shall know you are cantankerous; they shall just consider it one of my freaks. Be wise—appearances before everything is your motto; you can quarrel with me all day to-morrow."

I suppose my warning had its effect. She appeared presently, trying to laugh and be at her ease, and I said to all who would hear,

"My sister wanted to give me a coming-out ball, but I thought I would vary the monotony. I never do things like other girls! Was I very naughty, Mathilde, dear?"

And 'Tilda glared and smiled, and I was borne away to the ball-room and made queen of the evening, as a matter of course. How I danced—and I do waltz like a seraph! How I laughed—what things I said; and all of a sudden back came the old desire to cry, and the wish that a girl need not have a style, but be natural. What made me think that?

Oh! I suppose I was tired. I am telling fibs after all, and I promised myself to be as truthful as you can expect of woman.

I do know what caused the feeling, and a fine rage I was in at it myself, and the person that gave it rise.

It was Walter Wyman—of course, it was! There he stood, leaning against the wall, and making of himself, as far as I was concerned, a grim skeleton, such as they say the Egyptians stationed in the midst of their banqueting halls; though, I suppose, to other people he looked only a pale, *distingue* man, with an air of being somewhat bored by the whole performance.

Oh, yes! I went into a hot fury at once, and did more wild things than ever, and had all the best men about me; and 'Tilda glared and smiled feebly, and tried to act as if she liked it, and made such a dismal failure of it, that her smile looked as if it was painted over a neuralgic pain; and her elbows peeped out more pointed than ever.

Do you think Walter Wyman came? Not he; and if that was not downright madness, I don't know the article when I see it! I wanted him to—I wanted to say something savage.

It was not until after supper that we happened to be near each other.

"How do you do, Miss Carry?" said he. "I shall not congratulate you on your triumph, because I see that, in reality, it is a somewhat sorrowful affair to you."

"I don't know what you mean," said I; "but I see you have not forgotten your habit of saying rude things."

"The last time I saw you," continued he, in that low, grave voice that somehow thrilled me, in spite of my anger, "you were lost in the wood; you are lost in the world now—there was less danger before."

I wanted to say something rude—I wanted to cry; and between the two I only said,

"Please, don't scold, for my head aches already!"

He made me take his arm, and led me away into the conservatory, and stood, not looking at me, but talking about the flowers, till I got over my chill and my hysterical sensations. I do think hysterics must be hereditary in our family, and began to wonder what I should do or say next.

"You ought not to dance any more to-night," said he; "you are quite worn out already."

"I am not tired at all," cried I, angrily. "Yes, I am—I hate fibs! But I won't be scolded by you. I'd dance now till daylight if it killed me, just to show you I don't mean to be ruled."

He only smiled, in the way he had smiled at me last summer, making me feel as if I was very, very young and childish, and must be indulged.

"I tell you what!" cried I. "I don't like you, and I wish you would keep near 'Tilda—you're her guest. I mean to do and say all sorts of absurd things! I want to be talked about—I want to be fast; and nobody shall hinder me. There!"

And he just looked at me still with that pitying, indulgent smile. I declare, I could have beaten him.

But in came a lot of men and carried me away; and I waltzed, and galloped, and quadrilled, for two hours after; and every now and then I would catch sight of Walter Wyman looking at me in the old way.

No wonder people said I was the most outrageous flirt that ever breathed—I didn't care how I acted. No wonder the women thought I was brazen, and the men got about me; it was all his fault—the nasty old thing, with his deadly superior air, and his indulgent smile. Did I want his indulgence? How dared he bestow it on me.

When he was going away he came up to me again.

"Good-night, Miss Carry!" said he.

"I don't allow anybody to call me that," returned I. "My name is Catty—and I can scratch."

He looked down at my hands.

"Such pretty, white, velvet claws," laughed he. "But I shall say Miss Carry, in spite of your dislike—it was my mother's name."

If he had staid I should have told him I cared nothing about his mother, and that she must have been a horrid prigress to have such a prig for a son; but off he went as soon as he had said that.

Being gone, I could not be as angry as I wished, and felt very tired. I was glad when the other people followed; though, as soon as the last of the set was safely out of the house, 'Tilda gave vent to her feelings in a most dramatic performance, which only, as every theatre could equal.

"Come, aunt," said I, "let's go to bed—she can have it out with the furniture."

Then 'Tilda began to call her names, and aunt to cry; and it all seemed very silly to me just then, and I had not energy enough to be angry, so I yawned, and said,

"Matilda, if you say another word, I shall take aunt and go and live with my guardian! You had better stop; you and Bel could not be half so comfortable without us. Have hysterics, if you like; break the furniture, if it amuse you; say bad words, if it is any relief—I'm fast, you know, and can bear it; but you must let

aunt alone, and you must leave me in peace. I am tired of quarreling. I'd buy you a husband, if money could do it. Now be sensible—control yourself. Good-by!"

We left Tilda kicking and clutching the air with her hands, and calling on death to come and take her out of a dreadful world, from among cruel relations, and went off to our rooms.

The next day Tilda lay in bed, and we let her alone; when she did emerge, she was very much subdued—the whole thing had done her good.

So I was "out"—fairly launched on the tide,

and the belle of the season; and, I suppose, if I could know half the things people said behind my back, I should be ready to charter a balloon, and seek a resting-place in the furthest extremity of what Arabella calls "the limitless sweep of the solar system."

But did I care? I wanted to betalk about—I won't give in! And everywhere I went, that horrid Walter Wyman was looking at me with his solemn eyes, and his indulgent smile, as though I had been a child that must be humored.

I do vow it was insupportable!

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE LOST HEART!

BY LILLIAN FITZROY.

DEAREST, I lost my heart last night;

Say, did you find the rover?

As in the dreamy, amber light,

You plucked the fragrant clover;

Or through the purple mist of eve,

As homeward, idly dreaming,

You passed the ivy-sheltered cot,

In faintest starlight gleaming?

I'm very sure I caught a glance

Of fair hands, white and slender;

That lay upon the casement low,

With touch so soft and tender;

And felt bright eyes were watching me,

As, in the hush of evening,

I trod the fragrant clover-path,

Close by the river ending.

Dearest, I lost my heart last night,

When the clouds grew warm above;

And the breeze from perfumed flowers

Bore, the sweetest breath of love.

And in the dew-kissed, golden eve,

When stars and moonbeams reigned;

I learned my heart was not my own—

And the very joy grew pain;

How loving eyes looked deep in mine;

Ah! well do I remember;

And kisses pressed upon my lips,

Stole away my heart forever.

Dearest, 'twas only lost last night;

Say, can you find the rover,

As through the mellow, amber light

You dream of fragrant clover?

Or through the purple mist of eve,

As homeward, by the river,

You'll find the loving heart I've lost.

Will take it with the giver?

"HIS WILL BE DONE."

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

We stand beside the coffin'd dead,
Our eyes are dry, we cannot weep—
The blow has struck so sure and deep,
With such dumb pain our hearts have bled.

The clay-cold lips we shudd'ring press,
No more beneath our touch to thrill.
Alas! with what an awful chill,
They answer now this last caress.

We look beyond; a desert drear
The future stretches, blank and waste;
Our love on things of earth was placed,
And mortal ties were held too dear.

Life's path is veiled in dismal gloom,
No star-gleam in the sky o'erhead;
With bleeding feet we onward tread,
Our hopes all buried in the tomb.

Is there a God? Can He delight
In human anguish, pain and woe?
Could He have dealt the sudden blow
That struck us with such awful might?

We know His love. By torture wrung,
The soul cannot be taught to doubt
What man could never live without,
The cross to which a Saviour clung.

It may be that each dreary moan,
Each shiv'ring sob of fierce distress
That misery from white lips can press,
Are steps toward His shining throne.

By faith alone is Heaven won,
Though God from mortal vision hide
His face, spread ruin far and wide,
We trust in Him. "His will be done."

MY FIRST THANKSGIVING.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

"CRUISE or amber, I hardly know which to choose," quoth one of the many customers standing at my counter—for to-day I was selling ribbons. How many, many yards I had measured off, standing on my weary feet since eight o'clock in the morning; for our store, always crowded, was nothing more or less than a "jam" the day before Thanksgiving. An elegant jam, certes; Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, and all the aristocratic adjacents, poured in their fine ladies; and such an array of chignons, little and big, high up, like balloons of hair, by which the owners seemed as if they might be carried away through space, and low down, bedecked with tinkling ornaments or flying ribbons. Patience! how more than tired I was of them all; how I hated fashions and fine ladies, laces, ribbons—everything under the sun!

You think I am wicked and hateful; but I think you would have felt just as I did, had you been standing on your feet, day in and day out, showing box-fulls of ribbons to people who wavered and wondered as to what was the "most becoming;" yes, with never a thought of the miserable, tired she, who was waiting upon them in weariness and loathing, too tired, in the depths of her soul, for even the cry, "*vanitas vanitatum!*"

"Miss Bromer, here?" called Mr. De Lacy, Jr., after his usual polite fashion.

I came, looking, I suppose, as I felt, somewhat scornful.

"Feel pretty tired, eh?" asked this De Lacy, with his impertinent simper.

De Lacy was junior partner in this model establishment; a second-rate dandiprat, who had taken a "fancy to my eyes," as he had whispered one Saturday night when it came my turn to be paid. I had used them since then to quell him as best I might; and had succeeded, it seemed.

Ignoring his question as to my fatigue, I asked briefly,

"Well?"

"Wait upon this gentleman."

I turned, and ah! what a relief, for it was the face of a real gentleman. Beyond that it had no beauty, but one might find "continual comfort" in it. A sense of refreshment came to me. My voice sounded strange even to

myself, it was so courteous; for I had not been endowed with amiability, and my experience of life had not improved my temper.

"What can I do for you, sir?" I said.

The answer was a gaze that seemed to "look me through."

If I had been even less vain than many, I might have felt flattered by the scrutiny; but offended I could not well be, so gentle was the glance, so sweet, even tender, was the smile.

"What can I do for you, sir?" I repeated, with tingling cheeks.

"Oh! ah! yes, of course. I would like to look at—at combs, brushes, anything, you know, you would be pleased to show me."

The gentleman was evidently confused—so was I; and my hands trembled as I exhibited the articles.

Presently he said, very sweetly,

"How tired you must be, Miss Bromer."

This, just as if he had been acquainted with me for years.

The question, that I had ignored in De Lacy, here found an answer at once.

"I am almost dead, sir!"

"Have you been on your feet *all* day?"

"Save fifteen minutes, allowed for dinner?"

"This is terrible! I shall remonstrate!"

"And I shall lose my place. What then?"

The gentleman's face glowed; he smiled, left the goods on the counter, and went up to Mr. De Lacy, with whom he talked for five minutes, and then went away. How dark it grew all at once! To see such a face only to lose it. My poor, poor life, so barren heretofore, would hold one sunny memory at least forever.

"Say, I guess your eyes did the business," pronounced De Lacy, Jr., as I passed him to go in to the ante-room, where our bonnets were kept.

I did not care very much. Some new feeling, faint and undefined, yet altogether delicious, wrapped me away as in a veil: impertinence could not touch me.

When I came into the ante-room, a little figure was there, sitting on a box which was turned bottom upward, in lieu of a chair.

"Well, poor little Cinthy, is it you?"

"Yes," said Cinthy, looking up at me with her patient smile.

What a sweet little being it was, with its wistful, child-face!

"I feel faint, Miss Bromer. Do you? Just at holiday times the store is so crowded, and people are so hard to please; and I have been calling, 'Cash, cash!' until my throat is sore."

"It's a long lane that has no turning, Cinthy."

"Yes, I know; you will be happy yet. Indeed, I suppose, even now, you might marry Mr. De Lacy, Jr., and do as you please every day."

Cinthy said this with such simplicity that I laughed outright; then, bending down, I took her up in my arms, gave her a little hug and a kiss, then set her down.

"Oh! how nice it is to be kissed," she said.

"Very nice," returned I, sighing drearily. "Good-night, Cinthy dear; get rested to-morrow."

I went out into the street. I was going, not home—but to my lodgings; a tiny, square room, with one dormer-window, ~~one~~ narrow, iron bed, one chair, a little yellow table for a wash-stand—these were my belongings when I got there.

It was chilly enough, too; one longed to sit by a warm grate fire and toast oneself. I did love all cheerful, bright things, if I was only a shop-girl!

"To-morrow is Thanksgiving," thought I to myself. "What a funny thing it is that I have never had a Thanksgiving!"

Yet, even as I thought this, some memory tugged at my heart-strings. I seemed to feel, rather than see, long rooms curtained with crimson silk, brightly lit, and thronged with happy faces, that, bending over a little child, kissed and loved her. And out of the mist shone two faces. One was smiling tenderly, as only a mother's can. The other was a man's face, yet very like the woman's, as a brother's and sister's may be; and it laughed as I tried to get at a pocket that I knew held "sugar-plums;" and the laughing lips cried, "Say, uncle Maynard."

The vision floated away. I looked out of the dormer-window into the space of sky. Stars and white moon, are you happy, up in heaven there? Oh! loving ones, gone before, my heart aches to-night! To-morrow, the great city will keep its Thanksgiving, with family parties, and happy reunions of loving home-circles. And I, I have no Thanksgiving, and none to keep it with!

The next day I rose wearily, bathed at my tiny, yellow table, and dressed by the bit of a glass that hung above it.

"I wonder what made *the* gentleman look at me so yesterday. I was never a pretty child, and it seems to me I have altered little since," thought I.

This was the case. My face was still round and somewhat chubby, with that bright color on the cheek that children's faces have. Also my hair—cut to save trouble—curled in wide rings; and my eyes were just as big and brown, as when they stared at me the first time I became conscious of my own face in the glass, long years since. Somehow I seemed prettier to myself than usual, for heretofore I had fancied that to be handsome one must needs be blonde.

I blushed redly as I thought this of myself. Well, I might blush unheeded, nobody would praise or blame either—and big tears stood in my eyes.

A loud ring came at the street door. My heart stood still. Why should I think it was for me?

Somebody knocked at my door. I opened it. My landlady was there, all in a flutter.

"Miss Bromer, a gentleman to see you—and a carriage!"

I perceived by this announcement that my landlady was discomposed by the grandeur of the event; for shop-girls, rooming up in attics, are scarcely expected to have "carriage visitors."

I came down stairs, feeling as if something strangely awful, or beautifully happy, was about to transpire. I walked into the bit of a parlor, which was stiff as only boarding-house parlors can be, with sofa and chairs doing sentinel duty; and there, in the window, sat a gray-haired gentleman.

We looked at one another, he and I, without speaking. It seemed ever so long, but it was only a brief space; I knew him at once, and I flew to him, crying,

"Uncle Maynard!"

He held out his arms for answer, saying, "Sister May's child—Hessie Bromer!"

He held me tight a moment—me! How I was crying, tears of a sore heart, that ached for kith and kin.

I never asked him how he found me. I could only look, and look, and look, and then cry over and over.

"Run up stairs, Hessie, darling, and dress yourself; and come home to make your uncle's heart glad."

I waited no second bidding, but flew up to my bare attic-room. I had one nice dress, a ruby merino. I had it on in a flash, tied my

hair with white ribbon, put on my little black velvet "round hat," and came back again. We got into the waiting carriage. "Home," said my uncle—and we drove on.

How more than sweet the word sounded. Only a woman, who had been without a home since childhood could guess The word awakened thoughts of another as well, of dear little Cinthy, my comrade in misery, who, long ago, having lost her own mother, was under the iron rule of a second wife, and one who thought nothing "too good" for herself, nothing too mean for the tender little creature whom she owned as step-daughter. I laid my hand on my uncle's knee,

"Uncle Maynard, this is my first Thanksgiving," I said, "may not Cinthy spend it with me?"

"Your first Thanksgiving?" said my uncle, folding me closer to him; "that I should live to hear that from my sister May's child. Cinthy, that's a sweet name. She shall come, of course. Any more?"

"She has been my only friend until now, uncle dear."

I told him where Cinthy lived. My uncle gave the direction to the driver, and presently we stopped at her door.

I ran in.

"Cinthy, dear," I cried, laughing and crying, "we've got to the end of the lane. Come with me."

I bundled on her things. Poor little lamb! She always looked neat upon her hard earnings; and laughing, blushing, in a maze of happiness, I brought her into the carriage. She was not one whit amazed either; she was always expecting and prophesying "something wonderful would happen to Hessie Bromer"—and here was the good luck at last.

"This is my uncle Maynard, Cinthy," said I.

Uncle started. "Was your mother's name Cinthia?" asked he.

"Yes, sir," said the little one.

My uncle coughed, and looked out of the carriage-window.

"Your mother was my only love," he said, directly; "kiss me for her sake."

Cinthy—she was a loving little soul—kissed my uncle, and then we all three cried; whereupon my uncle whistled in the most comical manner, and demanded,

"What in the world are we all about? Crying upon Thanksgiving day, of all days in the year!"

In the meantime, we had been driving on, and on, until the streets became avenues; and when we had reached the most charming one

of all, the carriage stopped before the dearest little Gothic Villa the fancy could imagine.

Pale blue was the November sky above, and softly fell the pale November sunlight upon the little villa, touching it with brightness everywhere; for in the stone vases late chrysanthemums bloomed, and the flower-beds showed green rims of old-fashioned box.

"Welcome home," said uncle Maynard.

But why did my heart stand still? What shape was that in the door-way?

The tenderest memory of my life! Well did it seem that so he should stand upon the threshold of home upon that Thanksgiving morning. So, and behold you! it was *the* gentleman of the day before who had looked Hessie Bromer through and through.

"My adopted son, Bernard Le Roy, ladies."

Bernard's face glowed. "So I was right," he said, looking at my uncle; "and you've found her at last."

We came into the lovely drawing-room, bright as a picture, with its curtains of rose silk and drifting lace, its sofas piled high with cushions, and its firelight making a little shimmer upon the beautiful bronzes that kept guard on the hearth-stone.

Then began explanations—and such explanations! Uncle Maynard, beginning to tell his story, then stopping to give me a hug and kiss; Bernard striking in with the most comical remarks; and then my uncle pretending to give him the most terrible scolding for "interrupting." Cinthy and myself, sitting by, altogether unequal to the occasion, and threatening every moment, woman fashion, to dissolve in tears.

But we didn't cry; and presently I discovered how I came to be found out.

Uncle Maynard, when I was a little child, so small he could just teach me to lisp his name, had gone to California to "seek his fortune;" but he had taken my picture with him; and he produced the same now, substantially as I was still, curly hair, red cheeks, big brown eyes.

"You see you had changed so little I recognized you at once," interpolated Bernard; "for I was always begging a look at the picture, it was so sweet."

"I'll turn you out of the room, sir!" put in my uncle.

"Will you, sir? If you do, I'll take Hessie with me—so you'd better let me stay."

There was much more said in the same vein. But explanations are wearisome, save to those directly concerned.

What a happy, happy day it was; and what a dinner we had. The table-cloth and napkins

radiated whiteness; the silver shone as never silver shone before; the food was better than ambrosia; the fruits, heaped on salvers, and set with chrysanthemums of every tint, were surely plucked in Eden. Everything was more than charming; and I sat at the end of the table, opposite my uncle, the mistress of all—a queen in my own right. But what were all these delights compared to the thought that at last I was “at home.”

When evening came, Cinthy said she must “Go. It is the happiest day that ever I had, dear Hessie; and, to crown it all, you must promise me one thing.”

“Only tell me what it is.”

“That I may be your bridesmaid.”

“Suppose I should never need one, you saucy girl?”

Cinthy laughed merrily. Well, she was my bridesmaid, and she is my uncle's daughter, now; he says she belongs to him by right. I let her take my place, you see, and reign mistress of the mansion, only because we, that is, Bernard and I, have another little villa just opposite; and I really can't be in two places at once. As for me, my first Thanksgiving has been a giving of thanks for every day of my life ever since.

YOUTH.

BY LINA SPENCER.

In the Summer-time of life—

In the time when birds are singing,
And the air with music ringing,
And the heart with pleasure rife;
Like a streamlet, wandering, flowing,
Through the sunshine of a meadow,
Never thinking of a shadow,
Is the happy pilgrim going.

Shine, oh, sun! the day is high!
Bloom, oh, flowers! it is the May!
Think not it will pass away,
That the flowers will fade and die;

For life's May-time is its sweetest,
And the soonest past away;
Smile, while yet it is the day;
Sing, for songs are ever fleetest.

Some time, in our earthly lot,
Heavy burdens must we carry;
Let us in the sunshine tarry,
Ere we reach a darker spot.
Time enough for fruitless sorrow,
When our joys are past away;
Take the sunshine of to-day,
Leave the shadows for to-morrow.

WOMAN'S EYES.

BY F. YELLAND.

The diamond's light is clear and bright,
And fair are stars in cloudless skies;
But not so fine as the light divine
That beams in lovely woman's eyes.
Then hail to the sex, whatever may vex
A man in his struggle by day;
The flashing rays of their smiling gaze,
Will chase every cloud away.
The silvery light of the Queen of Night,

As she rides on her throne on high,
I love to greet, but it's not so sweet,
As the light of a lovely woman's eye.
Then hail to the sex, etc.

The flower's hue, all gem'd with dew,
Is sweet while zephyrs are dancing by;
But a ray from Heaven, to us is given,
In the light of a lovely woman's eye.
Then hail to the sex, etc.

A WAIF.

BY MRS. P. C. DOLE.

WHERE the Saviour's love supernal,
Crowns the land of light eternal,
And the shining wings of angels fan the soft, celestial air,
I can see a sweet face beaming,
And a little, white hand gleaming,
Ever beckoning, when my spirit folds away its earthly
care.

When my way is dark and dreary,
And my spirit worn and weary,
Sweeter smiles the face seraphic, brighter gleams the little
hand;
Then my soul forgets its sadness,
Touched by an immortal gladness,
Wafted from the golden portals of that pure, angelic land.

THE PLYMLEY DOINGS.

BY EMMA B. RIPLEY.

I.

A SHADE of displeasure darkened the comely features of Mrs. Heath, as she looked forth from her casement.

"There goes Professor Plymley!" she exclaimed.

Annie Heath laid down her crocheting and came hurriedly to the window. There was nothing in the professor's appearance to account for the interest with which the two ladies evidently viewed him. A spare figure, well-buttoned-up, slightly-grizzled hair, a quick, decided way of walking.

"Yes, there he goes," said Annie, "umbrella under his arm, and spectacles across his nose, as usual: I believe he sleeps in them!"

"And plotting against your poor father all the time," averred Mrs. Heath, with solemnity. "Oh! the ways of that man! He'll never rest till he has driven us away, and has this house for himself!"

"Mamma," said Annie, "you can't think how disagreeably the Plymley girls behave to me whenever we meet. Nothing open; but such little, sneering ways, that one can't take notice of, and yet feel so keenly."

"I understand," returned Mrs. Heath. "They get that from their mother. Maria Plymley was an envious creature from her very cradle. She was tolerably civil to us when they first came to Amsden; your father being the president, and our position settled, she felt obliged to show us some consideration. But since affairs have taken this unhappy turn, and the professor has got the idea of supplanting your father in his head, she is at no pains to hide her feelings. She used to be jealous of me on her own account, and now she is jealous of you for her girls. But she may set her heart at rest there, Annie; neither Jane nor Sophia can compare with you; and she will never make people think they do, let her work as she will."

A little conscious color stole into Annie's cheeks. Whom did mamma mean by people? Could she refer to anybody in particular? But Mrs. Heath said nothing more definite, and her daughter did not like to question her. She sat quietly on the sofa, weaving her tidy with skillful fingers, and carrying on, at the same time, a bit of fancy-weaving, which rivaled her worsteds

in the brightness of its coloring. Mrs. Heath, looking at her, was convinced anew of the hopelessness of any attempt on the part of those girls to emulate her. Annie's blooming roundness, her bright eyes, her brown hair, with its threads of gold, were as different as possible from the dull complexions and meager gentility of the Misses Plymley.

But her self-gratulation on this theme was brief; her mind turned anew to the subject of their troubles. Amsden was a poor college; the fame of its scholarship was not sufficient to attract many students; its graduates, instead of getting rich and remembering their Alma Mater, plodded along as country clergymen, or lawyers, or physicians, barely making out a living for themselves. The college buildings fell into a melancholy state of outer and inner dilapidation; the slender salaries were never fully paid. Professor Plymley, whose active mind was ever occupied with research in his own affairs, or those of others, announced that he had discovered the cause of this lack of prosperity. It lay in the supineness of the president. Once get an energetic man at the head of affairs, a man who was abreast of the times, who would bring Amsden before the public, and keep her there, and the fortune of the college was made.

The Faculty listened, in a dreamy way, to these suggestions. They had become used to scanty pay and threadbare garments, to plain fare, and to unsettled scores at New-Year. From practice they were dexterous in avoiding the weak spots in the hall stairs and chapel steps, and accidents now seldom happened. The great holes in the carpets of the society-rooms; the ragged volumes of the library, seemed to them a part of the ancient and eternal order of things. And every one liked good Dr. Heath, whose portly form and dignified urbanity were the greatest contrast to the waspish shape and manners of his opponent. They heard Professor Plymley, therefore, as on some blazing day you have heard, from your languid recumbency, the buzzing and bumping of a great fly against the window-pane; they were neither at the pains to heed him, nor to put him out.

Mrs. Plymley declared it was scandalous that one man should sit thus like an incubus on all

their fortunes. If matters went on so much longer, she should have a sewing-machine and make out a living for the family herself. If ever the professor flagged in his zeal, which, to do him justice, was but seldom, she urged him on afresh, holding over his head the Scriptural condemnation of those who provide not for their own households.

Finding that Dr. Heath was not likely to be ousted immediately, the professor had betaken himself to another branch of the service. Money must be raised. Why were they so quiescent? Didn't they see what other colleges were doing? Sending agents about and getting in cash by thousands? Never was such apathy beheld by man! Look at B—— and K——, both poor as Amsden three years ago. And now B—— was enlarging its cabinet and building a new library hall; K—— had its observatory and its telescope; every improvement heralded by the newspapers—all the donors names made public! They, too, must have their agent; they must come in for their share before the money was all given away; they must have their improvements, and be talked of in the papers.

The good Faculty roused a little at his words and blinked at each other in mild uncertainty. They had no conscientious scruples that they knew of against money—but how were they ever to get hold of it?

Then Professor Plymley produced his man—the friend of his early years, Rev. Mr. Rushem. His talents as a mendicant were of the highest order, and gradually came to be recognized as such, so that every lacking cause employed him to “present” it. He was introduced to the trustees; he explained his system and his views. He spoke hopefully of thousands, and scores of thousands only awaiting a judiciously-applied impulse to flow into the empty coffers of Amsden. He was fluent and plausible; the trustees were captivated. Armed with all needful authority, he set forth on his travels. News of him came from time to time, promising, encouraging news. Encouraging, that is, to everybody but the Heaths. Mrs. Heath did not mistake when she fancied that the Plymleys grew in importance as their scheme bade fair to be successful; nor was she unjust in her belief that they intended to promote themselves at Dr. Heath's expense. And there are always uneasy spirits among trustees, people who fancy that a change is for the best, for no reason but because it is a change. No wonder that Mrs. Heath's brow was clouded by an anxiety which even the sight of Annie's pretty looks could not dispel.

II.

AMSDEN—were you ever there?—is a charmingly rural spot. There are long rows of elms through all the streets, delicious arcades of leafy coolness. There is no modern smartness anywhere; not a single turreted or camp-failed dwelling rising bare from the turf, with whipstock saplings planted here and there about the grounds. The houses are set well back from the highway, and embowered in trees and shrubbery; a convenient circumstance for the Faculty, as the paint wore away from their dwellings, and their porticoes decayed. The whole place seems the home of shade and silence.

Not far from the colleges stood, at the time of which we write, a square, old-fashioned mansion. It was built of stone hewn from the neighboring quarries, and a large part of its surface was overrun with the Virginia-creeper, luxuriantly green in summer, and changing with the frosts to richest crimson. The hand of improvement had done a little here, but not enough to put the building out of harmony with the surrounding scene. The windows had been cut down; the turf and the broad paths were carefully kept; the shrubbery was arranged with taste. This house, with its ample belongings of pasture and meadow, wheat-field and woodland, was the home of Francis Cary, Esq., who had succeeded to it and other valuable property at the death of his uncle, a few months before. Mrs. Plymley had decided that it was to be the home, also, of one of her own dear girls—Sophia, the oldest, and consequently the first to be disposed of.

Frank Cary would have opened his eyes a little had he been made aware of the good lady's calculations. A handsome, high-spirited young fellow, with money and leisure at command, he looked at life rather with a view to his own enjoyment, than with a sense of his obligation to provide a husband for either of Mrs. Plymley's daughters. They were nice girls enough; Jane had pretty teeth, and Sophia played well, and they were always amiable to him as became his prospects and their mother's designs. He called occasionally and listened to the music, and saw the smiles without an idea beyond the passing moment. Mrs. Plymley, meanwhile, watched him from those two gray eyes, set so deeply beneath her lofty brow, and interpreted in Sophia's favor each gallant word or polite attention. Everything went favorably, as she imagined, if not with the rapidity she could desire, till Annie Heath, who had been spending some months in the city, came home again. Annie had improved a good deal in her ab-

vence, had gained in height, and symmetry, and bloom. She brought home with her, too, the latest news about the fashions, and some illustrations of the same in collars and bonnets. Altogether, she was quite an authority in Amsterdam; and the Misses Plymley, who had never regarded her as anything but a school-girl, were vexed at her increasing consequence. How deeply vexed when Mr. Cary, whom they chose to regard as their especial property, actually began to notice and admire her. Their chagrin was boundless, and all the harder to bear because they could not manifest it openly. They indemnified themselves by snubbing her in a quiet way as often as they dared. If she played in company, Miss Sophia remarked that that was a sweet, simple little piece, and that really Miss Heath needed nothing but practice and instruction to make her play very prettily. If anybody praised her looks, Miss Jane assented cordially; she was glad to find some one that thought like her—so few did; she had always rather fancied Annie Heath's appearance, and never could agree with those who maintained that that high color made her coarse. To Annie herself they manifested their feeling in various ways, although the ordinary forms of social intercourse were kept up between them.

One afternoon, Miss Plymley and Miss Jane were seated each at a window of the parlor, industriously employed, the one with tatting, the other with embroidery; not so industriously, however, but that eyes and tongue could take note of outward circumstances.

"There's Annie Heath just going in to Mrs. Parker's," remarked Miss Plymley. "She's got on her *chine* silk and lace mantle. Pretty early in the season, but I suppose she's in a hurry to show them off. I don't see how her father can feel himself justified in such extravagance."

"Oh! it isn't her father; her friends in the city give her lots of things, Sarah Balcombe says. For my part, I should be ashamed to dress so far beyond my circumstances; it would be no comfort to me to be so very different from everything else in my own home."

"Well, you're not likely to be tried very soon," rejoined Miss Plymley. "Things here are pretty much of a piece; the carpets, the curtains, and our own clothes. I wish to goodness Mr. Rushem would send home something more substantial than encouraging reports."

"And if he did, you may be sure it would do us no good; the salaries would be the last thing thought of."

"What a set of trustees we have here! It's up-hill work for poor papa; two or three seem to take an enlightened view of things; but the rest insist on thinking that Dr. Heath is the beginning and end of the law. Still, mother says she doesn't despair by any means. When Mr. Rushem has raised the funds, it isn't in human nature that the trustees shouldn't remember whose plan it was."

"Perhaps—human nature has a pretty short memory, though, so far as I've observed. Papa ought to be president, that's certain; he's the only live man in the Faculty; the rest are fit for nothing but the shelves of the cabinet—along with other fossils."

"That house would be a great improvement upon this," said Miss Plymley. "I think there's a shameful difference here between the president's house and those of the professors; one would imagine we were a kind of subalterns."

"But that will turn to our advantage, you know, when papa gets it. The parlors and hall are really very handsome, and the room at the back will be nice for your piano."

"Yes," agreed Miss Plymley—"unless," she added, pausing in reflection, as her mind reverted to a certain contingency.

"Oh! I know what you're thinking of," said Jane, with a slight toss of the head. "I'm sure I wish you may succeed in your endeavors; but you had better look out, lest Annie Heath doesn't spoil your prospects, that's all."

"You needn't be so spiteful about it, Jane, I'm sure. It will be for the good of all the family if things should turn out that way. It would be of the greatest consequence to papa to secure such an influential member in the board—and there would be one less to provide for here at home. And then, you know, this is only Mr. Cary's summer residence. He means to spend the winter in Philadelphia; and how pleasant that would be for you and the other girls as they grow up."

Jane's countenance relaxed a little at this view of affairs. Still she could fancy one thing even more delightful than being her sister's guest in Philadelphia; and that was, to be her sister's hostess instead. But there was no use in thinking of it. Mamma was so partial to Sophia always; and Jane dared not contemplate a rebellion that should secure the prize for herself. You see, Mrs. Plymley knew how to make her authority respected in her own family.

A few minutes passed in unsatisfactory silence; then an event of interest occurred. Mr. Cary was seen in the distance. Great were

the curiosity and conjectures as to whether he could be on his way to their own house. He crossed the street, and the felicity grew almost certain; when, lo! the most provoking *contre-temps*! Annie Heath, having finished her call, emerged from the Parkers' gate just as he reached it.

"Saw him coming, and rushed out, I'll be bound," said Jane, loyal in a moment, when it came to a question of Plymley *versus* Heath. "She'll manage to have him see her home—no, they're stopping. Why, Sophy, they're *both* coming in!"

It required all the self-command which the two ladies could summon at such short notice to meet Miss Heath with decent courtesy. Designing creature! Intercepting the young man in that bold way, and now intruding her presence into a call designed for themselves! And such airs of innocence, too! Such blushing and simpering, and such mock-modesty. They only hoped Mr. Cary would see through it all. It would be really too bad if such artifices could impose on any one. It behooved them to teach Annie Heath her place, and they set about imparting the lesson without delay. Their coolness to her was only equaled by their *empressment* toward her companion. An air of the greatest intimacy was assumed; he was playfully reproached for having neglected them so long; his aunt and mother were inquired after with the tenderest solicitude—how that must cut up Annie, who knew neither of them. The conservatory, the flower-garden, and other features of his place, were familiarly alluded to; everything was done to impress Miss Heath with the conviction that they were friends of long standing, and she nothing but a new acquaintance.

"Jenny," said Sophia, "do tell mother that Mr. Cary is here; she will never forgive us if we do not let her know. You are such a favorite of hers," she added, turning to the young man.

"Mrs. Plymley is very kind," he replied, bowing. The knowledge did not thrill him with ecstasy. He was not sufficiently in love, as yet, with either of the daughters, to revel in this sweet assurance of maternal favor.

There was a little delay in bringing Mrs. Plymley to light. Jane had discovered her in the kitchen, deep in some domestic mysteries, and not exactly *en grande tenue*. On learning the exigencies of the case, however, she proved equal to the occasion, and inducted herself with masterly rapidity into more presentable attire. This accomplished, she appeared in the parlor,

bestowed a frigid recognition upon Annie, and lavished the hidden warmth of her nature on Mr. Cary.

"We're delighted to see you again," she said, in the blandest accents she could modulate. "And how is your dear aunt to-day? This damp weather we have been having must be so bad for her neuralgia. I have thought of it often."

Mr. Cary relieved her solicitude with a little inward surprise that she should be at the pains to feel it. His aunt had not shown herself very eager for the acquaintance of the Plymley family, and had met their advances with nothing more than cool civility. His mother next became the point of interest. When had he heard from her; and was she well; and wasn't she coming soon to visit him? Mrs. Plymley longed to renew their early friendship; she had known Mrs. Cary as Margaret Gray—and a sweet girl she was.

"Sophy can go on with her duet now, I presume," continued the mother, with a gracious attempt at pleasantry. "Something has been wrong ever since you tried it together the other day. I have wanted her to practice, but she has been out of voice or out of spirits for it, I don't know which; but I dare say all will be right now."

Frank had no special fancy for such vocal exercise just then, but there was no help for it; Sophia brought forth the music, the piano was opened, and they began. Annie's part of spectator was now exchanged for that of listener.

"How well their voices suit!" exclaimed Mrs. Plymley, in a gratified "aside" to the visitor; the first words with which she had been honored since the brief greeting on entering the room. "I always so enjoy hearing them together."

They were in the habit of singing duets, then, thought Annie, not well up to Mrs. Plymley's tactics. She was shortly to be favored with another specimen of them. Some fifteen or twenty miles from Amsden was a water-fall, famous in guide-books, which neither of the Misses Plymley had yet visited, much as they desired to do so. The kind heart of their mother, ever anxious to promote their pleasure, had devised a plan whereby the indulgence might be given them; and she now proceeded to put it in motion. Nobody could say how, by what imperceptible stages, conversation glided around to the subject of the falls, nor how Mr. Cary was brought to suggest a jaunt thither as a pleasant thing, whenever the season should be sufficiently advanced; but somehow

or other it was done. Mrs. Plymley and the girls took up the idea with enthusiasm; there was a great deal of discussion as to carriages, and hours of going and returning. The only drawback to their satisfaction was the way in which Mr. Cary now and then appealed to Annie, including her in the scheme, and asking her opinion. But, of course, he could do no less, as she persisted in staying and mixing herself up with it all. She left at last, however; and they were fortunately able to detain Mr. Cary, by further talk about the arrangements of the trip.

"Did you call at the Plymleys?" asked Mrs. Heath, as Annie came in.

"Yes, mamma; I have been there an hour or more."

"Indeed! You must have found them uncommonly agreeable."

"That was not quite the reason. Mr. Cary went in when I did, and I very soon felt myself superfluous. I should have been glad enough to leave, but it seemed hardly proper to do so without first exchanging a few words with the family—and, really, I thought I should never have the chance. They were so taken up with him that I could hardly get speech of one of them."

"I dare say!" exclaimed Mrs. Heath. "Just the way their mother was when she was young."

"But I think, mamma," continued Annie, "that they must be on very good terms together. They treat him as an old friend, and they spoke so familiarly of many things—things they would not be likely to know of, unless there were frequent intercourse between the families."

"Perhaps so—though they are just the people to assume that sort of footing, if they thought it would be to their advantage. But, run up stairs, Annie, and take off your things; tea will be ready soon."

Annie left the room, but did not feel inclined for running—the effect of her call was not exhilarating. She was not in love with Frank Cary; she did not suppose he was in love with her; still there had been a something which she now felt had better be given up. She certainly had imagined that he preferred her to most of the girls—and now it was evident that the Plymleys thought the same thing about themselves. The truth was, probably, that he was polite to whatever person he happened to be with, and had no intentions beyond the hour. That was all well enough—she had nothing to complain of; only she must be on her guard hereafter, and not fancy there was an interest where none existed. Mr. Cary was very plea-

sant, and it would be better to keep out of his way, and not run any risk of liking him more seriously than he did her. She had no intention of throwing her heart away on any one who could not set a proper value on it. Still, as she came to this decision, so prudent, so salutary, she was conscious that a charm vanished from the days that had been so pleasant to look forward to; something of a dull, dreamy aspect settled on them instead. No matter, she thought; what was right was right, all the same.

When Frank reached home that evening, he found a letter from his mother waiting him. One passage particularly impressed him: "The Miss Plymleys, whom you mention, are, no doubt, the daughters of my old acquaintance, Maria Meacham. Don't get too intimate there, Frank; there is nothing I should regret more, if the girls are like their mother. And you are so young yet, that there is no haste about your settling in life; though I know that such an opinion on my part will not weigh much when the time comes for you to be really interested."

"Poor mother!" he said, smiling as he read the words; "it is easy to see she trembles for the safety of her precious nestling. She may set her heart at rest—I shall not fall a victim to either of the Misses Plymley." And then, as a sweet, young face rose before his mind's eye, he reread the sentence, "I know that such an opinion on my part will not weigh much when the time comes for you to be really interested," and was glad that he had so reasonable a parent.

III.

A WEEK of chill and rainy weather delayed the little excursion—but preparations for it went on apace. Frank took the whole thing on himself. It was to be his party, he said; all the participants were to consider themselves his guests. A picnic was at first proposed, but he negatived this; the Falls Hotel would furnish them an excellent dinner, and save a deal of trouble. The young ladies were loth to give up the picturesqueness of a banquet in the woods; but Mrs. Plymley, thoughtful of her own labor and expense, sided with Mr. Cary. One great field of consultation was thus destroyed; but the girls improved what was left, and were ready to suggest something new whenever they encountered the hero of the occasion. The party was soon enlarged beyond their wishes—Frank's hospitable tendencies leading him to include one friend after another, till the affair ceased to be that elegant and exclusive one they had contemplated; still, its importance grew with its size, and so did their posi-

tion as its lady-patronesses. On the whole, they were tolerably content. One only source of uneasiness appeared. Mr. Cary had made ample arrangements for the conveyance of the party. He had engaged a coach from Hunsford, the barouche from the hotel, and various other vehicles; but he had never once hinted who was to go with him in his own carriage, that dear, light little carriage, drawn by such a handsome pair of horses. It was impossible that he should think of driving alone; and he was not likely to take his aunt—she would be much more comfortable in the coach, if she went at all. Miss Plymley felt sure he must be going to ask her, only she wished that he would do it; while Jane wondered if it might be possible that he was thinking of *her*. Should she ever dare accept? Fancy the honor and delight of being Mr. Cary's chosen companion through all that long, lovely drive; but fancy, also, what she should have to face at home. She felt afraid she should have to say, "You had better ask Sophia."

Frank had not the least idea of putting her prudence to the test; the place had been appropriated, in his own mind, from the beginning of the scheme—that is, if the desired occupant could be induced to accept it. But a change had come over Miss Heath lately; a reserve, so different from the bright, candid manner which had charmed him at first. Had he offended her, he wondered? Or did she guess his feeling and endeavor to discourage him? How much he wished to know the reason of the change! Poor Annie was finding her part a hard one; for when it came to putting Frank out of her mind, or thinking of him exactly as she did of any other acquaintance, she was not quite equal to the occasion. Then followed self-accusing, wounded pride and maidenly resolve. If she could not think of him as of others, she could at least treat him in the same way—that was surely still in her power. As a result of this decision her manner froze to the most cautious reserve; Frank saw her animated and bright with others, but the moment he approached a shade fell on her. If he had only understood that she was distant because she feared to be too friendly, to show too clearly how welcome his presence and attentions were! But he was no more clairvoyant than other lovers; and one evening, when he had gone to Dr. Heath's for the express purpose of asking her to accompany him in the drive, she behaved with such coolness that he was quite discouraged. It was useless to say anything, he thought, and he crossed the green to Pro-

fessor Plymley's, and offered the contested seat to the acceptance of Sophia.

Of course, there was no reserve, no drawing back to be apprehended there; Miss Plymley accepted with outward graciousness and inward rapture. Her hopes, already of vigorous growth, now shot up with the rapidity of Jonah's gourd. In imagination she saw herself the mistress of the stone-mansion and the city house—servants, horses, and carriages at her command; herself the great lady of the country neighborhood, and admitted to the best circles in town. Her mother, quite superior to any foolish notions of delicacy, congratulated her the moment that she saw her alone, and urged the duty of improving, to the extent of her powers, every opportunity to secure the prize.

"And I hope, Sophia," she said, in her deepest tones, "that you will not, in your own prosperity, forget the claims of your family."

"No, indeed, mamma," responded the dutiful daughter; "they will be always on my mind." And she was sincere; in all her bright anticipations they had part. She felt that on her their fortunes depended; it was a proud and grateful responsibility. She knew by the way papa looked at her that he understood and expected everything. Mrs. Plymley had, in truth, confided Sophia's prospects to her husband, touched up with all the glowing tints her own hopes could impart.

"I am rejoiced, most heartily rejoiced, to hear of it," said the professor, as impressively as if speaking in public. "He is one of the few to whom I could intrust a charge so precious; and with such a coadjutor I shall have every hope of bringing the trustees to reason."

"I'm afraid you're not faithful in that matter, professor; not constant enough, not persevering enough."

"My dear," he responded, rather testily, "perhaps you had better take the management yourself; you understand so well how it ought to be done."

"I wish I could," said Mrs. Plymley.

"You seem to think I can call a meeting of the board every day, and din into their ears that Dr. Heath is not the man, and ought to be removed. You seem to have no idea of the care, the delicacy required. I must work, indeed, but quietly. I express my own opinions, call attention to the president's defects, and hint the remedy. I can do no more, but I do it actively. You ought to give me sympathy instead of fault-finding. You ought to hope, as I do, for the best."

The morning of the expedition dawned clear and beautiful. Miss Plymley arrayed herself with care, and looked forward exultingly to the day. Annie, on the contrary, was languid and indifferent; she found herself thinking that pleasure-parties were tiresome affairs, and wishing that this one were well over. As soon, however, as she recognized the feeling, she took herself to task. What, was she so silly? Was she henceforth to find no enjoyment in things that had always been so enjoyable before? No, indeed, she was not one to yield thus to sickly sentiment. She would go and be happy like the rest; self-respect demanded no less.

Frank's own house was the rendezvous; and at an early hour it presented a cheerful sight. Fair forms stood about the halls and parlors: bright eyes, bright ribbons, fresh toilets, and fresh faces were everywhere visible; gayety and good-humor prevailed. Frank consulted with the young men of the party, or saluted newly-arrived guests; the carriages came up; the sun shone; the horses champed—all was life and stir. Within, Miss Plymley glanced about the handsome rooms, assured herself of the richness of the furniture, and planned the different placing of a vase or picture. Mrs. Canning, Frank's aunt, eyed her with attention that was not complacency. Sophia behaved with the utmost deference, but made her own arrangements meanwhile. "My good lady," she thought, "before long you will not look at me in that way quite. Probably you have a little home of your own somewhere; if not, you can live with some of your relations."

They set off at last, Miss Plymley in Frank's carriage and the seventh heaven; the other vehicles following. It was a lovely day, and a delightful drive; it must have been a sad heart that could not ease its burden a little in the blue air and blithe companionship. Annie alighted at the Falls Hotel more like her cheerful self than she had been for many days.

But if she was cheerful, Miss Plymley was enraptured. Never had there been such a day, such a drive, such horses, and such a carriage; she did not say such a companion, but that was easily inferred. Somehow, the sight of her enthusiasm rather damped Annie's rising spirits.

The party descended into the ravine; they admired the rushing waters, beryl-hued; they gazed, awe-struck, at the high walls that shut them in, and the sky shining far above. Creeping along the rocks, they encountered fall after fall, each more beautiful than the last. Their delight, their wonder, exhausted words; ex-

hausted their strength, too, by-and-by. They were glad to go up into the woods again and rest.

Annie Heath strolled away by herself and soon found a quiet nook. Seated on a vine-covered mound, she gazed through an opening in the trees upon the silver-flashing of the waters far below. She felt heavy and depressed; everything had been beautiful, she should have enjoyed it so much, if only—And she wondered if life were always thus; if people were always just falling short of happiness.

The sound of steps close by made her turn, and the color flamed into her cheeks as she saw Frank near. He had missed her, he said, and feared she might lose her way, or meet with some accident. She thanked him, and rose to join their friends.

"Don't go yet!" he exclaimed, impulsively; "it is so pleasant to be here with you." At these words her color grew yet more vivid. Frank, seeing it, took heart and wondered if he could have misunderstood her manner all these days. By swift degrees the tender truth came out. It did not cost many words on either side; a glance or two, more blushes, meaning silence—that is the way these things are done, young people!

It was rather hard on Frank that he must go back so soon to that indifferent crowd. Annie could take refuge in her fatigue, and be as dull and quiet as she chose, but he must exert himself to entertain his guests. He did it to admiration, however, and was the life and soul of the occasion. Miss Plymley was prouder than ever of her conquest.

She had counted much on the drive home that night. The moon shone in her fullest splendor, and laid out the highway in a broad track of molten silver; dense were the shadows, dark and solemn stood the trees. No feature of beauty or romance was wanting, and Miss Plymley was attuned to the influences of the hour. Nothing was needed but that Frank should speak, and speak to the purpose. He was in a strange mood, fits of abstraction alternating with the most extravagant gayety. At every pause Miss Plymley hoped that his next words would be auspicious; but the drive ended, and the desired consummation was still unattained.

Mrs. Plymley had spent the day in brilliant visions, and she came into her daughter's room at night to have them realized.

"Well, Sophia?" she said. Sophia felt guilty, indeed.

"Nothing positive, mamma," she responded; "but it is only putting it off a little. If you had seen his manner—so peculiar—so significant. It will be all right in a day or two."

"Or all wrong," said Mrs. Plymley, in the bitterness of her disappointment. "If you can let such a chance escape you, you cannot expect me to have confidence. You are not attentive enough; you don't encourage him enough. I could have brought him to the point, I know." And poor Sophia thought, as her father had done a few days before, that, since mamma understood the business so well, it was a pity she could not undertake it. But you may be very sure she did not venture to hint her feelings.

Since her mother had no confidence in her, her only resource was to have confidence in herself. She dressed with care next day, and awaited her visitor—he came not. Another day passed with the same experience. Then a dreadful rumor began to float through Amsden; it gained, it grew. Miss Plymley shut her ears—she would not believe it. But unbelief availed nothing—the truth was established.

Frank Cary and Annie Heath were engaged, and shortly to be married.

I pass over the scenes that ensued in the Plymley mansion; even the professor drooped before those cutting blasts. His labors were broken off in the midst; the few uneasy trustees had no disposition to rise against Mr. Cary's father-in-law; Dr. Heath was more secure than ever in his old position. It was an uncomfortable place for the Plymleys—their plotting and their failure had been too conspicuous. The professor obtained a situation in some remote college—and the family turned their backs upon ungrateful Amsden.

Frank and Annie were as happy as youth and love, approving friends and smiling fortune may be supposed to make them. Miss Jane Plymley returned to the old home, after some years, as the bride of the Rev. Mr. Rushem, and the mother of his six dear infants. (Mr. Rushem's labors, by-the-by, had been eminently successful, and served to place the college on a much more substantial footing than of yore.) But Miss Plymley remains with her parents, and is likely to remain there.

THE LITTLE ONE IS GONE.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWN.

I watch to see a little face
Sly peeping through the door;
And stop to hear a wonted step
That comes within no more.
I wait to catch a laughing tone,
And watch and wait in vain;
For, undisturbed, I may work on—
'Twill never come again.

The Autumn rose can bloom and fade
In safety on its bough;
The little hand stretched forth to pluck,
Will not molest it now.

The playthings scattered far and wide
About the parlor floor,
Are placed in order, side by side,
To be disturbed no more.

I hear the tread of other feet,
And other tones of glee;
And listen for another voice,
That comes no more to me.
I sit and mark in silent grief
The solemn hours move on;
Oh! what can give my heart relief—
The little one is gone!

THE PAST.

BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Swing backward on your hinge of gold,
Oh! lovely gates of memory!
Withdraw the purple tapestry,
And let me vanished scenes behold.

The sighing breezes, wafted up
From the far valleys of the Past,
Are odorons with the nectar cast
By many a rose's fragrant cup.

List how the tide of music swells
About the distant Amber Hills;
The dear old songs! Their cadence fills
Our hearts, like chimes of silver bells.

Faces, long hidden from our sight,
Are gathered here with smiles of yore;
And on this fair and lovely shore
We fear not Death's approaching night.

'Tis sweet to feel, whatever grief
The unknown future may bestow,
However dark its skies may grow,
We here may find a sure relief.

For, from the lessons studied long,
Of pleasures bright, or fortunes ill,
We gather courage, strength, and will
To live, to suffer, and be strong.

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 237.

CHAPTER XVII.

MUSIC was sounding in that brown-stone house from morning to night, for one of the greatest teachers in the country lived there, and he had many pupils. Sometimes the notes that came through the windows were crude and hesitating as the tones of little children when they begin to read; sometimes they came ringing out wildly, and without method, as young birds try the wing, fluttering up and down in the air, unable to poise themselves, and failing to light where they wish; again it came in a wild, shrill tumult of overstrained effort, striving for that sudden power which is only to be obtained by toil and continued effort, even aided by genius itself. But the music which had drawn that little crowd under those windows was of a different class. The strangers who listened held their breath as the rich sounds came rolling over them with a power of harmony so sympathetic and sweet, that it held them entranced a full hour, though the evening was cold, and snow lay on the ground.

The persons within the parlor knew nothing of the audience without; both were entranced by the exercise of the most fascinating power known to humanity, and thought of nothing else, till a muffled clapping of hands reached them through the curtained-windows, offering back in applause some of the pleasure that noble voice had given.

"It is for you," said the teacher, in his soft, broken English, which was so mingled with Italian, that the pupil understood his gesture rather than his speech. "You see yonder how all the world enchants itself. *Bravo! Bravis-simo!*"

The Italian rubbed his two plump, white hands together in an ecstasy of delight, patted his pupil on the shoulder, and made himself jubilant over her, as a mother-bird flutters over the fledgeling which has soared to its supreme satisfaction.

"Now, once more! once more! Charm them again, my nightingale! Your own voice has won its first audience, and, cold as it is, they listen yet."

The girl turned her bright, flushed face upon him with a look of such eager delight as genius feels in the first exercise of its power. Her flexible mouth seemed reddened by the music that had passed through it; light and happiness sparkled in her beautiful eyes. She pushed her hair back with both hands from her temples, and you could see all the delicate blue veins swelling and throbbing upon thin snow, as if the music were yet thrilling all her pulses with its sweetness.

"Again and again," she said, seizing her teacher's hand between both hers, and kissing it eagerly, "oh! how I thank you! How I love you for all this!"

The master drew his fat hand from those eager lips, and passed it over his eyes, muttering some words of delight in his native Italian, and calling her pet names, such as he could never have found English for, so delicate and caressing were they.

"Now, once again!" he said, placing his round and rosy person on the piano-stool.

She stood beside him, bending over the music, radiant, graceful, and as ready to test her powers again as the nightingale is to sing when all the rose-thickets are in full bloom. The crowd at the windows grew thicker and more numerous till it spread into the street: and when the young girl came forth, muffled in a cloak, with the master walking by her side, some curious persons pressed forward to see if her face was in harmony with that wonderful voice. But the veil she wore was thick, and they only saw that the person was tall, well-sized, and walked with the step of a goddess.

"That is right! That is well!" whispered the master, as his companion drew the folds of her veil down together. "Let them see the face when they hear the voice, not before."

The girl laughed a clear, happy laugh from under her veil, and pressed her hand caressingly on his arm, thus signifying her girlish thanks for his care.

"Oh! who could have thought this when you first heard me singing under the apple-trees, and asked me to bring home your clothes myself.

Did I not keep the secret well, even from my own mother. How good you were!"

"No, no! I was weary, idle—dying to hear a voice worthy of my care. It was like having a load settle on one's shoulder. Then I loved to draw out these notes, tone by tone; to see you drink so eagerly of the one great joy, was a joy in itself."

"But you worked so hard, dear master. You gave up so much time. Came down to the shore for health and strength, and gave everything to me."

"And why not, my bird of birds? That green old house by the water was dreary till you came to fill it with your beautiful young voice; and we, that is, my wife and I, were tired of that thing they call the country. To teach you was occupation—and now it will be our triumph."

"I hope so! How much I hope so!" cried the girl. "It is yours! This voice, that you praise, is all yours. If it brings anything, gold or fame, half is yours, my kind, kind master."

"Fame? Yes; I share and glory in the fame which my pupils win; as for gold, that comes after—we will not think of that."

"But I must—I do! It is of the gold I think most," cried the girl, with eager sincerity.

"Most! You think of the gold most? What sacrilege!" answered the master, in high indignation.

"But I have a wish—a reason, my master."

"So young! Such a voice! and think first of gold! I—I—that is, I blush with sorrow!"

"But, if my happiness, my life, depended on getting money—would you blame me then?"

"The happiness of an artist is in her art," was the master's answer; "she has no life but that."

The girl shook her veiled head in dissent, and a deep sigh rose to the lips, that had been so lately given up to sweet sounds.

"Well," she said, laughing, "this gold is so far off that we need not quarrel about it yet. If wishes could bring it nearer, but they cannot—they cannot!"

"So young, and thirsting for money; it is mournful," said the master, in a low, sad voice.

They had reached an iron-gate, which led to some rear-building, and the master took his leave.

"To-morrow night! It will be again to-morrow night," she said.

"But you will practice?"

"Practice! Will I not. She gives me plenty of time."

The master turned away, and went home a little sadly. This talk about gold had annoyed

him, and he was muttering discontentedly to himself all the way home.

Amanda Clark stepped lightly over the brick pavement that led to the little house in the garden, and entered it with a latch-key.

Old Mrs. Gray was sitting in her cozy parlor, reading in quiet comfort; a good many articles of furniture had been added to the house since that dreary night when we first saw her there. Gray had begun to consider it as, in some respects, his home—and where he was, both luxuries and comforts were sure to follow. A piano stood by the little bay-window; his mother had been a brilliant musician in her time, and occasionally he liked to hear her play. Sometimes he touched the keys himself; but at no time had he the least suspicion that Amanda Clark spent half her time at the instrument; and that his own mother kept that one secret from him.

"Oh, madam!" she cried, taking off her bonnet, and revealing a face which had grown wonderfully delicate and fair since her city residence, "we have gone through it gloriously! He says that even now I might venture."

The old lady looked up smiling.

"How bright you look, my good child. I thought something must come out of all that hard practice."

"And so much help," cried Amanda, stooping over the lady and kissing her. "What could I have done but for you?"

"Everything, child. Youth and genius masters all difficulties in the end."

"In the end, dear lady? But we cannot wait for that. You have saved me from so much toil. How can I ever pay you?"

"Foolish child!" answered the old lady, smiling kindly into that bright face. "Who has been most benefited, you or I? You have given to me the care and comfort I so needed, and dignified it by the affection of a friend. I am the person to be grateful, Amanda."

"No, you are not. I should not have done half so much but——"

The old lady looked up a little surprised. Amanda caught the glance, and answered it with a flood of blushes.

The old lady shrunk within herself, and her delicate features grew white with suppressed feelings. Under all the deep, deep love that woman felt for her son, was a conviction forced down and buried out of sight, almost from her own soul, that he was false, and unworthy the love of any good woman. She would not have put this bitter secret into words for the world; but there it lay, an aching sense, around which

many apprehensions brooded, every one leaving pain behind. When she saw that this fresh young girl, with all her vivid genius, had given a love worth ten thousand lives like his, to her son, she only grew white, and was silent. What could she have said? Can love, once given, be recalled by reason? As that good, good woman had given up all her worldly substance to redeem the waste of this thankless son, she would have taken a new load of sorrow on that worn heart, could that have saved the young girl from the passion which threatened so much misery. But it is ordained by God that every heart must have its own burden, and that of Mrs. Gray became heavier and sadder from what she had learned, without lightening by a single shade the danger that threatened Amanda Clark.

Amanda saw her pallor, and that look of restrained distress. She crept close to Mrs. Gray, dropped to her knees, and drew the sweet, old face down to hers.

"Don't look so sorrowful," she said. "It is for this I work, for this I practice. He has no money. I see, I know how it is with you. But I can earn enough for us all. The good master is showing me the way. Wait a little, and you shall see."

The old lady kissed that blushing face, and reflected a little of its sunshine in her own.

"God help us, woman," she said, gently.

"God does help us," answered the girl, "when he gives us such—such— This feeling, I mean."

How could that kind heart warn or plead? And if it had, what warning or power of persuasion ever even modified the sweet infatuation of a first love?

"Now," cried the girl, springing to her feet and tossing her hair back to hide the glowing confusion in her countenance, "now, see how I have mastered this, and this; but, wait a minute."

Amanda ran down the garden, and locked the iron-gate, as she always did when bent on an hour of hard practice. She came back again laughing.

"There, he is shut out safe enough!" she exclaimed, tossing the key from her. "Now for it!"

Directly all the neighborhood was startled by the bursts of music that rolled out upon the crisp air of those rear gardens. A canary-bird, which hung in Mrs. Gray's parlor, began to flutter about in its cage, and kept up a tiny opposition, hours and hours after its head should have been under its wing. Mrs. Gray

listened eagerly; her face lighted up; her delicate fingers began to quiver and beat time; her foot moved, the music inspired her; and when Amanda came to her, panting like a bird over-taxed with its own rich burden of melodies, she kissed her with such passionate warmth as genius is sure to render to genius.

"Now, let me take care of you. I have kept this up so long that it makes me ashamed," said the girl, looking at the clock. "Who would have thought it?"

With her young arms around the elder woman, Amanda went into the bed-room we last saw so drear and empty. There was no lack of comfort there now. A bright fire blazed in the grate; a soft carpet covered the floor; an easy-chair stood ready to receive the slender form when it needed rest without slumber. The old lady sat down, and bade Amanda leave her.

"But you are tired, and I have done it," answered the girl, penitently. "When your head is on the pillow I will go."

"But I need no help, child; and if I did, the girl is still up."

"But she has no business here; and I will not let her take my place."

"Foolish child!" said the lady, patting the young head, which was bowed before her as Amanda knelt to unlace the gaiters from those slender feet; "but so kind—so kind!"

Thus the two parted, blessing each other as they said, good-night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PLACARDS, blazing with green and scarlet, had for days proclaimed to the musical world that some great novelty would appear on the twelfth of that month; and when the night came, the street in front of the Opera-house was literally blocked up by carriages, and swarming with persons so eager to obtain good places, that a great crowd rendered access even to the closed doors almost impossible.

Who was this living wonder who had set the musical world on fire? She was an American—that every one admitted; but from what class? Was she of the "upper ten thousand," or the lower ten million? Her teacher every one knew, for his reputation was more than metropolitan; but of the lady herself, nothing was known—but it would not be long before the world would see for itself. Yes, even then, for the doors were flung open, and the eager crowd began to rush in, scattering bright faces and glowing colors over the vast body of the house, till the whole broad surface seemed to blossom with

beauty, like a garden hedged in with terraces of tropical flowers.

Still the house filled more and more closely; superb dresses swept their way to the various boxes; feathers waved; bouquets sent forth their perfume; fans, glittering with gold or jewels, stirred the close air. At last the brilliant feature was completed, and up from the orchestra came a first prelude to the feast of music that so many thirsted for.

Traviata! There was scarcely a dozen persons in the throng gathered there who had not heard this impassioned opera over and over again. But to-night they listened with new zest even to the overture, which seemed to breathe forth a glorious prophecy of something grand which was to follow.

The curtain rose with more than usual commotion; the persons of the opera came in excitedly, and performed their parts with singular animation. Every one present knew at what point the *debutante* would come in, and expectation grew more and more intense as the time drew near. All eyes were turned eagerly upon the stage; expectation held the breath; and many a lovely form was everywhere leaning forward, eager and vigilant for a first sight.

Violetta came in, quickly, breathless, and full of timid rashness, like a fawn which some hunter had chased into an open glade. Her face was pale as snow, her eyes wild with affright, yet full of that latent fire which renders defeat impossible. She looked around one moment, and as if awed by the human faces swarming at her feet, and rising tier on tier above her, till the very dome seemed alive, turned, as if about to escape.

But now the silence was broken; peal upon peal of encouraging applause swept the house from parquette to gallery. The girl was beautiful in her panic and her paleness; every one saw that she was graceful, too; not the old studied stage grace which palls so quickly, but with the free movement and litho poise of an Indian woman in her native forest she crossed the stage, out of tune, and turned her face, scarlet with grateful blushes, upon the audience, and reached forth her arms like a child who reaches out for help from its mother when it first begins to walk. The gesture touched that audience to the heart, and again whispers of encouragement, and more sustained applause, which should have given her courage, frightened the notes back as they rose to her staggering throat. Then something like consternation fell on the audience, and whispers, that stung her like serpents, crept through the crowd,

"She will fail! She is stage-struck, poor thing!"

It seemed so; they could see her tremble in all her limbs, and the whiteness of her face was painful to look upon. Slowly the long lashes swept down to her cheek—she was, indeed, fainting; but out of the stormy applause that still sought to reassure her, came one voice, which brought back all her life and power, like a bird flitting over the dead waters of a mountain-spring, it unchained the music struggling in her heart, and sent it forth in a gush of sweetness all the more delicious from the thrill of fear that trembled through it.

There is something in true feeling higher than art, and sweeter than music. It beamed in that young face. Up with the first notes came a flood of rosy color suffusing the white neck, arms, and forehead, like a sunset upon snow. She had lost the crowd, and her face was turned to one box facing the stage, filled with a group of faces that made her heart leap forth in her voice, as an uncaged bird takes wing.

These people did not applaud, but drew back and stared at each other in astonishment. Was this Amanda Clark? Had the faded calico given place to those waves of pink silk, adown which the shawl of frost-like lace, so carelessly flung over her head, fell like cobwebs woven over a thicket of roses. How had that foot lifted itself from the broken, unlaced shoe, into that slipper of glossy satin? What miracle had brought her there, flooding that vast edifice with sounds that made men hold their breath to listen?

Never was consternation more visible on human faces than that which fell upon this group as it took in the truth.

Ruby Gray and Zua Wheaton were in front, contrasting each other like figures in a picture. Preston Moreton, young Gray, and Mr. Wheaton, sat a little in shadow; but the wonder and dawning delight in their faces gave life to the whole group.

Amanda had done her part bravely. Panting and flushed with success, her eyes turned full upon Gray as she passed the box, going off the stage. A bright smile greeted hers—and she swept from his sight trembling with thrills of such joy as approved genius alone can give. Once in her dressing-room, the girl fell upon her knees, and burst into a passion of happy, happy tears, in which there was both joy and thanksgiving.

Again and again the girl came forth; she took up the scenes of passionate grief like one

inspired. Never did love so warm and vital gush up from a human heart. She never thought of the man upon the stage, to whom all this was a mockery, but every note that left her red lips, swelled out to *him*, the one man for whom that true heart would forever turn its love into music.

There was weeping all over the house when this wild country-girl sunk down in the pathos of coming death, consumed by the poison which had been strong enough for sacrifice but not for life. Sad cries of a broken-heart filled the house with their plaintive mournfulness. Her eyes, full of piteous anguish, turned in hopeless pleading upon a thousand people, who looked down upon her through their tears, impressed by the reality of her grief.

It was real. No art ever touched a human soul as that scene stirred the multitude. Genius turns the imagination into truth; and that pale, fainting girl arose from her couch with absolute pain in her chest, overcome with a sensation of exhausting sorrow. They called her before the curtain over and over again; but nothing could give back the vitality she had lost. Flowers were scattered in abundance at her feet; but she had no will to gather them up, or hear them from the stage. Amid all that joyous clamor, with blossoms raining over her like stars, she longed to reach out her arms to him and cry out that she was not dead, only coming out from a passionate outburst of the love which was all his, faint, and longing for rest.

As she stood there, drooping and faint, a red rose came flashing out from the box over which her lover leaned, and fell upon the shroud-like whiteness of her dress, trembled there a moment, and rolled back among the mass of blossoms carpeting the stage around her. A faint cry broke from her lips as it fell. She stooped down, rescued it from the rest, and pressed it to her bosom. Out from the same box Ruby Gray tossed a bracelet, unclasped from her own white arm; but it fell among the flowers unheeded. Amanda had no care for aught but that one red rose.

"Dear lady, have I done well?"

This voice, which reached old Mrs. Gray where she sat behind the curtains of another box, was faint but eager. Amanda came in, muffled in a cloak, and bending down like a little child, asked meekly if she had done well?

Old Mrs. Gray kissed her three or four times on the lips and on the forehead.

"Tell me! Tell me! was he pleased?" questioned the girl, winding both arms around her. "Did he fling that rose?"

"Yes; I saw it leave his hand."

"Are you quite, quite sure? I thought afterward that it might have been her."

"No; Ruby threw the bracelet."

"Did she? I knew nothing of it," said Amanda, indifferently. "But my rose, my beautiful red rose, has not lost a leaf." She caressed the rose as it lay upon her bosom, and covered it with her curved hand tenderly as she might have sheltered a bird, had one found shelter there. "Oh! if I could live forever!" she cried out, in a passion of tenderness. "It is his first gift—the very first."

The old woman smiled a little mournfully. She was a sensitive, loving creature, and entered into full sympathy with the ardent girl.

"When he was a little boy," she said, "he was bringing me flowers every day; but all that is over now."

"No, no! he has not forgotten how to be kind! He never will, I am sure! But, see, here comes brother William; how pale and troubled he looks. He has seen her with that man, and it breaks his heart. I do not wonder. She is cruel as death—I hate her!"

Out of the opera-house, now growing dark and empty, the old lady and Amanda made their way to the carriage that Billy Clark had waiting for them. Billy, poor fellow! wounded to the soul by a sight of his adored by the side of the man he loathed with all the concentrated force of a nature given up to one passion, and rendered almost powerful by sullen concentration, helped Mrs. Gray and his sister into the carriage, shut the door sullenly, notwithstanding their entreaties that he should follow them, and walked back to the hotel where Mr. Wheaton was staying, muttering to himself as he went. The success of his sister seemed to have made the poor fellow bitter and miserable.

"It has come too late," he kept muttering; "she loves that other chap, and he loves her. I'm nowhere, a drift of sea-weed for them to wipe their feet upon; a worthless cabbage-plant, more than there's ground for. If I was to die, she wouldn't come to the funeral; no, not if they were to spend all that is left of my five hundred dollars in a rosewood-coffin, with silver nails. She don't care how much it makes my heart ache to hear her calling out, 'Billy Clark! Billy Clark!' in that sweet voice of hers, 'get me a glass of water,' or, 'order up the horses!' or something like that; while he sits by looking at her with them eyes. Oh! if I could smack my fist into 'em, it would do me good."

Billy ground his small teeth, and doubled up

his fists viciously, as he gave way to these bitter thoughts, brought out with fresh force by the triumphs of his sister.

"Now she can see that there's something in us above taking in washing," he thought. "That's genius, I think. How splendid she looked! How she cut them all down to nothing with her voice, and her way of doing it! That's what love can do, when it's got anything to feed on. Only give me a chance, and I could sing, too, and play tragedy, and cry, and—and make money to help her on, like the lady she is. But with that eternal fellow always between her and me, the genius that I feel burning here counts for nothing. Dear me! there they go, a whole carriage-load, into Delmonico's, to have a champagne jubilee because of 'Mandy; but I'm left out in the cold—in the cold! It's enough to make a man wicked as Jehosaphat!"

True enough! the party which had occupied that box upon the stage, dashed by him on their way to a late supper. The mud from their carriage-wheels bespattered him, and the coachman brought his whip within an inch of his face. It was an accidental flourish of the lash, but Billy felt it as an insult, for it was Preston Moreton's carriage; and leaning from the window he saw Zua Wheaton looking out as if she enjoyed it.

Billy ground out a vicious oath between his teeth, and turned a corner sharply, hiding his distress in the darkness of a cross street.

Meantime Amanda reached home, and entered the house she had left so full of doubt, in a tumult of delight. Would he be there to meet her? What would his first words convey, anger or approval? By this act of her genius had she won him or lost him forever? Until these questions were answered her heart could find no rest; that glorious triumph could give her no real pleasure. There was a light in the parlors, and behind the thin curtains she saw a shadow moving.

"He is there—he is there!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "Oh! what can I do if he is angry with me?"

She left Mrs. Gray behind, opened the parlor door, and stole in timidly as a little child. Young Gray was walking up and down the room. He turned as she came in, and she saw there was sadness in his eyes, a tremor of feeling about his mouth. Her heart sunk back heavily at this, she clasped her hands, and going close to him said, with tender humility,

"Forgive me! I did it for the best."

He turned, threw both arms around her, and covered her face with kisses.

"Forgive you? Forgive you, child—what for? That you are grander, more honorable, more earnest than I ever can be? I, who hesitated and counseled with this miserable pride, who, wanting you, loving you, and yet had neither the courage nor the honor to work for you as man should work for the woman he loves? Forgive me, girl; and you, also, my mother, that I have permitted this young creature to shame my manhood so."

"He is not angry. See how your son forgives," cried Amanda, appealing to the mother. Now her face grew radiant, and throwing her white arms upon the table, she buried her face upon them and burst into tears, kneeling as if in prayer; the girl was so thankful for this consecration of genius that pure happiness overpowered her. At last she looked up.

"My mother, my own, own mother, oh! if she were here now!"

Gray turned to the old lady, so delicate and gentle, who stood a little way off, touched to the soul, but silent in her sympathy.

"She is speaking of the washer-woman," he said; "she who will some day be my mother. I have visited worse than that mother. I have had thoughts to be ashamed of—thoughts that this noble girl could never comprehend. But, thank God, they are gone, gone forever and ever! God has spared me the sin which I could never forgive myself, the sin of winning this good girl by unworthy means."

Amanda did not hear him, she was too busy with her own happiness for any comprehension of his words; but the mother understood everything, and for the first time in years believed in her son. She crept into his arms, and he bent his cheek caressingly to hers, the barriers of doubt and apprehension were broken down between them. She knew that he was in earnest, and blessed him in her heart and with her lips.

Amanda looked up, and, seeing the mother and son together, came toward them.

"We shall have everything now," she said; "singers earn so much money. The manager says it all depends on myself; and I will study harder than ever, now that I am sure."

Mrs. Gray looked at her admiringly; and no marvel, for she was wonderfully beautiful just then. The radiance of a noble purpose lighted up her face like fire in the heart of a pearl.

"Ruby Gray is rich," she said; "but her money shall never come among us again."

Gray started, and looked at the bright-faced girl with a keen sense of shame. Did she know—did she guess at the dishonorable com-

pact which had bound him to the widow, and which he was even then resolving to break from at any cost? He had not lived in the pure atmosphere of those good women for months without loathing the position in which he had placed himself.

Amanda saw the shadows coming over his face, and felt that she had wounded him.

"I only meant that there will be no need of her while I can earn so much," she said, humbly.

"And no need of either while I have any manhood left," said Gray, firmly. "From this day, mother, I will begin the world anew, and fight my own way up, as my father did. Thank God, I have youth, strength, a settled purpose, and two of the best women that ever shared man's hopes."

"But I—I can help so much, you know!" said Amanda, beginning to look anxious.

He stooped down and kissed her.

"Not while I can think and work. It is a man's business to support his wife."

Mrs. Gray met the blank, white face which Amanda turned upon her with a gentle smile. She had found much time for thought in the solitude of her recent life; and in an earlier period had attained just ideas of those relations which constitute society, both as they exist and should be.

"Let us think of this hereafter," she said. "It is undoubtedly the husband's duty to love, support, and protect his wife; but she also has her duties, and the first is to improve the talent and perfect the powers which God has given her."

Amanda sprang from her seat, threw her arms around the old lady, and exclaimed, "Thank you! Thank you!"

The girl was deeply in love with young Gray. She would have coined her life into gold for him to lavish, had that been possible; but she had tasted the first sweet joy of a cultivated talent also, and felt how great a power lay in her own exertion. To cast all that aside seemed like cutting off her right hand—she could not think of it without a panic. Now that her fear of his displeasure had passed, she began to appreciate the victory her talent had won. She knew that there was a power in it which would make her the medium of great benefits to the man she loved—benefits more noble than any inherited wealth could ever confer. For the first time in her life she felt on an equality with him, and gloried in her new position.

Gray did not answer his mother at first, but stood looking at the two women thoughtfully,

as if he had never comprehended how lovely a thing was true, bright womanhood. A change had been going on in this young man since the first day that he met Amanda Clark weaving rushes and gathering violets in that meadow. True, he had thought many evil thoughts, and had made that one dishonest compact; but these things grew weaker in him day by day, and the underlying good came uppermost, slowly and surely, till he became capable of great resolves, and in time might carry them out right manfully.

That night he left the two women to their rest, and gave himself up to such thoughts as had seldom visited his brow before.

CHAPTER XIX.

EARLY the next morning, Gray visited Ruby's pretty sitting-room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he found her all gayety and excitement. Amanda Clark's success had been a triumph to her. Had she not found the girl out in that retired nook of the country, and in many ways prepared her for the triumph of that night? There was not a note in that rich voice in which she did not seem to hold proprietorship. Over and over again she gave the history of this little romance to her friends; and that morning it was in half the leading journals of the city that the young person who had made that splendid *debut* last evening, was a *protege* of that beautiful young widow, Mrs. Ruby Gray.

When Charles came in, she started up in a flutter of delight.

"I give you joy," she cried, flitting about him like a canary bird. "What a voice! What wild grace! Why, Charles, she is lovely! I could not believe my eyes. Did you not once have a caprice for her—something wild about marrying, I remember? If it hasn't gone off, this success might make it possible."

"That is what I came to see you about, Ruby. I do intend to marry this girl."

"That is honorable, magnanimous——"

"Far from it. I was very dishonorable to wait for her till her own energies could so shame mine. I think it was love of her that made me enter into that vil—— No, I will not say that, Ruby, for you suggested it; but the contract you and I so rashly made about young Moreton. Thank heaven! I have not gone so far in it that retreat is impossible."

"What! What can you mean?" cried the widow, turning scarlet. "Surely, surely you are a man of honor."

"Yes, Ruby; and therefore will have nothing

to do with this thing. I have done wild, rash, cruel things in my life: but now that I know what love is, nothing shall make me sin against that. I tell you, Ruby, Moreton loves Zua Wheaton, and she loves him. Leave them alone. No good ever will come out of a plot like ours."

Ruby looked in his face long enough to be sure that he was in earnest. One quick sneer crossed her beautiful mouth, and then a clear, mellow laugh cut into the young man's earnest speech like a bird-song.

"Why, Charles, what on earth are you talking about?" she said. "What sinful idea is it that troubles you? Surely not the little scene we had in my pony-carriage when you lashed poor Theo? Why, the whole thing escaped my memory. Did I feel hurt about that dusky-browed Mexican with the peachy cheeks? Very likely—the whole thing was provoking enough; but we are the best possible friends now. Didn't you observe that last night?"

Gray looked at the woman in blank amazement.

"Are you in earnest, Ruby?"

"When was I ever in earnest?" she answered, with another sweet laugh. "Certainly not in the pony-carriage that day. Why, Charles, there isn't the least bit of malice or inconsistency in me."

"Then you never really wished to marry Preston Moreton?"

"Did I? Let me think," she answered, putting one white finger to her lip, and pretending to reflect. "No, never in real, real earnest. He had been my adorer so long that I rather missed his flattery, I think; and as for dark-skinned girls, they always were my detestation. No one was ever more generous in giving up beaux to blue eyes and golden hair; but these dusky women give themselves such arts. No, I can say honestly that he is not the person to tempt me out of this independence. She can have him in welcome."

"I think she will have him," said Gray, carelessly; for the supreme duplicity of the woman convinced him thoroughly.

"Yes, I dare say everything looks like it," was her light reply. But she felt herself growing pale, and shook down the drapery of a window-curtain, that the red reflection might fall upon her face. "So you really thought we had some compact, and that I wanted to marry. I wonder you took it so pleasantly. Why, man alive, it would be cutting both you and your mother out of the property. Have you forgotten that it falls to you, in equal parts, if I leave no children?"

Gray looked on her bright, young face and subtilé form with a frank smile.

"I do not think there is much chance that we shall ever benefit by anything you may or may not do in that line, Ruby."

"Who knows? Well, you will admit that I have managed rather adroitly to force some luxuries on my good mother-in-law? I wonder you did not understand the motive."

"Ruby, this was—— Well, I have no right to find fault with your generosity; but every dollar shall be repayed."

"But how good, brother?"

"Ruby, believe me or not, I am going to work in earnest now."

"You?" The word was half lost in a burst of mellow laughter; and she pointed her slender finger at him like a mischievous child.

"You well see," was his answer.

"What, now! when you have made up your mind to marry this girl who has a fortune in her throat?"

"Without that, I should have done as I say."

"Well, well! I am the last person on earth to check an honorable resolution; but let us go back to this nightingale. Was anything ever so wonderful? That queer, old washer-woman must be struck dumb with astonishment."

Gray winced a little at this covert malice. It required a good deal of moral courage to think of allying himself with Miss Clark.

That moment a card was brought in, and Ruby saw her visitor depart with more satisfaction than she cared to express. The moment he was gone, she flung the card on the table with a passionate gesture.

"Unstable as water," she cried. "I was a fool to expect faith in him; the man who loves another woman is never sure."

She rang the bell; Theo came in.

"I told the gentleman that you had gone out, lady," he said, having obeyed a scarcely perceptible signal when she took the card.

"That is right, Theo; I can see no one this morning. Stay! If you see that man who came up with Mr. Wheaton from the country, tell him I wish to see him. You know who I mean?"

"The man they call Billy Clark?"

"Yes. He is in town yet, I suppose."

"I will go after him."

The boy went off like lightning. Ruby sat down in an easy-chair, and, burying herself in the azure cushions, gave way to the tempest of anger that had been burning at her heart, till its flame rose hot and red to her cheeks. Her foot beat the carpet angrily; her hand clenched

itself on the cushions, and tore at the lace which fell over them.

"That he should desert me when I needed him most!" she exclaimed. "But I can do without him. This sudden sense of honor, but that it almost defeats me, would be laughable. But I will make the other do."

While the woman sat there pondering over her disappointment, Theo came back, followed by Billy Clark. The Indian boy would have lingered in the room; but Ruby ordered him out peremptorily, and he closed the door with fury in his black eyes.

I need not describe the wiles by which that artful woman worked upon the heart of Billy Clark; how she wounded him by remorselessly describing the evidences of love between Moreton and the young person, whom he worshiped as heathens bow before their gods, giving up soul and body without fear or reserve. She had no mercy on the poor fellow; the pallor of his thin face deepened under the torture she inflicted, and his poor hands shivered like leaves when she told him that nothing but devotion to her, and thorough obedience to her directions, could prevent the marriage of Moreton and Zua Wheaton.

"What shall I do? Tell me; and I'll not flinch. If it is to kill him, I—I'll do it. She shan't have him. I'm weak as a kitten, and all fallen away; but he shall find that there's life in me yet; just point out the way."

"Have patience, and trust to me. Do that, and the wedding never shall take place."

"I'll do anything—you can trust me for that; but waiting patiently, that is just what is eating the flesh off my bones like that."

Billy folded the leg of his pantaloons over his knee, and exhibited the outline of his wasted limb with tears in his eyes.

"You see what it's doing for me. I'm going off like this with looking at them two; just as a bird watches a black-snake when his tongue is quivering. It's poison to me; but I can't

help but watch 'em. Sometimes I think it would be better for me if the worst was over."

"That never shall be," said Ruby, stung by the same venom that was consuming the poor fellow.

"But what is to be done?" asked Billy, in piteous helplessness. "They are determined on it."

"Be in readiness when I want you, Billy."

"I will, marm; never fear."

"Is the door shut close, Billy?"

Billy got up, tried the door carefully, and came back to his seat.

"Come nearer to me," said Ruby. "They might hear us if we were to speak aloud."

Billy drew his chair close to the lady, and bent forward to listen. She whispered to him some ten minutes; gradually the color came into his face, and his weak eyes opened wide. At last he sprang to his feet, and drawing back, clasped both hands behind him.

"You don't mean it? You wouldn't do it?" he cried, in great excitement.

"Will you help me?" was her answer.

"Will I? Will I? Madam, you are a jewel—a trump—a brick! I—I don't know how to say all that I feel. But you're the general, and I'm the man; order me as if I was a dog, and see if I don't come up to time."

"Then I can depend on you?"

"Depend? I should think so."

"And you will be silent?"

"As the grave."

"Then it is a compact—we will help each other."

She reached out her hand, which Billy Clark kissed as if she had been a goddess. That moment Theo came into the room.

"Lady, Mr. Wheaton is waiting."

"Not to-day, Theo. Tell him that I am ill, dead—anything. But I must be alone to-day."

Theo went out, casting vicious glances at Clark, who followed him like one in a dream.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE."

BY LESLIE WALTER.

[FROM A VOLUME OF POEMS IN PRESS BY ROBERTS BROTHERS.]

THE guests are come. All silently they have waited,
Entering the noiseless hush with silent bows;
They linger for her coming, sore belated—
Where is the little mistress of the house?

She is not wont to leave her friends so lonely,
That come too seldom, as she gayly vows;

Yet they are here, and wait her presence only—
Where is the little mistress of the house?

She cannot be far off—perhaps but sleeping;
Doubtless, at their low call she would arouse.
Why do they summon her alone with weeping?
Where is the little mistress of the house?

The portraits stare behind their veiling covers;
 The dust is in the melancholy room;
 Upon the air a ghastly silence hovers—
 Within the threshold loneliness and gloom.

Cold, dark and desolate the place without her,
 Wanting her gentle smile, as each allows;
 She bears a sunbeam light and warmth about her—
 Where is the little mistress of the house?

The curtains fall, undraped by her slight fingers;
 Behind the wainscot gnaws a secret mouse;
 Her treasures need her care, but still she lingers—
 Where is the little mistress of the house?

Alas! there was a rumor and a whisper
 Threading the busy town, this many days;
 The youngest baby here, a tiny lisper,
 Can falter forth the reason why she stays;

Why care and love, the tenderest and sincerest,
 Have failed to shield and guard her fair young head;

Why she has fled from all she loved the dearest—
 For there has been a rumor, she is dead.

Throw wide the door! Within the gloomy portal,
 Where her small feet fell light as falling snow,
 They bear her in—the mortal made immortal!
 She comes again, but heavily and slow!

Oh! empty shell! Oh! beautiful, frail prison!
 Cold, white, and vacant, tenantless and dumb;
 From such poor clay as this hath Christ arisen—
 For such as this life shall in glory come!

But in her calm indifference to our sorrow;
 In the sharp anguish of her parting breath;
 In the dark gulf that hides her from to-morrow,
 Thou hast thy victory, Grave—thy sting, oh, Death!

Yet shall she walk so fair, that we who knew her,
 Would pale before the glory of her brow;
 Nor in her radiant beauty dare to woo her,
 To be again the mistresses of the house!

IN WINTER.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

THE clouds are white, and the skies are pale,
 For the breath of Winter is on the gale;
 The winds are rude, and the air is chill,
 And over the brow of the sloping hill
 The breeze comes sweeping with mournful tread,
 O'er the place where the Summer-flowers lie dead.

The snow lies spotless, and pure, and white
 On the lowly vale and the distant height;
 'Tis drifted thick o'er the garden beds,
 Where our floral treasures once reared their heads;
 Its spotless garment of virgin hue,
 Has hidden them all from our longing view.

The verdant tresses that caught the breeze
 On the waving boughs of the tall old trees,
 Have fallen silently, one by one,
 In the somber shade of the forest dun;
 While the tall, old monarchs, with snowy crown,
 Are solemn and stately, bare and brown.

The brook that babbled, so loud and clear,
 Past the flow'ry heath and the sedgy mere;
 Has felt the touch of the North wind bold,

As he busily scattered his frost and cold;
 And pausing quick in its onward flow,
 Lies quiet and still 'neath the ice and snow.

No more the breath of the Summer-time
 Shall bear us dreams of a sun-bright clime,
 Where never shadow or storm shall blight
 The scented bloom of the roses bright;
 Where never blossom or leaf shall fade,
 In shady bower or sunny glade.

No more through meadows of living green
 Shall sparkle the brooklet's silvery sheen;
 No longer now, through the hushed air floats
 The tones of the song-souled wild-bird's notes;
 Nor under the vaulted Summer sky,
 Do we watch the clouds as we dreaming lie.

No more! no more! for the snow lies deep
 O'er the lowly vale and the hillside steep;
 The sun hangs low in the Southern skies;
 The fitting daylight quickly dies;
 And the North wind flies on his pinions wide,
 For the Winter reigns in his kingly pride.

A SIMILE.

BY HARRIET M. DEAN.

THE IOLITE,

A metal changing in the changing light;
 If one way viewed, is beautiful and bright,
 Wearing the loving and the tender blue
 That does the sky, decked in its promise-hue.

Yet is it brown,

If seen another way; like Autumn's crown,
 The withered leaves that slowly float adown
 To bid us sadly think of what is fled;
 To bid us sadly number o'er our dead,
 While they are wafted to their lowly bed.

The Iolite

Is like our lives—now gloomy and now bright:
 One day the saddened mind,
 To all but dull and somber colors blind;
 Far in the past beholds its joys regressing,
 And in the Heaven-born skies reads not a blessing.

Yet happier hours

Bring back the livelier hues of Fancy's flowers:
 And more the skies of Hope bend blue above,
 And all the world is fraught with joy and love.
 We call this light and shadow, "passing strange,"
 Yet, more than all without, 'tis we that change!

STRIPED MITTEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a colored design for a Striped Mitten, to be done in Scotch fingering wool. The materials are four needles, No. 14; gray wool; and a small quantity of the following colors—black, white, and scarlet.

With scarlet wool, cast on 64 stitches, 20 on the two first, and 24 on the third needle. 1st round: Plain knitting. Three rounds, knitting 2, seaming 2, alternately. 5th round: With gray wool, plain knitting. Two rounds, knitting 2, seaming 2, alternately. Repeat the 5th and two following rounds eleven times, changing the colors each time to make the colored stripes as in illustration; thus, after the gray, white, black, scarlet, gray, white, black, scarlet, gray, white, black, scarlet. This finishes the colored stripes. Take gray wool, and knit plain the next round, then

FOR CENTER OF MITTEN.—1st round: Knit 1, seam 1, alternately.

2nd and 3rd rounds: Plain knitting. Repeat these three rounds twice.

10th round: Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. (*Raising one*, in knitting this mitten, is done in two ways. The *first* time in the row, when you come to the third stitch before knitting it, put your needle through the loop below—in reality the stitch of the last row—and draw the wool through it; then knit or seam the third stitch according to the directions. The *second* time you raise it is done *after* you have knit or seamed a stitch by, before you let the loop down, putting your needle in at the back of the same loop, and drawing the wool through. By raising thus you increase on each side in a gradual gusset-shaped slant.) Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1, alternately, the rest of the round. Two rounds plain knitting. Observe these two rounds are to be repeated between each increasing round.

13th round: Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1; seam 1, knit 1 twice, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1, alternately, rest of round.

16th round: Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1 three times, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1, alternately, rest of round.

19th round: Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1; seam 1, knit 1 four times, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1, rest of round.

22nd round: Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1; knit 1,

seam 1, five times, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1 rest of round.

25th round: Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1; seam 1, knit 1 six times, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1 rest of round.

28th round: Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1 seven times, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1 rest of round.

31st round: Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1; seam 1, knit 1 eight times, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1 rest of round.

34th round: Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1 nine times, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1 rest of round.

37th round: Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1; seam 1, knit 1 ten times, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1, rest of round.

40th round: Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1 eleven times, raise 1; knit 1, seam 1 rest of round. You must now have 42 on first needle, 20 on the second, 24 on the third needle.

41st round: Knit 3; thread a worsted needle with wool, (a different color will show the color best,) slip on to the wool 22 stitches, and knit the ends together to prevent the loops dropping; these stitches you will afterward take up for the thumb, but they must not be worked until the rest of the mitten is finished. Plain knitting the rest of this round.

42nd round: Plain knitting. You ought to have 20 on the first, 20 on the second, and 24 on the third needle.

43rd round: Knit 1, seam 1, alternately.

44th and 45th rounds: Plain knitting.

Repeat these three rounds once more.

COLORED STRIPES TO MATCH THE BEGINNING.

—With scarlet wool—1st round: Plain knitting, two rounds, knitting 2, seaming 2, alternately.

With black wool—1st round: Plain knitting.

2nd round: Knit 2, seam 2, alternately. Repeat these two rounds in the following colors—white, gray, scarlet, black, white, gray, scarlet.

A 3rd round of scarlet, knitting 1, and seaming 1, alternately. Then cast off loosely.

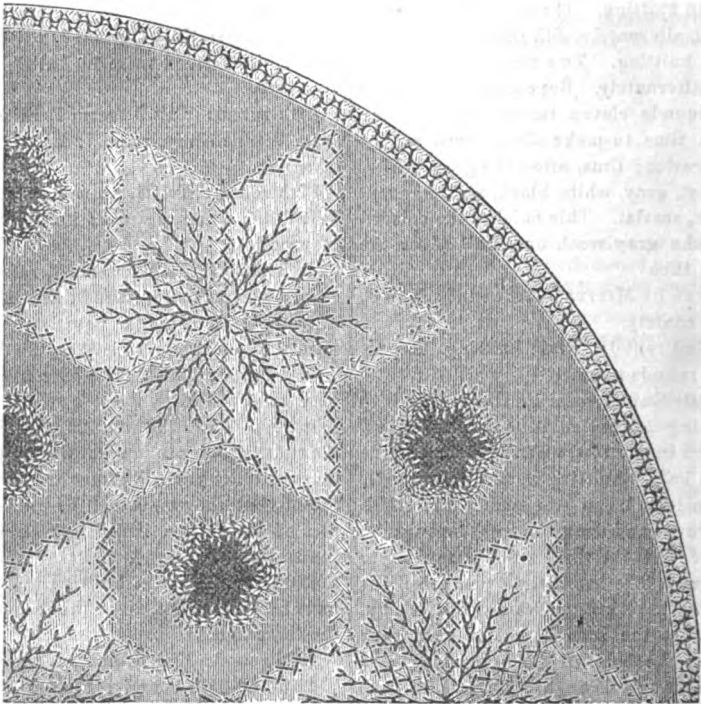
FOR THE THUMB.—Take up the stitches for the thumb thus: 8 stitches on the first needle, 8 on the second, and 6 on the third, to which add 2 more by taking the wool and knitting up two stitches where there is the opening. You ought to have, therefore, 24 stitches in all, on.

1st and 2nd rounds: Plain knitting. 3rd round: Knit 2, seam 2, alternately. Repeat these 2 rounds in the following colors—black, white, gray, scarlet. A 3rd round of scarlet knitting 2, seaming 2, alternately. Cast off loosely.

FOR STRIPED BORDERING.—Scarlet Wool—1st

MAT OR CUSHION IN MOSAIC APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Cloth of any color for the ground; cloth or velvet of two colors for the stars; black velvet for the rounds; silk braid of the width shown in No. 2; silk cordon of several colors.

The mosaic pattern forming the stars are perfect diamonds of two colors, which, like the little rounds, may be lightly gummed to the ground-work. The size and colors may be chosen according to fancy. The shape of the fields must be exactly like the design. The dark fields are ornamented with black, the light with lilac; herring-bone stitch branches. Then all the fields are carefully sewn or lightly gummed upon the ground, and fastened on, and ornamented round the outer edge with a cross-

stitch, the dark with maize or yellow, the light with black silk cordon. Rosettes of black velvet fill the spaces between the stars. Each rosette is ornamented all round with a double line of button-hole stitch—the one turning inward, the other outward. The outer edge is ornamented with braid. The stitches worked upon it with two colors are clearly shown in the cut below.



EDGING OF WAVED BRAID AND CROCHET.



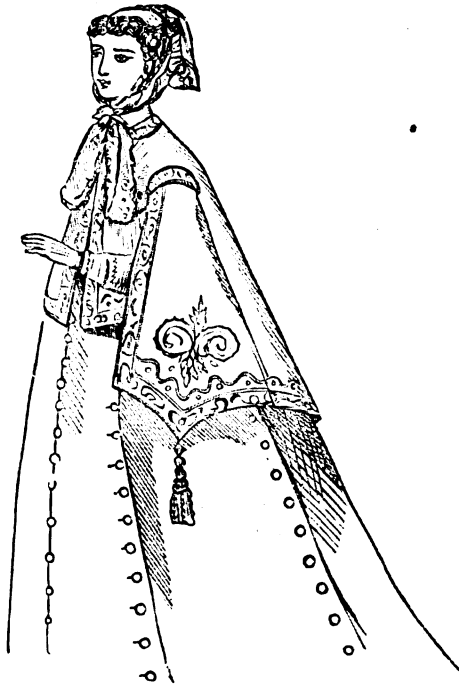
THIS edging consists of a line of cross-treble on a good linen scalloped braid.

For each treble, loop the thread twice round the needle; draw a loop through the nearest braid scallop, and fasten it by drawing it once through one of the threads put round the needle;

then make a fresh loop, draw a loop through the following scallop, and fasten by drawing two stitch-threads (loop and thread) four times through, and making one long treble of all the threads upon the needle. After making three chain, finish the cross with one treble in the place of the long stitches where the two under trebles meet; then draw the first loop of the cross treble about to be worked through the braid scallop close to the finished cross-stitch.

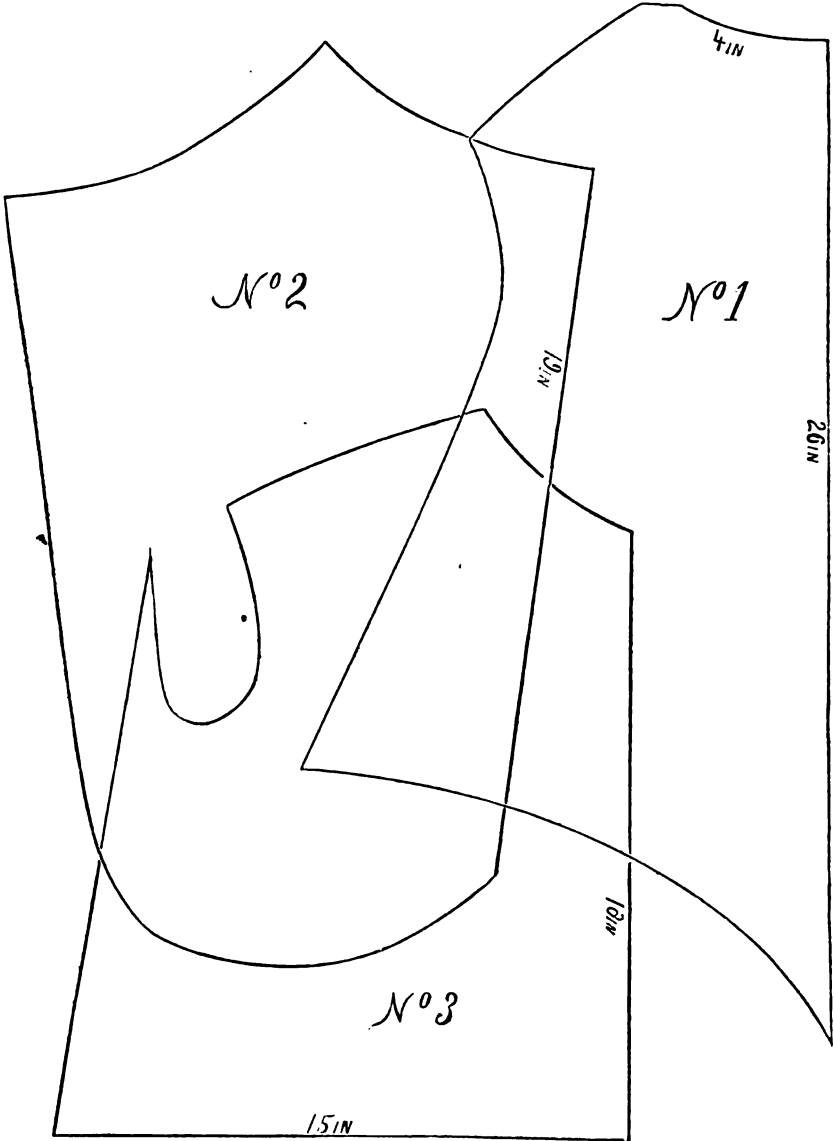
THE PALETOT GALILEE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our diagram represents exactly one half of the "Paletot Galilee." It consists of three pieces: the front, the back, and the sleeve. The front and back are joined together without any side-pieces. There is no upper part to the sleeve, which is sewn to the back of the Paletot in its entire length, being quite open in front. The sleeve describes in the center a well-accentuated point, which is finished off with a tassel. The Paletot Galilee is made both in rich black

silk and black cashmere. It is embroidered at the bottom of the sleeve, and in the center of the back, with fine black *soutache* and jet beads; round the edge it is bordered with embroidery and jet. It is also made in white for evening wear; it is, in fact, the fashionable jacket of the season. The sleeves are lined with either white or cerise silk, if a very elegant Paletot is desired. If it is made of cashmere, it is lined throughout with silk.



NAME FOR MARKING HANDKERCHIEF.

Galilee

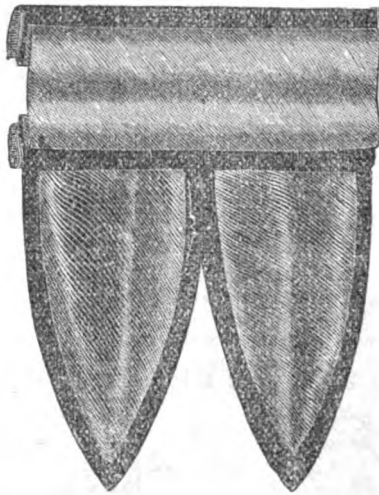
EMERY CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Two natura. acorn-cups with stalks; a little brown silk; artificial oak-leaves. then cover the natural cup with green, and put it very firmly upon the part covered with silk; For the pretty oak branch, represented in the natural size in the design, take the pattern of a natural acorn in brown silk, and fill it very full with scented bran and very fine emery. put a covered wire to the second acorn-top, and arrange it with three little artificial green leaves, according to the design, round the wire stalk of the large acorn, twisting a narrow strip of tissue paper closely round it, or brown silk would do as well. The stalk and tops must be varnished with green. Wind the end of the stalk in a spiral form round a knitting-needle. Bore a hole close to the natural stalk of the acorn, and put in a wire six inches in length, the end of which must be carried through the acorn, protruding a little at the under point, where brown silk must be twisted round it;

TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.



THIS trimming is of the same material as muslin. The binding may be of satin or velvet. the dress, and should be lined with stiff net or The leaves have one small pleat in the center.

DESIGN IN BEADS AND FEATHERS, FOR SCREENS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Red velvet; little black-and-white feathers; white and black beads in various sizes and shapes.

The branches, tendrils, and stalks are worked with black and white beads. The feathers are

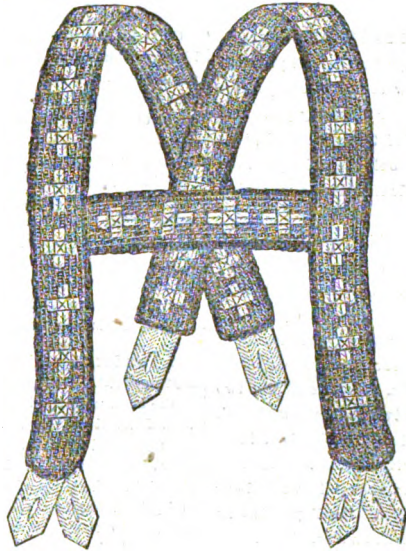
in some parts used double, as will be seen in the design; they should be sewn upon the velvet with fine cotton. No further explanation will be necessary. This design will serve for a Pin-Cushion.

WAVED BRAIDS, WITH CROCHETED EDGE.

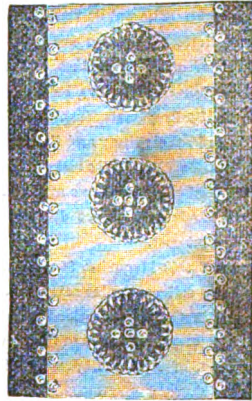


BRACES FOR BOYS

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



WE give here two engravings, showing how to make braces for boys. The one above represents the braces when finished. The other shows the tricot stripe for these braces; it is represented in the pattern worked in two colors, but it will be found more simple to work the stripe with one color, and to work a row of double crochet with a contrasting color, to form the edge; and the pattern in the center of the stripe in cross-stitch. The stripe consists of thirteen stitches of tricot. Either wool or knitting cotton may be used for these braces. The length must, of course, be suited to the size of the child for whom they are worked. About five inches is required for the cross-piece; the tabs for the button-holes may be of white webbing.



DESIGN FOR GARTER.



THIS garter is made of ribbon of two colors, being drawn through them. This is very simple, but neat and tasty.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1868.—Our Prospectus for next year will be found on the cover. It is now conceded everywhere that "Peterson" is *better and cheaper* than any periodical of its kind. The strongest proof of this, perhaps, is, that our circulation, in 1867, has not only been larger than over, but has *equaled that of all the other ladies' magazines combined*.

Our Prospectus does not tell everything, however. Each year we do better than we promise. This year, we gave *sixty pages more of printed matter than we did in 1866*: almost enough to make an extra number. Two years ago we gave only single fashion-plates; now we give mammoth ones, at twice the cost. And all our improvements have been made *without raising the price*. "Peterson" was two dollars before the war, and is only two dollars now, though the cost of printing paper, as well as of all kinds of labor engaged on the Magazine, has nearly doubled. Some may wonder how we can do this. The answer is, we find our remuneration in a larger circulation. Small profits on a big edition are better than big profits on a small one.

Our arrangements in Paris enable us to *anticipate all others in our fashions*. The public verdict has pronounced that our mammoth fashion-plates are not only more reliable than those of other magazines, but more beautiful and stylish also. Our contributors, including Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. R. Harding Davis, Frank Leo Benedict, etc., have no rivals in their line; and the reason is, *we pay more for literary matter than all the rest of the ladies' magazines together*. We believe we have made "Peterson" the best thing of its kind; and we are determined to keep it so, no matter at what cost.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish our friends to call particular attention. Everything that is to be had in the higher priced magazines is to be had here for less money; and much of it, as the newspapers declare universally, of even a higher quality than elsewhere.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented. *Be the first in the field*. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

THE FRENCH EMPRESS, confessedly the leader of fashion, never falls into exaggeration in her dress, as some even of the ladies of her own court do. She is never seen, for example, in a dress which fits the figure closely and without a pleat below the waist. Her skirts are always full at the back, and then at the side there is invariably a sash or some trimming, which takes from the very bare effect produced by a plain, pleatless skirt.

DO NOT THINK too much of yourself in company, if you wish to have ease of manner. Think rather of pleasing others. Self-conscious people are always shy or awkward.

GOLD HAIR POWDER, in Paris, is as much in favor with blonde beauties as ever, and no doubt will continue so until they have converted themselves into brunettes, in accordance with the prevailing fashion; for ladies now begin to dye their faces with walnut-juice, in order to look like brunettes. Chignons, which have slightly decreased in size, or at any rate, project less than before, are almost invariably arranged in plaits, and have ordinarily two long plaited ends, or a couple of long curls of the form vulgarly styled "corkscrew," hanging from them and falling down the back, or over one or both shoulders. Our correspondent says:—"I noticed one chignon with a mass of frizzly curls at the top, and the orthodox pair of long curls hanging from them down to the waist, with some half-dozen short, ringlety curls in between."

A NEW STYLE OF WATCH is the rage in Paris at the present moment. It is large, made of ebony, and ornamented at the back with the initials of the owner in silver, or else with fanciful arabesques. The dial-plate, which is small, is surrounded by a thick circle of ebony, the fingers and hours being in silver. This watch hangs from an ebony chataleine, the rings of which are ornamented with silver, and joined together either by bars or balls of silver, according to the pattern of the chataleine. There is an attempt to introduce brooches and ear-rings in the same style, but they are not yet adopted. As to the watches, they are to be seen at the waistbands of all the most fashionable ladies, especially when they wear the inevitable fancy black dress.

GOLD, which is now so universally adopted on bonnets, will be replaced ere long by enameled ornaments. These frequently produce a truly charming effect; as, for example, on an out-door costume, which was made a few weeks ago, in Paris, for the youthful Queen of Portugal. It consisted of a black silk redingote with a train; it was fastened down the front with small violets in two shades of enamel; these were repeated on the sleeves, and three small bouquets of similar flowers down the front of the bodice.

THE JAPANESE, when in Paris, taught the cooks at the Grand Hotel how to "bake" ice-creams. Some of our readers may not yet have heard of the process: so we give it. Freeze your ice as hard as possible, wrap it quickly in a very thin crust of pastry and put it in the oven. The pastry will be baked before the ice melts, (for the pastry is a good non-conductor of heat;) serve hot, and you may enjoy the pleasure of eating hot pastry and ice-cream at the same time.

HALF A MILLION OF DOLLARS have been spent, in less than ten years, on the illustrations of "Peterson." This is more money than was ever spent before, in the same way, on any magazine, either here or in Europe.

THE MIXTURE of gray and brown is now most popular, especially for dresses composed of *sultane* and mohair; and these pale gray costumes are almost invariably trimmed with cross-cut bands of Havana-brown silk.

LIVE TO DO GOOD to others, and not merely for your own selfish ease. In the smallest family circle, one may live for one's fellow men, as well as if at the head of a nation.

ALWAYS BE AMIABLE, no matter how much your temper may be tried, for good-humor is the best kind of beauty.

WHAT IS SAID OF "PETERSON."—No other magazine is so highly praised by the newspapers as "Peterson." Says the Montana (Iowa) Index:—"It is an absolute necessity in every family, and is the cheapest in price." The Port Leyden (N. Y.) Register says:—"Deserves the immense patronage it receives." Says the Hanover (Pa.) Spectator:—"We must accord it the palm of excellence over all others." Says the M'Arthur (O.) Enquirer:—"The best Magazine for ladies." Says the Libertytown (Md.) Banner:—"Gives more for the money than any other." Says the Laurenceville (Ill.) Globe:—"The stories are unusually bright and interesting." The Darlington (S. C.) Southerner says:—"Furnishes more rich entertainment for two dollars than any work of the kind in America." The Atchison (Kansas) Free Press says:—"Ahead of all others." The Norristown (Pa.) Defender says:—"The literary contents are superior to those of any other magazine." The Elyton (Ala.) Herald says:—"For its beautiful engravings, fashion-plates, choice reading, and patterns, not to be excelled." The Houston (Miss.) Record says:—"The fashion-plates are exquisite." The Valparaiso (Ind.) Republican says:—"The colored fashion-plate is one of the prettiest we ever saw. The reading matter is, as usual, the best of any similar publication." The Hamilton (N. Y.) Republican says:—"The lady's table, which does not contain it, is incomplete." The Germantown (O.) Valley News says:—"Economy in dress and in household affairs is an important consideration, and can easily be attained if you have taste and understand the mode. To secure these essential requisites, subscribe for 'PETERSON.'"

OUR NOVELTS FOR NEXT YEAR are unusually good. P. P. P. Mr. Benedict's story, promises to be very mysterious. We have a fifth novelet, "FERN RANCHE, a Tale of Texas," which we shall give, if possible. For should the price of printing paper permit, we shall still further increase the quantity of reading in "Peterson;" and in that case shall give this fifth novelet, besides additional shorter stories.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Compiled under the direction of her Majesty the Queen, by Lieut.-General the Hon. C. Grey. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The book before us, though nominally written by the Hon. C. Grey, is to a great extent the compilation of Queen Victoria herself; and it is certainly one of the most loving tributes ever offered to the virtues of a deceased husband and father. It appears from this volume that Victoria never sunk the wife in the monarch; that her marriage was one of affection entirely; and that to the very last Prince Albert possessed her whole heart, and exercised over her the most powerful influence. It appears, also, that this influence was uniformly for good. The character of the Queen, from her own acknowledgment, seems to have developed for the better, from the very hour of her marriage. It is a curious book, almost without precedent. We learn, among other things, from these confessions, that queens are denied one of the dearest privileges of their sex; in other words, that, instead of being sought, they have to seek; instead of having the question "popped" to them, they have to "pop" it themselves. Prince Albert thus announces the fact to his grandmother, in a letter dated the 11th of November, 1836: "The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her." At this time Victoria was not quite eighteen. How many American girls, at that age, would like having to send for a lover and take the initiative? The work is,

in every way, an interesting one. Two portraits of the Prince illustrate its pages; one, engraved from a picture taken when he was four years old; and the other, copied from a miniature painted when he was twenty. The volume is neatly printed. Price, in cloth, \$1.75.

Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the second volume of "The People's Edition" of Dickens. The title is well chosen, for the edition is a model one for a cheap one, and is, therefore, just the edition for the public at large. The page is very neat, being printed in leaded long primer, as printers call the type, on fine white paper. The illustrations are by Cruikshank, an artist who has never been rivaled. We recommend all persons who desire a handsome edition of Dickens, at a price in accordance with the times, to buy this one, for it unites cheapness and beauty in a higher degree than any edition in the field. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another volume of the popular "green and gold" edition of Dickens. This, as an octavo edition, holds the same pre-eminence over other octavo editions which the "People's Edition" holds as a duodecimo. The print, though smaller than in the "People's Edition," is always legible, and never trying to the eyes. The illustrations in the volume before us are full of force and character. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Seven Years of a Sailor's Life. By George Edward Clark. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Adams & Co.—If a reader wants stirring incidents "by flood and field," he or she may have them here. The author gives us shipwrecks and conflicts, captivities in deserts, adventures in the East and West Indies; everything, in short, that the most jaded palate may require to stimulate it. The volume has nine full-page illustrations. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

Under Two Flags. By "Ouida." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—We like this novel much better than "Idalia," "Chandos," and some others from the same pen. The incidents are less improbable, and the style not so turgid. Several of the chapters are very spirited; "The Soldier's Blue Ribbon" particularly. The story is laid, partly in England, and partly in Algiers. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

Renshawe. By the author of "Mary Brandegee." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—An appropriate sequel to "Mary Brandegee." We suppose these books sell, or Mr. Carleton would not publish them; but we should really like to know what sorts of people buy them. Price, in cloth, \$1.75.

The Last of the Barons. By Lord Lytton, (Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.) 1 vol., 16 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Here we have the fourth volume of this neat and cheap "Globe Edition" of Bulwer's novels. We see no room for improvement in it, whether in paper, type, size, or binding. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Hurl & Houghton.—This "Globe Edition" of Dickens retains all its characteristic merits. Seven volumes of it have now been issued, and six are to follow. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Arcturion. By Orpheus C. Kerr. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—This new American novel is from the pen of the author of the famous "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers." Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

Called to Account. By Miss Annie Thomas. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An excellent novel by the author of "Dennis Donne," "Theo Leigh," "On Guard," etc., etc. Price, in paper, fifty cents.

Celesta, a Girl's Book. By Mrs. Martha E. Derry. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: W. F. Spencer.—A very pleasant story, intended for young girls. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PARIS EXPOSITION—SEWING-MACHINE AWARDS.—The newspapers, at the time, published a brief telegram from Paris, announcing the award to Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson of the Highest Premium, a gold medal, over eighty-two competitors, for the perfection of their sewing-machines. The following are copies of the official documents confirming the announcement:

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE,

PARIS, 1867.

COMMISSION IMPERIALE, CHAMP-DE-MARS, }
16 July, 1867. }

Mr. R. HUNTING, No. 139 Regent street, London.

DEAR SIR—Replying to your inquiry, I beg to state that the *only Gold Medal* for the manufacture and perfection of *Sewing-Machines and Button-hole Machines*, was awarded to Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, of New York.

Yours, respectfully, HENRY F. Q. D'ALIGNY,
Member of International Jury and Reporter of same.

Another letter of the same date, says:

DEAR SIR—Replying to your inquiry, I herewith give you the list of the Gold Medals awarded in my class:

Dupuis et Dumery, for Screw Shoe-Machines.

Wheeler & Wilson, New York, for the Manufacture and perfection of their Sewing-Machines and Button-hole Machines.

There is, also, in the list of "co-operators," a Gold Medal granted to Mr. Elias Howe, Jr., personally, as *Promoteur* of the Sewing-Machine.

Respectfully yours,
HENRY F. Q. D'ALIGNY,
Reporter of Class 57, (Groupe 6,) Member of the International Jury at the Exposition Universelle.

We add to these documents an extract from the *Moniteur Universel*, the official journal of the French Empire, which ought to settle this question.

"The Wheeler & Wilson Company, of New York, manufacturers of American Sewing-Machines, have just received the *gold medal* at the Exposition Universelle, for the good construction of their machines; the new improvement for making button-holes, applicable to their sewing-machines; also for their machine especially for making button-holes. This award is accorded for the great development that Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson have given to the sewing-machine industry, in bringing their machines to the doors of all, by their cheapness and solid construction, which allows their employment with satisfaction in families, and with great advantage in work-rooms."

GUIDE TO AUTHORSHIP, a valuable aid to all who desire to engage in Literary Pursuits of any kind, for pleasure or profit. 50 cts.

SECRETS WORTH KNOWING, tells how to make medicines, perfumery, toilet and dental articles, soaps, vermin remedies, candies, wines, cordials, cheap and delicious home beverages, veterinary remedies, manufacturers' secrets, and many articles in universal demand, made at small cost, and sold at large profits. 25 cts.

ROGUES AND ROGUESIES, exposing all tricks and traps of cities, and all swindles and humbugs. 25 cts.

HANDBOOK OF VENTRILOQUISM, and how to make the Magic Whistle. 15 cts.

HOW TO MAKE BAD MEMORY GOOD, and Good Better, valuable to everybody. 15 cts.

PHONOGRAPHIC HANDBOOK, for Self-Instruction in the modern improved and simplified art, as used by practical reporters. No old trash. 25 cts.

Sold by most booksellers, or sent, postage paid, by
HANNEY & CO., 119 Nassau Street, New York.

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY'S MOTTO," says the New York Evangelist, "must be 'numerous transactions and small profits.' The business of its stores 'up town, down town, in the middle,' and we know not where else, must be really enormous, and give it decided advantages over small buyers. As a general thing the Tea Company's goods are of excellent quality, as is abundantly proved by its continued growth and prosperity, in spite of the enterprise and competition which every sort of business is obliged to encounter in this market."

THE BEST EDITIONS OF DICKENS.—The Philadelphia Press, well known for its literary sagacity, says:—"T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, have just published three new editions of 'Dombey & Son,' the original issue of which took place in 1847-8. These several editions have the advantage of good paper, legible type, neat binding, and low price. For example, here is the People's Illustrated Edition, containing the whole story of Dombey in one 12 mo. volume of 996 pages, with a dozen of the original illustrations, full-page size. This is retailed at \$1.50, (currency,) being about one-fifth of its original selling price in England, *not* including freight, insurance, import duty, and difference of exchange.

"The Duodecimo Illustrated Edition, in two handsome volumes 12 mo., has the whole of the Dombey Annals, with the thirty-eight original designs, handsomely engraved on wood, contributed to the work, as it appeared serially, twenty years ago, by H. K. Browne; better known, it may be, as 'Phiz.' This, also, is sold at the reduced price of \$2.00 a volume, and no edition of Dickens at all approaches it in neatness and cheapness.

"The Illustrated Octavo Edition, pp. 354, is printed in double columns, from new stereotype plates, and contains all the original engravings. It is bound in black morocco cloth, gilt back, with vignette medallion of Dickens on the face of the cover. This is retailed at \$2—a very greatly reduced price.

"These three new editions will be continued regularly until completed, and can be obtained from all booksellers. Or, if an intending purchaser writes to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, sending the above-mentioned price, any copies so ordered will be forwarded, postage free, to his address, without the slightest delay."

FROM THE BOSTON "EVENING TRANSCRIPT."—BOSTON EXHIBITORS IN PARIS.—The following portion of a letter from Paris, recently received by a friend, will be read with interest by all those who take pride in the success of Bostonians abroad. The lady writer, (a German,) although an artist in the highest sense of the word, stands, by her social position, aloof from sympathies or antipathies such as sometimes misguide the judgment of even the fair-minded:

* * * But before I have done with musical instruments, let me say a few words in praise of those excellent Cabinet Organs exhibited by Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN. Nothing like them has ever been made here, and our best organ manufacturers confess themselves beaten by that Boston firm. They have succeeded in imparting to their instruments the dignity of an independent existence, quite separate from the piano or the pipe-organ. The sympathies of our best composers are with those ingenious manufacturers."

"THE FLORENCE SEWING-MACHINE," a lady writes, "is all that could be asked for in the household. It combines, we think, more advantages than any other sewing-machine whatever."

HORTICULTURAL.

EARLY FLOWERS.—Winter and spring flowering bulbs have become so popular, that a few hints on their treatment may not be unacceptable. The proper time for planting all hardy bulbs, is during the months of October and November; under this head may be included all the following varieties: The fragrant and beautifully-tinted Hyacinth, the Jonquil and Narcissus, the gorgeous and showy Tulip, Crown-Imperial, Peony, Lily, and Iris; and those harbingers of early spring, the Snow-drop and Crocus—all of which require to be planted in the autumn. They will grow in almost any good garden soil, but prefer a

sandy-loam, well enriched with old manure. On the approach of winter, the beds should be covered with manure, straw, or leaves, which must be removed early in the spring. No further care is required; and we know of no class of plants so easily cultivated, and which repay so bountifully (at a season when flowers are scarce) with their exquisitely fragrant and beautifully-tinted flowers.

For *Winter Blooming*, the favorites are the Hyacinth, Early Tulip, Narcissus, Jonquil, and Crocus. The Hyacinth, however, excels them all, as it forces most readily during the winter, and can be grown in glasses, with water instead of earth; for this purpose the single Hyacinths are to be preferred, as they bloom earlier; and, although their bells are somewhat smaller than the double ones, they are more numerous, the colors are more vivid, and they are also more fragrant.

It will be impossible to give within the limits of this article, all the information a novice would require. We, therefore, refer our readers to Mr. Dreer's illustrated catalogue of bulbous roots, which contains full lists of the varieties, colors, and prices, illustrated with a beautiful colored plate of the leading varieties. Also, directions for their cultivation, preparation of soil, with instructions for forcing Hyacinths in water, which will be found particularly interesting to the ladies, and will be mailed to all who inclose a ten cent stamp, or note to his address.

The following beautiful assortment of bulbs will be sent by mail (post paid) upon the receipt of ten dollars, or one half the assortment for five dollars: 18 Hyacinths, assorted; 30 Tulips, assorted; 50 Crocus, assorted; 12 Iris, assorted; 13 Narcissus, assorted; 12 Snow-drops, assorted; 6 Ranunculus, assorted; 6 Anemone, assorted; 6 Seffron Crocus; 6 Lily of the Valley; 2 Japan Lilies; 2 Fritillaria.

Address, HENRY A. DREER,
Seedsman and Florist, Philadelphia, Pa.

FURNITURE, ETC., ETC.

FRENCH POLISHING.—The method of varnishing furniture, by means of rubbing varnish on the surface of the wood, is of comparatively modern date. To put on a hard face, which shall not be liable to scratch like varnish, and yet appear equally fine, the French polish is introduced. The following are full details of the process, and also the various preparations of the different compositions necessary:—All the polishes are used much in one way; a general description will, therefore, be a sufficient guide. If your work be porous, or of a coarse grain, it will be necessary to give it a coat of clear size previously to your commencing with the polish; and when dry, gently go over it with very fine glass-paper; the size will fill up the pores, and prevent the waste of the polish by being absorbed into the wood, and be also a saving of considerable time in the operation. Make a wad with a piece of coarse flannel, or druggat, by rolling it round, over which, on the side meant to polish with, put a very fine linen rag, several times doubled, to be as soft as possible; put the wad or cushion to the mouth of the bottle containing the preparation, (or polish) and shake it, which will moisten the rag sufficiently, and then proceed to rub your work in a circular direction, observing not to do more than a square foot at a time. Rub it lightly till the whole surface is covered; repeat this three or four times, according to the texture of the wood, each coat to be rubbed until the rag appears dry. Be careful not to put too much on the rag at a time, and there will be a very beautiful and lasting polish; be also very particular in having the rags very clean and soft, as the polish depends, in a great measure, on the care taken in keeping it clean and free from dust during the operation.

To make French polish, take one pint of spirits of wine, add a quarter of an ounce of gum-copal, and a quarter of an ounce of gum-arabic, and one ounce of shellac. Let the

gums be well bruised and sifted through a piece of muslin. Put the spirits and the gums together in a vessel that can be closely corked; place them near a warm stove, and frequently shake them; in two days they will be dissolved; strain the mixture through a piece of muslin, and keep it tightly corked for use.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Sheep's-Head Soup.—Cut the lights and liver into pieces, and stew them in four quarts of water, with some onions, carrots, turnips, half a pound of pearl barley, pepper, salt, and cloves. Stew all these well until nearly done enough; then put in the head and boil it quite tender; take it out, and strain everything from the liquor. Let it stand to get cold, and then take off the fat; thicken it with flour and butter, the same as mock-turtle; add some browning, mushroom catchup, and two glasses of sherry. Send it to table with the meat and tongue from the head cut in small pieces, and forcemeat and egg-balls, if approved, and the soup will quite equal mock-turtle.

A Cheap and Wholesome Soup.—One gallon of cold water, one pound of beef, or sixpennyworth of bones, two tablespoonfuls of rice. Let this boil, then add an onion, or two or three leeks; boil an hour. Peel and slice eight potatoes; wash them in warm water; add them to the soup, with a seasoning of salt and pepper; stir it frequently; boil another hour, and then serve, removing the bones or meat, which is not fit for human food.

Chicken Broth.—Cut up a chicken; put it into an iron pot with two quarts of water, one onion, two tablespoonfuls of rice, a little salt, and boil it two hours; then strain it through a sieve. This will make one quart.

FISH.

Oyster Patties in Batter.—Make a batter with the yolk of one egg, (or more, according to the quantity of oysters you intend to prepare,) a little nutmeg, some beaten mace, a little flour, and a little salt; dip in the oysters, and fry them in lard to a nice light brown. If preferred, a little parsley may also be shred very fine, and mixed with the batter. The batter may also be made thicker, and formed into the shape of a patty, or put into a small tin mould, the oyster being dropped in and covered over, and the whole baked as a pudding would be.

Fried Oysters.—Beat up two or three eggs in a cup, and rasp bread-crumbs on a plate, with sweet herbs powdered, and lemon-peel. Dry the oysters as much as possible, soak them in the egg, and cover them with crumbs. Fry them in plenty of good butter, and serve with lemon-juice, Cayenne, and brown bread and butter, cut thin.

Oyster Sausages.—Mince a pint of oysters, scalded so as to make them hard, and also a pound of lean sirloin of beef and mix them; season with pepper, salt, and mace; mix up well with the yolks of eight eggs; shape them like sausages, and fry in butter.

Fish Sauce.—Take half a pint of milk and cream together, two eggs, well beaten, salt, a little pepper, and the juice of half a lemon; put it over the fire, and stir it constantly until it begins to thicken.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Mince-meat.—Boil a fresh ox-tongue tender; let it get cold, then chop it fine, with one pound of suet, half a peck of apples, two pounds of currants, picked and washed very carefully; one pound of citron, sliced, half an ounce each of powdered cloves, allspice, cinnamon, and ginger; three pints of sweet cider, one pint of Madeira wine, half a pint of brandy, with enough sugar to sweeten to your taste. This will make a large jar full.

Another Receipt.—Shred three pounds of suet very fine, and chop it as small as possible; take two pounds of raisins stoned and chopped very fine, the same quantity of currants, nicely picked, washed, rubbed, and dried at the fire. Pare half a hundred fine pippins, core them, and chop them small; take half a pound of fine sugar, and pound it fine, a quarter of an ounce of mace, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, and two large nutmegs, all beat fine; put them all into a large pan, and mix them well together with half a pint of good brandy, and half a pint of sack; put it down close in a stone pot, and it will keep good three or four months. When you make your pies, lay a thin layer of meat, and then a layer of citron, cut very thin, then a layer of mince-meat, and a layer of orange-peel, cut thin; over that a little meat; squeeze half the juice of a fine Seville orange or lemon; lay on your crust, and bake it nicely. These pies eat very fine cold. If you make them in little patties, mix your meat and sweetmeats accordingly. If you choose meat in your pies, parboil a neat's tongue; peel it, and chop the meat as fine as possible, and mix with the rest; or two pounds of the inside of a sirloin of beef boiled. But when you use meat, the quantity of fruit must be doubled.

To Bake a Ham.—Unless when too salt, from not being sufficiently soaked, a ham (particularly a young and fresh one) eats much better baked than boiled, and remains longer good. The safer plan is to lay it into plenty of cold water over night. The following day soak it for an hour or more in warm water; wash it delicately clean; trim smoothly off all rusty parts, and lay it, with the rind downward, into a course paste, rolled to about an inch thick; moisten the edges, draw, pinch them together, and fold them over on the upper side of the ham, taking care to close them so that no gravy can escape. Send it to a well-heated, but not a fierce oven. A very small ham will require quite three hours' baking, and a large one five. The crust and the skin must be removed while it is hot. When part only of a ham is dressed, this mode is better far than boiling it.

Mince'd Fowl.—Take the remains of a cold roast fowl, and cut off all the white meat, which mince finely, without any skin or bone; but put the bone, skin, and etceteras, into a stew-pan, with an onion, a blade of mace, and a handful of sweet herbs tied up; add nearly a pint of water; let it stew for an hour, and then strain and pour off the gravy, putting in a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Take two hard-boiled eggs, and chop them small; mix them with the fowl; add salt, pepper, and mace, according to taste; put in the gravy; also half a tablespoonful of very finely-minced lemon-peel, one tablespoonful of flour, made into a smooth paste with a little cold water, and let the whole just boil. Serve with sippets of toasted bread.

Veal Cote.—Boil six or eight eggs hard; cut the yolks in two, and lay some of the pieces in the bottom of the pot; shake in a little chopped parsley, some slices of veal and ham, and then eggs again; shaking in after each some chopped parsley, with pepper and salt, till the pot is full. Then put in water enough to cover it, and lay on it about an ounce of butter. Then press it down together with a spoon, and let it stand till cold. It may be put into a small mould, and then it will turn out beautifully for a supper or side dish.

Stewed Shoulder of Mutton.—The following receipt is a useful one, as it gives a little variety to a very homely joint. The shoulder of mutton must not be too fat. Bone it, tie it up in a cloth, and boil it for two hours and a half. Take it up, put a little cold butter over it, and strew it thickly with bread-crumbs, parsley, thyme, pepper and salt, all properly mixed. Let it be in the oven half an hour, so that it may be perfectly browned. Serve it with lumps of currant-jelly on the top, and gravy or spinach round the dish.

To Make Tough Beef Tender.—To those who have worn down their teeth in masticating poor, old, tough cow-beef, we will say that carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut the steaks, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick, rub over them a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thickness, and cook to notion. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, etc. Try it, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

A Spanish Steak.—Take the tender loin of beef. Have onions cut fine, and put into a frying-pan with some boiling butter; when quite soft, draw them to the back part of the pan, and, having seasoned well the beef with pepper and salt, put into the pan, and rather broil it than fry it. When done, put the onions over it, and just as much boiling water as will make a gravy. Let it stew a few minutes.

Hashed Mutton and Fried Eggs.—Cut the cold mutton into neat slices, cutting off the brown outside and fat; warm the meat in the sauce, and add some tomato-sauce to the gravy; then put round the dish some sippets of bread and fried eggs.

DESSERTS.

Superlative Mince-Meats for Pies.—Take four large lemons, with their weight of golden pippins pared and cored, of jar-raisins, currants, candied citron, and orange-rind, and the finest suet, and a fourth part more of pounded-sugar. Boil the lemons tender, chop them sound, but be careful first to extract all the pips; add them to the other ingredients after all have been prepared with great nicety, and mix the whole well with from three to four glasses of good brandy. Apportion salt and spice to taste. The weight of one lemon in meal improves this mixture, or in lieu of it, a small quantity of crushed macaroons, added just before it is baked.

Apple-Fritters.—Pare and core some fine large pippins, and cut them into round slices. Soak them in wine, sugar, and nutmeg for two or three hours. Make a batter of four eggs, a tablespoonful of rose-water, one ditto of wine, and one of milk; thicken with enough flour, stirred in by degrees, to make a batter; mix it two or three hours before it is wanted, that it may be light. Heat some butter in a frying-pan; dip each slice of apple separately in the batter, and fry them brown; sift pounded-sugar, and grate nutmeg over them.

Transparent Arrowroot-Pudding.—To make this pudding, a teacupful of arrow-root should be mixed with a little water, until quite smooth. Ten sweet and bitter-almonds must be blanched and pounded, (using two or three drops of water while pounding,) and afterward boiled in a pint of water, stirring in sufficient sifted-sugar to sweeten the mixture. After straining, this should be poured gradually upon the arrow-root, stirring all the time; then, after boiling it up for a few minutes, it must be poured into a mould and left to cool.

Egg-Dumplings.—Make a batter of a pint of milk, two well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a batter as thick as for pound-cake; have a clean saucepan of boiling water; let the water boil fast; drop in the batter by the tablespoonful; four or five minutes will boil them; take them with a skimmer on a dish; put a bit of butter and pepper over, and serve with boiled or cold meat. For a little dessert put batter and grated nutmeg, with syrup or sugar over.

Transparent Pudding.—Beat eight eggs very well; put them into a stew-pan, with half a pound of sugar, pounded fine, the same quantity of butter, and some nutmeg, grated. Set it on the fire, and keep stirring it till it thickens. Then set it in a basin to cool; put a rich puff-paste round the edge of the dish; pour in your pudding, and bake it in a moderate oven. It will eat light and clear. You may add candied orange or citron, if preferred.

Suet-Dumplings with Currants.—Scald a pint of new milk, and let it grow cold; then stir into one pound of chopped suet, two eggs, four ounces of cleaned currants, a little nutmeg and salt, two teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger, and flour sufficient to make the whole into a light batter-paste. Form it into dumplings, flour them well outside, throw them into your saucepan, being careful that the water is boiling, and that they do not stick to the bottom. Half an hour's boiling will do them.

An Excellent Lemon-Pudding.—Beat the yolks of four eggs; add four ounces of white sugar, the rind of a lemon being rubbed with some lumps of it to take the essence; then peel and beat it in a mortar with the juice of a lemon, and mix all with four or five ounces of butter, warmed. Put a crust into a shallow dish, nick the edges, and put the above into it. When served, turn the pudding out of the dish.

French Custard.—Take one quart of milk, flavor it with the peel of about half a small lemon, pared very thin, and sweetened to taste with white sugar. Boil it, and leave it to get quite cold. Then blend with it three dessertspoonfuls of fine flour, and two eggs well beaten. Simmer it until it is of the proper thickness, stirring it the whole time. Pour into cups, or a custard-dish.

Tapioea Blancmange.—Half a pound of tapioea soaked for one hour in a pint of milk. Boil till tender, sweeten to taste, and pour it into a mould. When cold, turn it out and serve it in a dish with jam round it, and a little cream, or flavored with lemon or bitter-almond without jam or cream.

CAKES.

Rich Sponge-Cake.—Beat twelve eggs as light as possible, (for sponge and almond-cake they require more beating than for anything else;) beat one pound of loaf-sugar, powdered and sifted, by degrees, into the eggs, continuing to beat some time very hard after all the sugar is in, (none but loaf-sugar will make light sponge-cake.) Stir in, gradually, a teaspoonful of powdered mixed cinnamon and mace, a grated nutmeg, and twelve drops of lemon-essence; lastly, by degrees, put in ten ounces of sifted flour, dried near the fire, stirring round the mixture very slowly with a knife. If the flour is stirred too hard, the cake will be tough. It must be done gently and lightly, so that the top of the mixture will be covered with bubbles. As soon as the flour is all in, begin to bake, as setting will hurt it. Put it in small tins, well buttered, or in one large tin pan. The thinner the pans the better for sponge-cake. Fill the small tins about half full. Grate loaf-sugar over the top of each before setting them in the oven.

A Good Pound-Cake.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, and mix with it the whites and yolks of eight eggs, beaten apart. Have ready, warm by the fire, one pound of flour, and the same of sifted-sugar; mix them and a few cloves, a little nutmeg and cinnamon, in fine powder, together; then, by degrees, work the dry ingredients into the butter and eggs. When well beaten, add a glass of wine and some carraways. It must be beaten a full hour. Butter a pan, and bake it an hour in a quick oven. The above proportions, leaving out four ounces of butter, and the same of sugar, make a less luscious cake, and to most tastes a more pleasant one.

Wexham Gingerbread.—Equal quantities of flour, butter, molasses, and loaf-sugar; the butter, sugar, and molasses to be made hot; then mix in, by degrees, the flour, the rind of a lemon, and ginger to your taste; drop it on buttered tins, leaving a space between, and bake it in a rather quick oven. Take it off with a knife, and to make a variety, roll some over a stick when warm, to look like wafers.

Buttermilk-Cakes.—Two cups of butter-milk, or sour milk, one cup of sugar, one piece of butter the size of a walnut, a teaspoonful of salaratus, spice to your taste, with as much flour as will make a thin batter, and bake.

Abernethy Biscuits.—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of butter in half a pint of warm milk, and with four pounds of fine flour, a few carraways, and half a pound of sugar, make a stiff but smooth paste; and, to render the biscuits short and light, add half a drachm of carbonate of soda in powder. Roll out very thin; stamp the biscuits, pricking them with a fork, and bake in tins, in a quick oven.

Apple-Cake.—Boil one pound and a half of lump-sugar in one pint of water, until it becomes sugar again, then add two pounds of apples, pared and cored, with the juice, and a little of the peel of two small lemons. Boil this mixture until quite stiff, and put it into a mould. When cold, turn it out, and before sending it to table, pour a thick custard round it. This cake, if left in the mould, will keep several months.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE TULLE, puffed lengthwise over white silk, each gore being ornamented with bands and bows of blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF BLACK VELVET, with a paletot of the same, trimmed with narrow bands of sable. Lamballe hat of blue velvet.

FIG. III.—HOUSE DRESS OF HAVANA BROWN SILK, trimmed with ornaments in gimp and jet. The loose, Venitian sleeve is lined with quilted white satin, and worn over a tight silk under-sleeve.

FIG. IV.—MORNING DRESS OF BLACK VELVET, scalloped and bound with black satin. Petticoat and tight sleeves of crimson silk. The large Jewess sleeve is also lined with crimson silk. A band of fur passes around the neck, down the front, and across the top of the sleeves.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF BROWN POPLIN.—The under-skirt is trimmed with black velvet ribbon; the short, upper-skirt and paletot is also trimmed with one row of black velvet; and this skirt is looped up at the back with a long loop and bow of wide black velvet.

FIG. VI.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE SILK, chequered with pink roses and green leaves. Around the bottom of the skirt is a deep pink fringe, put on in vandykes, headed by a narrow band of green silk. Pink silk jacket, vandyked and trimmed with fringe. White tulle sleeves puffed.

FIG. VII.—BLACK LACE BASQUE, trimmed with a bow and rosettes of orange-colored velvet. The baby's cloak and paletots hardly need a description.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It is the height of the fashion to dress unlike any one else; so no lady need appear in an unbecoming costume, if she has good taste; and two old dresses can be made to look as good as one new one at a very small expense. There are some rules to be observed, however, with all this licence. For street dresses, the skirt must be short; and for the house, particularly afternoon or evening dresses, it is just as necessary that the skirt should be long, for evening wear, very long. Crinoline must be small, some even wear none at all; but with a long dress it is almost indispensable, for not one woman in a thousand knows how to wear yards of silk or muslin around her feet gracefully; it is like going about in a perpetual riding-habit. But the bodice may be high to the throat, or low, with a bodice like the under-skirt, fitting high; and the sleeves may fit closely to the arm, or be made loose in any of the numerous patterns of flowing sleeves. Much trimming, or little trimming, may be used; narrow ruffles, or bias bands, or ruffles, or gimp, may be employed as ornaments, and disposed of either in the simplest or most fantastic way; in fact, there is the greatest field for exercising individual taste. Gilt, or enameled ornaments, coral beads and jet, are all fashionable as trimmings. Then the paletot may be made straight and loose, or cut more to the figure, and drawn into the waist with a broad sash tied behind; it may be either long or short, of

the color of the dress, or of the petticoat. Plaits of silk and rouleaux are very popular for trimmings. To form rouleaux, the cross strips must be lined and slightly stuffed with cotton-wool; they are made of different sizes, but always of some silk material. As for plaits, they are a rather more complicated style of trimming; for each plait, three cross strips are required; each strip is lined with some stiff material. When they are all prepared, they are plaited together, taking care to keep the right side of the material outside.

The dresses, very much gored at the top, are not so fashionable as formerly, most persons preferring to have one, two, or three large plaits at the side and back, others liking the small gathers at the back. Many silk dresses, cut with trains, are trimmed with narrow pinked-out flounces, sewn on one above another. If a sash is worn, it is trimmed to correspond, only there are fewer rows of trimming. Other train-skirts are trimmed so as to look like a double skirt; and many are cut out in round scallops, in the form of a tongue, and these are bound with satin of the color of the dress, or of satin or silk of a contrasting color.

Upon dresses of glace silk or foulard of a light color, with low bodices, small paletots, entirely made of guipure, are worn, ornamented with ribbons of the color of the dress. Ball-dresses of white tulle are made with long scarfs, and trimmed with garlands of flowers. Although spangles and glass beads are still too much the order of the day, good taste is beginning to reassert itself.

WHITE DRESSES, embroidered in colors, are again fashionable. If silk is used in the embroidery, the dress becomes exceedingly costly; but if fine wool is used, the expense is much less, the effect quite as good, and the dress will wash admirably. Wreaths of green leaves only, or leaves and flowers, stars, single flowers, as pansies, corn-flowers, fuchsias, etc., are all beautiful.

One of the most beautiful dresses made in Paris, lately, was of white silk, and trimmed with bands of peacock's feathers. The sleeves, seams, and bottom of the dresses were all ornamented in this way; unfortunately, this feather trimming is very perishable, though very beautiful.

PALETOTS, as we have before said, may be of any style to suit the fancy; only we protest against those which have the pointed hood attached to them; they give the figure a round, high-shouldered appearance, and as they are utterly useless, they look like pudding-bags hanging down the back.

BONNETS have the same latitude allowed to them as dresses and paletots. A small bonnet, with an oval crown and a narrow border in the Mary Stuart shape, of black tulle, is very pretty; it is trimmed round with a pretty garland of wild-roses: in front there is a small bandeau of black velvet, covered with flowers; strings of narrow black ribbon are tied under the chignon, and lappets of black lace are fastened in front by a branch of roses. This style of bonnet is adopted by ladies who do not wear a very voluminous chignon. With the *Empire* chignon, nothing looks well but the very small Fanchon, which leaves the back of the head all uncovered; or the Dubarry shape, which is quite round and flat like a plate. Black bonnets, trimmed with gold wheat-ears or gold leaves, are very fashionable, but rather too pronounced for good taste.

DRESS CAPS are composed of a circular piece of Irish guipure, placed upon wide lappets of pink, maize, or blue ribbon, edged with narrow lace. A garland of flowers, or tinted foliage, forms a coronet in front. Small lace Fanchons are ornamented on one side with a bunch of roses, or of shaded geraniums, with some foliage. The ribbon-strings are tied at the back, under the chignon. For ball coiffures we have noticed a wreath of white jessamine, mixed with heath blossoms brilliant with crystal drops.

A garland of ivy-leaves, tinted and shining, with bunches of small green berries. Then, garlands of hop-blossoms, of brown-tinted vine-leaves, of oak-leaves and small acorns. In summer, coiffures are always simpler than those of winter balls. Gold and beads are abandoned for flowers and foliage.

THE HAIR is dressed higher than ever on the head, though it is, also, dressed so as to fall lower behind; not that it nearly approaches the nape of the neck, but the upper part of the back of the head is more covered. Then, too, the hair is dressed much lower on the forehead, small curls or tiny puffs coming quite over the brow, a la *Josephine*. All this hair, particularly that at the back, puffed or braided over a frizotte, gives the head an unnaturally large, droopical look. But our eyes are so accustomed to all this exaggeration, that it no longer looks oddly.

MUFFS, made of velvet and bordered with fur at the ends will be very much in fashion, particularly for young ladies. At the Paris Exhibition, muffs made of cloth, and richly embroidered, were shown as novelties. In this style, the colors of the muff may easily be made to correspond with the dress or paletot.

A NEW STYLE of HOOD, for evening wear, has lately been made. This hood has two long-pointed ends, which are crossed in front under the chin, then thrown back over the shoulders, and left untied. Tassels should finish these ends.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—SUIT OF BLUE CASSIMERE, FOR A SMALL BOY.—The jacket and pockets of the trousers are embroidered in the gay Breton colors.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED POPLIN, FOR A GIRL, ornamented with black braid.

FIG. III.—A GIRL'S DRESS AND JACKET OF DARK BLUE SILK, trimmed with white fringe; the upper-skirt is cut in deep scallops. White felt hat, bound with blue.

FIG. IV.—A DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN, trimmed with bands of scarlet velvet, and worn over a scarlet petticoat. Gray felt hat, bound with scarlet, and gray and scarlet striped stockings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Up to two years old, little boys are dressed exactly like little girls, and chiefly in white frocks and small paletot or cap of *pique*. After two years, a frock fitted to the waist by a belt, short white trousers, and no paletot, except in winter, when the cold weather renders one necessary. From two to four years old, little boys also wear short pleated skirts, and small jackets, a *l'ecossaise*. The skirt is made of poplin or mohair, the jacket of light-cloth or cashmere, trimmed with braid and buttons. As for little girls, their toilets are miniature copies of their mamma's, except that they have short frocks always, and never any train. Most often, their frocks are made in the Princess shape, scalloped out round the bottom with a strip of the same material placed under the scallops to simulate an under-skirt; sometimes the frock has no bodice, but only a paletot to match. The bodice of the dress is replaced by one of white muslin, or of jaconet printed in colors. Their more dressy frocks are made with low corsets and bracelets, over white muslin bodices. Little frocks of white lino are trimmed upon all the seams of the gored widths with pipings of blue or green silk. Others, of unbleached foulard, are piped with red-and-black. These frocks are made in the Princess shape, with low bodices and short sleeves; the widths are rounded at the bottom and piped; a strip of material placed under these wide scallops, simulates an under-skirt, which is often trimmed with silk rouleaux to correspond with the pipings of the upper-skirt. Frocks of *mousseline de laine*, and of all fancy materials, are made after the same fashion.

3 June
1900

4

1000
1000

1000

1000

1000



Painted by W. Cope R.A.

Engraved & Printed

NO GRIEF WITHOUT A THORN.

Engraved expressly for the Executors, Messrs. G. & J. G. & Co.





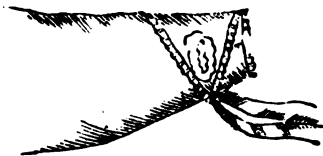
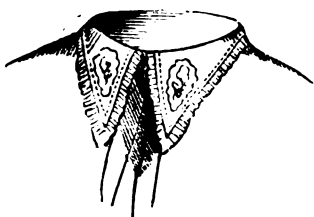




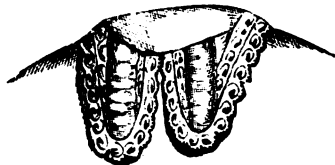
Smoking or Lounging Cap.







WALKING DRESS: COLLAR AND SLEEVE.



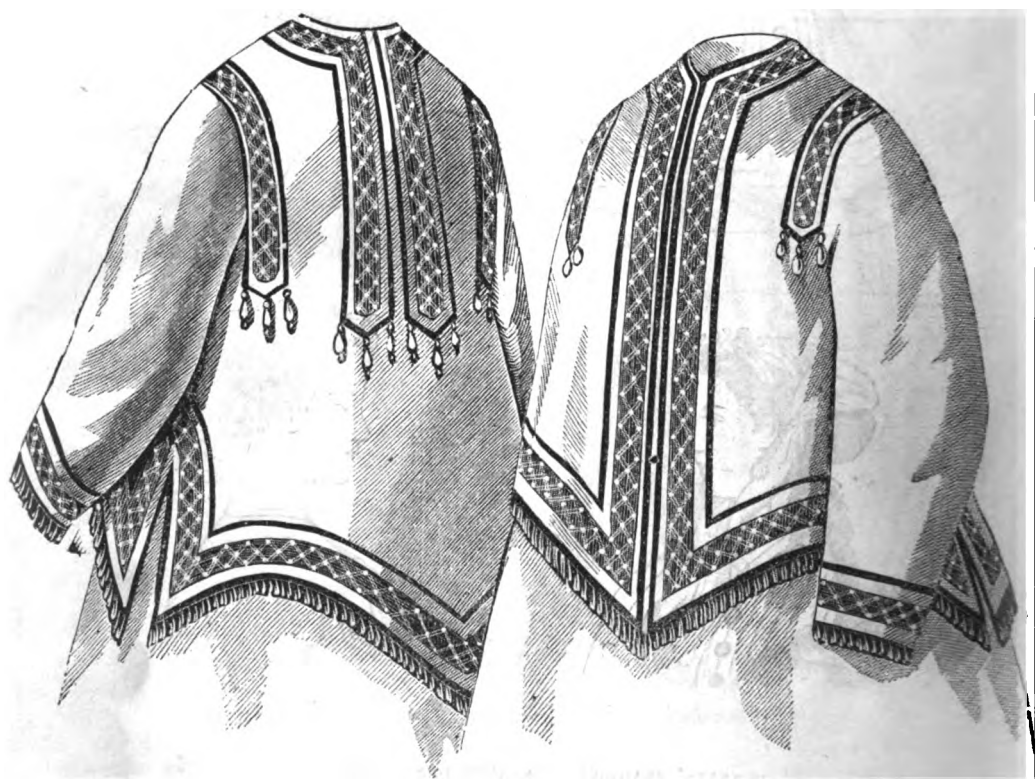
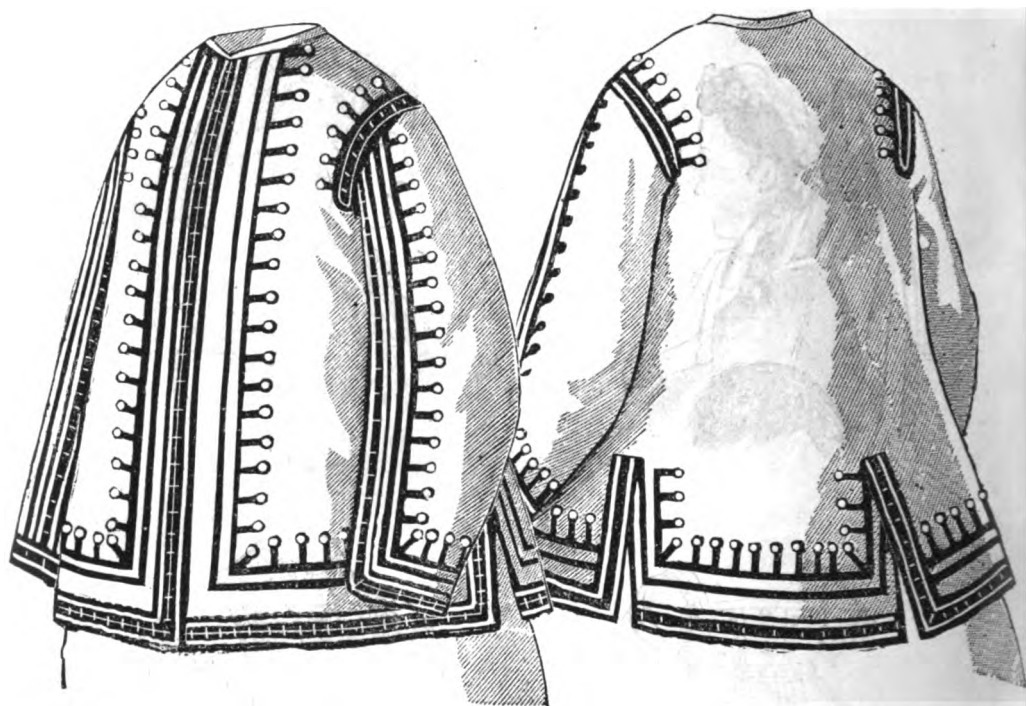
WALKING DRESS: COLLAR AND SLEEVE.



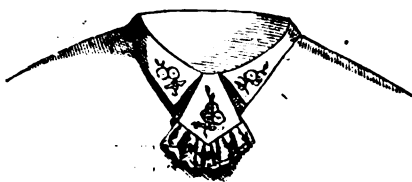
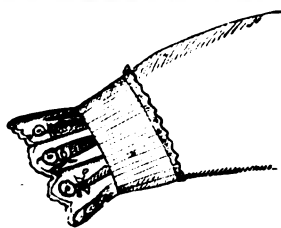
BODY: PALETOT: NECKLACE: COLLAR AND BONNETS.



BONNETS: HEAD-DRESS: INFANT'S DRESS: WHITE BODY



PALETOTS—BACK AND FRONT.



BONNETS, COLLAR, AND SLEEVE: NEW STYLE BODIES

The Friends we Love.

FOR THE GUITAR,

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Published by permission of SEP. WINNER & CO., 929 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Moderato.

VOICE.

GUITAR.



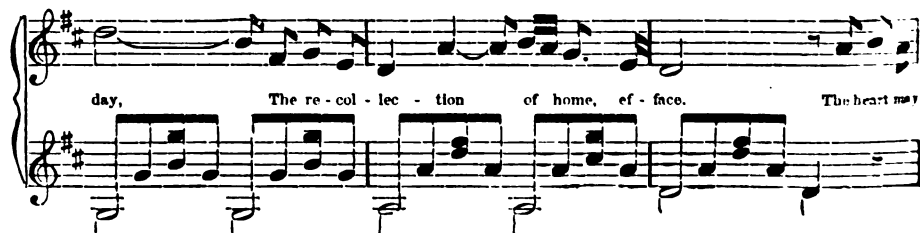
1. Our feet may wan - der far, far a - way, 'Mid scenes of



beau - ty from place to place; But time can nev - er, for one short



day, The re - col - lec - tion of home, ef - face. The heart may



THE FRIENDS WE LOVE.

wan - der, and for a - while For - get its pleas - ures as on we

rove, But o'er the fea - tures there comes no smile, When we re -

CHORUS.

mem - ber the friends we love, The friends we love, The friends we

love, When we re - mem - ber the friends we love, But o'er the

fea - tures there comes no smile, When we re - mem - ber the friends we love.

2.
 The cheerful swallow returns in Spring,
 When sunny meadows no more are cold,
 And on a happy and graceful wing
 Revisits newly her nest of old;
 And thus forever the heart will seek
 With sad emotion its home afar,
 There is a story we long to speak
 It matters little where e'er we are.
 CHORUS.—The friends, etc.



INFANT'S DRESS: WHITE BODY: CAPS AND BONNETS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1867.

No. 6.

TOM'S REVENGE.

BY MAY CARLETON

"I hate her!" cried Tom Maxwell, "I hate her! And I hope she may die a miserable, disappointed, cantankerous old maid!"

Striding up and down the floor, his face flaming, his eyes flashing, his very coat-tail quivering with rage—a Bengal tiger, robbed of her young, could not have looked a much more ferocious object. And yet ferocity was not natural to Tom Maxwell—handsome Tom, whose years was only two-and-twenty, and who was hot-headed and firey, and impetuous as it is in the nature of two-and-twenty to be, but by no means innately savage. But he had just been jilted, jilted in cold blood; so up and down he strode, grinding his teeth vindictively, and fulminating anathema maranathas against his fair deceiver.

"The miserable, heartless jilt! The deceitful, shameless coquette!" burst out Tom, furiously. "She gave me every encouragement that a woman could give, until she drew me on by her abominable wiles to make a fool of myself; and then she turns round and smiles and weeps, and is 'very sorry,' mimicing the feminine intonation, 'and never dreamed of such a thing, and will be very happy to be my friend; but for anything further—oh! dear, Mr. Maxwell, pray don't think of it!' Confound her and the whole treacherous sex to which she belongs! But I'm not done with her yet! I'll have revenge as sure as my name is Tom Maxwell!"

"As how?" asked a lazy voice from the sofa. "She's a woman, you know. Being a woman, you can't very well call her out and shoot her, or horsewhip her, or even knock her down. A fellow may feel like that—I often have myself, after being jilted; but still it can't be did. It's an absurd law, I allow, this polite exemption of womankind from condign and just punishment; but it is too late in the day for chaps like you and I to go tili against popular prejudices."

It was a long speech for Paul Warden, who

was far too indolent generally to get beyond monosyllables. He lay stretched at full length on the sofa languidly smoking the brownest of meerschaums, and dreamily watching the smoke curl and wreath around his head. A handsome fellow, very handsome—five years Tom's senior, and remarkably clever in his profession, the law, when not too lazy to exercise it.

Tom Maxwell paused in his excited striding to look in astonishment at the speaker.

"You jilted!" he said. "You! You, Paul Warden, the irresistible!"

"Even so, *mon ami*! Like measles, and mumps, and tooth-cutting, it's something a man has to go through, willy nilly. I've been jilted and heart-broken some half-dozen times, more or less, and here I am to-night not a ha'penny the worse for it. So go it, Tom, my boy! The more you rant and rave now, the sooner the pain will be over. It's nothing when you're used to it. By-the-way," turning his indolent eyes slowly, "is she pretty, Tom?"

"Of course!" said Tom, indignantly. "What do you think I am? Pretty! She's beautiful, glowing, fascinating! Oh, Warden! it drives me mad to think of it!"

"She's all my fancy painted her—she's lovely, she's divine!" quoted Mr. Warden; "but her heart, it is another's, and it never— What's her name, Tom?"

"Fanny Summers. If you had been in this place four-and-twenty hours, you would have no need to ask. Half the men in town are spooney about her."

"Fanny! Ah! a very bad omen. Never knew a Fanny yet who wasn't a natural born flirt! What's the style—dark or fair, belle blonde, or *jolie brunette*?"

"Brunette; dark, bright, and sparkling, saucy, piquant, irresistible! Oh!" cried Tom, with a dismal groan, sinking into a chair, "it is too bad, too bad to be treated so!"

"So it is, my poor Tom! She deserves the bastinado, the wicked witch! The bastinado not being practicable, let us think of something else. She deserves punishment, and she shall have it; paid back in her own coin, and with interest, too. Eh? Well?"

For Tom had started up in his chair, violently excited and red in the face.

"The very thing!" cried Tom, with a sort of yell. "I have it! She shall be paid in her own coin, and I'll have most glorious revenge, if you'll only help me, Paul!"

"To my last breath, Tom; only don't make so much noise! Hand me the match-box, my pipe's gone out. Now, what is it?"

"Paul, they call you irresistible—the women do."

"Do they? Very polite of them. Well?"

"Well, being irresistible, why can't you make love to Fanny Summers, talk her into a desperate attachment to you, and then treat her as she has treated me—jilt her?"

Paul Warden opened his large, dreamy eyes to their widest, and fixed them on his excited young friend.

"Do you mean it, Tom?"

"Never meant anything more in my life, Paul."

"But supposing I could do it; supposing I am the irresistible conqueror you gallantly make me out; supposing I could talk the charming Fanny into that deplorable attachment—it seems mean, doesn't it?"

"Mean!" exclaimed poor Tom, smarting under a sense of his own recent wrong; "and what do you call her conduct to me? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways! Let her have it herself, hot and strong, and see how she likes it—she's earned it richly. You can do it, I know, Paul; you have a way with you among women. I don't understand it myself, but I see it takes. You can do it, and you're no friend of mine, Paul Warden, if you don't."

"Do it! My dear fellow, what wouldn't I do to oblige you; break fifty hearts, if you asked me. Here's my hand—it's a go!"

"And you'll flirt with her, and jilt her?"

"With the help of the gods! Let the campaign begin at once, let me see my fair, future victim to-night."

"But you'll be careful, Paul," said Tom, cooling down as his friend heated up. "She's very pretty, uncommonly pretty; you've no idea how pretty, and she may turn the tables and subjugate you, instead of you subjugating her."

"The old story of the minister who went to

Rome to convert the Pope, and returned a red-hot Catholic. Not any thanks! My heart is iron-clad; has stood too many sieges to yield to any little flirting brunette. Forewarned is forearmed. Come on, old fellow," rising from his sofa, "never say die!"

"How goes the night?" said Tom, looking out; "it's raining. Do you mind?"

"Shouldn't mind if it rained pitchforks in so good a cause! Get your overcoat and come. I think those old chaps—what-do-you-call-'em, Crusaders? must have felt as I do now, when they marched to take Jerusalem. Where are we to find *la belle Fanny*?"

"At her sister's, Mrs. Walters, she's only here on a visit; but during her five weeks' stay she has turned five dozen heads, and refused five dozen hands, my own the last," said Tom, with a groan.

"Never mind, Tom; there is balm in Gilead yet. Revenge is sweet, you know, and you shall taste its sweets before the moon wanes. Now then, Miss Fanny, the conquering hero comes!"

The two young men sallied forth into the rainy, lamp-lit streets. A passing omnibus took them to the home of the coquettish Fanny, and Tom rang the bell with vindictive emphasis.

"Won't she rather wonder to see you, after refusing you?" inquired Mr. Warden, whilst they waited.

"What do I care!" responded Mr. Maxwell, moodily; "her opinion is of no consequence to me now."

Mrs. Walters, a handsome, agreeable-looking young matron, welcomed Tom with a cordial shake of the hand, and acknowledged Mr. Warden's bow by the brightest of smiles, as they were ushered into the family parlor.

"We are quite alone, this rainy night, my sister and I," she said. "Mr. Walters is out of town for a day or two. Fanny, my dear, Mr. Warden; my sister, Miss Summers, Mr. Warden."

It was a pretty, cozy room, "curtained, and close, and warm;" and directly under the gas-light, reading a lady's magazine, sat one of the prettiest girls it had ever been Mr. Warden's good fortune to see, and who welcomed him with a brilliant smile.

"Black eyes, jetty ringlets, rosy cheeks, alabaster brow," thought Mr. Warden, taking stock; "the smile of an angel, and dressed to perfection. Poor Tom! he's to be pitied. Really, I hadn't come across anything so much to my taste this month of Sundays."

Down sat Mr. Paul Warden beside the ador-

able Fanny, plunging into conversation at once with an ease and fluency that completely took away Tom's breath. That despondent wooer on the sofa, beside Mrs. Walters, pulled dejectedly at the ears of her little black-and-tan terrier, and answered at random all the pleasant things she said to him. He was listening, poor fellow, to that brilliant flow of small talk from the mustached lips of his dashing friend, and wishing the gods had gifted him with a similar "gift of the gab," and feeling miserably jealous already. He had prepared the rack for himself with his eyes wide open; but that made the torture none the less when the machinery got in motion. Pretty Fanny snubbed him incontinently, and was just as bewitching as she knew how to his friend. It was a clear case of diamond cut diamond—two flirts pitted against each other; and an outsider would have been considerably puzzled on which to bet, both being so evenly matched.

Tom listened, and sulked; yes, sulked. What a lot of things they found to talk about, where he used to be tongue-tied. The magazine, the fashion-plates, the stories; then a wild launch into literature, novels, authors, poets; then the weather; then Mr. Warden was traveling, and relating his "hair-breadth escapes by flood and field," whilst bright-eyed Fanny listened in breathless interest. Then the open piano caught the irresistible Paul's eyes, and in a twinkling there was Fanny seated at it, her white fingers flying over the polished keys, and he bending above her with an entranced face. Then he was singing a delightful love-song in a melodious tenor voice, that might have captivated any heart that ever beat inside of lace and muslin; and then Fanny was singing a sort of response, it seemed to frantically jealous Tom; and then it was eleven o'clock, and time to go home.

Out in the open air, with the rainy night wind blowing bleakly, Tom lifted his hat to let the cold blast cool his hot face. He was sulky still, and silent—very silent; but Mr. Warden didn't seem to mind.

"So," he said, lighting a segar, "the campaign has begun, the first blow has been struck, the enemy's ramparts undermined. Upon my word, Tom, the little girl is uncommonly pretty!"

"I told you so," said Tom, with a sort of growl.

"And remarkably agreeable. I don't think I ever spent a pleasanter *tete-a-tete* evening."

"So I should judge. She had eyes, and ears, and tongue for no one but you." ?

"My dear fellow, it's not possible y jealous! Isn't that what you wanted? Besides, there is no reason, really; she is a professional flirt, and understands her business; you and I know just how much value to put on all that sweetness. Have a segar, my dear boy, and keep up your heart; we'll fix the flirting Fanny yet, please the pigs!"

This was all very true; but, somehow, it wasn't consoling. She was nothing to him, Tom, of course—and he hated her as hotly as ever; but, somehow, his thirst for vengeance had considerably cooled down. The cure was worse than the disease. It was maddening to a young man in his frame of mind to see those brilliant smiles, those entrancing glances, all those pretty, coquettish, womanly wiles that had deluded him showered upon another, even for that other's delusion. Tom wished he had never thought of revenge, at least with Paul Warden for his handsome agent.

"Are you going there again?" he asked, moodily.

"Of course," replied Mr. Warden, airily. "What a question, old fellow, from you of all people. Didn't you hear the little darling telling me to call again? She overlooked you completely, by-the-by. I'm going again, and again, and yet again, until my friend, my *fidus Achates*, is avenged."

"Ah!" said Tom, sulkily, "but I don't know that I care so much for vengeance as I did. Second thoughts are best; and it struck me, whilst I watched you both to-night, that it was mean and underhand to plot against a woman like this. You thought so yourself at first, you know."

"Did I? I forget. Well, I think differently now, my dear Tom; and as you remark, second thoughts are best. My honor is at stake; so put your conscientious scruples in your pocket, for I shall conquer the fascinating Fanny, or perish in the attempt. Here we are at my boarding-house—won't you come in? No. Well, then, good-night. By-the-way, I shall be at the enemy's quarters to-morrow evening; if you wish to see how ably I fight your battles, show yourself before nine. By-by!"

Mr. Maxwell's answer was a deeply bass growl as he plodded on his way; and Paul Warden, running up to his room, laughed lightly to himself.

"Poor Tom! Poor, dear boy! Jealousy is a green-eyed lobster, and he's a prey to it—the worst kind. Really, Paul, my son, little black eyes is the most bewitching piece of calico you have met in your travels lately; and if you

a wife, which you don't, you know, you couldn't do better than go in and win. As it is— Ah! it's a pity for the little dear's sake you can't marry."

With which Mr. Warden took his clothes off and went to bed.

Next evening, at half-past eight; Tom Maxwell made his appearance at Mrs. Walters, only to find his *fidus Achates* there enthroned before him, and basking in the sunshine of the lovely Fanny's smiles. How long he had been there Tom couldn't guess; but he and Fanny and Mrs. Walters were just settling it to go to the theatre the following night. There was a bunch of roses, pink-and-white, *his* gift, Tom felt it in his bones, in Fanny's hand, and into which she plunged her pretty little nose every five seconds with a delightful sniff. It was adding insult to injury, the manifest delight that aggravating girl felt in his friend's society; and Tom ground his teeth inwardly, and could have seen Paul Warden guillotined, there and then, with all the pleasure in life.

That evening, and many other evenings which succeeded, was but a repetition of the first. An easy flow of delightful small talk, music, singing, and reading aloud. Yes, Paul Warden read aloud, as if to goad that unhappy Tom to open madness, in the most musical of masculine voices, out of little blue-and-gold books, Tennyson, and Longfellow, and Owen Meredith; and Fanny would sit in breathless earnestness, her color coming and going, her breath fluttering, her eyes full of tears as often as not, fixed on Paul's classic profile. Tom didn't burst out openly—he made no scene; he only sat and glowered in malignant silence—and that is saying everything for his power of self-control.

Two months passed; hot weather was coming, and Fanny begun to talk of the heat and the dust of the town; of being home-sick, for the sight of green fields, and milk-cows, and strawberry-patches, and new-laid eggs, and pa and ma. It had been a very delightful two months, no doubt; and she had enjoyed Mr. Warden's society very much, and gone driving and walking with him, and let him take her to the theatre, and the opera, and played for him, and sang for him, and danced with him, and accepted his bouquets, and new music, and blue-and-gold books; but, for all that, it was evident she could leave him and go home, and still exist.

"It's all very nice," Miss Summers had said, tossing back her black ringlets; "and I have enjoyed this spring ever so much, but still I'm

glad to get home again. One grows tired of balls, and parties, and the theatre, you know, after awhile, Mr. Warden; and I'm only a little country-girl, and I shall be just as glad as ever I can be for a romp over the meadows, and a breezy gallop across the hills once more. If you or Mr. Maxwell," glancing at that gloomy youth sideways out of her curls, "care much for fishing, and come up our way any time this summer, I'll try and treat you as well as you have treated me."

"But you haven't treated us well, Miss Fanny," Mr. Warden said, looking unspeakable things. "You take our hearts by storm, and then break them ruthlessly by leaving us. What sort of treatment do you call that?"

Miss Summers only laughed, and looked saucy; and danced away, leaving her two admirers standing together out in the cold.

"Well, Tom," Mr. Warden said, "and so the game's up, the play played out, the curtain ready to fall. The star actress departs to-morrow—and now, what do you think of the performance?"

"Not much," responded Tom, moodily. "I can't see that you have kept your promise. You've made love to her, I allow, *con amour*, confoundedly as if you meant it, in fact; but I don't see where the jilting comes in; I can't see where's my revenge."

"Don't you?" said Paul, thoughtfully lighting his segar. "Well, come to think of it, I don't either. To tell you the truth, I haven't had a chance to jilt her. I may be irresistible, and I have no doubt I am, since you say so; but somehow, the charm don't seem to work with our little favorite. Here I have been for the last two months just as captivating as I know how; and yet there's that girl ready to be off to-morrow to the country, without so much as a crack in the heart that should be broken in smithereens! But still," with a sudden change of voice, and slapping him lightly on the shoulder, "dear old boy, I don't despair of giving you your revenge yet!"

Tom lifted his gloomy eyes in sullen inquiry.

"Never mind now," said Paul Warden airily; "give me a few weeks longer. Long as I am, I have never failed yet in anything; I ever seriously undertook; and, upon my word, I'm more serious about this matter than you might believe! Trust to your friend, and wait!"

That was all Mr. Warden would deign to say.

Tom, not being able to do otherwise, took his

at his word, dragged out existence, and waited for his cherished revenge.

Miss Summers left town next day, and Tom, poor, miserable fellow! felt as if the sun had ceased to shine, and the scheme of the universe become a wretched failure, when he caught the last glimmer of the lustrous black eyes, the last flutter of the pretty black curls. But his Damon was by his side to slap him on the back and cheer him up.

"Courage, old fellow!" cried Mr. Warden; "all's not lost that's in danger. Turn and turn about; your turn next!"

But, somehow, Tom didn't care for revenge any more. He loved that wicked, jilting little Fanny as much as ever; and the heartache only grew worse day after day; but he ceased to desire vengeance. He settled down into a kind of gentle melancholy, lost his appetite, and his relish for Tom and Jerrys, and took to writing despondent poetry for the weekly journals. In this state Mr. Warden left him, and suddenly disappeared from town. Tom didn't know where he had gone, and his landlady didn't know; and stranger still, his bootmaker and tailor, to whom he was considerably in arrears, didn't know either. But they were soon enlightened.

Five weeks after his mysterious disappearance came a letter and a newspaper, in his familiar hand, to Tom, whilst he sat at breakfast. He opened the letter first and read:

"IN THE COUNTRY.

"DEAR OLD BOY—I have kept my word—you are avenged gloriously. Fanny will never jilt you, nor any one else, again!"

At this passage in the manuscript, Tom Maxwell laid it down, the cold perspiration breaking out on his face. Had Paul Warden murdered

her, or worse, had he married her? With a desperate clutch Tom seized the paper, tore it open, looked at the list of marriages, and saw his worst fears realized. There it was, in printers' ink, the atrocious revelation of his bosom friend's perfidy.

"Married, on the fifth inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Paul Warden, Esq., of C—, to Miss Fanny Summers, second daughter of Mr. John Summers, of this town."

There it was. Tom didn't faint; he swallowed a scalding cup of coffee at a gulp, and revived, seized the letter and finished it.

"You see, old fellow, paradoxical as it sounds, although I was the conqueror, I was, also, the conquered. Fanny had fallen in love with me, as you foresaw, but I had fallen in love with her also, which you didn't foresee! I might jilt her, of course, but that would be cutting off my own nose to spite my friend's face; and so—and so I didn't! I did the next best thing for you, though, to jilting her—I married her; and I may mention, in parenthesis, I am the happiest of mankind; and as Artemus Ward remarks, 'My wife says so too.'

"Adieu, my boy. We'll come to town next week, where Fan and I will be delighted to have you call. With best regards from my dear little wife, I am, old fellow,

"Your devoted friend,

"PAUL WARDEN."

Mr. and Mrs. Warden *did* come to town next week; but Mr. Maxwell didn't call. In short, he hasn't called since, and doesn't intend to, and has given his friend Paul the "cut direct." And that is how Paul Warden got a wife, and Tom Maxwell his REVENGE!

LOST IN THE SNOW

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

Lost in the snow! The wild winds blow;
And o'er the woodlands, to and fro,
The flakes in whirling eddies go:
Deep in the drift she lieth low,
Lost in the snow.

The homestead fires at Christmas glow;
And home her happy sisters go,
With happy babes—she shall not know
That dear old home of long ago!
Lost in the snow.

Once she was pure as they, but lo!
The tempter came. From years of woe
And shame, Death brings her, blessed foe!
Such sweet release as few shall know,
Lost in the snow.

The Christmas bells all merry go;
The Christmas fires they leap and glow;
But not for her. Wail sad and slow
Ye winds! the wanderer lieth low,
Lost in the snow.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH."

MARY GENIN folded the quilt over the baby's crib, and took up her sewing again. When Joe was a baby, she used to linger over his cradle, kissing his soft cheek with tears in her eyes, and a prayer in her heart. But there had been three or four babies since then. She hurried them off to bed, and went back to her work, glad the nuisances were at rest.

It was Christmas-eve; the hail beat sharply against the windows, the fire burned fiercely, as it only does in frosty weather. She had baked cakes, and bought a turkey for the next day's dinner. There was a little gift for each of the children, too, and a dressing-gown for George, to buy which she had saved money for months before. They were all folded, and laid neatly away.

But she had made no holiday out of the matter for the little ones. How could she? She had been silent, or when she spoke, testy with them all day; her strength was barely enough to keep her from a fit of hysterical weeping. She doubted whether this matter of Christmas was not a childish way of wasting money, after all, unworthy of grown-up men and women. Still—

George and she had been very like children when they were married; there never was a home which was so full of light-hearted affection and merriment as theirs. Had it been her fault that the home grew empty and bare; scant of carpets, of food, of furniture; scant of laughter, of the little jests that keep a purer warmth than sunshine in a house; that George's face contracted, with a morose droop in the corners of his mouth, and her own sharpened like those of the eager, hungry women whom she saw cheapening joints of meat at the butchers' stalls? The old, old story of want of money, and debt creeping-in. Genin was, by profession, a civil engineer; but it was four years since he had held any better position than that of chain-bearer, in his business, walking alongside of Jerry Toole, who had carried a hod before he got into this work. But what could he do? He had no influence; had come to this town in Ohio a stranger, and appointments on railroad-staffs, like kissing, assuredly go by favor.

He saw boys, without a knowledge of even

the rudiments of the business, set over his head. It was no wonder that he came home soured and silent. But there was no help for it. Yesterday he had met old John Huff, who had known him when he was on the Baltimore and Ohio road. That was a bitter pill to swallow! Huff was riding out with the president of this new road, which they were projecting to Cincinnati; and when they came up abreast to Genin, had reined up his horse suddenly.

"Why, Genin! How goes this? Chain-bearer? Men usually go up in our profession, not down. Shame! shame!" and then rode on.

Mary had drawn the whole story out of George at night. He tried to joke about it; but she saw he was cut to the quick.

"It must be that there is nothing in me, Mary," he said, dully. "Other men can work their way;" and fell into the usual moody silence, in which he spent the evenings; when she brought the matter up again, telling her he had enough of it, to let it go. She did not believe that he even once remembered that it was Christmas-eve. After supper he went out, swearing at the noise of the children.

Mary got up after awhile and looked out. There were carriages rolling past to the ball which the Hunts' gave to-night. All the hacks from Tyson's stables were engaged. She caught sight of the face of a lady in one, and her heart gave a sudden throb, and stood still. It was a round, pleasant face, not unlike her own; but the fair hair was dressed with pearls, and the white shoulders rose out of a drapery of blue satin and lace.

It was not the difference between them that made Mary's eyes grow blind for a moment, as she walked back to the fire-place. But she had a tender, unreasonable heart—poor Mary Genin; and that was her sister, the little Jennie, who had been left with her to fight the world as best they could—two orphans together. They had taught, had colored photographs, had half-starved, and been wholly happy and gay together for years. Now, she saw that Jennie turned her face away, fearing, perhaps, that she might "see Mary or her hungry brood."

Oh! the old times! The old times! Mary

stretched out her arms with an uncontrollable longing for the little girl who had slept in her bosom so long. For the moment she seemed dearer than George or the children, because she had lost her—she had lost her, forever!

Jennie had begun to go from her after she married Corgill. He was a middle-aged, shrewd, money-making man, and barely concealed his contempt for his unsuccessful brother-in-law; a contempt deepened by the galling consciousness that Genin's brain and nature were as incomprehensible to him as a writing in a dead tongue.

"It is the iron-pitcher," Mary thought, bitterly, "that swells and floats in the middle of the stream. It is the porcelain that drifts among the weeds on shore, and is broken."

But Jennie? There had been a day when the pretty, light-hearted girl knew no better allegiance than that to her sister and brother. She used, in her girlish enthusiasm, to call George Genin, in his flannel shirt and muddy trousers, "the gentlest gentleman God ever made in his image." But, after she married Corgill— There was the house and lot which her grandfather left to "his beloved child, Mary." Jennie never forgave that. The house and lot were eaten up long ago; but Jennie's love was gone. The little plaything sister, or the warm, quick-spoken, loving woman, were strangers to Mary and George henceforth.

It seemed to her, on that Christmas-eve, that others than Jennie were strangers to her. Her children were growing apart from her; they were burdens to be borne, cares to be struggled with. She no longer crept into her husband's breast with a sense of absolute security and trust. She never knelt down at night now, utterly silent, because her life was so unspeakably blessed, because her husband's arm was about her as she knelt; because her children slept beside her; because the face of her Master was so real and so near. That was all over now. Or had it all been a delusion? Was it because her eyes were clearer, that she could see things as they were? That she could perceive how ill-tempered George really was; how greedy Jennie had always been; how her children were fretful and she overlooked, and God an unpitying task-master?

She stirred the fire, and walked again to the window. The night was cold, with brilliant starlight in the dark blue above, the streets quiet. In the next house they were singing—a choir practicing, she thought. The voices were young and jubilant. It was a Christmas carol; she could hear the refrain:

"God rest you, little children; let nothing you affright;
For Christ, the Child of Bethlehem, was born this happy night."

It seemed as empty of meaning to her in her present mood as the beating of a cymbal. What had the Christ-child to do with a world so soured and greedy, and worn-out as the one about her?

"There shall be one fold and one Shepherd." That was a word which long ago seemed full of fresh hope, of infinite comfort. But the fold, doubtless, included a few elect—of them the shepherd had care. But of these work-day hearts, of people so anxious and grasping; people whose daily lives were filled with thoughts of making or stretching out a few dollars and cents—they were very far outside of the fold, surely.

She sat down and took up her sewing again. But her eyes were heavy; if she had been younger, there would have been tears to soften the dry burning; but she only closed them a moment. She thought she must have dozed, for she did not hear her husband enter; and when she looked up, he was standing beside her, with his hat on; the sullen gloom had left his face, and instead, was an eager, anxious look, that started her.

"What is the matter, George?" starting up.

"Nothing, I hope. Be calm, Mary," touching her forehead with a tenderness which he had not shown for many a long day.

"All the children well?"

"Yes; only Phil. It is his teeth, I suppose. He has had fever all day."

She gave an impatient look to the little crib. Of all her children, this baby was the most wearisome and trying. He gave a weak little cry that moment.

He held her as she was going to him.

"One moment, dear; I have something to tell you. The fever—the black erysipelas, some call it; they have had it in Cairo."

"I know—go on."

"It is here—there have been ten deaths to-night. I thought of Phil—"

She was at the crib, had the baby in her arms under the gas. Genin turned down the little slips from its throat and chest. One, two light purple marks, as if Death had put his fingers on him. She neither cried nor spoke, sunk down into a chair, gathering the baby up into her breast, staring straight at the wall beyond. She heard George's voice—something about, "God help them!"

"Why do you stand there?" she cried, shrilly. "Is my child to die before my face? What shall I do for him, George?"

"I told Pomfret to come as I passed; but it is too late, Mary."

She heard the bell pulled, and a broad, kindly face was bent near hers; and strong hands took the baby down, and laid it in its crib.

"It will be more comfortable so, Mrs. Genin. I am afraid that is all I can do. This room needs air." He opened the window, and in a moment after she saw him, with the other two children in his arms, going up stairs, followed by the girl, Ann.

She heard and saw with a strange acuteness, as if the deathly sickness at her heart had sharpened every sense. She even noted Ann's white face and chattering jaws.

"It's ketchin'! I know it, doctor! But I'll not lave. She's been kind to me, Mrs. Genin has. I'll not lave her when the hand ov God is comin' on her."

This was the girl whom she had rated to George as a liar and a thief.

When the doctor came down, and had given the baby his medicine, she saw George beckon him to the other side of the room. He was sitting on the sofa; had not come near her, to the baby, nor spoken.

She turned and looked at him. Pomfret was stooping over him, pressing his finger on his forehead with a troubled face.

"Is it so, doctor?"

The old man nodded, without speaking.

"George!"

"It is the fever, Mary; I have not been well all day."

All that night she neither cried nor wept; her lips were dry and glued together, so that she scarcely could speak when she wished. There was little for her to do; Phil lay quite still, breathing faintly in his crib. She could hold George's head up to her breast, and look into the strangely-changing face. He tried to speak, now and then muttering that it "would all be right—he would be about to-morrow."

She saw the torn drawers and ragged shirt as she helped him to undress. She had allowed him to wear them all the winter; when he grew ill-tempered, she had become careless of his comfort. She saw now how he had even suffered from the cold without complaining.

She sobbed out how she loved him, how she would be a different wife to him now—now—

One of his old boyish smiles came on to the stiffening lips. "Why, God bless you, Mary, how could you be better? It is I that have given you worry. I've been run down lately, with that heavy work. When I get about again I'll——"

And then he slept, with the stertorous breathing growing heavier, and the face more discolored; the purple stain creeping up—up.

Whatever worry or work he had given her would be ended that night. She knew now from his feverish talk, how he had struggled to make money for her and the children, the humiliations he had undergone; the work done in over-hours; the clothes, books, little treasures of his bachelor days pawned or sold; the worn-out body and fretted soul—she understood it all now. She remembered when he came home at night how quick she had been to take offence; how sharply she had watched for and answered surly words or jaded looks—she understood it all, now when it was too late.

When the morning dawned, little Phil lay in his crib, no longer moaning. When she looked at him her breast throbbed and burned—but his lips would never touch it again; the dry, burning little mouth, which had made her fretful and impatient.

Yet she scarcely heeded it. She heard the doctor talk to Ann outside; Joe was sick upstairs. What did it matter? They were all going—she would be left alone. There had been deaths all through the town, he said; some of the guests at the ball had been taken home to die; among them, her sister.

"What does it matter?" she said to him.

"Look here!"

If, at the last, he had but given one look of the old happy time. If he had kissed her—smiled; given ever so slight a sign that, in passing into that other world, he had gone back for the moment and remembered their old love and their old content, it would have been a strange comfort to her.

But he muttered to the last about a debt he owed for rent; and that this chain was too much for him to carry; that his strength was going day by day, and then what would Mary and the children do? And it was with a tired sigh he drew the last breath on her breast, and at last lay dead, and rested.

Two weeks afterward, and Mary Genin crept along the country road to the low, stone wall about the town grave-yard. She held her little girl by the hand—the one child that was left to her. It was a clear, cloudless, frozen day; the hard, brown ground covered with a thin veil of snow, and the sky a soft, filmy gray, into which the eye could find, or fancy it found, immeasurable depths, quiet and still.

Along the low wall grew thick bushes, full of thorns, yet hiding in the sheltered recesses green leaves, even now, late in the winter.

There was pale, December grass over all the graves, and a few cedar and arbor-vitæ trees here and there, on whose dark-green branches the snow lay in starry drifts.

She sat down on the lower of the stone-steps, little Nelly beside her. Her life seemed to have come to a stop here—its truth and meaning grew clear to her as if she, too, were dead, and looked back out of some other world at it.

It was very quiet; the child grew drowsy in the still, cold air, and fell asleep. She looked all over the square-walled grave-yard, with the snow like a transparent sheet over it; and then here, close at hand— The snow mattered so little, or the heaped wet clay, or the coffin-lids! She could see them underneath there, all with hands folded on their breasts, and still feet, and the faces to the sky, which did not turn to look at her. She came there day after day, and saw them in that piteous, dumb rest, side by side, from which they should never look or speak to her. Side by side, the baby and Joe, and her sister Jennie, and the one at her feet, whom she did not name.

Their faces were the same as they had been here; there was the anxiety, the greed, the peevish tempers.

But she looked up, and into the pearly depths overhead. She could not look through them as through the snow and clay. But she knew that beyond there was, somewhere, the one fold and the one Shepherd; that the angers and selfish taints had been left in the graves with these bodies, and that yonder they were together, pure and loving—she, outside. And the door was shut.

She was so full of sin, of unclean, selfish impatience—they so pure and so far away. If they had known before they went away how she loved them! She threw herself on this grave nearest her with a mad hunger to see his face, to speak but one word to him. If he had but known how she loved him!

There was a soft, clear sound of music, voices singing an old familiar air of a Christmas carol. She raised her head up from the snow. Its cold clamminess was about her face and neck, and a heavy feeling like sleep. The cold, gray depths, the frosty bushes, the white graves shimmered unsteadily like the colors of dissolving pictures; and instead there was a heaped red fire, a shaded lamp, and Phil, in his little night-gown, in the midst of a billowy mass of blue satin and lace.

Mary staggered to her feet, with one hand on the table.

"Jennie?"

The blue, and lace, and pearls took shape by that time, and there was a pleasant face in the midst of golden curls—a smiling face, on which there were tears not yet dried.

"Yes, it is Jennie. I found you asleep, Mary, so I turned nurse for Master Phil here."

Mary said nothing. She could not come back at once from the Valley of Death to common-places; her sunken eyes turned from her sister to the baby, to the children in their little trundle-bed in the other room. Jennie laid down Master Phil on the rug. She put her warm, soft arms about Mary's neck, and leaned her cheek to hers. It was an old comforting habit she had long ago, one of the thousand winning tricks of which the girl was full.

"You're worn-out, sis," she said, "over-worked. It is this great monster of a baby here. He's cutting teeth? Of course, babies—" Then she stopped her meaningless chatter, choked, and drawing back a step, looked at Mary, her eyes growing darker and wet.

"It is Christmas-eve, sister. May I come back to you?"

Mary kissed her; then she fell into a stifled, hysterical weeping; then she kissed her again, and with the baby in her arms carried Jennie off to the back room, and pulled Joe and Nelly out of their sleep to kiss, and cry, and laugh over them; to show them to their aunt, to sob over them, and say it was Christmas-eve; and did they know she loved them; and did they know how far away they had been from her to-night; while the children looked half terrified at her, and the fair, stately lady beside her, and began to cry.

The old fretful cry; but never was music so sweet.

Jennie looked on a little scared, like the children.

"I did not think it would touch you so much to see me," she said. "I have been meaning to come for a long time."

"No matter; you are here now," and Mary, looked up smiling, as she loosened her hair for Phil to pull.

"But it does matter," with a slight contraction of her brow, not meaning to be thwarted in her determination to go down in the dust.

"I've been hard and cruel to you, Mary. I knew you were toiling, and George doing a hodman's work, and I had ease and plenty. It was that house and lot that soured me. I thought grandfather was unjust, and I wreaked my spite on you. I tell you, Mary, I was growing into a miser—yes, you need not laugh. I can see the very lines of uncle Perrin's face

coming out on mine," passing her white finger over the blushing, soft countenance.

"What opened your eyes to it, Jennie?"

Jennie's blushes were gone; the pouting lips closed straight and pale. "I think it was my baby's death that changed me," she said, in a whisper.

Mary took her hand in one of hers. But with the other she pressed Phil's bald little head into her breast.

"Money is worth so little. I saw it then. Love is all there is worth living for. But I could not come to you then. There were reasons——" she stopped, flushing again.

"But to-night is Christmas-eve," said Mary, softly.

"Yes, to-night is Christmas-eve. I drove past to-night, and saw your tired, thin face at the window. I was so home-sick for you and George, dear. I said I must come, and I did. He, Mr. Corgill, will be here for me presently."

"I will be glad to see him," said Mary, stiffly. "Now lie down, children; but keep awake. Papa will be in directly, and he will want to see that you are here;" and then she stopped with a chill and a smile. "They had not been lost to him. He had seen no graves under the veiling snow."

Jennie could scarcely understand the still light in her sister's face as she put the baby to sleep, and then stirred the fire, and folded away her work, making ready for George to come home.

"Your little parlor has so cozy, homelike an air, sis. No, let the crib stand by the fire. I want Mr. Corgill to see it. He was very fond of our boy. He is not so bad a man as you think," shaking her head gravely as she looked in the fire.

When the room was in order, Mary sat down and waited. There was a sick tightening, as it were, of the girths about her heart. Should she never hear the step at the door, never see the dear face? It was as if years of awful pain had yawned between them; as if that night in which his dying face lay on her breast, and the grave yonder, in the square little cemetery, were realities. She looked at Jennie, home again; at the two curly little heads in the other room, at the baby. But she had not breath to thank God, not until she had seen him once more.

At last there came a step—the footsteps of two men, a laugh, the turn of the key in the front door, and George's voice in the hall.

"Walk into this room one moment, colonel, until I find my wife."

George's voice, clear, ringing, boyish, as it had not been for years! George's face at the door, with the shadow and weight of ten years fallen off from it, forever!

"Mary—— God bless me, Jennie! How are you, dear girl?" kissing her white forehead, and passing over, after the fashion of men, the hundred little slights and quarrels that had lain between her and her sister.

She had stolen up beside him and put her hand on his.

"Mary, a happy Christmas. Why, little mother, what ails you?" stooping to kiss the closed lids from which the tears began to steal.

Long ago, when their first baby was born, he used to call her that; but never since.

"Don't heed us, Jennie. We're old married folks, you know," holding his wife's head closer in his arms.

What was the matter with George? His breath came quick, she felt his heart throb full and fast; there was a tender light in his eyes, which she had not seen since their old courting days.

"Oh! wife! wife!" he whispered, "daylight has come to us at last!"

But before he could say more, there was a fresh bustle and arrival in the hall.

"It is my husband, George," said Jennie, nervously.

"That is right. Christmas-eve, of course," heartily. "There is another old friend, Mary, in the study. Huff, you know, whom we knew in Cumberland. I will bring them in."

George was his old genial, hospitable self. But Mary was a woman; she could not help but notice how stout, pompous Mr. Corgill, who came to patronize, was discomfited by her husband's simple, cordial manner; was cowed by the presence of the old colonel, just then the great man of the village, and perplexed beyond endurance by his eager greeting of Mary, and familiarity with their old lives.

"I did not know you had acquaintances in our little burgh," said Jennie's husband, resting his hands on his two fat knees, and addressing the fussy little colonel.

"Acquaintances? A dozen, sir. But friends! Only Genin and his good wife here. I knew them when they were first married. I knew George in petticoats, sir. Old John Huff was a poor boy once, and might have remained so but for this young man's father. I am not ashamed to acknowledge any debt I owe."

Corgill was silent.

"But what astonishes me, sir," said Huff, in his deep bass, which, somehow, put you in mind

of good dinners and hearty living. "What astonishes me is, that a man of genius, capacity, should have been allowed to remain unemployed in this community. You have poor discernment in appreciating your own needs, and what will fill them!"

"Our profession is the one in which a man most easily loses step, and regains it with most difficulty," said Genin.

"Well, George, my boy, you have your place now, and I trust to you to keep it. Mr. Genin is to have the conduct of the road of which I am president," he said to Corgill, who made haste to shake hands and congratulate his brother-in-law; for he was, as his wife said, not so bad a man as they thought, though success was, of all the virtues, the one which he most revered. Jennie came with her little gush of delight, very bright blushes and smiles chasing themselves over her face; but there was something which pleased old John Huff more in the look which George Genin gave to his wife, in her sudden start, and the warm glow that mounted slowly over her thin face.

"It's from the heart, that is," thought the old man; "and a tired heart, with the courage nearly wrung out of it, I suspect. Thank God, I've done some good this blessed Christmas."

"I'd like you to dine to-morrow with us, colonel," said George, as they rose to depart.

"And I would like to come. It is not the first Christmas-dinner I have taken in your house, boy."

"Shall we make it a family party? Will you let us in?" said Corgill, holding out both hands to the man who had been at last weighed in his scales, and not found wanting.

So at last, with hearty good wishes and jokes, and whiffs of the cold air let in by degrees, they were outside the door, and gone.

"An' they'll be back to-morrow, ma'am?" said Ann, as she turned the key. "I'm thankful the turkey is such a monster; an' I'll give you me word it'll be done to a turn. I'm glad they'll be back. It's Christmas-day that brings us all together."

They were alone at last, his arm about her, her head on its old resting-place, the long-ago smile on his face, grave and tender.

"God has been good to us, little mother," he said.

Then, after awhile, she told of her dream; of all the doubts and pain that went before—doubts of herself, of him, of God.

He listened in silence, stroking her thin hand caressingly in his.

"But it has taught me to look forward to one thing, George," she said. "To the day when you and Jennie, and the children and I, shall leave our every day faults and little vexatious ways, there in the graves; just slip them off with our bodies, and go yonder to be with Him, and pure and unselfish as He."

George was silent a long time.

"I do not know, little mother," he said, hesitatingly, at last.

"I am not wise as you are about these things. But it always seemed to me as if He," bending his head and lowering his voice, "did not wait for us to slip off our impure bodies, or our faults, to claim us as His. And if you could see as He does that I, with my hasty temper, and Jennie with her taint of covetousness, and the children with their faults, (if they have any, God bless them!) were now in the one fold, with the one Shepherd to pity and help us, it might make life plainer."

"I do see, George," she said, after a little while, in a whisper.

Presently came the last notes of the singers in the distance without. It was the Christmas carol again.

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you affright: For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born this Christmas night.

Now all your sorrows he will heal; your sins will take away;

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born this Christmas-day."

The sounds died away in the starlight and cold—and there was a long silence.

"One fold and one Shepherd," he said, softly; "and it is Christmas-day that brings them together."

"NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN."

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

"No rose," I said, "my pretty Rose,
Without a thorn, you see."

She gayly cried, "If I'm your Rose,
Pray, give the thorn to me."

I closer drew; she, pitying, looked;
Then blushed, and took my wrist;

And drew the thorn: our glances met;
And then, and then—we kissed!

'Twas thus we loved, and still have loved,
Through years of wedded bliss.

But never was there glance like that,
And never such a kiss.

LITTLE PANSY.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES

A MID-WINTER afternoon, the sky gray and lowering, and the snow coming down in thick, feathery showers. Little Pansy stood, tip-toe, on the crimson-velvet ottoman, looking out at the lofty, three-story window, and listening to the wailing voice of the wind, as it went sweeping down the streets, and round the corners, whirling the newly-fallen snow before it in great blinding drifts. All at once a bright idea popped into her curly head, so bright, it made her blue eyes dance and flash like stars. If she could only raise the window, and catch just a few of the descending snow-flakes. She had been begging for snow all the morning; but nurse said it would give her the croup. She was not afraid of the croup, though, only naughty girls had that. Her little, rosy mouth fairly watered in anticipation, as she gazed out from the close, overheated chamber at the light, cool drifts that floated past her. With all her might she began to work away at the heavy sash, and after a few moments of vigorous effort it actually slid upward, leaving an aperture barely large enough to give egress to her golden head.

Little Pansy stood quite still for a moment, breathless with delight at her unexpected success; then, bounding from the ottoman, she made two or three dancing circuits round the room, by way of manifesting her joy; after which she settled herself down on the velvet cushion, and, extending both dimpled hands, proceeded to capture the flying snow-flakes, and convey them to her mouth with a rapidity that was really astonishing. Presently, however, the tinkle of the door-bell startled her, and peering down from her lofty height, she saw, dimly defined in the white mist, the figure of a little boy standing on the granite steps, with a large bundle in his arms. Just at the same instant she also saw her aunt's sumptuous carriage dash up to the door, and her aunt herself come out, all furred and robed for a drive.

"Please, madam, here's your work mother has sent home."

Mrs. Ross, just on the point of stepping into her waiting carriage, paused an instant as the childish voice fell on her ear.

"Oh, yes!" turning and looking down upon the shivering, poorly-clad boy. "I'm very glad it is done; I'm just in want of those linen cam-

bric handkerchiefs. Say to her that I'll send round another parcel to-morrow. Here, James," as a serving-man appeared in the door-way in answer to her ring, "have this sent up to my chamber."

The servant took the bundle from the boy's arms, and Mrs. Ross stepped into her carriage. The child waited an instant, with a look of eager expectation on his face, and then he rushed round to the carriage-window.

"The money, if you please, madam," he said. "Mother told me to ask you to be good enough to pay her now—she is sick, and wants it."

"Oh! I haven't a cent of change about me; and I'm just starting out to have some dresses cut. I'll send it round to-morrow. Drive on, Howard!"

The boy grasped the framing of the window, holding on with all his might.

"Madam, madam!" his voice shrill with agony, "don't refuse me—please, pay me now. My mother is sick; and sister Violet is dying, she thinks; and we haven't a stick of wood, or a morsel of bread!"

But the driver cracked his silver-mounted whip, the restive horses made a bound, and the carriage went whirling round the corner, leaving the boy gazing after it in a stupor of grief and disappointment. After a moment or two, manly little fellow that he was, he sunk down on the snowy steps, sobbing as if his heart would break.

From her lofty outlook, little Pansy had witnessed the entire scene; and now, forgetful of her snow-flakes, she bent far out, her golden hair whitened, her blue eyes blind with quick, warm tears, as she looked down upon the little boy weeping so bitterly in his disappointment. But all at once her tears changed to smiles, and, drawing in her head, she bounded from her perch, and darted into a small ante-room, where her dolls and play-house were kept. Amid other childish treasures, she had a purse woven of glittering beads, containing, besides a handful of silver coin, a broad piece of gold. Her father, Capt. Ross, had given it to her for a birth-day gift, the last time his ship was in; and Pansy, being something of a little miser, had kept it all this while. She snatched it up now, all in a tremor of eagerness.

"Here, little boy," she cried, rushing back.

and thrusting her head out at the window, "don't cry any more—I've got something for you. Take this, it will buy your mother lots o' wood and bread."

Down went the gleaming purse, striking the pavement with a sharp thud; and before the astonished boy could pick it up, the silvery, childish voice broke out again,

"Here's something else, too," she went on, tugging with both hands at a glittering necklace that encircled her dimpled throat. "It cost lots o' money, papa says; and you can sell it, you know, and get your mother and sister all they want. Oh! it won't come undone! There, now," as a harder tug tore asunder the jeweled clasp; "it's off now. Pick 'em both up, and run home as hard as you can, that's a good boy."

The child obeyed her, gathering up the beaded purse, and the flashing jewel, and fully believing, in his wondering simplicity, as he looked up at the rosy, dimpled face, with its shining eyes and golden hair, that the heavens had opened, and one of God's own angels had come to help him. Pansy, seeing his face brighten so, clapped her hands gleefully, urging him to run home to his mother; and when he darted off down the snowy street, she watched him out of sight; and then went back to her own enjoyment of catching snow-flakes, doubly happy in the consciousness of the good deed she had done, and in her knowledge of her aunt's absence, which would secure her from interruption.

In the meantime, with the bright treasures hidden in his bosom, the little boy threaded his way through the obscure streets and squalid alleys, climbing at last to a comfortless room on the third floor of an old tenement-house.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, bursting in at the door-way. "I've seen an angel, mother—indeed I have. Mrs. Ross wouldn't pay me for the work; but I saw an angel, and she gave me these."

Mrs. Lynn took the bead-purse, and the costly necklace from her son's hands; then, by degrees, she drew the whole story from him, and smiling and smoothing back his hair, she said,

"Yes, Archie, an angel, no doubt—a dear, kind, little girl. God bless her! I knew her mother well. Pansy Ross—here's her name on the clasp of the necklace. Pansy Ross was a sweet girl—she and I were school-mates once; no doubt her little daughter is like her. But we mustn't keep these things, Archie; it would not be right—the little girl's aunt might not

like it, you know. You must take them back as soon as Mrs. Ross returns from her drive."

Archie looked sorely disappointed, but he was a boy who held his mother's word as law; and on the self-same afternoon, just before nightfall, he went back to the fashionable Fifth Avenue mansion, carrying little Pansy's gifts.

Mrs. Ross sat in her luxurious apartment when the boy was shown up; and as she read his mother's note explaining the matter, the usually haughty expression of her face gave place to genuine astonishment. Pansy was summoned, and stood before the bar a culprit by her own confession.

"Yes, ma'am, I give 'em to him," she replied, her blue eyes blazing up in defiance; "and I want him to keep 'em, too—they're mine, auntie; my papa give 'em to me."

Mrs. Ross looked angry. Pansy was only the child of her husband's brother, and no favorite with the lady, though she had received her into her household when the little things mother died.

"Not to throw away on beggars, I presume," she replied, severely, running the glittering necklace through her white fingers. "This belonged to your mother, and is worth a little fortune."

"Then I shall give him the money," continued Pansy, stoutly; "that's my own."

"I've nothing to say to that," her aunt replied, turning again to the pages of her novel; "you can do as you please. I oughtn't to interfere about the necklace, since your father is so foolishly indulgent as to wish you to wear it. However, you can have your own way, you and him, too; you'll find yourself penniless in good time—and, mind you, don't come to me for help."

"No, I shan't. I'll help myself," retorted Pansy, spitefully.

Then seizing the purse, she followed Archie out into the hall.

"Stop, little boy," she called; "this is my own, and you *shall* have it. My papa's got lots o' money—take this and welcome, for your mother."

The boy turned from her with flushing cheeks. "I'm not a beggar," he said; "I don't want it."

"Oh! I know you're not!" Pansy cried, eagerly. "Don't mind what auntie says—she's a scratch-cat, anyhow; papa don't like her. But I want you to have it," she continued, extending the purse toward him, while her rosy mouth quivered, and her eyes filled with tears. "Please, take it, little boy."

Thus urged, Archie could not refuse. He received the pretty bead concern from the dimpled hand that held it; and then, for a moment or two, the two children stood regarding each other in silence.

"I'll pay you back when I'm a man," Archie said, at last. "My name's Archie Lynn. What's yours?"

"Pansy Ross!"

"Well, I won't forget. You shall have your money back some day; and I'll put it in this very purse, too. Good-by, and thank you a thousand times, little Pansy."

Pansy held out both her hands; and then she followed him down to the hall-door.

"Is your sister little, like me?" she called, as he was about going out.

"Yes," said Archie, looking back; "smaller than you."

"Is she too sick to play with dolls? Would my big one, with the glass eyes, do her any good?"

Archie's face fairly glowed at the bare thought of what such a treasure would be to poor, pale little Violet.

"She's fond o' dolls," he said; "but she's only got some rag ones."

Pansy's golden head went up the grand stairway like a flash of sunlight; and the next instant she was down again, with the great doll in her arms.

"Here," she said, breathlessly, crowding it into the lad's arms, "take it to your little sister. I don't want it—I've got crowds besides."

"Oh, Pansy! what a dear little girl you are," he cried, half frantic with delight. "Oh! how beautiful! Just like a queen! Poor little Violet will be so glad."

Pansy danced up and down on the steps, until her golden curls fairly scintillated.

"Run home now," she said, "run home as fast as you can, and let her see it quick!"

And Archie ran at the top of his speed, the happiest boy in all that peopled city.

Fifteen years after, and on just such another mid-winter afternoon, this self-same Archie Lynn, now grown to a tall, bearded man, sat behind his counter in one of the fashionable jewelry establishments of a large city. Many a change had crossed his path since those early days, when he and his mother lived and toiled in the comfortless garret of the old tenement-house; and seeing him now, the refined and polished gentleman, the wealthy and famous lapidary, it seemed almost impossible to believe him the same little lad who sat, sobbing,

on the door-step of Mrs. Ross' fashionable dwelling that snowy morning. Yet he is one and the same; and it is only by the untiring efforts of his own strong hands and brave heart that he has worked himself up from poverty and obscurity to his present enviable position.

All ascending bodies require an impetus, or force of some kind to carry them up; little Pansy gave Archie Lynn his. From that evening, when she dropped down her gifts with such a pitying face, he was not the same lad. Her money enabled his mother to move into better quarters; and then the boy went to work with a determination that was absolutely heroic. "I'll win my way up as high as any one; I'll pay little Pansy her money yet."

He had succeeded in this first resolve—he was high enough up even for his soaring ambition; but although the little bead-purse, with her simple, pretty name engraved on its clasp, was filled to its utmost capacity, little Pansy had never been found. She seemed to have died out of his life like the sweet blossom she was, leaving a void that nothing else could ever fill. Still he went on working, and hoarding up every dollar he could spare to pay little Pansy. While other young men squandered their money and wasted their time, he was growing rich and renowned; and all for this one object—for little Pansy's sake.

But now, his mother and poor little Violet having gone to their long home, he was left utterly alone, without kith or kindred on all the face of the earth. Of what avail were his fair prospects, his handsome fortune? Time and again he made up his mind to go out into the world of beauty and fashion, and woo and win him a wife to brighten and cheer his solitary home; but as often as he essayed the attempt, that little rosy face, set in its framework of sunny curls, seemed looking down upon him, just as it did from the lofty window, that wintry afternoon; and he turned from beautiful women, who would have been glad of his favor, and went on with his old task, working for little Pansy's sake. The boy's dream had grown into the man's hope and inspiration.

Sitting there that chill, December afternoon, and looking out upon the dreary streets, just beginning to grow white beneath a rapid fall of snow, old memories came crowding back upon him—memories of his mother, of Violet, and of darling, little Pansy. Her very name seemed to call up a dreamy and delicious fragrance. Very soon his foolish heart was in his mouth, and his eyes blinded by tears—so blinded that he did not see the customer who

entered. She approached the counter, shaking the snow from her veil and cloak. Archer Lynn sprang to his feet, dashing the silly tears from his eyes.

"Will you please look over these, sir," she said, speaking in a voice of dulcet sweetness, as she deposited a small jewel-case on the counter; "I wish to dispose of them, and would like to know their value."

Mr. Lynn opened the case, and proceeded to examine the articles it contained. A pretty enameled watch, a heavy chain, a set of old-fashioned diamonds, then a lot of turquois and jet, and a necklace. But it fell from his trembling fingers, and he looked up with a quick start of surprise. But the girl did not notice him; she was gazing out at the drifting snow-flakes, with a sad expression in her lovely blue eyes.

Archer Lynn took up the necklace and examined it closely, reading the name, "Pansy Ross," engraved on the clasp; and then, as his eyes rested on the young girl's unconscious face, he shook and trembled with emotion. But she turned toward him soon, and he withdrew his gaze from her face, and seemed to be wholly intent on making an estimate of the value of the jewels.

"Well, sir," she questioned, at last, "what do you think they are worth?"

"They are fine gems—good stones, all of them; but I don't think I can pay you more than three thousand dollars for the whole lot."

She gave a quick, glad glance into his face—a glance that thrilled the young man's heart with keenest delight.

"Oh, sir!" she said, timidly, "I didn't expect to get half that much; but I am so glad, I can keep the necklace now—it belonged to my mother, and it pains me to part from it. Please deduct its value, and take the others."

The young man obeyed her, and then drew a draft on one of the city banks for the money.

"This is payable at sight, I suppose," she said, turning toward the door; "I must have the money to-night."

"Tis quite a step to the bank, and the snow is rapid," he said, coming round to her side. "If you will only oblige me by sitting here five minutes, madam, I'll run round and get it cashed."

She looked up again, a half doubtful, half wistful expression in her eyes.

"You are very kind, sir," she replied; "but I dislike to trouble you."

"Trouble? Oh, madam! if you only knew

what pleasure it affords me," he responded, seizing the draft and his hat at the same moment.

Half a block from the shop he tossed up the latter in jubilant exultation, as he exclaimed,

"At last, at last! Darling little Pansy, I have found you at last!"

"I really cannot imagine, father, why the young man's face impressed me so," Pansy Ross was saying, as she sat with her father, in their little chamber, on the following morning, counting over the proceeds of the jewelry, "I surely have seen him somewhere—his face was strangely familiar."

"Only a fancy, I guess, Pan," the old man answered. "We don't stumble on old friends often now—you and I; we're poor, Pan! Well, well! your aunt's prophecy has come true—we're penniless, but not hopeless; yet I am sorry you sold your jewels, Pan."

"Don't think of it, father; this little sum will set us up ever so snug; and then, with my music-teaching and needle-work, we shall get on nicely."

"What a girl you are, Pan," her father said. "I wonder if you'll ever find a husband worthy of you?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, merrily; "my hero will turn up in good time—never fear!"

At that instant a servant came up, bringing a package for Miss Ross, and with it a bunch of pansies—dear, purple little beauties, holding the sweets of a whole summer-time in their golden hearts. Pansy uttered a little scream of joy; and then she unfolded the dainty package, and what should she find but a bead-purse, with her own name engraved on the clasp. She held it up, tinkling the shining coin it contained, and crying out joyously,

"Father! Father! I have found him at last! He said he would pay me back some day—and he hasn't forgotten his promise."

"Then your romance has begun, Pan," laughed the old man.

But Pansy was intent on examining the blossoms, believing with a woman's insight, that they would give her some clue by which to find the donor—and she was not mistaken. In their very heart she found a delicate card, engraved, "Archer Lynn, Jeweler," and the street.

Two minutes later she had on her cloak and hat; and being a simple, straightforward girl, she walked straight down to the designated establishment, and straight up to Mr. Lynn's counter, holding out both her hands.

"Oh, Archie! I'm so glad I've found you,"

she said, frankly; and then she carried him back with her to see her father.

"I'm glad to welcome you, young man," he said, as Pansy presented him. "We haven't many friends now, Pan and I; and she's been looking for you, and talking about you all her lifetime."

Archer Lynn sat down in the humble little room, with the beautiful face of the young girl before him, looking like a rare picture set in

some dusky old framing—and his very soul glowed within him. He said nothing, however, then, of his hopes and intentions; but he did, not long after. And when the winter was over, and the little, golden-hearted pansies began to bloom in the country-places, and along the garden-borders, this little Pansy of ours, purer and sweeter than them all, became his wife; and for once in the annals of human events, a dream of fancy became a reality.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SEA-SIDE.

BY MRS. E. N. C. HUNTINGTON.

AWAY! from noise and dust, away
From San Francisco's winds I stray;
On old Pacific's sounding shore,
I list to hear its heavy roar;
And watch the waves in ceaseless play,
Come dashing into feath'ry spray,
As leaping on, they laughing bound
Upon the sea-washed rocks around;
Or, to the silent, sandy shore,
Chase each on each for evermore.
The day is beauteous. The rich glow
Of sunlight gladdens all below;
And out, far out upon the deep,
The winds are hushed, and gently sleep;
And rippling lines of glittering sheen,
Lie peaceful on the darkling green.
The silent waters happy seem,
Like sweetest thought in pleasant dream;
And in the far, dim distance glide,
With spreading sails, our ships of pride,
Out on the glimmering, rippling tide,
Into the distance, far and wide,
Into the mist they silent go—
Beautiful mist! like mantling snow.
Waft, waft them kindly, gentle breeze!
And bear them safely, restless seas!
We had a chase—the waves and I;
I ran before them with a cry—
A shout of joy; they followed fleet,

With foaming lips to kiss my feet.
They conquered, and I laughing stood,
Surrounded by the circling flood.
But when their ocean-home they sought,
I found bright pebbles they had brought;
And beauteous mosses, rich and rare,
Upon the sands lay dying there;
And tiny shells of pink and white,
Lay weeping in the golden light;
And with a miser's eager haste,
I caught them from the briny waste;
With nimble fingers, one by one,
Plucked them from sand and burning sun;
Sweet trophies of the sounding sea,
Within its depths no more to be.

Oh! sea-beat rock! Oh! bounding wave!
And moss and shell, in ocean-grave:
And shining sand, and pebble bright,
And sails, and changing gleams of light,
Two pairs of eyes, one black, one blue,
With eager joy are watching you.
And happy feet, with leaping bound,
Chase o'er the island-rocks around.
And 'tis a joy, a wild delight,
To stand upon this crazy height,
Where billows come with madd'ning glee,
Dashing and plunging from the sea;
It is a joy to stand and view,
Old Ocean's charms, forever new.

THE WATER-SIDE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The winding beach binds round the light;
The willow droops into the wave;
The water-lilies, gleaming white,
Their petals softly lave;

And star-flowers bright are peering there;
And paler ones lift up their eyes
Upon the light the ripples wear,
And on the cloudless skies.

The pearly shell fills at the brink,
From limpid waters waving nigh;
And shining fish rise and sink,
As sounds the lake-bird's cry.

The dipping oar breaks the repose
Of golden sunbeams in its way,
That gild the eddies which it throws
Across the beaming bay;

Near where the rocks like bulwarks stand,
A-ling'ring with a sweet delay
Upon the white and shining strand,
Two lovers idly stray.

At morn or eve the spot is dear,
When waters foam or lie at rest;
When clouds in gleaming gold appear,
Or in more somber garb are dressed.

"MISS BRIGGS." A ROMANCE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S COLD."

SOME years ago I was a midshipman on board the frigate *Ariadne*, doing duty on the coast of Africa, when a newspaper came to me by mail, with a marked advertisement, accompanied by a letter. The advertisement was for claims against the estate of the late Charles Jeffreys, my worthy uncle, in the bill and brokerage business. The letter was from his lawyers, who were also his executors, and they stated, that, by will, whatever property he died possessed of, was bequeathed to me. The deceased had been, however, so reserved and unsocial a person, and had transacted all his affairs with so much secrecy and caution, that there was great difficulty in finding what the amount of his bequest might be, and in what it consisted, as the will, a very short and informal one, made at the last moment on his dead-bed, threw no light upon the matter. The document was perfectly legal, and there was no danger of its being disputed; but the Messrs. Sharp advised me to return at once to look after my own interests, and bring whatever information I possessed on the subject, to assist them in discovering where my uncle had invested his supposed thousands. I had none to give; but my anxiety to return was not the less pressing. Accordingly, on showing this letter to the captain, he gave me leave to go home in a tender that was about to sail for New York.

Of course, I went first to the office of the Messrs. Sharp on landing, and found that the chief friend and probable partner of my uncle had been discovered, and there was reason to suppose that he possessed the necessary knowledge and documents; but he was absent on a speculative expedition to Hudson's Bay, Vancouver's Island, or some other remote corner of the earth; and no letters had, as yet, been received from him in answer to those despatched. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to wait quietly till this important personage could be heard from—"quietly," said the Messrs. Sharp, with strong emphasis, "and inexpensively, since the legacy might amount to nothing, and they were not prepared to advance, etc." Inexpensively! As if one could live otherwise on the revenues of an ex-midshipman!

Within an hour afterward, I had fallen into the clutches of Mrs. Griffith, at the cheap, but

"genteel boarding-house" that bore her name. My landlady had her weaknesses, among them was not a love of neatness for its own sake. Her great mansion was like a caravansera, crowded and proportionably dingy; but there was no attempt at the ill-judged pretension one frequently meets with in such places—we were "genteel," and that was all. We had finger-glasses, but no French dishes; three courses, and not five; our salvers were not silver, nor our curtains brocatelle; but there was a tolerable liberality in the matter of fires and clean napkins; and our waiters, if awkward, were respectful. The parlor boasted a piano and guitar, and not a harp, (many of us would have been content if it had contained no musical instrument whatever;) but the table was good, and the people that assembled around it respectable; while the hostess had a natural *bon-homme* and kindness of heart, of which twenty years' experience in a boarding-house, and forty in the wear and tear of the world had not deprived her.

Mrs. Griffith's family—she called her boarders her family, by a gentle flight of fancy common in such cases—was a large one, and composed of the usual heterogeneous materials. There were pale, slim clerks from mercantile establishments down town; and medical or theological students still paler, with blue and green spectacles; the wives and children of men in business in a small way, not yet able to try the expensive experiment of housekeeping; people from the country, come up to be put "under treatment" by some celebrated quack or other; a showy bridal couple or two; an elderly young lady, and a pair of romping school-girls. There was one more person, partly concealed from observation in her shaded seat at the left-hand of the lady of the house—a place always avoided by those who disliked the responsibility of being next the urn, and giving assistance in the matter of the cream and sugar to inefficient waiters, which was willingly rendered by her—to whom my attention was irresistibly attracted by the very quietness and shrinking shyness of her manner, contrasted with her loud and cheerful neighbors.

She was not pretty, poor thing! as Miss Jones, the elder, truly remarked when I asked

about her; being very pale and thin, of that blanched, unhealthy complexion peculiar to sewing-girls, and others whose avocations compel them to live and work in close, heated rooms without sufficient air and exercise. Her figure was slight and delicate; her manner very shy and reserved; but yet there was something in her sweet, quiet face, lacking in beauty though it might be; in the exquisite neatness of her plain and simple dress; in the smooth, silken luster of her nut-brown hair; the arch of her clear, thoughtful brow; the wistful softness and tenderness of her long-lashed hazel eyes; and her air of gentle refinement, that made the coarsest among them respectful of and kindly disposed toward her.

I could not help fancying, sometimes, the difference that might have been made in the poor, pale child by such a life as mine. My seat was next hers at the table, and the contrast we presented, as we were reflected side by side in the mirror of an opposite sideboard, could not but move my wonder and sympathy. As you have seen outline drawings, and felt a painful sense of incompleteness in the deficiency of light and shade; or engraven portraits that lacked but the colors of life to be lifelike; or plants, to use a frequent simile, that have grown up in dark places, without sun or breeze, so this girl seemed to need but light, and warmth, and color to be fair. There were plenty of possibilities in the soft, pure features, in the clear, dark eyes, the small, sweet mouth, so faintly tinged with red, in the deep dimples indented in cheek and chin, in the swaying, slender figure, the braided bands of hair. But her life was so cold, her lot was so lonely, her fate had shut her out so entirely from the usual lot of her sex, from the light and love, the shelter and protection that wrought more magical changes in others, that it was useless to speculate on what she would have been, as to marvel at the comparison between her pale face and my bronzed visage.

In my utter friendlessness in the great wilderness, idle where all were busy, lonely among crowds, I felt a strange interest in the quiet little creature, whose life, in one of these respects, seemed to bear a similarity to mine. Her small room was near my own, a poor, cramped place; but by occasional glimpses caught in passing, when the door was left ajar, I saw that she had made of it a perfect bower of content. There was but one window—with a southern aspect, it is true—all about the broad, bright glare of which, like an innocent Guebre or Fireworshiper, she had arranged her chiefest

treasures after the manner of offerings on the altar of an idol. Between the parted curtains of cheap chintz or muslin, such as Mrs. Griffith could reconcile it with her interests to provide for her lodgers, brilliantly clean and crisp, and untainted by dust or smoke, hung a cage of yellow canary birds, that skipped and sang in the sunlight; and beneath, was grouped a few pots of fragrant flowering plants, bright with blossoms, green with leaves, with a glossy vine of ivy that trailed in arches and festoons midway to the ceiling.

A sewing-machine was placed immediately before these, in a position to catch the brightest rays upon its untiring arm and money-making, wonder-working needle; and here its little mistress often toiled all the long day, and far into the night, to finish her engagements to some "ready-made" establishment down town. Her books, her music, her work, her few ornaments, lay on a table near at hand, its coverings, and those of the couch, the walls, the hangings, were dazzlingly white and clean. The worn old carpet was brushed with scrupulous neatness; the paint was pure; the glass of the window glittered, jewel-like, in the gay sunshine. It was such a quaint and pretty chamber as Margaret must have left, to go and plead against her lover, and her wandering thoughts in church; but I was no Faust to intrude upon its sacred precincts while she prayed.

I am forgetting the little cottage-piano, a poor, worn, feeble thing, that had probably seen better days, or at least more tuneful ones, when its pearl keys unlocked a fount of melody, instead of the plaintive sounds it now produced. Such as it was, however, it was the best the small purse of the performer could command from the shops where such instruments are kept for hire, and no doubt was a source of great pleasure to her during the week and by day. She had seldom time to spare for any such recreation; but sometimes at twilight, or on Sunday evenings, she played softly for an hour or two; and it was wonderful what tones of sweetness and power she evoked from the rattling chords. Perhaps, instead, the charm lay in her voice, heard only when she thought herself alone; and weak as it was, beautiful as a singing angel's, rising and falling in devotional chants and old world harmonies. She had a pure and a dainty taste in music, as in everything else, this quiet, retiring Miss Briggs; no flimsy, silly melodies jingled and jangled beneath her fingers; no *tour de forces* by hands or voice of the showy modern school. Whatever touched true notes of gayety or pathos,

and had the real ring of the musician's genius, the grand compelling power of harmony within them, these compositions she loved, and only these.

When she so played and sang, I used to sit in the dusk for hours at my window, smoking and watching the stars rise twinkling over the house-tops, keeping desperately still, lest she should suspect a listener, and thinking, often with tears—for I am not so hard by nature as my wandering life has made me—of the mother and sisters whom I remembered to have heard like this—dead long ago, and vanished like the shadow of a dream. There was something, you see, in the very tone and accents of the singer, that strangely made one think of home and friends, and all dear domestic ties.

She had pupils, too, in her musical art—the thrifty little thing; for I used to meet upon the stairs a couple of stout girls of ten or twelve, with thick or rather "stocky" figures, as Greene, the middy, would have defined them; colored balmoral hose on their fat legs, and accumulated music-books under their short arms, going up to practice beneath her supervision. It was the only time at which I willfully and openly deserted the neighborhood; and she gently apologized, with a wistful look in her sweet eyes, when she met me on one occasion flying before the foe. She had chosen her room, she said, situated as it was at the end of a long corridor in the third story, isolated from most others—for the nearest ones were seldom tenanted, save when "a press of visitors" compelled Mrs. Griffith to furnish and use them as she had done for me—for this special purpose; and if the twofold sounds of her vicinity annoyed me, she would remove or silence them. I could not help telling her instead, how pleasantly they had borne me company through many a lonely and unoccupied hour, and how sorry I should be to part from them.

She was standing with the door in her hand as she spoke—the two scholars entering before her had already begun thumping mercilessly at a duet—her drooping figure was clearly defined against the bright little vista of the room beyond, with its sunny and decorated central window. If this poor, pale little girl worshiped the sun-god, Apollo, he certainly loved his votress in return, for a shaft from his golden quiver shot across her graceful head, and trembling in her waving chestnut hair, and on her long, bronze lashes, and sweeping soft shadows across the sudden pink of her transparent cheek, made her, for the moment, really lovely. There

was a very fine oil-painting of a handsome naval officer—the one token of wealth in the room—in a heavy carved frame, and pendent by rich tassels from the wall opposite us. At the instant the daughter seemed worthy of the father, for such I decided he must have been.

Afterward, when the frankness of my answers had a little won upon her reserve, I found I had rightly divined this hero's relationship; and as our acquaintance progressed, she also showed me a faulty pencil-drawing of the ship he had commanded once during a dreadful storm—his sole naval engagement; "For, you know, there were no battles in his day," she added, in her quiet way—in which he had displayed great gallantry and wonderful seamanship, and saved many lives. It would surely have earned his promotion, she thought, poor innocent child! but for his death a little later, of a fever caught while attending upon others. So he lived and died only a lieutenant.

"Then you should have his pension?" I inquired.

"No; he had quitted the service."

And by careful questioning—it was not in the least my business, as I know very well; but I was an idle man in those days, and could find no pleasanter subject than this to occupy my thoughts—I learned that the deceased had retired from his profession at the wish of a very rich old maiden aunt, who was to leave him all her fortune in return; and who actually compelled him to take her own odious family name instead of his honored and honorable one—leaving him without the "*quid pro quo*," after all, on some slight pretext of offence, such as rich maiden aunts are alone entitled to discover and apply.

"And you?" I asked, pityingly, of the poor little victim of these defunct persons, to whom, by this arrangement, they had left only the heritage of a name—and such a name!

"I? I do very well," said the gentle Miss Briggs, gratefully, a smile momentarily brightening her sweet, pale face. "I have my sewing and my pupils, and a quiet place to live in among kind people—I ought to be very thankful, and I am. But I am glad Charley was born before, and is Charley Erskine still."

Now Charley Erskine had been my comrade and messmate these six long years past. No one knew him better than I; and I glanced at his sister with a new interest as I told her. In Indian forests, in African deserts, by the rivers, beneath the suns of far-off countries, I had heard him lovingly recount her virtues, and praise her beauties. When he left her, she was

a little fair and rosy child, with pretty brown curls and bright, dark hazel eyes; eager to give up her own small allowance to help him in his boyish expenses at the naval-school. Now she had grown a woman, she still sent him all she could save out of it, in little sum by sum, which he was putting away with his own, all unknown to the donor, in an Indian bank that gave great interest, "to keep her, if anything happens to me—the darling!" he would say, knowing nothing of the toils by which she earned it, and supported others besides herself. When something did happen that we feared for a time would end his brave, young life, it was pitiful to hear his cries and prayers for her through the breathless tropic nights, till his fever turned and terminated favorably. It was after a dream of her, he said, when she had come like an angel to his bedside, and putting her hand in his, said he must not die, because she could not spare him yet. Nor did he, but grew better from that hour.

I was looking in her grave, collected face while I relived this, and other reminiscences of our life together; and as I went on, fancied I could see it flush into the likeness of the lovely, childish one he had depicted. Her eyes, indeed, were very bright through their tears of loving pleasure; her sweet mouth smiled freely and gladly as I had never seen it smile before; her colorless cheeks burned with a feverish pink glow; her swift, nervous fingers ceased their occupation, and lay so quietly in her lap, that I had leisure to remark their beautiful shape and symmetry as she listened. It was not hard for me to find a charm in Charley Erskine's sister, of whom I had heard so much; and I believed a bond of sympathy must unite us henceforth, who were both so dear to him.

Alas! even while we spoke, Mrs. Griffith's one colored waiter came into the parlor with a letter on a coppery salver, which scattered all my dreams and visions born of idleness, and sent me on a journey, and an absence of several weeks, from which I returned to find my position entirely altered. An investment of my uncle's had been discovered that would insure me at last a comfortable fortune. I was no longer an idler, but a man of business and of property, whose days and nights were filled with occupations and engagements. My lawyers were now less reserved; they made large advances and extended invitations; some of my returning comrades presented me to their families. I made acquaintances and friends. I traveled and visited, and was sometimes absent from my nominal home for weeks together.

When I did return to the room I still retained there, all was changed; even my seat at the table was removed far from that of my little neighbor. I could not see or address her from my new station; she was for me a quiet presence, and nothing more. We met very seldom, and then the old veil of reserve and silence had dropped between us. We were strangers again, and it was in vain that I tried to break through the gentle, but immutable barrier of her resolution. She declined all my invitations; she refused all my gifts of books, music, pictures, fruit, or flowers; beyond a very few faint and low-toned congratulations, it seemed she would not help me to rejoice in my new heritage. She never spent a moment in the parlors, and passed me silently and swiftly as a shadow on the stairs. Bewildered, perplexed, confused, how should I know or guess that the prosperity I had sometimes hoped would bring us together, had made the distinction that set us apart, or that the sentence of separation she tacitly pronounced could fall heavily on more than me?

In the few glimpses I had of her, I fancied that her large eyes looked more languid, her face even wither than it used; but, perhaps, it was only because I had now the opportunity of comparing her with rosier beauties; and it was partly her own fault if her attire seemed poor and old-fashioned beside theirs, her cheeks too pale; for a month before I had been willing to elect her "the foremost woman of all the world" to me. They say a sailor is ready to fall in love with the first face that smiles welcome on him after reaching port; and certainly this, the first that ever brightened for me, had grown, somehow, dear and very near to my heart; perhaps because I so loved one very like it in her brother. It was something in my loneliness to have it awaiting me at home, or at the place I called such; to watch its normal expression of sad reserve and patient sweetness light up unconsciously into soft gladness when I came; to call, with a few words, a warm coloring of life into the cold cheek, a luster into the solemn eyes. It was something to be ready to pity and protect if any reverse should come; if the hollow cheek should grow more hollow; the little, busy hands refuse their office; the slender form droop beneath the burdens it had to bear. I had thought many a time, while poverty still kept us friends and equal, how much this girl might be to me, and so thinking, came partly to regard her as mine to love already.

Now that I was rich, she shunned me—we were friends no more. I was not versed enough

in the ways of women to comprehend or forgive her alienation; I only felt it, and was mortified and piqued—perhaps more hurt than either. We dropped silently apart, as she silently willed it; and I comforted myself for the loss I sustained, as best I could, in the society of others, who began to smile upon my way, now that I was a man of fortune and fashion. Since my accession to my uncle's dividends, Miss Bell Sharp, the pretty, the stylish, the dashing, who can manage four-in-hand, and lead Lancers; who wears white gauntlets of military appearance, and Wellington boots in the smallest sizes known, takes me riding with her, and accepts my bouquets; and Miss Blanche Melton looks at me quite tenderly from under the shade of her pink-lined, point lace parasol, and her clouds of curling, flaxen hair. Since these are kind, I need not care, I thought, for the pale, little phantom, half nun, half grisette, that haunts the house where I dwell, and whose face, so far less fair, can be charmed into beauty by the spell of a brother's love alone.

Once only I saw it change into the semblance it had worn that day. She was gliding rapidly up the stair on her way to her evening toil, and I was coming down it, full dressed, for my evening's pleasure, as gorgeously appareled as any gentleman can be who follows the extreme of modern fashion. She wore her usual plain attire of black, not shabby, but simple, fresh and neat, and falling about her slight figure in graceful folds, as some brocades and velvets will never fall. She held an open letter in her hand, and her eyes were wet—I saw so much by the light of the flickering hall-lamp; as she, I suppose, saw my gala array, and the flower in my button-hole. The contrast must have been striking to a woman—our perceptions are less keen; but I felt, with a sudden pang of shame and self-contempt, the difference between her life and pursuits and mine; between her modest working-dress, and my idle magnificence; her silent sorrow, and my flaunting prosperity; and then I comprehended the social gulf that widened between Harry Lauderdale and Miss Briggs. I halted on the instant.

"Ruth!"

Her cheeks flushed burning red, to my wild astonishment, and her eyelids fluttered and fell as she waited trembling before me, unable to pass while I blocked the way; but glancing restlessly from side to side, with an instinctive wish to escape, like some shy, frightened creature made captive against its will, and seeking an outlet for flight, that it may go away and hide its wounds from sight, and bleed and die

in peace. Just so wan, and weak, and weary she looked, and my very heart ached for her; I felt how dear she had become—that her griefs were mine. Her patient, helpless distress stirred my deep compassion; her shrinking avoidance hurt me cruelly. Not so should she have shunned her brother's friend and her own, one who loved both so well. I told her this in as many words. Miss Sharp would have held me bound to a contract of marriage; Miss Melton would have sunk into my arms dramatically, with half the tender expressions I used; but Miss Briggs only shook her small, brown head in a despairing manner, and begged me to leave her.

To my urgent inquiries she answered only by negatives, or that silent shake of the head. She was not ill, nothing ailed her, only a little bad news, I could not help her, "thank you." Her looks were never lifted above my splendid apparel; the silky cloth, the dainty linen, the fine embroidered vest—no doubt she was contrasting them with her own working garb, but I did not know it at the time—the camelia in my coat. With a sudden impulse I wrenched it out, and said she would accept nothing else from me, left it in her hand, and passed on as swiftly as she herself could have done, with little heart for the evening's dissipation.

A very few hours later I had enough to fill the brain and turn the head of four-and-twenty. My uncle's old friend had been heard from. I was an immensely rich man; I had lands, houses, investments everywhere, most of them good, very few valueless. I had Hudson River and Pacific Railroad shares; I was fluctuating in Wall street, and speculating in Missouri. Perhaps it would be better, my sage advisers suggested, that I should proceed in person to look after my western interests. I think now that they wanted to get rid of me while they were sifting my affairs; but I consented to the proposal then, with boyish eagerness; my new position had given me but little cause for satisfaction so far, and I was glad of an opportunity to change and forget it. I made my preparations as hastily as possible, and went to bid good-by to Mrs. Griffith.

The good woman was crying in her dingy parlor, and her face, deprived of its usual ornamental adjuncts, struck me with respectful astonishment; nevertheless, I heard her story with my heart beating fast and full in sympathy. Poor little Miss Briggs was in deep trouble; her sister, in Kansas, her only sister, the one she was always pinching herself to send money to, was very sick, and so were all her family; they besought her to come to them,

and she was going immediately. She had sold everything she possessed to get money for the purpose, and intended to set out at once, alone, unprotected, helpless, as we all knew; but nothing better could be done.

I felt a strange pleasure, half pity, half triumph—for fate, it seemed, against her will, would compel her to rely on, and be befriended by me, on offering to take charge of her. I was going the same way, as it most fortunately happened. There could be no impropriety; I was known to her brother, to her landlady, to plenty of respectable people; and she—there was nothing flighty or attractive about her, all the ladies agreed, with her tears, her pallor, and her mourning. They handed her into the carriage to me—a poor little cold bundle enough; and with some slight explanations, we were on our way.

I had a very quiet and unobtrusive traveling companion. Grateful she was, or her soft, brown eyes belied her, but not effusive of her gratitude, or of any other feeling; she seemed to distrust and fear herself as well as others. An automaton or a statue could not have been more passive, patient, silent, than she; only for the sudden tears I saw swelling in her eyes, when I paid her some trifling attention, I might have thought her as unimpressible. She needed or accepted very little; and I dare say would have done as well alone—her sweet, pale face had a beauty of its own that somehow won her consideration and care from cross conductors and gruff neighbors, in spite of her plain dress and shy, gentle manners. Had it been otherwise, I was ready to assert her claims, and force all who met her to respect one I so deeply respected; but amid the universal kindness that surrounded her, I had only to increase mine.

We had journeyed in tolerable comfort more than half the way, and were traversing the plains of Missouri toward that town of classic name whence all emigrants take their departure. My little charge was looking well and almost happy. We had fallen upon a very pleasant party, the ladies of which bestowed on her unbounded petting, from her fragile and delicate appearance; and cheerful society, change of air and scene, the excitement and novelty, or, more than all, perhaps, the knowledge that every moment was bringing her nearer those she loved, had wrought such an improvement that I hardly knew her. I am ashamed to say how differently the anticipation affected me. It had seemed so natural and delightful to be her guardian and protector, that I dreaded the prospect of relinquishing my

office. The constant companionship, the mutual dependence of travel, had brought us so closely together—I sometimes fancied endeared us to each other—that I could not look forward to our coming separation without emotion that puzzled and dismayed me.

It was all over while I considered, too late to reflect already. Little as she probably cared for me, she had become my one thought, my most absorbing interest. I had often suspected it before—I knew it now; she was my fate, this cold and shy Miss Briggs. Prettier women I had seen and known; nay, none less so; and wiser and kinder, by scores. But Allah is great! and my time had come, I suppose—for me there was no other. I saw her as she was, yet would not have had her fairer, nor could have found her more dear. She was a coward, I own; she started and trembled whenever the engine gave a louder snort than usual—and I always imagined I should admire a brave woman. She was odd, and plain, and quiet; but I liked her pure pallor better than the richest roses of other faces, her reserve and silence more than wit or grace. She was timid, because her nerves had been tried with the struggles of her harassing and toilsome life, and still and pale for the same reason. I believed that with care and cherishing tenderness, the wasted cheeks would bloom, the shy, trembling manner grow happy and assured. No matter how or why, I loved this strange little creature, and wanted her for my own.

We were jogging on, after a fashion peculiar to those western prairies, where the rails are unfenced, and cattle roam at will across the track, whistling and ringing to frighten off stray herds, when there came a sudden crash, an awful scream. My little companion, who had been sitting opposite the door, rose up with a face whiter than usual, and arms outstretched above my head, as if to protect me. Something struck us both heavily to the floor; there was a sound of grinding and crushing—chaos, silence, then annihilation. I have a dim remembrance of being dragged forth into the fresh night air; of footsteps, lights, and voices, and movements that were torture; lastly, of Ruth's sweet face, wet with tears, and pale with pity, bending over me—and then no more.

My injuries consisted mostly of what my new landlady called "tusions of the head," and left me feverish, weak, and wandering for some days, during which I only had sense enough to recognize the presence watching over me with exquisite care and patience, and kiss the little hand that tended me so well.

One clear, still, sunshiny day, I woke to full consciousness, feeling still faint and ill, but stronger than most men would be, whose frames had not undergone the severe toughening mine had experienced.

A woman sat by me, of whom I asked for my nurse.

"She has got a fever," was the startling reply. "What?"

"Her arm was broken, and she waited on you as well as she could with the other one—since you would have nobody else, nor she—till she was very sick herself. The doctor thinks it saved you."

I got slowly off the bed and dressed, in spite of all expostulations, insisting upon admittance to the other room. My poor darling! It was too true! Her arm, the feeble arm with which she had tried to shield me, lay helpless on the counterpane, splintered and bandaged; and she was tossing in a burning fever. No need to pity her cowardice, whose heroism had saved my life; no need to mourn her lack of beauty now, with that hot, deep flush on her cheek; with that bright splendor in her eyes; with her chestnut hair all loosened, waving and curling about her damp forehead on the pillow—a fatal loveliness that I prayed might leave her, no matter if plainer than before, but only alive, to accept my eternal gratitude and love; for I owed her more thanks than for care and preservation—her stern self-control, broken down by sickness and suffering, weak, lonely, helpless. Startled and surprised by my sudden apparition, the secrets of her heart lay revealed, as plainly as the faded flower she held in her hand.

Don't expect to hear what happened. It was but a poor scene for a romance, I give you warning, when two sick people, not long from the presence of death, and not wholly sure of life, exchanged confidences, perhaps more true and touching for that reason. Nor would you care to know that an ex-naval officer, a fellow with the lungs and muscles of a Hercules, and a newly-made millionaire to boot, was so far reduced that he broke down utterly, and even wept, on finding himself well loved at last by the little girl who had saved him, and to whom he tried to make his awkward acknowledgments and offers. It is of no use asking what she said. She was not quite in her senses, poor little, lovely thing, or she would not have been so pleased with the "treasure trove" of a reckless midshipman's love—besides, her secrets are mine now, and I mean to keep them. They were three happy weeks, after all, that we passed at that rude road-side tavern. Sick,

friendless, helpless, maimed, and scarred—a wounded head in attendance on a broken arm, or *vice versa*, with this difference: that while Ruth's patient had been a great, stupid, refractory fellow, mine was a pretty little pale maiden, who took her food, her drink, her medicines, and opinions, from the same unskillful hand with mild docility, and thought them all good, and their giver infallible. This could have but one ending; and as she grew better, I urged for it in vain; patient, prudent, thoughtful little Miss Briggs was quite herself again, and would do nothing so rashly.

"Not yet," she said, in her sweet, soft voice. "I must wait." And I did wait while we pursued our journey over those very bad railroads that grow worse and worse as you approach the confines of civilization; then, day by day, when they failed us, traveled over interminable prairies, in a buggy I had bought, till we reached our bourne, a snug log cottage on the borders of a creek, where Ellen, her husband, and her three children, still lay sick with the country fever—one dead, poor little fellow! during our three-weeks tarrying. I had to wait till these recovered; till Ellen was again about her neat house; till her husband was able to pronounce audibly his formulas of hospitality; till the babies were all restored to health, by our joint ministrations, and those of the doctor we procured from the nearest town. Then, and not till then, was my waiting rewarded.

A gaunt Methodist Elder "joined us in marriage," as he called it, in the puncheon-floored and ceiled room, with the wild grass and flowers of a Kansas prairie stretching away from its open door as far as the eye could see. Nevertheless, we were very happy there, and left happy hearts behind us when we came away, leaving with my brother-in-law, in return for his hospitality, titles to a tract of land that will make him a millionaire among the settlers some day, when the Pacific Railroad goes through.

What my darling had been in that month of sickness and sorrow I can never tell, more than I can describe all that she seems to me now. When I came back, bringing her with me, I felt that, though a rich man before, I had only then found my fortune. I count my life by the years I have known her; and much of the past beyond is dim already. I can hardly realize we were ever strangers or apart. I look at her lovely face, and listen to her sweet, ringing voice, and forget the hollow eyes, the sad accents of the pale little seamstress. I see and love Ruth Lauderdale, why should I care to recall Miss Briggs?

CARRY'S COMING OUT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 358.

AFTER the utter routing of 'Tilda's forces, on the night of the ball, we had not so much trouble with her—but we had enough, in all conscience; and why she couldn't or wouldn't keep quiet and see if her elbows would not be persuaded to grow less pointed, I cannot understand, and never shall.

We had a constant round of excitement, and I never had a moment's leisure for anything; but I do tell you honestly, it was not half the fun it was to be up in the country with Bob and the Lacy boys.

And speaking of them—that stupid Oscar would go and propose to me, although I begged him not as plainly as I could; but he would do it, and he not caring a pin about me all the time, but over ears in love with Carlotta Magnas, who wasn't in society, being only a violinist's daughter—but I had heard about it.

I suppose Oscar's mother put him up to it. She rules her whole family, all the relations included, with a rod of iron; and I hope she may see and know what I think.

Yes, that Oscar actually proposed, in a silly way, too; and he, with brains, saying the words like a lesson he had learned by heart, and there was nothing else of heart about the matter. And when I found he would speak, I let him go on, because he deserved a good lecture, and I was the girl could give it him.

"There, Oscar," said I, at last, "that'll do—it's very pretty! Now aren't you ashamed of yourself? Oh! Oscar, Oscar! You that have been such a good fellow, to treat another good fellow like me in this way. I am ashamed of you, so I am!"

He turned scarlet, and stuttered and stammered, and tried to fire up to cover his confusion, and say I had no right to insult a man who offered me his heart.

"Don't you be saucy," said I, "or I'll box your ears, as sure as my name is Cat! Your heart! Why, if you have any heart, it is away with Carlotta Magnas! Oh, Oscar! when she loves you so, how could you? It is all that mother of yours—I hate her; she's an old dragon, and I'll scratch her well!"

He tried to speak.

"Be still!" said I. "You've had your say;

I've got the floor now! Oh, Oscar! to be mean enough to want to cheat your old play-mate, and try to marry her for money, when I've gone bird-nesting with you, and climbed trees with you, and aunt Mazy boxed my ears for showing my ankles! I didn't think you could! Oh! just say you didn't mean it! Don't make me think the whole world is mean and base, and that everybody hunts me for this nasty money, that I wish was in the Gulf of Mexico!"

Then I broke down and cried like anything, and Oscar nearly cried, too, he was so sorry; and he's only twenty-one, anyhow, you know.

"I wish I'd bitten my tongue out, Cat, dear," said he, "before I vexed you! I do beg your pardon; and I'm a miserable ass, that's what I am, who ought to have my head punched."

"Don't you call my friend names," said I, "or I'll punch your head myself—you taught me how to box! There, Oscar, it's all over now; don't say a word more. Only tell your mother she'd better not meddle with this Cat, or she'll get her eyes scratched out."

So I dried my eyes, and Oscar sniffed a good deal; and I saw he looked quite pale and wretched.

"You've been a bad boy," said I, "and that's what you've been! You have been almost mad at leaving Carlotta; and so you've been on a spree."

"Oh!"

"Don't you tell fibs, or I'll box your ears yet! You have, and you know it! I dare say you are awfully in debt this minute; and, oh, dear! why won't you tell the truth, and let me help you as one jolly boy helps another?"

And I cried again, I was so vexed that he wouldn't tell me the truth and be sensible.

"I do say, Cat," said he, "there never was anybody like you, and there never will be! But don't you fret about me, and don't you coax me to do anything mean."

"I won't," said I; "and there's my hand! Now tell me all about little Carlotta, old fellow, and to-morrow I'll go and see her."

"She's the loveliest creature," cried he, "with great black eyes, and soft brown hair, and—and——"

"Does she love you, Oscar?"

"I'm afraid she does! Oh, dear! I'm a sneak either way!"

"You're not!" said I. "Go and marry her, and live on cheese-parings, as they do in novels. I wish I could! It's horrid, having money. I mean to run away and be a banjo-boy somewhere. Oh! how I can play it!"

"I'm sure I'm fit for nothing, unless to play on the bones," said Oscar, dolefully. "Mother never would let us be taught business; and kept saying I'd have uncle Jordan's money—and now he's dead, and left it to his wife's clan."

"Serves the dragon right, doesn't it?" said I.

"Yes, it does," said Oscar.

"I'll tell you what," said I, "you're tired of being a good-for-nothing, lazy, dawdling, waltzing, hair-parted, white neck-tied young idiot, now aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," said Oscar.

"You never mind your mother—I'm better than any mother for advice, I am! You go to your father's old partner, Mr. Rayson, and tell him you want to learn business, and you just give me your hand on it that you'll try for a year; and, by way of encouraging, yourself will go straight to Carlotta and ask her to wait for you, and do up the drama beautiful!"

"There's my hand on it," said Oscar; "and though I'm a worthless cub, I'm not a liar!"

I sent Oscar off, and I got into the carriage and went straight down to Mr. Rayson's office: for who was he but my pettest among my pet guardians—and I'll invent words, if I like!

He was not surprised to see me walk in among all the clerks—for he never was surprised at anything I did; and when I had him alone, I told him the whole story.

"Now what do you want, little woman?" asked he. "Something preposterous you mean me to do, of course."

"I want you to give Oscar a place," said I.

"If he does well, at the end of the year, I want you to give him a share in the business; and that he mayn't start with a mill-stone about his neck, I want you to find out just what his debts are, and let me pay them! That's what I want! Now you won't refuse your poor little Cat. You'll make me cry—and, oh, dear! I've enough to bear! Say you will!"

"Bless the child!" cried my guardian. "She'll give away every stiver of her money before she's through."

"I wish I could!" cried I. "It's a misery to me! Oh! why aren't you and the others like the guardians in novels, that you may cheat me out of it? Everybody hangs about me for that nasty money! Tilda hates me because I

have it; and it's made me a hundred thousand years old, and more gloomy than Solomon, before I've lived at all."

And I just sat down and cried, and he pitied me, and said pleasant things, and I promised to be cheerful if he would do what I wanted.

"If you won't," I said, "I'll go off and be a banjo-boy; and Oscar will go to play the bones; and Carlotta shall go, too, and dance like a fairy! I will! I'll make a strolling exhibition of myself!"

"She'd do it!" cried my guardian, trying to frown, and forced to laugh.

"As sure as my name is Cat!" said I.

"You're a baby!" said my guardian.

"I'm seventeen, you bad, old thing!" said I; "and the care and trouble makes me older than Methuselah."

"Oh, Lord!" said my guardian.

"Don't you call on strangers in Wall street," I said. "Now, dear, won't you do what I want? You're rich—you're a Bear, or something—but don't growl!"

"I suppose I must," said he; "and I always liked that boy of Lacy's. I'd have brought him up to business, if the mother would have let me; but she's an old fool!"

"She's a griffin, guardian, that's what she is!"

"Now she's run through the money, and the boys are not fit for anything."

"Oscar is—he's a trump; and Carlotta is so pretty! Oh! let's pay his debts and start him! Oh! will you?"

"I'll give him as good a chance as any young fellow ever had," said he. "But, pussy, you must leave the debts to me—never place a man under money obligations to a woman! I'll pay them, and when he goes into business he shall pay me back; then he'll be independent; and if he is worth saving, he will like that better."

I saw it was the right way, and I just kissed him, I was so delighted at his having arranged everything so nicely.

"I'll tell my wife," said he, "that a young lady comes down here and kisses me."

"She'd only laugh! But, dear me, they say I'm not a lady."

"If ever any female creature had more pure womanly instincts, I never saw her," said he.

"That's pretty of you! But I'm dreadful. Oh, dear! I'd like to be a little Esquimaux, and have nothing to do all day but slide down hill on an iceberg."

"I tell you what," said my guardian. "You are surrounded by fools, beginning with old Mazy! You ought to have lived with me;

there never was such a crazy will! My dear, do you find some good, honest man, and marry him before they spoil you outright."

"Your wife married the last one," said I. "No, I never shall marry. I shall get tired of the nonsense some day; and after doing something to make everybody's hair stand on end, I'll go off to a convent and be an abbess. I'd make a lovely abbess—and we'd all wear scarlet dresses, because black is so gloomy."

"Feather head!" exclaimed my guardian, and leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

I laughed, too; and all of a sudden the lonely feeling came back, and I began to cry, and frightened him nearly out of his wits. But I told him there was nothing the matter; only I was so desolate, and so sorry I must live in the world and have a style.

"Oh, guardian!" said I, "let's go and be Camanche chiefs; and your wife and aunt Mazy can be squaws! I won't be a squaw: I'll wear an eagle's feather, and hunt buffaloes. Will you?"

"Come to dinner to-day, and we'll talk it over," said he.

"But I'm going to Mrs. Banning's ball."

"So is my wife—she'll take you."

I said I would; and after talking a little longer, and settling everything about Oscar, I went home and felt quite happy. But there was titivating 'Tilda to upset it, and make a little Satan of me again.

"Where have you been?" snapped she. "What right have you to go off by yourself, nobody knows where? You will disgrace us all before you are through! There are stories enough now! Why, if it wasn't for your money and our position, you wouldn't be visited by a respectable woman."

"I dare say," said I; "but as long as my money lasts, people will visit me, if I was to dance fandangoes in Union Square! Let me alone, 'Tilda; I'm tired and don't want to quarrel."

"I won't let you alone, and I won't be called 'Tilda, you very impertinent minx," cried she.

"I'll call you Mrs. anything you please, if you'll only find a man to give you a right to the name," said I, sitting down and throwing off my bonnet.

"I've had more offers than any girl in town," cried she, growing black in the face with rage.

"Maybe so," said I. "Was that in the antediluvian period Bel talks so much about?"

She began to cry, and fling her arms over her head.

"Oh! don't quarrel, girls!" pleaded aunt Mazy, and commenced to cry, too.

"What is this?" called Arabella, from her elevation. "Is my life to be made a torture by these senseless altercations? Whenever my spirit is soaring off upon some unexplored track, it is called back to earth by these human pettinesses."

"Go back to the unexplored track, Bel," said I; "you're a good old muff, after all."

"Is it about a muff you are quarreling?" she asked, in a perplexed way that made me laugh.

"She's always talking slang!" exclaimed 'Tilda. "She's the worst behaved girl in New York, and she'll disgrace us all before she is eighteen."

"My dear," said I, "we are tremendous fools, there's no doubt of that; fortunately, our acquaintances are as great ones in their way! But it ought to be a comfort to you, and I've no doubt it is, to think you can never be eighteen again."

She went off into hysterics without delay; and aunt Mazy tried to quiet her, and she pinched aunt Mazy, and seemed to feel better after; and I sat still and warmed my feet, and Arabella moaned,

"Would that I dwelt in a desert, far from these coarse contentions."

"Like St. Anthony?" said I.

"Child," returned she, "no papistical comparisons, they irk my free soul that soars above the fetters of the past."

"I think of being an abbess," said I, "and founding a convent."

Arabella groaned, and aunt Mazy shrieked outright.

"The child is mad!" cried Arabella.

"I'm not," said I; "but I'm sick of myself, and everything! Oh, Bel! I wish we were poor; maybe we'd get a little sense if we had to work."

"A little sense!" exclaimed she, majestically. "Youthful creature, frail butterfly, you forget that you include a woman whose name is linked with the literature of her country——"

"Oh! I didn't mean to include you, Bel," I interrupted, for I knew she would shy big words at me for an hour. "I meant the rest of us."

"Ah!" said Arabella, complacently, "I can but echo your soul's longing, small specimen of the genus *Papilionacea*."

"Oh! I never thought to hear my dear girl call me a fool!" moaned aunt Mazy.

"She abuses us all the time," sobbed 'Tilda.

"Oh, mercy!" said I, "do stop! I meant

myself, and nobody else. Don't make a deluge! Here, aunty, I stopped at Stuart's—I brought you this."

"This" was a new moire antique silk; and aunt Mazy screamed with delight.

"And here's that point lace scarf you wanted," said I, flinging a package on 'Tilda's lap.

Aunt Mazy wept, and 'Tilda said I was a good little thing, and she forgave me.

"Thank you," said I, meekly; and I wanted to cry again, I felt so lonesome; and to keep from it I rattled on with all sorts of nonsense, till Arabella laid down her big book in disgust.

"I am like Prometheus chained in an aviary!" cried she.

"You're out in your comparison," said I; "he was tied to a post, or something."

"Insect," said she, loftily. "I did but vary the form to suit the instance! The poetic fable runs thus——"

"No, you don't!" I interrupted. "I'll run first. Oh! be good, Bel, and don't say another word."

"Child," returned she, shaking her head till her spectacles looked like six glassy eyes, "a course of solid reading would tame your giddy spirits."

"But I don't wish to be tamed, Bel! Don't let's interfere with each other's styles—you're blue, 'Tilda's sentimental, and I'm fast. Over the hedge we go; and, what-you-call-him, take the hindmost!"

"Disgusting!" said 'Tilda.

"Frivolous!" pronounced Bel.

"She's only a child," pleaded aunt Mazy.

"With three such wise fairy godmothers," said I.

"Minx!" cried 'Tilda.

"That's what's the matter," said I; "don't let it kill you as it did aunt Hannah!"

"You never had an aunt Hannah," said Mazy, bewildered,

"Oh, you blessed!" shrieked I.

"It's her horrid slang," said 'Til.

"Peace, peace!" moaned Arabella. "I hear your senseless babblings far below, and they vex my soul."

"I declare, Bel," snapped 'Tilda, "you grow a greater fool every day."

Arabella gazed at her through her blue spectacles, and said, quite unmoved,

"Behold her, ye gods! Thus did base natures speak of Galileo and Milton! Oh! Pallas, goddess of Wisdom! at whose shrine I bow, thou hearest!"

"Good heavens, Bel!" cried aunt Mazy. "You don't mean you have turned Pagan?"

Arabella smiled pityingly down upon her

"The language of poesy is an unknown tongue to common souls," she said. "At least, be silent—respect the utterances ye cannot comprehend."

"Oh!" said aunt Mazy, and blinked like a bat.

"I am going out to dine," said I, needing more excitement, because all our folly made me so heartsick.

"Where?" demanded 'Tilda.

"With a man," said I.

She and aunt Mazy cried out together.

"In boots," I added, to make the thing more impressive.

"Oh! oh!" they screamed.

"Who is it?" cried 'Tilda. "You shan't! We'll lock you up! you little abomination, you!"

"Truly I dwell in the place of desolation," said I, laughing and clapping my hands to keep from crying.

"Oh, my love!" pleaded aunt Mazy; "you can't—you won't."

"I will!" said I.

"With a man!" howled 'Tilda.

"In boots!" groaned aunt Mazy.

"Peace, peace!" sighed Arabella.

"Don't you hear her, Bel?" screamed aunt.

"As the idle wind," said Bel, "I regard not."

"You tell who it is this minute!" said 'Tilda, threateningly.

"He's a trump!" said I. "Oh, dear! I wish he'd run off with me; I'd be a romance in three volumes. He's got a wife."

"You horrible creature!" howled 'Tilda, while aunt Mazy took refuge in tears.

"That makes it more romantic," said I.

"Oh! I'm a fast one—going to dine with a man in boots that has a wife, that has a child, that has——"

"Disgraceful! disreputable!" shouted 'Tilda.

"Would it be less so if he took off his boots, dear? He'll do anything I ask."

"I'll go to your guardians," said 'Tilda.

"Do," said I. "Which one first?"

"Mr. Rayson; you like him best! He shall know! I'll expose you."

"Don't, don't!" pleaded aunt Mazy; "she won't dine out—she's a good child. She wouldn't trouble us and vex Mr. Rayson."

"Why, he's the man in boots," cried I.

Then they were angry because I had sold them so, and I went off whistling; and once in my own room, how I did cry, and could not have told what it was about.

When evening came, I dressed and went to my guardian's. I did not care if I was going to the ball after; I wore a white muslin, high in the neck, with long sleeves, and hated the jewels nurse showed me. I would not be reminded of anything I wore of my riches, and its horrid accompaniments.

Mrs. Rayson was so glad to see me, and she and my guardian pitied me; and who should come in but Walter Wyman. I had no idea he could be so agreeable. The dinner was delightful, and though the talk was gay, it was so different from ordinary nonsense.

I discovered then that he was handsome, and he quite stopped being deadly superior; and I almost made up my mind not to hate him any longer.

He went to the ball with us; but Mrs. Rayson, not being very well, only saw me safe under aunt Mazy's wing, and got away. If she had staid, I dare say I should have done better, for she did not vex me as everybody else did, and I was willing to listen to her.

Tilda teased me, aunt Mazy worried me, unconsciously, poor soul! and, finally, Walter Wyman began to look deadly superior, and watch me in a reproving way.

I got furious, and determined that, since I was to be blamed, I would give them all reason.

Oh, dear! I thought of the worst things I could do, and did them all. I made two men almost quarrel outright about a waltz each claimed. I sent the Lacy boys to change the order of dances, and confused everybody. I said dreadful things to the women. Well, I do think that was the crowning night of my performances.

At last I chose to let Sarteze be agreeable to me—that nasty Cuban, I never would speak to before, and who never ought to be in decent society.

I talked with him, I flirted outrageously; and at last, when aunt Mazy got me in a corner for a moment to lecture, she must needs appeal to Walter Wyman.

"Oh! ask her not," said she; "tell her what people will say."

"I don't care for people," said I; "Mr. Wyman included."

"Indeed, Miss Carry," said he, "it would be impertinence in me to speak."

"It is," said I.

"If your aunt had not appealed to me," he went on without noticing my interruption. "Let me beg you not to dance with that man. I can give your aunt good reasons——"

"Which may satisfy my aunt, but won't me,"

I interrupted again. "I shall dance with him; I will be talked about—and you only make me worse."

I may as well tell you the truth—I did care for Walter Wyman; and I knew he never would love me, and I wanted to shock him in every way possible; I wanted him to hate me—anything was better than that stately indifference.

He looked so dolefully at me that I went quite mad.

"Advice unoffered is impertinence, sir," said I; "and you ought to know it. Don't speak to me again!"

Away I ran. I waltzed with Sarteze; and, oh! when I felt his arm about my waist, and his hot, winy breath on my cheek, and his bold eyes looking down on mine, I thought I must scream, kill him outright, hang myself, as if his very touch had polluted my whole soul.

Do you think I stopped? I would have danced if the floor had been a plate of red-hot iron, and Sarteze had been Mephistopholes, I was so furious and so reckless, so wild to think I cared for Walter Lyman's opinion when he despised me; so insane under the stings of those gnats of relations and friends.

Three waltzes in succession I went through with him, and then I think I felt as that young hashush-eater used, after he had taken the drug so long, his visions brought up frightful spectres, and he imagined himself being crowded down to perdition.

Every eye was on us. Sarteze seldom got invited in any house of our set; but some impudent woman had brought him, and he, the cur, was only too glad to be treated in that way by me, the girl most talked about that season.

I walked with him in the conservatory. I talked Spanish while we went through a quadrille. I gave him a flower out of my bouquet—all the while I could have strangled him and beaten my own brains out against the wall; and every time I saw Walter Wyman's icy face, a new fiend rose in me, and pushed me on to some action more compromising and outrageous.

He, the idiot, really thought I was fascinated—a Cuban thinks that of every woman who looks at him; and, oh! how he rolled up his eyes; how he sighed; what things he said—I could have torn him as if I had been a very wild cat!

But I danced and I laughed, and it was almost daylight before I would go home; and once in the carriage I could scarcely speak or move. Tilda raved, and aunt Mazy sobbed, and I sat still.

When I got up to my room I fainted dead

away; and when I came to myself the sun was glancing in at the window, and I felt like some disgraced, outlawed creature, that could only creep away into the dark and suffer alone.

But down stairs I went—I do say I was mad!

I talked 'Tilda down; I silenced my aunt; I drove them nearly out of their senses; and when they sent for Mrs. Rayson, I shut myself up in my room and would not see her.

All that day my fury and insanity supported me; and when night came I vowed I would go to the opera, if I went alone—and they had to take me.

I was mortally afraid Sartez might be there, but he was not. But, oh! great heavens! there was every glass directed at our box—people whispering and pointing me out. I knew something dreadful had happened.

'Tilda got back and had hysterics; aunt Mazy would not let anybody in; and I would stay, though each moment I felt as if I should shriek.

The next day came my guardian, Mr. Rayson. He was not angry, but so sorrowful; he told me the story outright, because it was better I should hear it from him.

The day after the ball, down in Delmonico's, that Sartez talked openly about me—showed the flowers—showed the ring he said I had given him; showed a note he said I had written—that is the name, Catty; and I had written it on a bit of paper for him, because he said he could not pronounce it unless he saw it spelled.

Just as he was finishing, in came Walter Wyman to the cafe; he had been in the restaurant, and somebody went and told him. In he came—knocked Sartez down—beat him with his cane until he acknowledged he had lied—acknowledged he never spoke to me only that night; that he was a swindler, and not named Sartez at all, as Walter Wyman happened somehow to know.

And I had been at the opera just after, and the men going from box to box to tell the story, and women and men to believe it, was only another proof of my brazen impudence.

I did not cry, or scream, or faint; I felt as if I had been struck by lightning. My guardian had sent my sisters and aunt away—he and I were alone.

I suppose I looked strange enough, for he called out in alarm.

"Don't make a noise," I said, faintly; "it hurts my head. I believe I'm dead, guardian."

I fell back stiff and rigid. I was not insensible, but I could not move hand or foot—I was like a person attacked with catalepsy.

He pulled the bell till he got the whole house there. They put me in bed—they got a doctor. I heard them say there was fear for the brain, fears I might never come out of that rigid state. It was the first thing that relieved me—the idea that I might die.

Mrs. Rayson came and took care of me—and for days I was very ill.

It was growing spring now. As soon as I was fit to go, she took me into the country, away to their beautiful old place in Delaware.

There we staid in quiet while each week grew more beautiful.

I got well and strong again. Mrs. Rayson would not let me be morbid or unhappy; she told me nobody blamed me; and that after that exposure, people were sorry for me, and would have forgotten all about my nonsense before the next winter came.

"Oh, dear me!" said I; "must I ever go back to town! What a little stupid I shall be if I am to behave like other people."

"I hope to see you a nice, happy woman, my dear," said she; "and until you are married, we all think it will be best for you to stay with me."

"If you'll be bothered with me," said I. "But you mustn't blame poor aunt Mazy—she's a dear soul——"

"With no head to speak of," interrupted Mrs. Rayson. So we won't talk about her. I blame nobody; but I chose to keep you safe in my sight till some sensible man carries you off."

"None will ever do that now," I answered; "and I'm sure I feel a million years old, and look it."

"Older than that," said she, and we laughed.

It was in June when my guardian came out, and who should come with him but Walter Wyman.

I was frightened at the idea of meeting him. I did not go down to dinner, and after sunset I slipped away into the garden, meaning to have till the next day before I saw him.

But as I sat in my favorite nook, thinking about so many things, thinking that, in spite of everybody's kindness, the wisest thing I could do would be to shut myself up for life in a convent or a lunatic asylum, up he came, and before I knew, was holding my two hands, and crying how glad he was to see me so well.

We talked a little while—that is, I tried—but it was hard work. I knew I ought, however painful and humiliating it might be, to thank him for what he had done; and I began impetuously, as I always must, if I am to do something difficult and unpleasant.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Wyman. I don't know how, I am so ashamed to speak——"

And after beginning in such haste, I broke down and ended with a sob.

I don't know how it came about—if I do, I won't tell; but there he was, holding me in his arms, and telling me he had loved me from the first moment he saw me, and had always meant to marry me if I could be brought to care for him, which he could not be certain about.

I shall not tell you any more, or what we did; it is enough for you to know that when we left the garden I was walking among the stars.

I began this confession by saying I am a rapid young woman; I ought to have said was—for it is all over. This is September; I am still at my guardian's house, and as I write these

last lines, that saucy Walter is leaning over me and reading, and he says,

"Tell them not quite all over; you will always be a troublesome kitten to manage."

Now he has gone, and I shall write something he is not to see.

We are to be married to-morrow; and last winter, and all its follies and horrors, looks a world away.

I am the happiest girl alive, and he is the noblest, dearest, best man, who will help me to grow a little wiser.

And I wish that young girls might know what they run the risk of losing when they attempt rapidity; and still more, I wish that people could be made to believe how innocent, nine times out of ten, they are at heart, and so would judge them more leniently.

Suppose you all try.

A CROSS TO BEAR.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Sad, way-worn heart! with anguish sore oppressed,
Crushed, bleeding, 'neath a heavy load of care;

Do you dare murmur that, reviled, unblessed,
Misunderstood, you find no earthly rest?

Be patient—who has not a cross to bear?

Our lives are not all sunshine. Gloom and night
Their blackest pinions o'er our pathway spread,
In murky darkness quench each gleam of light;
What wonder if, at times, our aching sight
Can scarce discern the star of Faith o'erhead?

We work—we suffer. Then a sudden blow
Has trailed our labor in the loathsome dust,
Each quiv'ring heart-string stabbed with mortal woe;
It may be none save God shall ever know
What poisoned malice aimed the deadly thrust.

Oh! heavy cross! we droop beneath thy weight,
Our wounded feet all bleeding, bramble-torn;
Each step we take assailed by fiercest hate,

Until our load is lightened, learning late
This truth—the direst evil can be borne.

God will the failing strength of man sustain,
Look down in mercy from His great white throne;
We shall not seek His help divine in vain,
When stung by sore injustice, bitter pain—
He is our judge, in Him we trust alone.

No, no! it will not be forever night!
There is a dawn beyond with rose-flushed sky;
From darkness dense shall spring the new-born light,
From black, malicious wrong, eternal right—
The truth immortal live, all falsehood die.

No life was ever free from blight of care;
Each soul must bow beneath the chast'ning rod;
Each human heart some weary cross must bear,
Each brow the thorny crown of sorrow wear,
Until in death we yield them up to God.

I LEAVE THEE NOW.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

I LEAVE thee now! my feet go ever slowly
From thy dear presence, and thy smile, away;
Yet memories, forever sweet and holy,
Will ever cling around this sad October day.

I leave thee now! our parting words are spoken;
Their sweetness lingers round thy heart and mine;
And may Hope's brilliant halo o'er us hover,
And through the clouds of absence calmly shine.

I leave thee now! the noisy town, so crowded;
Its wild confusion and its feverish strife
Will claim thee yet, although my love enshrouded,
Will walk beside thee in thy hidden life.

And I shall walk through quiet paths, beloved,
Amid the dim old aisles of shady woods;
In the sweet Autumn's restless light and shadow,
Where no rude passion of the world intrudes.

Again farewell! and though it be to leave thee:
This parting tells us of love's greater strength:
Oh! the sweet fancies that my heart will weave thee,
And bring back for thy crowning joy at length.

I'll send thee blessings on the Autumn breezes;
I'll send thee blessings on the wild-bird's wing;
I'll send thee thoughts, and my fond heart's caresses,
On every beautiful and holy thing.

MY LAST NIGHT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

A DISMAL afternoon in the streets—dark, and cold, and wet, and windy; mud everywhere; umbrellas in all directions; side-walks slippery and sodden; pedestrians drenched and forlorn-looking. A dismal afternoon in our office; the ceaseless rain beating against the blurred glass, the gas-light flaring in the drafts, and the shrill wind waking lugubrious echoes up stairs and down, and through the bleak corridors.

I sat at my desk staring blankly out at the wretched prospect, the white foolscap before me unstained, the deed I was copying unopened. I saw neither the rain nor the wretchedness. I heard not the ghostly sighing of the autumn wind, nor the voices of the men around me. The words that had been spoken in my ear by a thoughtless acquaintance, two hours before, rang in my ear still, and shut out all other sounds.

"Laura Hanley is going to be married."

"Are you asleep, Ryburn?" asked young Wyatt, coming over and giving me a slap on the back; "or have your wits gone wool-gathering? I have asked you three times how you are getting on with that copying, and there you sit with that stupid face staring at the window, and answering not."

"Let him alone," said another of my fellow clerks, "he's thinking what he'll wear to the party to-night. Laura Hanley celebrates her forthcoming nuptials by a little preparatory feast, and Ryburn's among the invited. Very pretty girl is Laura, and Morgan's a lucky man."

"It is true, then; she becomes Mrs. Morgan next month?"

"True as the sun that shines. My sister had it from Laura herself, and Morgan's got the house hired, and the furniture bought; a *bijou* of a cottage just out of town, fitting nest for so bright a bird. Ah! he's a favorite of the gods, and Ryburn thinks so, too, I know."

"Where you speaking to me?"

My fellow clerk laughed.

"Up in the clouds yet? Don't you envy Morgan? You used to be rather sweet on blue-eyed Laura, if I mistake not. Don't blush for it, dear boy, it has been the case of better men, myself included; but we, none of us, stood

the ghost of a chance against Roger Morgan. Oh! confound it, here comes old Red Tape through all the rain! Get to work, boys."

I unfolded the deed and began my copying. It was long and wearisome, and the ghostly October afternoon wore darkly on. The rain beat complainingly, airily, against the glass, the ceaseless wind had a mournful wail of human desolation in its shuddering gusts. The gas flared dimly; scratch, scratch, scratch, went half a dozen legal pens; the hours struck sonorously from the town hall without, until five came—welcome five, the hour of our release. Pens were dropped, damp MSS. rolled up, high stools shoved impatiently away; hats and overcoats donned, and we were out in the wild, wet streets.

"We'll see you to-night at Miss Hanley's, Ryburn?" I nodded, and walked away. I had not spoken a word to any one since I had heard the news—I felt in no mood for speaking now. It had come upon me like a thunderbolt, this news; and I had loved her—my God! I had loved her so much!

I walked home to my dingy lodgings as men may walk in their sleep, and declined my supper, to the evident gratification of my landlady. I had to dress for the party, and I had something else to do. A toy pocket pistol lay locked in one of my drawers, loaded and ready for use. I had to examine it, see that the charge was all right, and hide it away inside my shirt front. Why, I don't know, at least I didn't then—something, an unreasoning impulse stronger than myself, urged me to do it, and I did.

It was late when I reached Laura Hanley's, every one had arrived before me, and the house was one blaze of light. Roger Morgan, the handsome young Welshman, was the first I saw, looking like a king, or as kings should look, so high, so handsome, so happy. Near him stood Laura—my Laura, my love, so beautiful, so beautiful! The flush on her cheeks, the radiance in her eyes, the dazzle of her smile—I knew what they meant. She was so unutterably blessed that the joy shone through like the sun through summer mist, and her gleaming dress, and glancing jewels, and irradiated countenance, seemed to flash light as she walked.

"Late, Mr. Ryburn," she said, tapping me with her perfumed fan. "I was giving you up, and you know you're the only gentleman present I can dance a Redowa with. Do ask me at once, please, or I shall be obliged to say no when you do. See, I'm almost full already."

She held out her ivory tablets, and scribbled my name with a mite of gold pencil. Then a waltz struck up; smiling and nodding a gay good-by, she resigned herself to her lover's encircling arm, and whirled away among the dancers.

I danced all night, determined not to think; but my fair companions must have found me rather a dull partner. I was tongue-tied still—I could not talk; a wheel of fire seemed crashing through my brain; "Laura Hanley is going to be married," seemed seared in fire before my eyes. Often, often my hand sought my breast, where that little toy lay concealed, and my heart throbbed under its weight as if it would burst.

The Redowa came—Laura and I floated giddily round the room together. When she felt my hand colder than ice; when she looked up in my face, and saw it colorless as a dead man's, she stopped with a little cry of alarm.

"What is it, Mr. Ryburn? Are you ill?"

"Yes—no—I think so! I believe I am."

I answered incoherently. My head felt all wrong, the lights, the dancers, the floor, the walls, were reeling before me. How I got out in the cold night air I don't know; but there I was, the wild rain beating on my uncovered head, the raw wind blowing in my ghastly face, and Roger Morgan's grand face looking down upon me.

"My poor fellow! Are you better?"

I muttered vaguely, and stood leaning against a pillar, the chilling wind and rain feeling like a cool blessing.

"You've been overworked at the office to-day," Morgan's voice was saying; "you look completely used up. Come into the dining-room, and have a glass of brandy."

I followed him, and swallowed a tumbler full as if it had been water.

"Now lie down for half an hour. Come into the conservatory, it's dark and quiet there, and you'll be all right again."

"No," I said, doggedly, between my teeth, "I'll go home."

"But, my dear fellow——"

"I'll go home!" raising my voice. "I don't feel well—I shouldn't have come. Make my adieus and apologies to Miss Hanley, and good-night."

I swung round and left him; five minutes later I was back again in the black, bad streets, all dark, deserted, and dreary. Still the rain fell, still the wind blew—still wind and rain wailed out that mournful complaint, unintelligible to mortal ears.

I did not go home. I turned in the opposite direction, and soon left the slippery streets behind me. I was out in the open country, on a dreary road lying between sodden marshes, crouching under some ghastly pollard willows, and waiting. Waiting for what? I would not answer even to myself. It was Roger Morgan's road, the way he must pass to reach his home—but what was that to me? I set my teeth, and stared straight at black vacancy, never thinking, never moving, heedless that I was wet to the skin, and that morning was growing gray in the east.

Two hours later, and I was back in my lodging. The dismal October morning had come in drizzle, and fog, and mist. No one was yet stirring, and I let myself softly in without disturbing the house. Up in my wretched room, fireless and damp, I was shivering from head to foot. My clothes were soaking, my teeth chattering, my face, as I saw it in the glass, livid. I did not dare to look again. I had a flask of whiskey in my trunk. I found it, and drained half its fiery contents in a draught. Then I was in bed, burning hot, with the room floating round me, the bed heaving under me like a turbid sea—and then all was darkness, and fire, and delirium.

Weeks and weeks after I came feebly forth from the burning depths, where I had been laboring, to the white, cool light of life. I had been ill, they told me, very, very ill, of brain-fever and inflammation of the lungs combined. My thorough wetting, the night of the party, had brought on the inflammation; what had brought on the brain-fever was more than the nurse could say.

I had been delirious, then, and talking, of course. Pray what had I talked about?

It was the first question I asked. Perhaps the nurse thought by my look I was a trifle delirious still, for she hastened to answer soothingly.

"I couldn't make it out, my deary—nobody could; but you was in the office a good deal, and you was under a tree in the rain a good deal, and you said it was raining fire and brimstone, and you was a burning up."

"And that was all?"

"That was all, my poor deary; and I was with you all the time."

Wyatt and the other fellows from the office came to see me daily, and retailed the news.

"You've had a rough time of it, my poor Ryburn," Wyatt said, mournfully; "but you're well off compared with some people. Poor Morgan! Poor Laura!"

"What is it?" I asked. "Are they not married?"

"Married! Ah! poor fellow! Ryburn, he was murdered the night of the party, the night you fell ill."

"Murdered!"

"Yes—poor Roger! It was going home; he was foully shot down in the marshes by the clump of pollard willows. They found him next day flat on his face, shot through the heart!"

Wyatt's voice choked. I could not speak myself for a moment.

"And the mur—— Who did it?"

"Ah! that's the mystery! He hadn't an enemy in the world, that I know of—such a splendid, great-hearted fellow! There never was seen such a funeral as his in these parts—high and low attended it."

"And Laura?"

"Poor Laura! Nobody sees her, she has never left her room since—it will kill her, this horrible blow. But you are looking quite ghastly, my poor Ryburn, and I mustn't talk any more. Try to go to sleep, and get well, and let's see you back at the office as soon as may be."

Wyatt went away, and I—I turned my face to the wall and lay for hours as still as a stone. I tried to think of Laura free, of myself her accepted suitor by-and-by; but I could not—I could not. I could see nothing in all the dim past or future but that one vision—Roger Morgan, who never harmed mortal man, lying in his strong, young beauty, face downward, on the ghastly marsh, shot through the heart.

Very slowly I recovered. The winter snow lay piled high and white everywhere when I walked out into the world again. The tragedy that had run through the town like electric fire was a story of the past already—Roger Morgan slept with the snow over his grave, and was only a shadow and a name. A new sensation was stirring the town, the sudden failure of Laura Hanley's father, the richest merchant in the place. With his downward crash fell many others; people had nearer and more exciting interests to talk about—their own involvement. Roger Morgan slept his last sleep, and the dark mystery of his murder was the same dark mystery still.

VOL. LII.—29

Perhaps it did Laura good, this new shock, for it gave her no time to think. They left their handsome house, father and mother, and Laura, and took rooms in an obscure quarter of the town. She could play heiress and belle no longer, my blue-eyed, black-robed darling—she must work for her living now. She must work for the old folks, too, altogether broken down by their misfortune; and she roused herself out of her untold despair, like the brave, generous heroine she was. My brave Laura! my beautiful, noble love!

It was I who helped her. She wanted music pupils, and I got them for her. I neglected business; I forgot everything but her. I searched the town, never resting until I had obtained her a dozen, and the promise of as many more. The grateful glances of those deep shining eyes, so solemn and so sad, was my bountiful reward for all the trouble, and fatigue, and loss; for I lost my place in the office—it was only right. I neglected my business for Laura, and it was useless to keep me.

"I am so sorry," she said, in that sweet, mournful voice of hers, the sunset falling like a tender glory on her tinselled hair and pale, young face, "so sorry, Mr. Ryburn, that you should suffer such a loss helping me. How am I ever to repay you?"

"I will tell you one day," I said; and then I left her. It was too soon to ease my burning heart yet. I must wait—I must wait. Oh! surely my time would come. It came. Fortune smiled on me from the first. Within a month after losing my situation, an old aunt who had long been dying, and failed to do it, died. I was her heir, left fifty thousand dollars, in consideration, the will said, of having never pestered her with mercenary intentions whilst living, and being, from all she had heard, a very industrious and sensible young man.

I was rich; I could help Laura in a hundred indirect ways now—that was my first thought. Still I did not speak, it was too soon, the wound in her heart was too sore, too deep—but I could wait. Knowing she was free, knowing no one else was nearer that heart, I could wait, and did.

My time came at last. The August roses had once more bloomed and faded; the snow again had lain high and bleak over the dead man's grave; and the sweet May days were golden and green on the sunlit earth when that time came. I had made myself so necessary—I had been so staunch a friend when friends were few and far, her father and mother, and her own grateful, tender heart had pleaded my cause so well that I won.

"But I don't love you," she said, looking with misty eyes far away; "I don't know that I ever shall in the way you ask. My heart is dead and buried, but my life, my gratitude, my best regard, are yours. So little, so little to repay you for all you have done!"

"It repays a thousand fold! Oh, my darling! you don't know, you don't know how I love you!"

We were to be married in June, and I was very busy. I had bought back the old Hanley house, and was refitting it for my bride and her parents. The old folks, delighted beyond measure, were to live with us, of course. Laura gave up her pupils to prepare for her bridal—but not as she had prepared before. The lovely face grew paler and paler, day after day, the blue eyes sadder and more sad, the light step weary and slow. Always, always she was thinking of her dead love; I could see it as plainly as you see this, though she never spoke his name. Even in his bloody grave Roger Morgan was my rival, and stood between me and the woman I loved.

But she was mine, in spite of all—mine! mine! The summer days went by like swift, warm dreams. June came, and brought our bridal eve.

There were a few friends gathered in the cottage-parlor—Laura's bridesmaids and relatives, and Wyatt, and two or three fellows more. We had feasted on the grass, and there was soft piano-music in the parlor, where a sentimental young bridesmaid sat singing "'Tis the Night Before the Bridal." I was by Laura's side, of course, my peerless Laura, who looked like the queen of the lilies to-night, so pale, so stately, so still. In the midst of it all, while no foreboding had touched me, when the dead man was out of my mind for once, two burly strangers came through the open front door into the parlor and transfixed us all.

"Beg pardon, ladies and gents," said the foremost, the head constable of our town; "but business is business, however unpleasant. Mr. William Ryburn, you are my prisoner."

He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder. I rose

up, whiter than death, stiller than death, and confronted my fate. There had been a chorus of feminine shrieks, and one of the men had asked,

"In heaven's name, for what?"

"For the willful murder of Roger Morgan, two years ago!"

I never flinched. It was horrible; but not so horrible as all I had suffered and did. I only looked at Laura; she had fallen away from me, and stood with an awful white horror on her face. I never looked again.

"He was seen do it," the constable said, slipping the handcuffs on over my unresisting wrists, "by a sailor, who left next morning and went to China. But he returned here two days ago; he couldn't stand the weight on his conscience, you see, any longer, and he made a clean breast of all. Mr. Ryburn shot Mr. Morgan that night through the back, and we've got the little instrument he did the deed with in our possession; and among all the clear cases that ever was, there never was a clearer than this. Now, Mr. Ryburn, if you are ready, we'll go."

I went without a word. There was a gasping cry and a fall as we went out—Laura I knew, but I never looked back; a sort of numbness had fallen upon me, a paralysis I could not shake off. I obeyed, "passive to all changes."

That was early in May. It is August now, and the glorious sunshine has lit up my prison-cell for the last time. The last time for me! It is all over—the trial, the proof, the conviction, the sentence, the weeks of waiting for the end. The end is here—my last night has come. My jailor crouches in the corner half asleep; the night-lamp by which I write flickers palely before the coming dawn. Out in the prison-yard I hear the faint muffled click, click of the carpenters' hammers; and I know the ghastly thing they are preparing in the dismal morning light. There will be no crowd, no public spectacle—and I am glad of that. In three hours all will be over—a moment of sharp pain, and then— Oh! merciful God! have pity on my miserable soul!

THE OLD YEAR.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

DECEMBER woods are gaunt and sere;
December skies are dark and drear;
All sad and desolate the year—
A white, disrowned and childless Lear.

Yes! childless. On the grave-yard hill,
All night the flakes were falling chill;
His many dead that grave-yard fill,
As thick as they, as cold and still!

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 379.

CHAPTER XX.

NIGHT after night Amanda Clark filled the opera-house with her music, charming crowds together like the enchantress, that men called her. Her quick, ardent, sometimes impassioned genius, had something new and vigorous in it, which brought a breezy freshness of the country upon the stage. The girl might have taken her place among the elite of the profession personally, as she had already done as an artist; but she shrunk proudly from the frothy homage of stage-struck hags and fastidious amateurs, tossing their bouquets from her with imperious disdain, and keeping aloof from their flattery as a lark mounts to the purest air of heaven before it gives forth its morning song.

This girl loved earnestly, and with all the strength of a strong, romantic nature. She possessed all her mother's vigor and her father's delicate genius. The idea that possessed her was noble in its grandeur. She could not believe the man she loved anything but perfect, and this belief promised, in some degree, to realize itself; for young Gray began to comprehend how trivial all his aims had been, and how little he had accomplished compared to this young girl, who had soared out of that humble brown house on the pinions of love, and wrought out a destiny for herself. Her bright womanliness shamed his wasted manhood, and he was fast becoming worthy of her devotion.

Amanda's triumphs belonged to the public; but her life was her own. After wading ankle-deep through floral offerings, she would fling off her robes of mock royalty, tie on her bonnet, and walk home with brother William animated and joyous, striving to comfort him by her own success, and practicing many a gentle wile, by which she hoped to win him from the mournful despondency which weighed him down at this period more than ever.

So time wore on, and it was deep in the winter before any event arose which could disturb the equal current of our story. One night, when the opera was crowded to witness Amanda's first personation in Norma, a tall woman, with

a coronet of iron-gray hair visible under a black silk bonnet, whose front flared up high from the forehead, and the general dimensions of which would have answered for a moderate-sized coal-scuttle, presented herself in front of the opera, and looked around in utter bewilderment. The crowd was rushing in, and a confusion of brilliantly-dressed people jostled the poor woman hither and thither, while she looked wildly from face to face with a half defiant, half beseeching look, that would have seemed ludicrous had it not been so intensely real. At last a gentleman, who came in from the street alone, saw the woman, and kindly addressed her.

"Have you lost any one?" he said.

The woman laid her hand impressively on his arm and drew him on one side.

"I want to go in there and see my—— see what is going on," she said, pointing to the door, through which a stream of people was pouring into the body of the house.

"But you are not alone, surely?" said the gentleman, smiling.

"Yes, I am all alone, and that is what I want—— some place where I can see, and hear, and have nobody to take notice; but I don't know how to manage it."

"You want a private box, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir, that's it; and the more private the better," she answered, eagerly.

The gentleman hesitated.

"That will be expensive," he said, at last.

"Oh! I've got money. Look here!"

The woman took out a rusty old pocket-book, and reached forth a twenty dollar note.

"It's all mine; she sent—— That is, I came honestly by it. Just get me a place, all by myself, remember, and never mind the price. I shan't!"

The gentleman was amused and somewhat interested. Old-fashioned as the woman's dress was, she wore it like an empress; and there was a clear decision in her manner that excited his curiosity. He went to the box-office, and came back with the order she wanted. She reached forth her hand encased in a brown cotton glove but he gently put it back.

"I will place you in the hands of an usher," he said. "Come this way."

That instant a party was set down near the entrance, and Mrs. Ruby Gray rustled by with a scarlet opera-cloak falling back from her white shoulders, and a shimmer of silver sparkling out from her white dress. The tall woman caught her breath and drew back, huddling the large shawl, of a bright, old-fashioned gorgeousness, around her person.

"Mercy on me! how handsome she is; and there, too, is Mr. Moreton, and Mr. Wheaton, Miss Wheaton, and—— Oh! there is my Billy by the door. Go on, sir! Please to go on. I want to get into that box-seat, you was talking of, before any of 'em sees me."

The gentleman passed on; and in a few minutes after Mrs. Clark sat alone in one of the private boxes which overlooked the stage, gazing with curiosity on the great drop-curtain, which answered all her ideas of a magnificent painting, and fairly took away her breath with its grandeur.

There was something of Indian stoicism in this woman; and even in her solitude, with the curtains of the box more than half concealing her, she scarcely deigned to indulge the natural curiosity which would have induced another woman to look around that densely filled house. She saw Ruby Gray, the Wheatons, and young Moreton in an opposite box, and dragged the curtains forward that they might not see her. The orchestra struck up, but this only made her impatient, and she beat her foot on the carpet almost angrily—that was not the music she came to hear. The curtain went up with a dull rushing sound, bewildering her with glimpses of unexpected scenery, and of people moving to and fro, singing as they went. She never knew when or how the impatience that consumed her merged into that dream of ecstasy. But all at once the hard hands clasped themselves under her shawl, her firm lips began to quiver, and those large, gray eyes were so full of tears, that the queenly figure upon the stage that had called them forth floated in a mist before her.

"It's her! That's her voice; that's her face! It's—it's my own 'Mandy!'"

Up went her two hard hands to the old face, and in an instant they were wet as if a heavy rain had drenched them, while her tall figure swayed to and fro, shaking the curtains till those below wondered at the strange commotion.

Amanda saw nothing of this. With her soul given up to the grand idea she had assumed,

all that crowd, and even the solitary woman sitting behind the curtains were without substance to her. Every pulse of her heart seemed to have turned into music. Her soul was full of passionate cries, which took the melody of grief as they passed through her lips. She forgot herself utterly; but still that love, which was the best part of her own life, grew powerful as it ennobled the grand creature she assumed to be.

Not a word did that strong woman understand; but the music thrilled her like electricity. The passion swelled in her own heart, heaving her stern bosom as tempests lift a wave. As the passion of the piece rose and deepened, that stout frame began to tremble; intense sympathy shook the woman from head to foot, she stretched forth her arms and cried out,

"Mandy! Oh, 'Mandy Clark! come to me—come to me! They are killing you."

No one heard her, for that moment the despairing creature, whom even that stern heart was afraid to claim as a daughter, rushed down the stage in the climax of her agony. The gaslight quivered around her golden diadem like a glory; the blackness of a thunder-cloud rolled in the waves of sable velvet that swept around her; her cries of anguish rose above all music, and stirred the house like a tempest. Thunders of applause frightened the old woman; and when the orchestra crashed into the tumult she started up trembling, and cried out piteously that they had killed her child and was glorying over it. In the confusion of a crowd, in sudden commotion, her voice was lost, and the brilliant throng poured itself through the various doors, leaving her alone. Then the woman came to herself and remembered where she was. Pushing against the door with both hands, she let herself out; but the gas was getting low, and she found herself wandering through some narrow passage, and into a broad, dim space, which seemed broken up with shadows. Through these shadows came gleams of light, which the woman followed till they brought her into a little dressing-room, in which she saw her child standing, pale, breathless, but triumphant, with the black robe sweeping around her, and the coronet of gold in her hand, as she had just unclasped it from her head. Amanda saw the tall figure that darkened the threshold; the coronet dropped from her hand; the pale face became radiant, and reaching out her arms she cried out,

"Mother, mother! forgive me if I have done wrong."

Then the proud Norma threw herself into

the strong arms outstretched to receive her, and down upon her sweeping hair fell great drops that seemed like summer rain, and kisses came thick and warm upon her face, each stamping a blessing there.

"Tell me, you did not mind it much? Oh, mother! I have been so sorry!"

Still the kisses fell, slower, but more tenderly impressive.

"Have you been very lonely, mother?"

Mrs. Clark held her child back at arms' length, and laughed through her tears.

"Lonesome, child? Yes, yes; but this makes up for it all. I thought I had lost you, 'Mandy; that you would be ashamed to own your mother."

"Ashamed! Oh, mother!"

That generous face was scarlet; the fine eyes full of reproach. The mother saw it and was satisfied.

"I got your money, 'Mandy, and came here with it just to see you, daughter—nothing more."

"Dear, dear mother! I have wanted to see you so much. How often I have thought of you in this cold winter weather all alone; but I could not get free for a single day."

Amanda was wrapping a heavy shawl around her. She flung the massy folds of black velvet over her arm, and, clinging to her mother, said,

"Come, mother, come! There is a carriage outside."

She flung the door open, and went into the green-room, where some of the singers were still grouped, talking over the opera. With them were half a dozen gentlemen, such as find pleasure and a sort of glory in hovering around the footsteps of a successful artist—proud, fastidious men they were, who waited to congratulate the Prima Donna on her new triumph. When she appeared in the door, leaning upon the arm of that strange woman, whose bonnet alone was a marvel in their eyes, something like confusion seized upon them; but with Amanda there was nothing of the kind. She came up with a pleasant smile upon her face, and said, with the graceful freedom of a child,

"It is my mother, gentlemen. Allow me to present her."

There was nothing in the demeanor of Mrs. Clark to humiliate her daughter, even in that company. Her manners were stiff and cold, but not vulgar. Indeed, as she stood there, wrapped in her old-fashioned shawl, crowned with that imposing bonnet, there was something picturesque about her, which might not be out of place in the mother of Norma. At

any rate, the manner of the young girl won respect for her mother; and looks of no ordinary admiration followed her as she went out, quite unconscious that there was anything like heroism in her conduct.

Billy Clark stood at the carriage-door waiting for his sister. He turned to help her in, when his eyes fell on the tall form of Mrs. Clark, which looked queer and threatening in the shadows. Billy dropped his hand from the carriage-door, and began to plead with her.

"Don't, don't be hard on her," he said, in his weak, plaintive voice, "she isn't to blame. It was all me. I coaxed her to run away, and helped her to do it. If you've come here to find fault, do it with me. I'm a man, and—and— No, mother, I ain't strong, and it's of no use saying that I am; but yet I can bear a little more—and it's all my fault."

Billy broke off in a sharp, dry cough, which seemed to strike his mother with a pang, for she turned and looked in his face with a long, anxious glance before entering the carriage; and when he sat down by her side, she gathered the poor fellow in her arms and held him close, like one stricken with sudden dread, and suffering it in silence.

"Mother," said Amanda, who had no idea of the pain which had come upon her mother, "you will stay with us now. Let us all be together."

"No," answered the woman, with singular mournfulness, "I will go back to the old home. It's the place for me. Billy here will go with me—there is no place like home. Is there, my boy?"

There was no answer; but Billy wound both arms around his mother's neck, and she felt that he was trembling.

"I can't leave her; not yet—not yet," he whispered.

The old woman held him close, and kissed him silently.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE snow was falling fast and thick, filling the air with drifting particles, and mantling the earth with fleecy whiteness, till the vast city, from pavement to house-top, seemed wrapped in spotless ermine.

Ruby Gray sat within her pretty *bijou* of a parlor, and watched the drifting flakes gather on the window-sill with a look of keen interest. She was not thinking of the "beautiful snow," but of something that it might bring to her sooner than she had dared to expect. Few people look out on a snow-storm without some

shadow of sadness; the broad, dead whiteness is so shroud-like, as it gathers over the earth, that it imperceptibly fills the mind with something like awe. But the feelings in Ruby's heart were too keen and fierce for sadness. The snow to her was an instrument; the wicked thoughts in her bosom swept off all its poetry.

"It is now a foot deep, and the earth frosted like iron under it," she said, unconsciously talking aloud. "Hark! there comes the tinkle of bells. It will be glorious sleighing to-morrow. Ha! Theo, is that you?"

The boy crept toward her, shivering as an Italian gray-hound might have done—the snow always terrified him.

"Come here, Theo, I want you to go an errand."

"Not out-of-doors—not through that," he said, pointing to the snow. "It makes me cold to the bone."

"But it is to serve me, Theo."

"To serve you? Then I will go. For you, lady, I would be buried up in it so deep that no one could see how I froze to death."

"Still it is but a little thing, Theo. Indeed, now I think of it, you need not go out at all. There is a door in the lower hall which leads into the drug-store. Here, take this and get what I have ordered."

Ruby drew a small pencil from her pocket and wrote upon a card, which she gave to Theo with some money.

"Take this and bring what they will give you," she said. "I will wait for it here."

Theo took the card, and went hastily down stairs. On the way he met Preston Moreton, who asked if Mrs. Gray was in her room. The boy answered, "Yes," and went into the drug-store with the white teeth clenched under his lips, for he hated Moreton with an instinct of jealousy that nothing could equal. On that stormy day few people came to the store, and some of the clerks, knowing Theo, began to talk with him, laughing at his sharp answers, and encouraging him to ask questions about the drugs, regarding which he evinced great curiosity.

"Would this kill any one?" he asked, as the vial was placed in his hand. "Is it poison?"

"Not a bit of it," answered the young man. "We do not sell anything that kills to youngsters like you."

"Well, what is it good for then?"

"Take a spoonful of it and you will find out," laughed the clerk.

"Tell me about it, for I mean to be an apothecary, or a doctor. It would be no harm to teach me a little."

"Not now; come again some time. Take care, old fellow, don't handle that jar so carelessly; and remember to mark, 'poison,' on what you take out."

This was addressed to another clerk, who had just taken down a small jar from the shelves.

"Never fear," was the reply; "I know all about it."

Theo was shaking up the vial in his hand, but he kept a sidelong glance on the jar, drew close enough to read the gilded letters upon it, and loitered in the store till it was replaced on the shelf.

"I should like to help about here sometimes; would you let me?" he said, in his soft, winning way to the clerk, as he went out. "I do so long to be a doctor, or something."

"Oh, yes! come in if you like."

"I will go errands for you, or anything," answered the boy. "To-morrow I will come again."

"I would rather see your handsome mistress," laughed the clerk.

Theo, who had been all smiles, now frowned blackly, and went into the hotel, muttering to himself.

Meantime, Moreton had proceeded to Ruby Gray's parlor, where he found her still seated by the window, looking out upon the snow.

"Ah!" she said, starting up in confusion, for she had not heard his knock. "Is it you? Welcome as the snow! What glorious sleighing we shall have!"

"Yes, nothing could promise better. I have come to talk with you about a party. Let us get up something unique, by way of a sleigh-ride."

Ruby Gray turned white and cold. Had the evil one answered her thoughts so readily? There was a look of affright in her eyes, as she turned them on Moreton, which surprised him.

"Why! Does not the idea please you?" he said. "I thought you would have been delighted."

"And so I am. What has got into your head? Of course, Miss Wheaton will go?"

"Certainly."

"And we shall have your horses?"

"Yes, the whole stable."

"That will be splendid. But where shall we go?"

"That is what I most particularly wished to consult you about."

"Not in the city, or near it, then. There is no pleasure in sleighing where the snow has been trampled into mud by a thousand horses. What if we make two days of it, and have a

regular old-fashioned New England sleigh-ride, such as we read of—a long drive into the country, supper and a dance at night, then a dashing ride back to town. That will be something like a sleigh-ride."

"Capital! I was sure you could help me out. But I must be the host, remember; and you shall give the invitations, act as lady patroness, in fact,

"Of course I will; but we must have music—a country fiddler will never do."

"Let us settle on a place, and I will send a band in advance."

"Ah! that is a question. Well, what if we go unto the Islands—any country tavern that has a ball-room will do, provided that it stands on a good road. What say you to Blanktown? It is a lovely village."

"That will do. I will send a man at once to bespeak accommodation and carry down supplies. We will make it a winter frolic. I will go to Zua at once and tell her to be in readiness."

"Let me go with you. Dear girl! I have not seen her in a long time."

That moment Theo came in, glided up to his mistress, and stole the vial into her hand. She blushed crimson while receiving it, and instantly dropped it into the pocket of her dress, motioning Theo away from her.

Moreton saw the action, but it occasioned no surprise, for the strange boy was always hovering about his mistress, and giving an appearance of mystery to everything he did or said in the presence of visitors; but Ruby's disturbed conscience impelled her to an indirect explanation.

"Is it violet?" she said.

"Yes, lady; the very best."

All this was lost on Moreton. Impatience to see Zua and surprise her with this grand idea of a sleigh-ride, rendered him unconscious almost of Theo's presence. Indeed, the lad was regarded by all Ruby's friends much in the light of a rather troublesome lap-dog, much out of place in a lady's reception-room.

Ruby spoke to Theo as she went out.

"I shall be back in less than an hour. Stay here till then," she said, wrapping herself in a cloak of Russian sable. "And— Oh! I forgot! Come here!"

She stooped down and whispered through her veil that Theo should go in search of Billy Clark, and have him waiting when she came back. Then she followed Moreton, who was moving impatiently toward the stair-case, and springing into a carriage, drove away.

Theo watched her from the window, and his black eyes burned with all their savage, Indian fire.

"She loves him! Oh! how I hate him! I hate him because he don't love her, and would want to kill him if he did. It wasn't that Mr. Gray, but this man; and they think I do not know. They think Theo is a dog, deaf and dumb. But dogs bite—dogs bite. I saw his arm around her waist, when he helped her in, and she lifted those eyes to his. Oh! I was looking on—the dog doesn't sleep."

Ruby found Zua Wheaton at home. These two persons certainly did not love each other; but when Ruby Gray wished to be intimate with any one, it was difficult to resist her; and even Zua's pride failed to protect her from the woman's fascinations. Besides, she came with Moreton, and shared somewhat in the sunshine his presence was sure to bring.

Mr. Wheaton had gone down to the country-house, Zua said, but she would be happy to join the party; a good old-fashioned country sleigh-ride would be delightful. She only wished for Ruby's sake that her father had been at home.

Ruby's eyes flashed fire under her veil. Did Zua Wheaton really think that she had come to such a social poverty as to miss the presence of the middle-aged man whose very admiration was becoming an annoyance. Had her acting really deceived the girl. With these bitter questions in her mind, she said sweet things to Zua about her father, and expressed a thousand regrets, which the young girl scarcely heard, for Moreton was talking to her in a low voice; and when a woman listens with her heart she has no ear for common sounds.

Still Ruby talked on, hiding her pain under a world of smiles. All the details of the party were settled as she wished, for no one cared to interfere; and she went back to the carriage, waving kisses to Zua from her white fingers as she entered it.

Ruby found Billy Clark in her parlor when she returned to it. Moreton had gone back to Zua after escorting her to the entrance of the hotel. This left fire in Ruby's eyes, hot blood in her cheeks, and hatred in her heart. Billy was very thin and care-worn. He looked at Ruby reproachfully. Had she not promised to save Zua Wheaton from that man, and give him a chance to worship her as of old? Yet the very day of the hated marriage was appointed; everybody was deceiving him.

Ruby sent Theo out of the room, wounding him with her quick impatience. She went up

to Billy Clark eagerly, and trembling with the vehemence of her own passions.

"You thought I was not in earnest, that I never would redeem that promise. But I will—I will. The time has come; only do your part faithfully, and in three days she shall be beyond his reach."

"Will you? Are you really a-going to do it?" cried Billy, clasping a hand on each knee, as if that were necessary to hold his poor little figure in place.

"Will I? Yes, if it kills us all in one crowd, Billy Clark. Come over here while I tell you what is wanted on your part. I am afraid Theo listens sometimes."

She sat down near the door of her bed-room, and Billy listened to all her directions with a drooping head, and that wild light in his eyes which approaches insanity. Ruby was very positive in her orders, and clear in all the details, thinking herself safe. But she forgot that one door of her bed-room opened into the hall, and Theo's step was so cat-like as he crept through, that she never dreamed of his presence; he, indeed, was compelled to hold his breath, or she would have heard it pant through his shut teeth.

"There, all is arranged," she said, at last. "You will be sent down to make preparations—I have settled that. You can be trusted?"

She looked at him keenly. His eyes, full of feverish light, answered hers before his thin voice confirmed the look.

"Trusted? You love her, I love her. See, if you think I don't."

The poor fellow lifted his thin hands, now pale from a respite of out-door toil, and the light fairly shone through them. "You pretend to love him," he said; "but how plump and rosy you are."

"Because, I will not give up; nor must you, Billy!"

Billy looked at his hands again, and sighed heavily.

"If this was only over, I, too, should get stout," he murmured. "You know it is a case of life and death with me."

"Then you will be firm?"

"As a rock—as a rock!" answered Billy, surrendering his limp hand to her pressure, for, in her sharp anxiety, the woman forgot all distinctions, and almost caressed the poor fellow whom sorrows made a safe instrument.

"Good-by!"

Billy went away, his eyes full of fever, his hands trembling like dry leaves. His feeble nature was given up to one idea, and that made

him crafty and reticent. The next morning Moreton sent him into the country to make preparations for the grand sleighing-party.

Ruby Gray had many things to arrange after Billy left her; first the invitations were to be made out; among the first she wrote two pretty notes, one to young Gray, and the other to Amanda Clark, who happened to have a week's rest just then, and had gone down to the old brown house to spend it with her mother. This note was sent by Billy, who promised to have his sister at the place of rendezvous, which was not ten miles from his native town.

Theo took invitations, and delivered them promptly; but he managed that day to spend a good deal of time in the drug store, where he was very inquisitive about the nature of chemicals, and would have created some annoyance by disturbing the bottles and jars on one of the shelves, but his movements were so stealthy that no one observed him.

That night, as the boy sat alone on his bed, some conflict, surely, was going on in his mind, for he remained for more than an hour gazing at the white snow that glistened through his window, unconscious that the sharp air was chilling him through and through. At last he settled down in the bed, with his black eyes glittering like stars in the moonlight, and muttered to himself,

"No; if I told him, it would be all the same, she would go on loving him; and he—I don't believe he cares for the other one. Who could, and she by? Once I saw him kiss her. He did—he did! She held up her lips and tempted him; but she pushes me away if I only try to kiss her foot. No, I won't tell, but——"

The boy uttered no more words, but lay with his eyes gleaming like those of a serpent, and shivering with cold till the dawn of a new day stole upon him.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was a glorious day. The town was jubilant with bells; and even the streets of New York looked white and clean, while this mantle of snow was fast becoming torn and mangled under a wild succession of muffled hoofs, a wilder jingle of bells, and the sharp cleaving of runners, which followed so close upon each other that the whole scene was one rush of excitement.

When the noon was highest, and the icicles on the house-tops flashed back the sunlight in ten thousand diamonds, three large sleighs, each drawn by four well-matched horses, dashed

away from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, followed by two or three fanciful little affairs, glittering and shell-shaped, which answered to the large sleighs as pony-carriages compare with the pondrous barouche. On they went, dashing along the streets like a royal cavalcade, the horses rampant with exuberant strength, the harness flashing back a golden light to the sunshine, and the occupants of each sleigh, half buried beneath piles of snow-white or rich brown furs, through which came gleams of blue or scarlet cloth, enriching the effect with a variety of colors. Beautiful faces, rosy with happiness, and bright from the frosty air, looked out from the furs; and thus, amid a crash of bells, and a fall of hoofs muffled to the fetlock in snow, that sleighing-party crossed the ferry, and dashed off among a scarcely-trodden highway of Long Island.

Now the fun commenced. The horses, hitherto restrained with difficulty, took their own wild way; a storm of snow flew from their hoofs, sometimes breaking in a storm of pearl-dust over the inmates of the vehicles. As if this was not enough, delicate hands were ungloved and thrust down, ever and anon, into the snow through which the sleighs were flying, and each, as it passed the other, poured volleys of flashing balls upon the vanquished, while shouts of laughter rang out clear and loud above the sweet jingle of the bells, and the mellow tread of the horses.

Thus, through that bright, beautiful country, intoxicated by the exuberant oxygen which made the air sparkle like champagne, this whirl of gay life swept on. A thousand reckless things, wild, witty, or silly, but still entrancing, escaped from lip to lip. Bright eyes grew brighter; red lips had no time to close in seriousness; cheeks, hitherto pale as lilies, gathered blooming roses from the frost and snow, and the whole ride was one riot of joyousness, unchecked by anything but that refinement of high breeding which can make even recklessness elegant.

There was only one person in that whole party who did not give herself up to the joyousness of the occasion. Zua Wheaton could not tone her spirits into sympathy with her brilliant companions. She sat by Ruby Gray in the equipage which Moreton was driving, liveried to the neck in the white fur of a polar bear, but shivering with inward cold, as she was apt to do when Ruby was close to her; yet a warmer, sweeter, or more beautiful creature could not well be imagined than the young widow appeared that morning. The scarlet feather in her hat was

not a richer red than her lips, when they laughed out joyously at the flight of a well-aimed ball; nor could anything be more childishly graceful than her action when she shielded her laughing face from the return-volley with her pretty ermine muff. Never had any one seen Ruby Gray, attractive and fascinating as she was always, half so brilliant as they found her then.

All at once, as the horses were dashing on at full speed, Ruby gave a scream, that really appeared to be one of fright, and flinging back the fur robe, looked down at her feet as if she expected to find a serpent there.

"Why, Theo! little wretch! how came you there?" she exclaimed, angrily. "Did I not tell you to remain at home?"

Theo saw by the hot flush of her face that Ruby was very much annoyed; so, dog-like, he crouched down in the bottom of the sleigh and laid his cheek upon her feet, lifting his black eyes to hers, thus silently pleading for pity.

"Why did you come, I say?" she demanded, spurning him with her foot, as if he had, indeed, been some animal.

The boy grew angry at this and showed his white teeth. Ruby was afraid to urge him further, for she knew how keenly vicious the creature could be when driven to the wall. "Well, as you are there," she said, more placably, "get up, and let us see what can be done for you. I wonder you have not smothered."

Theo struggled to his knees, and laying both arms on her lap, said, in his soft, pleading voice, with which he always addressed her,

"Let me stay here; I will crowd no one."

Ruby laughed, and turned to Zua.

"Did you ever see such a creature. What must I do? I really think he cannot exist away from me."

Zua smiled, and answered, pleasantly,

"There is no harm in it. He can sit between us."

The boy pressed close to his mistress.

"No; let him stay as he is. I dare say he will manage to make himself comfortable," she said. "There, there! I am not very angry with you; only give no trouble."

With this Ruby seemed to regain her good-humor. She drew up the furs, as if quite careless whether she smothered the little Indian or not, and gave herself up to the hilarity of the occasion with more spirit than ever.

Now and then Moreton would turn and glance at Zua, waking up her smiles as saushine rouses a poppy from its sleep; but never did he give one of those loving signals to the woman who

sat watching for them by her side. When this thought stung Ruby Gray, she laughed with more ringing sweetness, and rippling her hands in the snow, tossed it backward, as if she were sowing pearls along the highway. The man who has four horses in hand, half the time on the run, does not find much time for observing those behind him. Besides, Moreton was used to Ruby Gray, and her pretty vagaries had ceased to interest him much; but Zua observed that she sometimes forgot the extravagant spirits with which she had set forth, and fell into deep fits of thought, starting strangely when some gay challenge from the other sleighs called her out of them.

There had been arrangements made at a way-side inn for an early dinner, at which there was little ceremony, but unchecked conviviality. There Ruby was again the gayest of the gay. But the moment she found herself on the road again, that strange, thoughtful mood seized upon her, and, saying that she was getting tired, she sunk into silence.

There was great commotion in the inland town when this splendid cavalcade from the city came dashing into it that evening. Never had anything so magnificent been witnessed in that part of the world for many a year.

Directly all was commotion about the country inn. The smoking horses were comfortably stabled; lights flamed out from every window in the house. A baggage-sleigh had been sent down for the accommodation of the ladies, and they were soon in a bustle of preparation. Jaunty little hats were flung on the beds; furs and rich shawls were cast aside; lovely faces were constantly peeping into the little mahogany-framed looking-glasses, brightening the glass with approving smiles. For the first time, those homemade carpets were swept with rustling silks and costly webs of lace that might not have been out of place in the palace of an empress.

A lovely group came out of those primitive dressing-rooms. One moved softly as a snow-storm, in soft gossamer-lace, through which gleams of white satin came fitfully, like frost-work under floating snow. This was Ruby Gray; a rope of pearls was around her neck; diamonds and pearls clasped the whiteness of her arms. In the flossy gold of her hair gems would have been too heavy, so she gave it up to a garland of white poppies, that seemed to have blossomed out from the first flakes of the storm.

The widow was all in white; not a tinge of color floated in her garments or her hair, save

when the light struck fire from the diamonds on her arms and bosom; but for them, her dress would have seemed too cold and bride-like for the occasion.

Zua Wheaton also came out of that group of lovely women, and stood, by chance, close to Ruby Gray. The contrast was beautiful; but I think you would have liked Zua best, with those scarlet berries in her raven hair, and the dress of black lace, looped up with wheat ears and glowing cardinal flowers.

I single out these two from the rest because destiny forced them together; and, in after days, many of the persons present that night remembered with a thrill of pain how lovely the two looked standing side-by-side.

There was no great ceremony that night, so the gay revelers went in groups to the ball-room, laughing and talking till the music drowned their voices, and sent them off in the whirl of a dashing waltz, which Zua refused to join. From some unaccountable reason the young girl was almost gloomy that night.

The ball-room was lacking in many things that a city might have boasted. It was not very spacious, and there was no gas with which to work out marvels of colored light; but the evergreen-woods had given up their delicate hemlock-spray, and most richly-tufted pine boughs to form the sumptuous garlands which festooned the walls, and draped the windows with an effect no silks or laces could have equaled. The feathery greenness was broken up with trailing bitter-sweet and graceful sumach cones, that had kept their ripe yellow, and burning red in spite of the winter frost, and now glanced out like clusters of burnt gold and masses of coral among the lamps that kindled up wreaths and branches like a fructage of stars.

With all this treasure of the woods turning the ball-room into a bower, and the revelers whirling through the light in that graceful dance, glowing with flowers and sparkling with jewels, it seemed as if fairy-land had broken loose, and was turning that old stone tavern into an enchanted palace.

Zua had taken one or two turns around the floor with Moreton; but she retreated, with a faint smile, and refused to dance again. Then Moreton took Ruby Gray in her place, a little annoyed that Zua should feel so little interest in an entertainment of which he was host. Perhaps Zua remembered, also, that Ruby was the lady patroness; and her own lack of enjoyment might have been the consequence. Just as the dance was at its height again, Mr. Wheaton

came in, followed by young Gray and Amanda Clark—a drive of ten miles from the old home-
stead had brought them among their friends.
As Ruby whirled by Mr. Wheaton, she gave
him a welcome glance over her shoulder, which
brought a flood of love-light into his fine eyes.
No crafty cat ever loved to play with her vic-
tims as this woman did—heart and soul, the
creature was a coquette. With her warm hand
clasped in Moreton's more tightly than he was
aware of, and her flushed cheek resting on his
very shoulder, she had bewildering smiles to
give this other man, for whom she cared no-
thing, and intended the keenest mortification
and pain.

After a little Moreton released her from his
arm, and she fell into a seat, panting and flushed
with pleasure. Mr. Wheaton came up and bent
over her, fondly as a man might be expected to
do near his affianced wife.

"I have come for your decision, dearest," he
said, smiling down upon her. "Remember, it
was a promise that when next we met you would
name the day."

Ruby laughed merrily, and waved her fan
gracefully toward him, scattering perfumed air
on his face.

"Yes, it shall be settled to-night for good
and all. I am glad that you have come."

"Ah! if you would but know how happy this
makes me," whispered Wheaton. "I really am
the most fortunate fellow on earth. But here
comes Moreton to take you out again. If he
were not to be my son-in-law, I should be
jealous."

Again Ruby laughed, struck his arm lightly
with her fan as she closed it, and gave herself
to Moreton's arm again.

All this time Amanda Clark stood by the door,
leaning on the arm of young Gray. She had
never waltzed a step in her life, so Gray refused
to join the dance that he might stay with her.
He, too, was becoming impatient of a long
engagement, and began pleading with her in
a low voice.

"I have done everything that you have asked
of me," he said. "There is not so steady a
fellow as I am in the city. I am standing now
at the very foot of the ladder, ready to start
life again if you will only share it with me.
Three weeks ago I obtained a situation as book-
keeper. Could we live on a thousand-a-year,
darling?"

"Oh! wait awhile, till I have earned more
money! The thousand would be enough for
me; but you must not share all my poor habits."

"But I want you, Amanda; anything will be

enough if you are with me. Are you getting
fond of the stage, child?"

"Fond of the stage? No; but I want money
for you. A woman should help the man she
loves upward, not drag him down."

"You are a brave, good girl! And God knows
I love you dearly! What a worthless life mine
was till I knew you. But you shall not earn
money for me. Another month and our life
shall begin—we can live on this thousand."

Tears stood warm and bright in Amanda's
eyes. She turned them away, that even he
might not guess how proud and happy she was.

"In a month, or less, if you wish it so much,"
she said. "It was love of you that took me to
the stage, and that will make me give it up
cheerfully. Don't you think so?"

Just then supper was announced, and the
dancers swept Gray and Amanda with them
into the dining-room.

It chanced that Ruby Gray was dancing with
Moreton, and took his arm as they broke up,
casting a look of pretty defiance back at Mr.
Wheaton, who shook his finger at her playfully,
and assumed the charge of his daughter.

The supper was excellent, and a more con-
vivial party could not well be imagined. Choice
wines had been sent down from the city, and
hot-house fruits gave a glow of luxury to the
table which contrasted, not unpleasantly, with
the scant china and cheap glass in which it
was served. More wine than usual was drank
that night; the weather was cold and sharp;
exercise gave it a delicious flavor, which was
full of exhilaration. Moreton, naturally a tem-
perate man enough, drank freely, being the
host, and urged others to follow his example.

Once, when the servant brought a particular
kind of champagne to Ruby, she placed her
clenched hand over the glass, as if to prevent
its overflow; and Theo, who stood behind her,
saw the flash of an empty vial between her
fingers, as she dropped the hand into her lap.

A moment after Ruby pushed her glass toward
Preston, and softly exchanged it for his. If
people observed that the host was more than
usually gay and reckless after that, it was im-
puted to excess of hospitality, and no one was
disposed to be critical. Ruby watched him
closely, and her eyes danced with joy as she
saw a hot crimson stealing over his cheeks, and
marked his voice grow deep and mellow, as if
he had been fed on ripe peaches for a month.

A clever young girl sat at Ruby's right hand,
who considered the widow a creature worthy
of adoration; and to this girl the woman spoke
now and then in whispers.

"Yes, it would be splendid—regular old-fashioned plays, such as we read of. If you propose them, dear, I will sustain you. Nothing could be more delightful, and the mock marriage, excellent."

So the girl, apparently from her own thought, proposed that after supper they should get up some old-fashioned country plays, and dance the German after. That would be a regular sleigh-ride. The proposition became popular in an instant. The table was soon deserted, and the revelers went back to the ball-room, singly and in groups, eager for this novel amusement. On her way to the ball-room Ruby turned into the darkness of a narrow passage, and found Billy Clark at the end waiting for her.

"Is he here?" she questioned, breathlessly.

"Yes; I told you he should be."

"I know! I know where he is! Let me look at him! In this room, alone!"

She stole to the door of a small room opening from the passage, in which a thin little man sat reading what seemed to be a Testament, by the light of a single oil-lamp.

"You are sure that it is right?" she whispered, stealing back to Billy, who was pale as death, and trembled as if with cold. "You are sure?"

"Yes, I am sure; but do go, some one will see us."

Ruby whispered, "Yes, I know;" and flitted through the passage like a bird. But when she entered the ball-room, more than one observed how pale she was.

The party were grouped on the floor, playing forfeits. The young girl we have spoken of was turning a wooden bread-plate, and called out, "Ruby, Ruby Gray!" as the widow entered. She sprang forward at the call, made a grasp at the trencher, fell forward on one knee, and missed it—thus subjecting herself to punishment.

"Let me think," said the girl, pressing a finger to her lip, and pretending to reflect: "how shall I punish you. Ah! ha! I have it! You shall go through the marriage-ceremony with Mr. Moreton. Mr. Gray blundered, too, and he shall be married to Miss Clark."

A burst of merriment followed this sentence.

"Yes, yes! Let them be married! Let's have a wedding! Who will be the minister? Stand up! Stand up! There, what a splendid couple! Here, Mr. Gray; and you, Miss Clark! But we can't have a minister in a ball dress," cried a chorus of laughing voices.

In all this merry clamor the young friend of Ruby Gray was most eager. "Oh! there is Billy

Clark in the passage," she cried out, clapping her hands. "Billy, here is lots of people that want to be married; do find us a minister. Anybody that wears black clothes will do, only he must look grave—that will be all the fun."

Billy disappeared. The girl came back on tip-toe with a finger on her lips.

"Now all hush, and be quiet. This is a serious business, I tell you. Hush! h-u-s-h!"

That instant a thin, seedy little man came into the room, looking so absurdly solemn, that several of the ladies were compelled to smother their laughter in their handkerchiefs, though they struggled hard to keep up an appearance of gravity.

Nothing could have been more natural than the shy solemnity of that little man, who went through all the details of this double farce with a gravity that threatened to throw his audience into convulsions of laughter.

He finished at last, and pronounced each couple as husband and wife, bade them salute each other with a gentle wave of the hand, and retreated to the door, observing meekly, that it was a little out of order, but he had been requested to dispense with the usual prayer.

A burst of gleeful laughter and mook congratulations followed the little man's disappearance; but in the midst of this general tumult, he very unexpectedly came back with two slips of paper in his hand, which he handed to each of the mock brides.

"I brought the printed forms with me. You will find them correct," he said.

Was ever acting more perfect. It seemed so real that, unconsciously, the whole party was sobered by it. Amanda Clark looked bewildered. Ruby Gray was pale as death, and the paper in her hand trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Upon my word this is magnificent acting," said Moreton, who had not offered to take the salute for which he certainly had a good excuse. "You should go upon the stage, sir."

The man answered with an uneasy smile,

"It is possible to carry levity too far," he said. "A follower of Christ, though humble in himself, is bound to ask respect for his calling."

"Excuse me," said Moreton, who felt shocked by this irreverence. "A joke is a joke, but we need not drag the Saviour's name into it. Pray tell us who you are, sir, and let us thank you for as fine a piece of acting as is often seen on the stage; but we will carry it no further."

"You will find my name on the certificates," said the man, coloring painfully. "It has an

honorable place, I trust, among the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. If I have fallen short in any formality in performing these marriages, it is because the time and place was embarrassing."

A marble statue could not have been whiter or more rigid than was Preston Moreton, when the truth in this man made itself thoroughly felt. For a moment his lips refused to utter a word; then he turned a wild look on the spot where Zua Wheaton had stood a moment before. She had fallen to the floor insensible; and her father, white with a shock of anguish, stood over her, shaking in every limb.

"Thank God!" said Charles Gray, taking Amanda in his arms, and kissing her on the forehead and on her quivering lips. "Thank God she is my wife!"

One by one the revelers withdrew, following Mr. Wheaton as he carried Zua out in his arms; and Preston Moreton was left in the ball-room, standing, hard and cold as iron, by his wife.

"Woman!" he said, sternly, "Give me the truth; was this fraud yours?"

She tried to say, No! but her tongue refused to utter the falsehood; and she only looked in his white face mutely, like a dumb animal that expects to be spurned.

"Speak!" he said, almost savagely. "Speak, I say!"

She clasped her hands and held them toward him, shivering from head to foot.

"Speak, woman?"

"Oh! Preston! Preston! I loved you so!"

"Then let that love be your punishment; for after this hour I will never look upon your face again!"

She uttered a sharp cry, and fell upon her knees before him.

"Not that! Oh! not that! Anything else, and I will endure it!" she moaned.

"That, and that only! You have made yourself my chain—my curse; separated me from the only being I have ever loved—ever can love! But my wife you shall never be!"

She fell at his feet, not insensible, but strengthless. After all, she was but a woman, and he could not leave her there so helpless. With something almost like pity, he lifted her to a settee, and went into the hall.

"Give me a glass of water, wine—anything!" he called out, leaning heavily against the door-frame.

Standing in the hall, with all his savage blood on fire, was Theo, the Indian boy. The red light flashed into his eyes when he heard

this call, coming hoarse and dry to the wretched man's throat.

"I will get it—let me!"

The lad sprung up and was gone. The next instant he came into the hall, carrying a glass of water. He paused a moment in the dark, a faint tinkle of glass followed, and then he came forward.

"Here is the water—take it—drink it!"

Moreton was too much excited to mark the words or manner of Theo. He took the glass, strode across the ball-room, and lifting Ruby's head, held it to her mouth. She drank eagerly; but while the glass was yet at her lips, Theo sprung through the door, like a young tiger, snatched it from Moreton's hold, and dashed it across the room.

But it was too late. A strong odor of prussic acid arose from the broken glass, and from the lips of that dead woman. In a moment the very air was oppressed with a renewal of the same deadly perfume. A portion of the fatal liquid still remained in the vial which the boy concealed in one hand. He dashed his hand upward, clenched the neck of the tiny vial between his teeth, and died with it locked there.

That night old Mrs. Clark was aroused from her sleep by the footsteps of her son, who went staggering up the stairs, and past her door like a drunken creature.

She got up hastily and went into his room. The poor fellow was lying on the bed whimpering out a sort of strange laughter, which came from his lips in sobs more touching than tears.

"Mother, I've done it. He can't marry her now," he said. "That good man has tied him up; she will come home again now. Get out my dressing-gown, mother. It is as good as new—and the slippers. What is that? Oh! nothing but a little blood. It often comes to my lips so—faster—faster! so it does! But that is nothing—nothing—nothing! Get out my dressing-gow— My dressing— My dress—"

Poor Billy Clark! They buried him under the snow on the very afternoon that Ruby Gray's imposing funeral swept toward Greenwood, casting black shadows along the whiteness of the road. Charles Gray and his young wife followed her in sad mournfulness, which the mother shared, for Ruby had been good to her; and no one of the family thought, for that day at least, how wealthy the death of that beautiful woman made them.

THE END.

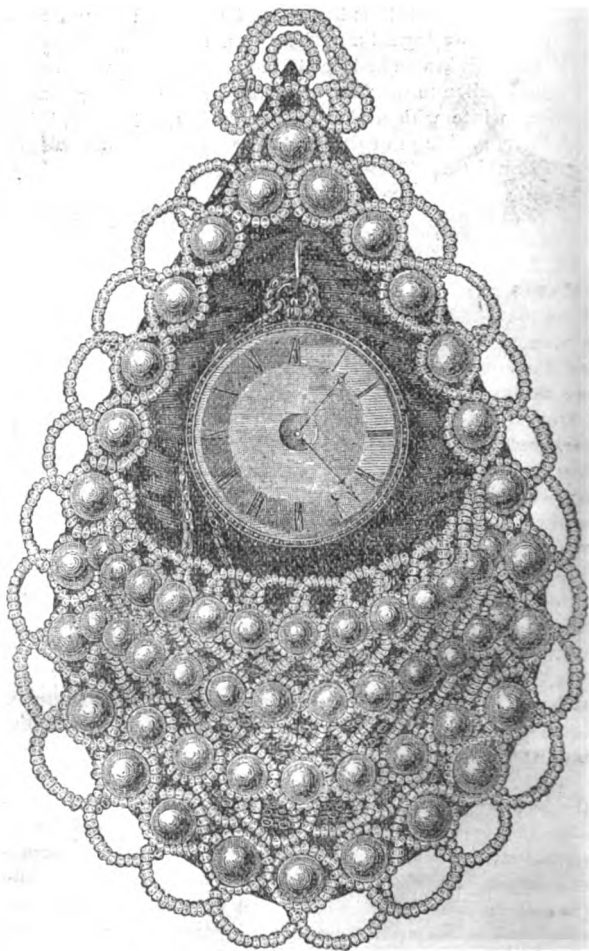
WATCH-POCKET: BEAD-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—White crystal beads, round pearl beads of two sizes; fine white flower-wire, silver-wire; a small piece of cardboard; colored satin or velvet; a little wadding.

Our design represents the watch-pocket in a reduced size. Its greatest height is six inches, and it measures three inches at the broadest part.

Cover one side—the front—of the cardboard with a little wadding, and both sides with colored silk or velvet. The bead-work is a kind of little chain-work of crystal bead rings looped together, ornamented with pearl beads, and joined together with crystal bead-loops. The pocket-like part has three such lines worked with two wire ends. The undermost line requires seven rings ornamented with pearl beads, the second eleven, and the uppermost thirteen. Begin each line with eighteen crystal beads, join them in a ring so that the two wire ends run in opposite directions through two beads. For each of the following rings put on nine beads upon one of the wire ends, upon the other seven, and close in a ring as at the first. At the closing of a finished chain-line make use of one of the wire ends to put on the pearl beads, as shown in the design. The outer bead-loop, and the upper and under of the three chain lines contain eighteen beads. The circumference of the pocket at the widest part is four inches, the top two inches. The outer trimming is composed of similar bead-rings, which, however, are larger, and ornamented with larger pearl beads and larger loops. The first ring requires thirty beads; and after having closed this as before, put sixteen beads on one of the wire ends, and fourteen on the other, fastening in the same manner.

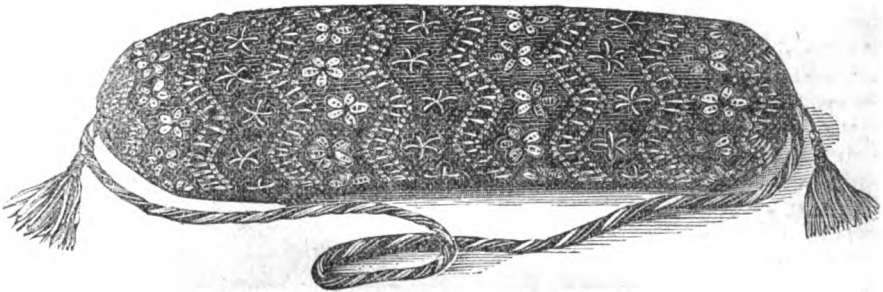


Continue this until there are twenty-five rings. The outer bead-loop requires twenty-four beads.

Finish by joining the pocket part to the cardboard at a little distance from the outer edge, and close to that put on the trimming as neatly as possible, that the stitches may not show. The ends of the latter meet at the upper point of the cardboard. Then make the loop with the ends of the wire according to design. For hanging up the watch, take a white hook, and ornament it with crystal beads.

TRICOT BOLSTER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Black Berlin wool, five-eighths of an ounce; dark-red, half an ounce; green or blue, three-eighths of an ounce; white, violet, and fawn-color together, a quarter of an ounce; two skeins of yellow filoselle, tassels, cord.

Our model is worked in alternate stripes of dark-red, blue, and green, ornamented with a flower pattern separated by a narrow black stripe, ornamented with yellow; the whole is worked in rows forward and backward of common tricot.

Begin at one end with a chain of fifty-four stitches in black wool. Continue to work with this wool for the first row, (a line forward and backward,) in which work three stitches in the fourteenth, twenty-seventh, and fortieth stitches by taking up two stitches in them and looping round once between them; in returning, work off each stitch separately.

2nd to the 5th row: Increase one stitch at the beginning and end of each row, continuing also the previous increase, for which in the middle stitch of the three in one stitch take up one stitch, likewise out of the cross-lying threads on both sides, so that each of these four rows is increased eight stitches, and the number at last amounts to ninety-two.

6th row: Likewise with black wool, continuing the increase as above described; begin also in this row to decrease, taking in each of the four divisions, the three middle stitches in one together, consequently the number remains just the same. Crochet all the following rows like this row. After the six black rows six red, then four black. Work the first and last of these with yellow silk; then six rows of green or blue, four rows of black like the preceding, six rows of red, and so on. After the fourth

red stripe follow again six rows of black, as at the beginning, the four last of these without increasing.

Ornament the narrow black stripe with yellow cross-stitches, and the colored stripes upon each scalloped portion with a raised pattern. According to our model, those of the red stripes have two white and three brown leaves, with veins of brilliant wool; those of the green stripes, two violet and three black leaves, with yellow veins. Then sew the crochet part lengthwise, stitch for stitch, together, and work upon the seam the patterns. Cover the bolster with the work, joining the four black points at each end, and the corresponding scalloped sides of the outer black row together. Put cord and tassels according to the design.

Another very pretty design arranged in similar scallops, but worked round in cross crochet-stitch—alternately three rows of broad white, and six rows of broad crimson stripes, the latter having a row of looped crochet-stitch upon both sides. The difference between the cross crochet and the usual double-stitch is simply that it is necessary to work always through the whole stitch, and in drawing through the first loop of a stitch the thread must not be looped round the needle, but the latter is laid simply with the hook upon the thread, and so drawn through. In working the stitch, it makes no difference whether it is drawn through in this or the usual manner.

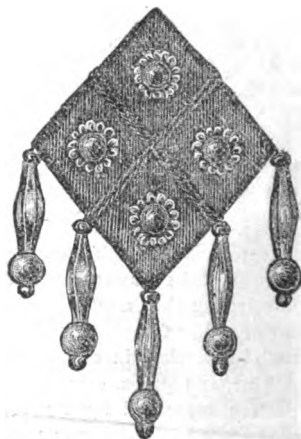
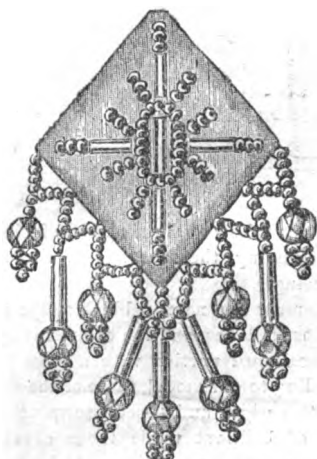
For the loop, crochet-stitch, work off alternately one common double-stitch with one loop-stitch in the following manner:

Work into the whole stitch, and draw a loop through in the usual manner; then crochet four chain upward, and after these work the last

loop with the loop of the preceding stitch upon the needle. The white stripes are in point Russe in separate stars of black wool; the red stripes, with leaf branches ascending and descending without stalk in three shades of fawn-color, the lightest shade in silk. Each leaf consists of three long stitches of one shade, and a black woolen stitch.

ORNAMENTS FOR JACKETS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE materials required for these flat, button-like ornaments are merely a little square piece of cardboard covered with black silk; some black beads of several sizes; and a little strong black silk cordon. All these must be arranged according to designs.

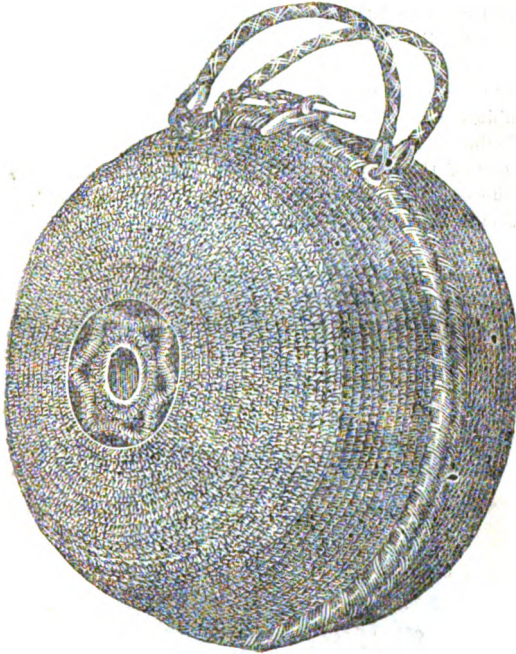
SMOKING-CAP: IN COLORS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number we give, printed in colors, a design for a Smoking or Lounging-Cap. When a lady is desirous of making a gentleman a present of needle-work, it is always difficult to know what to give him, as there are so few things that he can make use of individually. Next to a pair of slippers, a cap is one of the most useful articles. To make the cap the following materials will be required: Seven inches of bright scarlet cloth (not too thick,) thirty-two inches wide; nine velvet leaves, the same size as those shown in our illustration; one skein of gold or maize-colored Russia braid, and one skein of fine purple-silk the same color. Keep six inches at one end of the cloth for the crown; the remainder forms the head-piece, on which the pattern is continued, and on which eight of the leaves should be gummed or tacked, the other leaf being reserved for the center of the crown. The fibres of the leaves and the tendrils should now be finely marked in white chalk, and the cap is ready for working. The braid must be neatly run round the leaves, and very neatly fastened on and fastened off. As this operation frequently occurs, it is particularly necessary to observe this. A sharp stiletto should be used to pierce the cloth, the braid passed through the hole, and back again in the same manner, fastening it off securely on the wrong side. The tendrils are merely sewn over rather loosely in the fine purple silk. When the work is finished, the crown should be cut round, the head-piece joined on to it, and the cap lined. The addition of a handsome tassel would also very much improve its appearance. The colors of this work may be altered in a variety of ways; for instance, the leaves would look well in black velvet, or a black cloth cap would be pretty with bright cerise leaves, or any other gay color.

CROCHET CAP-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Thick, gray twine; fine cane; some colored cashmere.

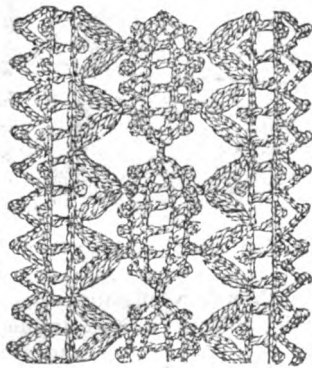
Begin both halves in the middle with an open star, which, according to our model, is lined with violet cashmere. Wind the cane three times spirally in the form of a ring measuring one inch in diameter, and crochet this over very closely and firmly with double-stitch. Then crochet over the single cane, always working through the whole stitch, again one row of double-stitch, which, according to our model, contains forty-eight stitches. In the following row crochet * fifteen free round the cane; bend this part into the form of a scallop, passing over about five stitches of the preceding row. Repeat this scallop five times from *. From the conclusion of this row carry the cane to the edge of the next scallop, working it over in double-stitch; loop it on with one double; work free over the cane eighteen double. Then follows one double in the scallop point, and so on until all the scallops are joined, and the firm part of the basket is thus commenced. Now work eighteen rows of double, (always

working through the whole stitch,) increasing so much that the round is nearly flat, only slightly arched; then eleven rows, which form a high-standing and little widening edge, which, when the half basket is completed, will measure about nine inches in diameter. Both the halves, so far completed, must now be lined with the colored material as far as the star reaches; the edge of the lining must be ornamented with a little narrow, white crochet edging. Both halves must then be joined together with double-stitch, the part joined measuring two and a quarter inches in length. For each half of the basket make a hoop by winding the cane six or eight times round, which must exactly fit the outer edge to close properly round; this cotton must be very closely wound, and two eyes placed upon each hoop to fasten the basket with. This is done by putting on a single cane, which, in the corresponding place, is twisted round with thread, and then bent outwardly to form an eye. The eye must measure four inches. The two halves are closed

with a cord outside a hoop, and care must be taken to place the eyes exactly opposite each other. A little end of cane, measuring three inches in length, forms another longer eye, which is placed exactly opposite the little middle eye in the other part of the basket, and fastened to the crochet by a kind of hinge made of thread several times doubled, so that the long eye stands over the little eye, and is fastened by a little stick being pushed into the latter. The two handles are each ten inches long and made of double cane. Twist about three inches of the double cane at one end, and draw it through one of the side eyes of the basket, and bend the end back about two inches, so that it remains in the little eye. In the middle of the remaining long cane part, twist, likewise, three inches for the other end of the handle; then draw the cane through the other little end eye of the handle; draw the cane then through the second little side eye of the same half of the basket, so that the end laid back touches the ends of the first eye, consequently, the twisted part of the double cord forms the eye, and the remaining cane to be twisted in the middle lies fourfold. In conclusion, cut a strip of pasteboard an inch and a quarter broad, and long enough to form a loop. A band of pasteboard one inch wide, covered with cashmere, should be placed inside the basket to keep it round.

CROCHET INSERTION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Fine crochet cotton.

For this insertion, begin with the long medallions in the middle, which, although worked separately, are complete in themselves, and are all joined together. Make a chain of sixteen stitches, crochet back, pass over the last five returning; one half treble, * two chain, one treble in the third following stitch. Repeat from * twice. Two chain, one single in the last stitch of the first chain. This interrupted middle part must have an interrupted treble row all round with scallops. Work then in the half, formed by the first chain, alternately one half treble, one chain; then in the other side, in the middle, six times alternately one half treble and one scallop of five chain, and one double in the first of these. When the row is finished, make up the six scallops that are wanting upon the first half of the medallion,

looping them separately by means of one single to the interrupted half treble. Then crochet the next stitch again with single as far as the middle of a narrow side of a medallion, and work from that the first chain for continuing the medallions, which by this means lie close to each other. Work four rows in each long side of the finished medallion lines as follows:

1st row: * One double in one of the scallops; six chain; in the two first of these one treble, the last loop of which remains untouched upon the needle, as in tricôt, in order that the two treble may be worked off separately, as required in tricôt. The leaves thus formed must be repeated, so that two leaves hang close to each other, which are looped with one double to the next picot. From here, work again two leaves, and so on.

2nd row: One double between each two leaves

of the preceding row; between these, regularly, alternately three chain, a picot turning downward consisting of four chain, one single, which latter must be worked in the first of the four chain.

3rd row: Alternately one treble, one scallop picot, as in the outer row of the medallion, one chain, in which the treble is divided.

4th row: Likewise crochet * one double, three chain, one picot, three chain. Repeat from *.

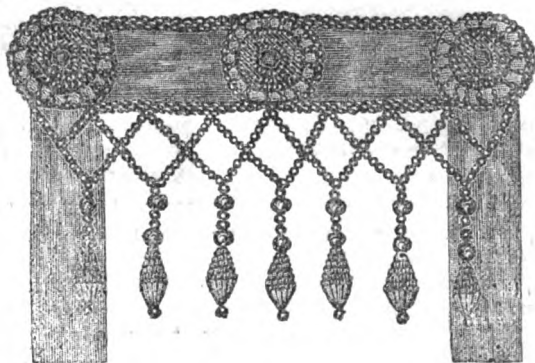
NEW DESIGN FOR ORNAMENTAL COMB.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide velvet or watered ribbon; and some jet beads of two sizes; and six small jet drops.

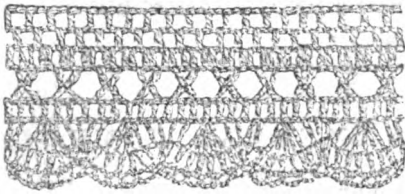
Our design is so full in detail that a description is almost needless; but for the benefit of those who are novices in this kind of work, a few hints may be useful. The cross-piece, No. 2, forming the comb, is to be mounted upon a piece of pasteboard covered with silk, same color as the velvet used; this is to be ornamented with the beads, as seen in the design. The fringe is done by stringing fifteen small beads, then fastening them as for a loop, fifteen more, etc., to the end of the first row. The second row is done in the same manner, observing to fasten the loop of beads into the eighth bead of the first loop of former row; repeat to the end. The pendants are composed of both sizes of the



beads, ending with the jet drops. Add the remainder of the velvet or ribbon, looping it from side to side. Bend the comb part slightly, as seen in No. 1, making the curve to suit the shape of the "chignon," and fasten with a hair-pin at the sides.

CROCHET EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This edging is worked with fine cotton lengthwise; see design. Crochet two interrupted treble rows, (each two chain one treble,) then one row of two treble, one chain over this.

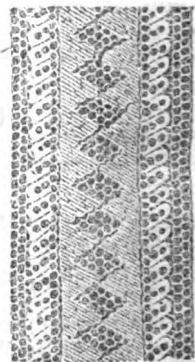
4th row: A line of cross-treble, and again one interrupted treble row consisting of one chain, one treble.

In the 6th row, work always * five triple-treble, separated by one chain, (putting the

thread round three times,) in one treble of the preceding row; then one chain, with which two stitches are passed over, and four double-treble; between these always one stitch of the preceding row is passed over. After one chain, the two stitches are again passed over; then repeat from *. The following row consists of trebles between each treble of the preceding row. Over the large treble crochet one chain between the trebles; the three trebles, however, which meet between the four lying together are worked together as one treble, in which the upper thread-stitch is always kept upon the needle, and at last all drawn through together at once. A little scallop line, consisting of three or four chain and one double, forms the outer conclusion of the edging.

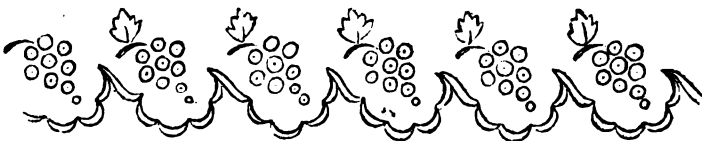
DESIGNS FOR NET EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THESE insertions are very pretty to put between tucks for chemisettes, chemises Russe, etc.

EMBROIDERY.



KNITTED JACKET FOR A CHILD FROM FOUR TO TWELVE MONTHS OF AGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—One ounce and a quarter of white, quarter of an ounce of red Berlin wool; thick steel needles.

This jacket fastens behind, and is commenced from the under edge.

Cast on one hundred and thirty-six stitches, and work backward and forward. First, for the border, knit five plain rows with red wool, then one row quite plain with white wool, thirteen rows of two plain and two purled, alternately, then four rows plain with red wool, one row of six plain; put the thread round the needle, and knit two together, alternately, so as to form separate holes, then two rows quite plain. After finishing the border in this manner, knit twenty rows plain, then in the 22nd, 42nd, 94th, and 114th stitches of the twenty-first row make two stitches, and increase in every second row in this manner; but care must be taken that the number from one increase to the other under the arm remains always equal toward the front. In the hinder middle there is, however, an increase. At the end of the forty-fifth row there must be one hundred and eighty-eight stitches upon the needle. In the forty-sixth row cast off for the armholes on both sides, and after the thirty-eighth and one hundred and forty-second stitch of the row cast off eight stitches, and work the front and back separately. Work eight rows on each of the back parts, then in the next twenty-one rows knit two stitches together plain at the end of each row, for the shoulder, until the number is reduced to twenty-six. After the twenty-first row cast off loosely. Afterward, in knitting the front part, in the

first seven rows decrease at the beginning and end, then knit twelve rows without any increase or decrease, then leave forty stitches in the middle for the slope for the throat, and work the shoulders with the stitches lying on both sides separately in twenty-two rows, and decrease regularly in each second row at the outer edge of the armhole side. At the opposite side, at the beginning of each second row, increase one stitch, so that the number remains the same; but the shoulder requires a sloped form, as shown in the design. After the twenty-second row, cast off and sew the shoulder, its end-stitch line to the sloped shoulder of the back part. Then take up the stitches left upon the needle in the middle of the front part, also the remainder of the slope for the neck as far as the long edge of the back part, and work six rows in white and two rows in red wool; in the second white row, however, after every sixth stitch, put the thread round and knit two together, in order to make holes to pass the ribbon through. Take up also the stitches at the long edges of the back part, and knit seven rows, in the middle of which, on one side, make four button-holes fifteen stitches apart. For each button-hole knit two together twice, putting the thread round twice between them; place the buttons on the opposite side to close the jacket in the middle.

Begin the sleeves at the under edge, and cast on forty stitches. Knit two rows of red, and then fourteen rows of white wool, alternately, two plain and two purled stitches; then three rows in red wool, in the middle of which, after every sixth stitch, make a hole in the manner above described. At the beginning and end of the sixty following rows in white wool, increase one stitch in each sixth row; then cast off in the two next (the sixty-first and sixty-second) rows fifty-one stitches at the beginning, in the following six rows two stitches at the beginning, in the following decrease four stitches, and finish the upper edge of the sleeve with the remaining stitches. Sew the sleeve stitch upon stitch into the armhole, so that the seam meets in the under middle. Draw a narrow white satin ribbon through the holes, and finish with a button at the top.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1868.—Our Prospectus for next year will be found on the cover. It is now conceded everywhere that "Peterson" is *better and cheaper* than any periodical of its kind. The strongest proof of this, perhaps, is, that our circulation, in 1867, has not only been larger than ever, but has *equalled that of all the other ladies' magazines combined*.

Our Prospectus does not tell everything, however. Each year we do better than we promise. This year, we gave *sixty pages more of printed matter than we did in 1866*: almost enough to make an extra number. Two years ago we gave only single fashion-plates; now we give mammoth ones, at twice the cost. And all our improvements have been made *without raising the price*. "Peterson" was two dollars before the war, and is only two dollars now, though the cost of printing paper, as well as of all kinds of labor engaged on the Magazine, has nearly doubled. Some may wonder how we can do this. The answer is, we find our remuneration in a larger circulation. Small profits on a big edition are better than big profits on a small one.

Our arrangements in Paris enable us to *anticipate all others in our fashions*. The public verdict has pronounced that our mammoth fashion-plates are not only more reliable than those of other magazines, but more beautiful and stylish also. Our contributors, including Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. R. Harding Davis, Frank Lee Benedict, etc., etc., have no rivals in their line; and the reason is, *we pay more for literary matter than all the rest of the ladies' magazines together*. We believe we have made "Peterson" the best thing of its kind; and we are determined to keep it so, no matter at what cost.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish our friends to call particular attention. Everything that is to be had in the higher priced magazines is to be had here for less money; and much of it, as the newspapers declare universally, of even a better quality than elsewhere.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented. *Be the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

THE BEST DRESSED WOMEN in Europe are those in Paris. After Paris comes Vienna and Frankfurt on the Main. Then Milan, Rome, and Naples. Berlin and London bring up the rear. The English ladies are the worst dressed of all: they do not show as much taste even as those of Prussia. The truth is, Frenchwomen seem to have a certain artistic feeling in dress which is denied to Northern Germany and to England. The supremacy of Paris is, therefore, well-earned, and will be permanent, whatever may be said to the contrary. The French capital is the center of cotemporary luxury and fashion, and will remain so certainly for generations, perhaps throughout all modern civilization. It is the arbiter of taste in other things beside female dress, and must, from the very condition of things, continue so. We doubt if a pretty female costume was ever designed out of Paris: certainly we never saw one; and all that can be done is, for the rest of the world to copy the more elegant taste of the French in dress.

NEVER SPEAK AN ANGRY WORD.—If you quarrel with a friend, and that friend dies, you will regret, so long as you live, the harsh language you used.

466

SHOWING THE FEET.—The N. Y. Times has some excellent remarks *apropos* of the new fashion in walking dresses. It says:—"There is one little fact our ladies seem to overlook in the effect of the recent fashions. In other days, when trailing skirts were the mode, the habits of twenty years led the whole generation of women, whether they had experienced the whole twenty years or accepted their results from elders, to use their feet in a very careless manner. Walking, standing, or sitting, the awkwardnesses of feminine feet must have developed to an extent unthought of, because unseen. But since the short walking dress has come into style, these infelicities of movement and of *pose* are revealed, and many a lady, under the secure consciousness of the former habit, will walk the street, or sit in the cabin of the ferry-boat with her feet in such positions as would, in her own eyes, instantly stamp any *man indulging* in them as a candidate for the 'awkward squad.' We know it is supposed to be highly improper to observe a lady's feet; but when, by reason either of grace or clumsiness, they attract attention, they will be observed; and the present walking dress affords ample opportunity for the display of either of those qualities."

"PETERSON'S MAGAZINE," says the Wilmington (Del.) Commercial, "enjoys the reputation of being the cheapest monthly of its class, while its steel engravings, fashion-plates, original novelets, and short stories, are fully equal to those contained in higher priced rivals."

A WISE OBSERVER said that English women talked of each others looks, and French women of each others dress. The latter were the more charitable. A woman cannot help her looks, but she can her dress. Taste may be acquired, but beauty never.

BETTER THAN EVER.—The Liberty (Va.) Chronicle says:—"Our old favorite, Peterson's Magazine, is better, if possible, than ever before. It is the cheapest and best ladies' Magazine published. Young men, you can't make a more appropriate present to your sweetheart."

FASHION AND BEAUTY.—Never spend more money than you can afford. But one of a woman's objects is to beautify herself: and to do this dress your very best. The cheapest way to dress well is to know exactly what the fashion is.

SUITED US THE BEST.—The Kingston (N. Y.) Press says:—"With an admiration for writers of other magazines, we must say that those of 'Peterson' always suited us the best."

LADIES' BOOTS are now made very high up the leg, the most fashionable of black silk, with deep crimson silk tops, and with black silk covering the tall heels.

ALL THE STORIES in "PETERSON" are written originally for it. We do not make up our Magazine with old stories copied from English periodicals.

SCARLET LEATHER HIGH-HEELED SHOES, with scarlet ribbon rosettes, in the center of which are gold buckles, are much worn in Paris.

"PETERSON'S MAGAZINE," says the Bucyrus (O.) Forum, "is filled with the most valuable reading matter to be found in any work of the sort now before the public."

head to the variations of temperature, for which our climate is so remarkable, leads to serious diseases. Inflammation of the eyes, diseases of the ears, colds in the various organs of the head and neck, are all frequently traceable to the prevailing fashion. This statement may, perhaps, be doubted by some persons who may say, "I do not know of any one who has had ophthalmia from wearing a new bonnet;" but inquiry at any institution where patients are treated in large numbers, will prove that every great change in fashion is attended with an influence on the health; and it was remarked that when the present style of female head-dress came into fashion, it was attended with, or rather followed by, a notable increase in disorders affecting the visual organs.

The influence of fashion in other articles of attire is still more marked; but enough has been said to direct the attention of our readers to the subject.

PARLOR PETS.

PARASITES IN BIRDCAGES.—Many a person has watched with anxiety and care a pet canary, goldfinch, or other tiny favorite, evidently in a state of perturbation, plucking at himself continually, his feathers standing all wrong, always fidgeting about, and in every way looking very sordid. In vain is his food changed, in vain is another saucer of clean water always kept in his cage, and all that kindness can suggest for the little prisoner done; but still all is of no use, he is no better. And why? Because the cause of his wretchedness has not been found out, and until it is other attempts are but vain. If the owner of a pet in such difficulties will take down the cage and cast his or her eyes up to the roof thereof, there will most likely be seen a mass of stuff looking as much like red rust as anything, and thence comes the cause of the poor bird's uneasiness. The red rust is nothing more nor less than myriads of parasites infesting the bird, and for which water is no remedy. There is, however, a remedy, and one easily procurable in a moment—fire. By procuring a lighted candle and holding it under every particle of the top of the cage till all chance of anything being left alive is gone, the remedy is complete. The pet will soon brighten up again after his "house warming," and will in his cheerful and delightful way thank his master or mistress over and over again for this, though slight, to him important assistance.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Imitation of Mock-Turtle.—Put into a pan a knuckle of veal, two fine cowheels or two calves' feet, two onions, a few cloves, peppers, berries of allspice, mace, and sweet herbs; cover them with water, then tie a thick paper over the pan and set it in an oven for three hours. When cold take off the fat very nicely; cut the meat and feet into bits an inch and a half square; remove the bones and coarse parts, and then put the rest on to warm, with a large spoonful of walnut and one of mushroom catchup, half a pint of sherry or Madeira wine, a little mushroom-powder, and the jelly of the meat. When hot, if it requires any further seasoning, add some, and serve with hard eggs, forcemeat-balls, a squeeze of lemon, and a spoonful of soy. This is a very easy way, and the dish is excellent.

Oyster Gumbo.—Mix well one tablespoonful of flour and one of lard, and brown the mixture in a frying-pan; take the liquor of two quarts of oysters, set it on the fire, and when it boils, add the brown flour with chopped leeks and parsley; then put in the oysters, and let the whole simmer

for fifteen minutes; next sift into it a tablespoonful and a half of powdered sassafras, to give it the fillet; leave it two or three minutes longer on the fire, and serve it very hot. No spices but black pepper. This dish will require more or less time to prepare, according to the ingredients of which it is composed. For chicken or turkey gumbo, the fowl must first be fricassee. Any good cook will understand how to make a piquant and palatable stock of whatever she may select for her gumbo.

Game or Poultry Soup.—An excellent, clear soup can be made with scraps and bones of game or of poultry, boiled down with a little bacon, vegetables, such as carrots, onions, leeks, turnips, tomatoes, celery, parsley, etc., and spices, and sweet herbs, cunningly proportioned. When the whole is well boiled, strain and clear it, then serve either plain or with macaroni or bread-crispets. If the soup be made of game, (or, indeed, of any other clear soup,) the addition of a glass of sherry is an improvement.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Collared Beef.—Eight pounds of the thin flank, rubbed over with two handfuls of salt, and one ounce of saltpetre. Let it lay a week in this, turning it every day. Then prepare the following ingredients: Six sprigs of winter savory, six small sprigs of thyme, peel of half a small lemon, half an ounce of white pepper, quarter of an ounce of cloves, and one nutmeg. Bruise the spice, and chop the herbs well; roll them up in the beef by spreading them over it thickly first; tie it tightly with tape at each end, and in the middle; roll it in a coarse cloth, and boil gently for three hours.

Ragout of Cold Neck of Mutton.—Cut the mutton into small chops, and trim off the greater portion of the fat; put butter into a stewpan, dredge in a little flour, add two sliced onions, and keep stirring till brown, then put in the meat. When this is quite brown, add water, and a couple of carrots and turnips, each of which should be cut into very thin slices; season with pepper and salt, and stew till quite tender, which will be in about three-quarters of an hour. When in season, green peas may be substituted for carrots and turnips; they should be piled in the center of the dish, and the chops laid round.

Veal Rolls of Either Cold Meat or Fresh.—Cut thin slices and spread on them a fine seasoning of a very few crumbs, a little chopped bacon or scraped ham, and a little snet, parsley, and a shalot, or, if preferred, some fresh mushrooms stewed and minced, pepper, salt, and a small piece of pounded mace. This stuffing may either fill up the roll like a sausage, or be rolled with the meat. In either case tie it up very light, and stew it very slowly in a gravy and a glass of sherry. Serve it when tender, after skimming it nicely.

Rich Gravy for Roast Fowl.—Cut small one pound of gravy beef, slice two onions, and put them in a stewpan with a quart of water, some whole black pepper, a small carrot, and a bunch of sweet herbs; simmer till reduced to one pint; strain the gravy, and pour it into another stewpan, upon two ounces of butter browned with two table-spoonfuls of flour; stir and boil up.

To "Devil" Turkey.—Mix a little salt, black pepper, and Cayenne, and sprinkle the mixture over the gizzard, rump, and drumstick of a dressed turkey; broil them, and serve very hot with this sauce; mix with some of the gravy out of the dish, a little made mustard, some butter and flour, a spoonful of lemon-juice, and the same of soy; boil up the whole.

Shoulder of Mutton.—A shoulder of mutton, weighing about six pounds, requires one hour and a half to roast; if stuffed, a quarter of an hour longer. Before cooking it, take out the bone, and fill the space with a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, parsley, sweet marjoram, one egg, and a small piece of butter, mixed together.

Veal-Cake.—Have some slices of veal. Put a layer of hard eggs at the bottom of a pie-dish, then a layer of ham, tongue, or sausage-meat; season with salt, Cayenne, and a little nutmeg; then a layer of veal, and so on until the dish is full. Bake it in the oven with a very little water at the bottom of the dish, keeping it covered while baking. When done, put a weight on it till cold; then turn it out. It makes a pretty dish for breakfast or supper.

Stuffing for Turkeys, Fowls, and Veal.—Chop finely one quarter of a pound of suet, and with it mix double the quantity of bread-crumbs, a large spoonful of chopped parsley, nearly a teaspoonful of thyme and marjoram mixed, one-eighth of a nutmeg, some grated lemon-peel, salt and pepper, and bind the whole with two eggs. A teaspoonful of finely-shred shallot or onion may be added at pleasure.

VEGETABLES.

Carolina Way of Boiling Rice.—Pick the rice carefully, and wash it through two or three cold waters till it is quite clean. Then (having drained off all the water through a colander) put the rice into a pot of boiling water, with a very little salt, allowing as much as a quart of water to half a pint of rice; boil it twenty minutes or more. Then pour off the water, draining the rice as dry as possible. Lastly, set it on hot coals with the lid off, that the steam may not condense upon it and render the rice watery. Keep it dry thus for a quarter of an hour. Put it into a deep dish, and loosen and toss it up from the bottom with two forks, one in each hand, so that the grains may appear to stand alone.

Haricots, or Small White Beans Plainly Boiled.—Boil a teacupful of haricots gently for three or five hours in plenty of water. If they are new, they will begin to crack in three hours, and if they are not very new they will take as much as five hours to make them soft. Turn them out of the saucepan, strain them, and dry the saucepan; return them to the saucepan, sprinkle salt over them, and let them get dry and hot, when they will eat floury.

Eggs and Beet-Root.—Take some slices of dressed beet-root; toss them in some good fresh olive-oil made perfectly hot; arrange them in a dish; place some poached and trimmed eggs *en couronne* (in a circle) round the beet-root; add pepper; squeeze lemon-juice over, and serve directly.

DESSERTS.

Sayer's New Christmas Pudding.—This receipt, if closely followed, would, at this festive season of the year, save tons of fruit and other expensive ingredients, which are partly wasted for the want of knowing how to turn them to the best advantage. This pudding will be found sufficient for eight persons after a Christmas dinner. Carefully prepare the following, previous to mixing the pudding:—Christmas Pudding—Four ounces of stoned raisins, four ounces of sultanas, half a pound of well-cleaned currants, half a pound of beef-suet, chopped fine, two ounces of powdered white sugar, two ounces of flour, half a pound of bread-crumbs, twelve bitter-almonds blanched, chopped small, half a nutmeg, grated, two ounces of candied citron, the peel of half a small lemon, chopped fine, separately, put in a basin, break over four eggs, and add half a gill of brandy. Mix these all well the evening before wanted; cover over till the morning; and when all is prepared, add half a gill of milk, again well stir your pudding; slightly butter a cloth, sprinkle a little flour over, put it in a basin, pour in the mixture, tie your cloth in the usual way, not too tight; put in half a gallon of boiling water; add more now and then if required; let it simmer two hours and thirty minutes, turn out of cloth, and serve on a hot dish. Serve plain, if preferred, or with the sauce only. After which, when at the dining-room door, pour round a gill of either brandy or rum, which set on fire with a piece of

paper; place the dish on the table, let it burn half a minute, and pour the following sauce over from the sauce-boat. The best sauce with it is as follows:—Make half a pint of ordinary plain melted butter, rather thick, add to it two teaspoonfuls of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and a pat of butter; stir quick, pour over your pudding when very hot, or serve the sauce separate in a sauce-boat. Though the above pudding is not very expensive, it requires a little time and attention to do it properly; and well will be repaid the housewife who will take the trouble, as above described. Note.—In the event of some of the ingredients, such as almonds, candied orange or lemon-peel, not being obtainable in some country places, the pudding will still be good, although not so delicate in flavor.

Arrow-Root Pudding.—Simmer a pint of milk with a few whole allspice, coriander-seed, and half a stick of cinnamon for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; then sweeten it with sugar, and strain it through a hair-sieve into a basin to one ounce and a half of arrow-root (about a tablespoonful and a half) previously mixed with a little cold milk, stirring it all the time. When cold, or as soon as the scalding heat is gone, add three large or four small eggs, well beaten, and stir well until the whole is perfectly blended. It may then be boiled in a well-buttered mould or basin, or baked in a dish with a puff-paste crust round the edge, and grated nutmeg on the top. From half to three-quarters of an hour will be sufficient to boil or bake it. When boiled, serve it with wine-sauce. The flavor of the pudding may be occasionally varied by using a few blanched and finely-pounded or chopped sweet and bitter-almonds—about one ounce of sweet, and half an ounce of bitter—or with brandy, rum, orange-flower water, or vanilla.

Best Mince-Pies.—One pound of jar raisins, stoned and chopped, one pound of currants, washed and dried; one pound of beef-suet, mixed very fine and picked free from skin; one pound of sifted sugar. Pare four lemons thin, and boil the rind in two different waters; mince it small, and add to the above; strain the lemon-juice also over all, with two ounces of finely-minced candied peel, a pinch of salt, and ditto of powdered allspice. Mix all well up together and put into a stone jar covered up, putting over it half a pint of brandy or old rum. Let it stand a fortnight, and when wanted for use take out as much as may be required, and add to it a little chopped apple, and a little more rum or brandy to taste. What is kept in the jar should be stirred up occasionally.

Oxford Dumplings.—Mix well together the following ingredients: Two ounces of grated bread, four ounces of currants, four ounces of shred suet, a tablespoonful of sifted sugar, a little allspice, and plenty of grated lemon-peel. Beat up well two eggs, add a little milk, and divide the mixture into five dumplings. Try them in butter a light brown color, and serve them with wine-sauce.

Lemon-Pies.—The juice and grated rind of three lemons, three cups of sugar, six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, whites to be added last; about two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch or arrow-root, mixed smooth and boiled a few moments in about one pint and a half of water; add a small piece of butter while hot; bake with bottom crust. This receipt makes three pies.

Egg Mince-Pies.—Boil six eggs hard, shred them small, shred double the quantity of suet; then put currants, washed and picked, one pound, or more, if the eggs are large; the peel of one lemon, shred very fine, and the juice, six spoonfuls of sweet wine, mace, nutmeg, sugar, and a very little suet; orange, lemon, and citron candied.

Almond-Pudding.—Beat half a pound of suet, and a few bitter-almonds, with a spoonful of water; then mix four ounces of butter, four eggs, two spoonfuls of cream, warm with the butter, one of brandy, a little nutmeg, and sugar to taste. Butter some cups, half fill, and bake the puddings. Serve with butter, wine, and sugar.

A Baked Apple-Pudding.—Boil six apples well; take out the cores, put in half a pint of milk thickened with three eggs, a little lemon-peel, and sugar to the taste; put puff-paste round the dish, bake the pudding in a slow oven, grate sugar over it, and serve it hot.

Another.—Take the pulp of two large roasted apples, the peel and juice of one lemon, the yolks of six eggs, two Savoy biscuits, grated, quarter of a pound of butter melted, and sugar to taste. Beat the ingredients together, put a puff-paste round the dish, and bake half an hour.

Lemon Mince-Pies.—Squeeze a large lemon, boil the outside till tender enough to beat to a mash; add to it three large apples chopped and four ounces of suet, half a pound of currants, four ounces of sugar; put the juice of the lemon and candied fruit as for other pies.

CAKES.

To Ice a Cake.—Having whipped up the whites of five eggs to a froth, add to them a pound of doubly-refined sifted sugar, and three spoonfuls of orange-flower water. Beat these all thoroughly together, and, when the cake is taken out of the oven, spread the icing mixture all over it with a wooden spatula, like a paper-knife. When this is done, let it stand at the mouth of the oven to dry thoroughly; but it must on no account be allowed to get discolored. Lemon-juice instead of orange-flower water is rather an improvement, as it makes the icing very white, and also gives it a pleasant flavor. Or beat the whites of three eggs to a strong froth; beat a pound of almonds very fine with some rose-water, and mix the almonds and eggs lightly together, then, after beating a pound of loaf-sugar very fine, put it in by degrees. When the cake is baked enough, take it out, lay on the icing, and place it at a proper distance before a clear fire, and keep turning it continually that it may not turn color. A cool oven is, however, best, where an hour will harden it.

Pound-Cake.—Take half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, five eggs, and ten ounces of flour. Break the eggs into a pan, add the sugar, and beat for four or five minutes, put the butter into a basin or tin bowl, which is better for this purpose; warm it by occasionally holding it over the fire and working it about with a wooden spoon until it becomes the substance of a very thick cream, but avoid making it so hot as to reduce it to oil; then add about one half of the butter to the butter, mix it well with the spoon, add the remainder, and stir for a minute or so, then gently but thoroughly mix in the flour. It should not be stirred more than is sufficient to mix the flour. If currants are required, about six ounces may be mixed with the flour. Bake in a papered tin in a moderately heated oven.

Cinnamon or Lemon-Cakes.—Rub six ounces of good butter in one pound of fine, dry flour, and work it lightly into crumbs; then add three-quarters of a pound of sifted sugar, a dessert-spoonful of pounded cinnamon, (or half as much when only a slight flavor is liked,) and make these ingredients into a firm paste with three eggs, or flour, if needed. Roll it, not very thin, and cut the cakes with a tin shape. Bake them in a very gentle oven from fifteen to twenty minutes, or longer, should they not be done quite through. As soon as they are cold, put them into a clean and dry tin canister, a precaution which should be observed with all small sugar cakes.

Half Pound-Cake.—Take a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, five eggs, and half a pound of flour. Proceed in the same manner as for pound-cakes. If currants are required, add about six ounces with the flour. This furnishes a very superior cake.

Rick Plum-Cake.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of currants, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, and six eggs. Bake one hour and a half.

Crumpets or Flannel-Cakes.—One pint of milk, one egg, a teaspoonful of butter, salt to taste, half a gill of yeast, as much wheat flour as will form a batter. Warm the milk and butter together; it should be lukewarm, but not hot. Beat up the egg and add to it with the salt; then flour enough to form a batter; lastly, the yeast. Set it to rise, and when light, grease your bake-iron and bake them like buckwheat-cakes.

Cream-Biscuits.—Rub one pound of fresh butter into one pound of flour, make a hole in the center, into which put half a pound of powdered sugar upon which the rind of a lemon was rubbed previously to pounding, and three whole eggs; mix the eggs well with the sugar, and then mix all together, forming a flexible paste; cut it into round pieces, each nearly as large as a walnut, stamp them flat, and bake them in a slack oven.

Sally Lunns.—Mix two dessert-spoonfuls of yeast and two pounds of fine flour with a little warm water; let it stand half an hour to rise. Put two ounces of butter and the yolk of an egg into as much milk as is wanted to make the dough of the required stiffness, and mix all well up together. Put it into cups or tins. When risen properly, bake the Sally Lunns in a rather quick oven.

Butter-Cakes.—Beat a dish of butter like cream; add two pounds of fine sugar, two pounds of flour, and mix the whole together. Take twenty-four eggs, leave out half the whites, and beat all together for an hour. Previous to putting the cake into the oven, flavor it with one quarter of an ounce of mace, a beaten nutmeg, a little brandy or sherry, and some currants or seeds to taste.

Fruit-Biscuits.—Any fruit will do. Scald the fruit and rub it through a sieve; to every pound of fruit put a pound of loaf-sugar, sifted very fine, and the white of one egg; beat it a long time until it is of a proper stiffness to drop on to wafer-paper, and bake them in a slow oven. The oven must be so slow as to dry rather than bake them.

Sponge-Cake.—Boil three-quarters of a pound of sugar in one teacupful of water; beat up seven eggs, leaving out the whites of four. When the sugared water boils, mix it with the eggs; beat twenty minutes; then add gradually half a pound of flour, previously dried. Beat up, and bake in a quick oven.

Rusks.—Take nineteen eggs; first beat the whites, and then beat the yolks with one and a half pounds of loaf-sugar, in powder; mix the whole, adding one and a half pounds of flour, and a few caraway-seeds, if you like their flavor. Fill some buttered moulds, and bake them: cut in slices, and put them again in the oven to brown.

Cheese-Biscuits.—Two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, two ounces of grated cheese, a little Cayenne, and salt. To be made into a thin paste and rolled out very thin; then cut in pieces four inches long and one inch broad; bake a very light brown, and send to table as hot as possible.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

Bread Sauce for Boiled Poultry.—Pour, quite boiling, on half a pint of the finest bread-crumbs, an equal measure of new milk; cover them closely with a plate, and let the sauce remain for twenty or thirty minutes; put it then into a saucepan with a small salt-spoonful of salt, half as much pounded mace, a little Cayenne, and about an ounce of fresh butter; keep it stirred constantly over a clear fire for a few minutes, then mix it with two tablespoonfuls of cream; give it a boil, and serve it immediately.

French Toast.—Beat four eggs very light, and stir with them a pint of milk; slice some baker's bread, dip the pieces into the egg, then lay them in a pan of hot lard, and fry brown; sprinkle a little powdered-sugar and cinnamon on each piece, and serve hot. If nicely prepared, this is an excellent dish for breakfast or tea.

Ham Toast.—Chop very fine two spoonfuls of lean ham that has been cooked, take two spoonfuls of veal-gravy, a few bread-crumbs, and a spoonful of cream. Put all together in a stewpan, and heat it. Have ready a toast buttered; spread the above upon it, strew a few crumbs over it, and brown it before the fire.

Rumblet Eggs.—Beat up three eggs with two ounces of fresh butter, or well washed salt butter; add a teaspoonful of cream or new milk. Put all in a saucepan, and keep stirring it over the fire for nearly five minutes, until it rises up like a soufflé, when it should be immediately dished on buttered toast.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF PLUM-COLORED VELVETEEN.—The under-skirt is quite plain, the upper-skirt without trimming, but made long to loop at the back. The paletot, which is longer at the sides (and cut in points there) than at the back or in front, has only a heavy cording of black satin above the narrow bias fold of velvet. Small round hat and scarlet feather.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF MAUVE SILK, WITH TWO SKIRTS.—The lower-skirt has a long train, and both skirts are trimmed with white lace put on plain. The upper-skirt has a white lace flounce brought down each side of the front, scarf-wise.

FIG. III.—DINNER DRESS OF GREEN AND WHITE STRIPED SILK.—The waist is quite short, and cut square in front.

FIG. IV.—BALL DRESS OF WHITE TULLE, trimmed with six narrow ruffles around the bottom. Above the ruffles are five rows of crimson and black silk, put on in large scallops. The square waist is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. A broad, black sash, embroidered in corn-flowers, and with a deep crimson fringe, completes this elegant costume.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED SILK, embroidered in black. The under-skirt is quite plain, the upper-skirt is open at the seams and tied carelessly at the bottom; the paletot is square, with long Jewess sleeves. Lavender-colored bonnet, with a lavender-colored tulle veil, ornamented with field-daisies.

FIG. VI.—CHILD'S DRESS OF PINK SILK, cut square in the neck.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We have but little to add this month to the very full descriptions of the newest fashions which we gave in November.

The **SHORT DRESS** for walking or morning wear is fully established; but long trains are equally fashionable for evening wear. For ordinary house dress the skirt is made long, but not of the exaggeration of an evening dress. The varieties in style of the short costumes is marvelous—no two dresses are just alike, and any amount of coquettish taste can be displayed if the wearer chooses. Then, too, the admixture of contrasting colors makes a pleasing change to the eye, which for years was only greeted by browns, grays, and fawns, those colors only being considered the *mode* by a fashionably-dressed woman. But now we will, probably, be condemned to the unbecoming "Bismark," an ugly shade of reddish brown, though it may be redeemed by rich black trimmings. There are two shades of this Bismark-brown, a light and a dark one. Another fashionable color, but only suitable for brunettes, is the *capucine* or *nasturtium* color, nearer an orange color than any other. A complete toilet of this, except an evening dress of silk or satin, would, of course, be in frightful taste—but as a trimming on black it is very stylish. A black silk dress, corded with gold, *nasturtium*-colored, or Bismark-colored silk, would be very elegant. "*Vin de Bordeaux*," or a bright claret color, is again popular; and this, too, is improved by a black trimming. This color has the

advantage of lighting up well at night, a thing which should always be taken in consideration in preparing a dress. Green, also, is a favorite for this reason, whilst some shades of blue, some pinks, and all mauves, violets, and purples, lose all life and brilliancy at night.

GOLD ORNAMENTS AND TRIMMINGS, which for a time have been popular, and are still so to some extent, so soon become common, that though the rage for them returns frequently, it never lasts long. In Paris, ivory ornaments have superseded gilt ones; and ivory and jet beads, buttons, clasps, etc., are for the present the popular ornaments with the fickle Paris belles.

BROCADED MATERIALS, studded with flowers, are very fashionable. The most distinguished have only a single flower, such as periwinkles, *marguerites*, poppies, (poppies on black are very effective,) or bunches, such as bunches of grapes, lilac, and acacias.

A **VERY PRETTY WALKING DRESS** of black silk has been made with the petticoat trimmed with three bias bands of black, corded with golden-yellow silk. At the back the upper-skirt is not joined together, the breadth being fastened half way up with a black bow piped with yellow. The paletot, which is short at the back, and with long mantilla-like ends in front, is trimmed like the petticoat.

VANDYKES AND TONGUES, which have been so fashionable around the edges of skirts, are as much liked for the bottom of paletots, and for the long Jewess and Hungarian sleeves.

PINKED OUT RUCHES, sewn in rows very close together, as well as the narrow flounces, are very popular for trimmings.

SASHES are now made of the very widest ribbon which can be bought, but the ends are not as long as they were earlier in the season. Some are simply tied in a loose bow, and others are tied with a multiplicity of pendant loops.

The **REDINGOTE** style of walking dress is very popular. The dress can be worn rather short over a colored petticoat, or made sufficiently long to dispense with it. The body and skirt are cut in one, like the Gabrielle dress, and either buttons all the way down the front, or at the sides. In the latter case, the body buttons like a gentleman's double-breasted coat. Some are made with and some without revers. The dress or the petticoat should be made just long enough for the highly-ornamented boots to be seen. Another avenue for coquetry has been opened in these boots. Many persons wear them of the same color as their dresses—though black boots are really much the most becoming to the feet. The boots are stitched in various colors, and the heels are very high.

MANTLES, PALLETOTS, AND BONNETS, were so fully noticed last month, that we have nothing new on the subject.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE, spotted with blue, looped up over a blue cashmere under-skirt. Jacket like the upper-skirt, trimmed with blue.

FIG. II.—BOY'S COSTUME OF FAWN-COLORED CASHMERE.—The pantaloons are short, loose jacket opening over a white vest.

FIG. III.—INFANT'S DRESS OF THIN WHITE CAMBRIC, with pink trimmings. The skirt is tucked, and worn over a richly ornamented petticoat.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF BLUE SILK, FOR A GIRL, with a white alpaca over-dress, trimmed with blue.

FIG. V.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The under-skirt is of crimson cashmere, looped up with bands of cashmere, edged with black. The upper-skirt is of crimson and black cashmere, with crimson cashmere braces and waistband, edged with black.

RESERVE
THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DAY
STAMPED BELOW

RENEW

RESERVES

Security Collection

Return to Reserve Desk
Shields Library-UC Davis
(916)752-2760

Nº 477960

The Peterson magazine.

AP2

P48

v.51-52

PERIODICAL

**PROTECTED
COLLECTION**

**Apply at
Loan Desk**

**LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS**



3 1175 00053 7061

